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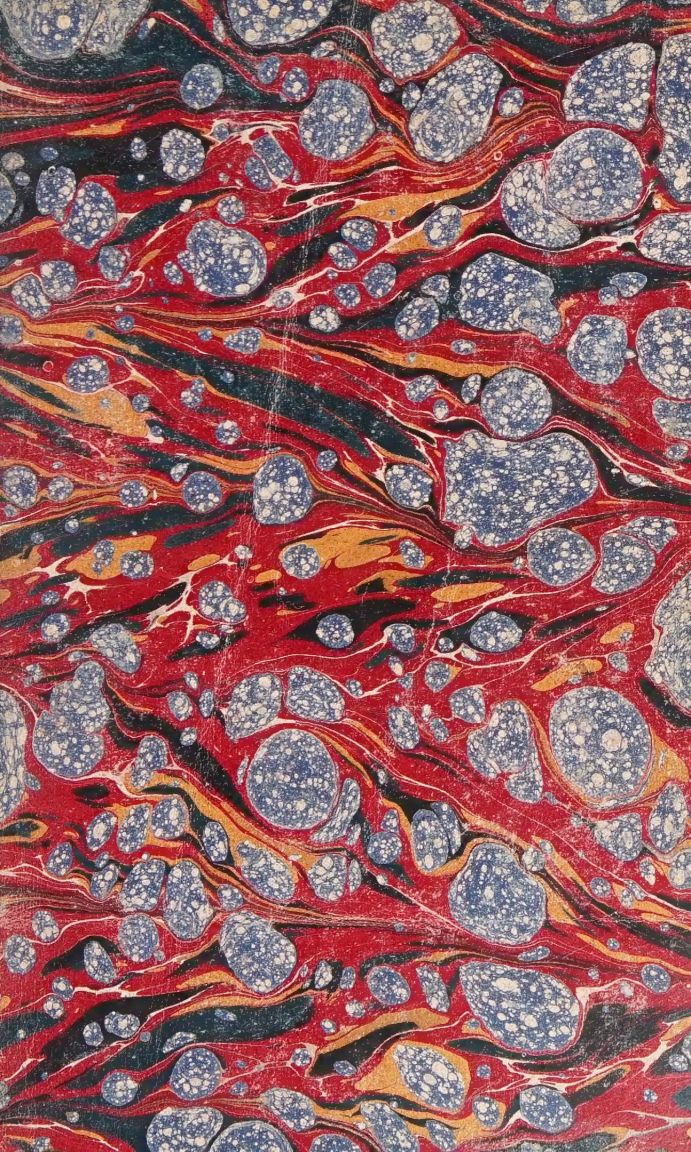

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Waverley Novels.

III.

OLD MORTALITY.

LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

LAMMERMOOR.

BURLEY AND MORTON IN THE BARN.

OLD MORTALITY

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

HENRY MORTON.

EDINBURGH: A. & C. BLACK

OLD MORTALITY

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats',
If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel 's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he 'll prent it!

BURNS

EDINBURGH
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1879

Ahora bien, dijo el Cura; traedme, señor huesped, aquesos libros que los quiero ver. Que me place, respondió el; y entrando en su aposento, sacó de él una maletilla vieja cerrada con una cadenilla, y abriéndola, halló en ella tres libros grandes y unos papeles de muy buena letra escritos de mano.—Don Quixote, Parte I. Capitulo 32.

It is mighty well, said the priest; pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them. With all my heart, answered the host; and going to his chamber, he brought out a little old cloke-bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a fine character.—Jarvis's *Translation*.

TO

HIS LOVING COUNTRYMEN,

WHETHER THEY ARE DENOMINATE

MEN OF THE SOUTH,

GENTLEMEN OF THE NORTH,

PEOPLE OF THE WEST, OR FOLK OF FIFE

These Tales,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF ANCIENT SCOTTISH MANNERS,

AND OF THE

TRADITIONS OF THEIR RESPECTIVE DISTRICTS,

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR FRIEND AND LIEGE FELLOW-SUBJECT,

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM.

INTRODUCTION TO OLD MORTALITY.

(1829.)

THE remarkable person, called by the title of Old Mortality, was well known in Scotland about the end of the last century. His real name was Robert Paterson. He was a native, it is said, of the parish of Closeburn, in Dumfriesshire, and probably a mason by profession—at least educated to the use of the chisel. Whether family dissensions, or the deep and enthusiastic feeling of supposed duty, drove him to leave his dwelling, and adopt the singular mode of life in which he wandered, like a palmer, through Scotland, is not known. It could not be poverty, however, which prompted his journeys, for he never accepted anything beyond the hospitality which was willingly rendered him, and when that was not proffered, he always had money enough to provide for his own humble wants. His personal appearance, and favourite, or rather sole occupation, are accurately described in the preliminary chapter of the following work.

It is about thirty years since, or more, that the author met this singular person in the churchyard of Dunnottar, when spending a day or two with the late learned and excellent clergyman, Mr Walker, the minister of that parish, for the purpose of a close examination of the ruins of the Castle of Dunnottar, and other subjects of antiquarian research in that neighbourhood. Old Mortality chanced to be at the same place, on the usual business of his pilgrimage; for the Castle of Dunnottar, though lying in the anti-covenanting district of the Mearns, was, with the parish churchyard, celebrated for the oppressions sustained there by the Cameronians in the time of James II.

It was in 1685, when Argyle was threatening a descent upon Scotland, and Monmouth was preparing to invade the west of England, that the Privy Council of Scotland, with cruel precaution, made a general arrest of more than a hundred persons in the southern and western provinces, supposed, from their religious principles, to be inimical to Government, together with many women and children. These captives were driven northward like a flock of bullocks, but with less precaution to provide for their wants, and finally penned up in a subterranean dungeon in the Castle of Dunnottar, having a window opening to the front of a precipice which overhangs the German Ocean. They had suffered not a little on the journey, and were much hurt both at the scoffs of the northern prelatists, and the mocks, gibes, and contemptuous tunes played by the fiddlers and pipers who had come from every quarter as they passed, to triumph over the revilers of their calling. The repose which the melancholy dungeon afforded them was anything but undisturbed. The guards made them pay for every indulgence, even that of water; and when some of the prisoners resisted a demand so unreasonable, and insisted on their right to have this necessary of life untaxed, their keepers emptied the water on the prison floors, saying, "If they were obliged to bring water for the canting whigs, they were not bound to afford them the use of bowls or pitchers gratis."

In this prison, which is still termed the Whig's Vault, several died of the diseases incidental to such a situation; and others broke their limbs,

and incurred fatal injury, in desperate attempts to escape from their stern prison-house. Over the graves of these unhappy persons, their friends, after the Revolution, erected a monument with a suitable inscription.

This peculiar shrine of the Whig martyrs is very much honoured by their descendants, though residing at a great distance from the land of their captivity and death. My friend, the Rev. Mr Walker, told me, that being once upon a tour in the south of Scotland, probably about forty years since, he had the bad luck to involve himself in the labyrinth of passages and tracks which cross, in every direction, the extensive waste called Lochar Moss, near Dumfries, out of which it is scarcely possible for a stranger to extricate himself; and there was no small difficulty in procuring a guide, since such people as he saw were engaged in digging their peats—a work of paramount necessity, which will hardly brook interruption. Mr Walker could, therefore, only procure unintelligible directions in the southern brogue, which differs widely from that of the Mearns. He was beginning to think himself in a serious dilemma, when he stated his case to a farmer of rather the better class, who was employed, as the others, in digging his winter fuel. The old man at first made the same excuse with those who had already declined acting as the traveller's guide; but perceiving him in great perplexity, and paying the respect due to his profession, "You are a clergyman, sir?" he said. Mr Walker assented. "And I observe from your speech, that you are from the north?" — "You are right, my good friend," was the reply. "And may I ask if you have ever heard of a place called Dunnottar?" — "I ought to know something about it, my friend," said Mr Walker, "since I have been several years the minister of the parish."—"I am glad to hear it," said the Dumfriesian, "for one of my near relations lies buried there, and there is I, believe, a monument over his grave. I would give half of what I am aught, to know if it is still in existence." — "He was one of those who perished in the Whig's Vault at the castle?" said the minister; "for there are few southlanders besides lying in our churchyard, and none, I think, having monuments."—"Even sae—even sae," said the old Cameronian, for such was the farmer. He then laid down his spade, cast on his coat, and heartily offered to see the minister out of the moss, if he should lose the rest of the *day's dargue*. Mr Walker was able to requite him amply, in his opinion, by reciting the epitaph, which he remembered by heart. The old man was enchanted with finding the memory of his grandfather or great-grandfather faithfully recorded amongst the names of brother sufferers; and rejecting all other offers of recompense, only requested, after he had guided Mr Walker to a safe and dry road, that he would let him have a written copy of the inscription.

It was whilst I was listening to this story, and looking at the monument referred to, that I saw Old Mortality engaged in his daily task of cleaning and repairing the ornaments and epitaphs upon the tomb. His appearance and equipment were exactly as described in the Novel. I was very desirous to see something of a person so singular, and expected to have done so, as he took up his quarters with the hospitable and liberal-spirited minister. But though Mr Walker invited him up after dinner to partake of a glass of spirits and water, to which he was supposed not to be very averse, yet he would not speak frankly upon the subject of his occupation. He was in bad humour, and had, according to his phrase, no freedom for conversation with us.

His spirit had been sorely vexed by hearing, in a certain Aberdonian kirk, the psalmody directed by a pitch-pipe, or some similar instrument, which was to Old Mortality the abomination of abominations. Perhaps, after all, he did not feel himself at ease with his company; he might suspect the questions asked by a north-country minister and a young barrister

to savour more of idle curiosity than profit. At any rate, in the phrase of John Bunyan, Old Mortality went on his way, and I saw him no more.

The remarkable figure and occupation of this ancient pilgrim was recalled to my memory by an account transmitted by my friend Mr Joseph Train, supervisor of excise at Dumfries, to whom I owe many obligations of a similar nature. From this, besides some other circumstances, among which are those of the old man's death, I learned the particulars described in the text. I am also informed, that the old palmer's family, in the third generation, survives, and is highly respected both for talents and worth.

While these sheets were passing through the press, I received the following communication from Mr Train, whose undeviating kindness had, during the intervals of laborious duty, collected its materials from an indubitable source:—

"In the course of my periodical visits to the Glenkens, I have become intimately acquainted with Robert Paterson, a son of Old Mortality, who lives in the little village of Balmaclellan; and although he is now in the 70th year of his age, preserves all the vivacity of youth — has a most retentive memory, nd a mind stored with information far above what could be expected from a person in his station of life. To him I am indebted for the following particulars relative to his father, and his descendants down to the present time.

"Robert Paterson, *alias* Old Mortality, was the son of Walter Paterson and Margaret Scott, who occupied the farm of Haggisha, in the parish of Hawick, during nearly the first half of the eighteenth century. Here Robert was born in the memorable year 1715.

"Being the youngest son of a numerous family, he, at an early age, went to serve with an elder brother, named Francis, who rented, from Sir John Jardine of Applegarth, a small tract in Comcockle Moor, near Lochmaben. During his residence there, he became acquainted with Elizabeth Gray, daughter of Robert Gray, gardener to Sir John Jardine, whom he afterwards married. His wife had been, for a considerable time, a cookmaid to Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, who procured for her husband, from the Duke of Queensberry, an advantageous lease of the freestone quarry of Gatelowbrigg, in the parish of Morton. Here he built a house, and had as much land as kept a horse and cow. My informant cannot say with certainty the year in which his father took up his residence at Gatelowbrigg, but he is sure it must have been only a short time prior to the year 1746, as, during the memorable frost in 1740, he says his mother still resided in the service of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick. When the Highlanders were returning from England on their route to Glasgow, in the year 1745-6, they plundered Mr Paterson's house at Gatelowbrigg, and carried him a prisoner as far as Glenbuck, merely because he said to one of the straggling army, that their retreat might have been easily foreseen, as the strong arm of the Lord was evidently raised, not only against the bloody and wicked house of Stuart, but against all who attempted to support the abominable heresies of the Church of Rome. From this circumstance it appears that Old Mortality had, even at that early period of his life, imbibed the religous enthusiasm by which he afterwards became so much distinguished.

"The religious sect called Hill-men, or Cameronians, was at that time much noted for austerity and devotion, in imitation of Cameron, their founder, of whose tenets Old Mortality became a most strenuous supporter. He made frequent journeys into Galloway to attend their conventicles, and occasionally carried with him gravestones from his quarry at Gatelowbrigg to keep in remembrance the righteous whose dust had been gathered to their fathers. Old Mortality was not one of those religious devotees, who, although one eye is seemingly turned towards heaven, keep the other stead-

fastly fixed on some sublunary object. As his enthusiasm increased, his journeys into Galloway became more frequent; and he gradually neglected even the common prudential duty of providing for his offspring. From about the year 1758, he neglected wholly to return from Galloway to his wife and five children at Gatelowbrigg, which induced her to send her eldest son Walter, then only twelve years of age, to Galloway, in search of his father. After traversing nearly the whole of that extensive district, from the Nick of Benncorie to the Fell of Barullion, he found him at last working on the Cameronian monuments, in the old kirkyard of Kirkchrist, on the west side of the Dee, opposite the town of Kirkcudbright. The little wanderer used all the influence in his power to induce his father to return to his family, but in vain. Mrs Paterson sent even some of her female children into Galloway in search of their father, for the same purpose of persuading him to return home; but without any success. At last, in the summer of 1768, she removed to the little upland village of Balmaclellan, in the Glenkens of Galloway, where, upon the small pittance derived from keeping a little school, she supported her numerous family in a respectable manner.

"There is a small monumental stone in the farm of the Caldon, near the House of the Hill in Wigtonshire, which is highly venerated as being the first erected, by Old Mortality, to the memory of several persons who fell at that place in defence of their religious tenets in the civil war, in the reign of Charles II.[1]

"From the Caldon, the labours of Old Mortality, in the course of time, spread over nearly all the Lowlands of Scotland. There are few churchyards in Ayrshire, Galloway, or Dumfriesshire, where the work of his chisel is not yet to be seen. It is easily distinguished from the work of any other artist by the primitive rudeness of the emblems of death, and of the inscriptions which adorn the ill-formed blocks of his erection. This task of repairing and erecting gravestones, practised without fee or reward, was the only ostensible employment of this singular person for upwards of forty years. The door of every Cameronian's house was indeed open to him at all times when he chose to enter, and he was gladly received as an inmate of the family; but he did not invariably accept of these civilities, as may be seen by the following account of his frugal expenses, found, amongst other little papers (some of which I have likewise in my possession), in his pocket-book after his death:—

"*Gatehouse of Fleet, 4th February* 1796.

ROBERT PATERSON *debtor to* MARGARET CHRYSTALE.

To drye Lodginge for seven weeks,	£0	4	1
To Four Auchlet of Ait Meal,	0	3	4
To 6 Lippies of Potatoes,	0	1	3
To Lent Money at the time of Mr Reid's Sacrament,	0	6	0
To 3 Chappins of Yell with Sandy the Keelman,[2]	0	0	9
	£0	15	5
Received in part,	0	10	0
Unpaid,	£0	5	5

"This statement shows the religious wanderer to have been very poor in his old age; but he was so more by choice than through necessity, as, at

[1] "The house was stormed by a Captain Orchard or Urquhart, who was shot in the attack."

[2] "A well-known humorist, still alive, popularly called by the name of Old Kee'y-bags, who deals in the keel or chalk with which farmers mark their flocks.

the period here alluded to, his children were all comfortably situated, and were most anxious to keep their father at home. But no entreaty could induce him to alter his erratic way of life; he travelled from one churchyard to another, mounted on his old white pony, till the last day of his existence, and died, as you have described, at Bankhill, near Lockerby, on the 14th February 1801, in the 86th year of his age. As soon as his body was found, intimation was sent to his sons at Balmaclellan; but from the great depth of the snow at that time, the letter communicating the particulars of his death was so long detained by the way, that the remains of the pilgrim were interred before any of his relations could arrive at Bankhill.

"The following is an exact copy of the account of his funeral expenses,—the original of which I have in my possession:—

"*Memorandum of the Funral Charges of Robert Paterson, who dyed at Bankhill on the 14th day of February* 1801.

To a Coffon,	£0	12	0
To Munting for do.,	0	2	8
To a Shirt for him,	0	5	6
To a pair of Cotten Stockings,	0	2	0
To Bread at the Founral,	0	2	6
To Chise at ditto,	0	3	0
To 1 pint Rume,	0	4	6
To 1 pint Whiskie,	0	4	0
To a man going to Annan,	0	2	0
To the grave-diger,	0	1	0
To Linnen for a sheet to him,	0	2	8
	£2	1	10
Taken off him when dead,	1	7	6
	£0	14	4

"The above account is authenticated by the son of the deceased.

"My friend was prevented by indisposition from even going to Bankhill to attend the funeral of his father, which I regret very much, as he is not aware in what churchyard he was interred.

"For the purpose of erecting a small monument to his memory, I have made every possible inquiry, wherever I thought there was the least chance of finding out where Old Mortality was laid; but I have done so in vain, as his death is not registered in the session-book of any of the neighbouring parishes. I am sorry to think, that in all probability this singular person, who spent so many years of his lengthened existence in striving with his chisel and mallet to perpetuate the memory of many less deserving than himself, must remain even without a single stone to mark out the resting place of his mortal remains.

"Old Mortality had three sons, Robert, Walter, and John; the former, as has been already mentioned, lives in the village of Balmaclellan, in comfortable circumstances, and is much respected by his neighbours. Walter died several years ago, leaving behind him a family now respectably situated in this point. John went to America in the year 1776, and after various turns of fortune, settled at Baltimore."

Old Nol himself is said to have loved an innocent jest. (See Captain Hodgson's Memoirs. Old Mortality somewhat resembled the Protector in this turn to festivity. Like Master Silence, he had been merry twice and once in his time; but even his jests were of a melancholy and sepulchral nature, and sometimes attended with inconvenience to himself, as will appear from the following anecdote:—

The old man was at one time following his wonted occupation of repairing

the tombs of the martyrs, in the churchyard of Girthon, and the sexton of the parish was plying his kindred task at no small distance. Some roguish urchins were sporting near them, and by their noisy gambols disturbing the old men in their serious occupation. The most petulant of the juvenile party were two or three boys, grandchildren of a person well known by the name of Cooper Climent. This artist enjoyed almost a monopoly in Girthon and the neighbouring parishes, for making and selling ladles, coups, bickers, bowls, spoons, cogues, and trenchers, formed of wood, for the use of the country people. It must be noticed that notwithstanding the excellence of the Cooper's vessels, they were apt, when new, to impart a reddish tinge to whatever liquor was put into them—a circumstance not uncommon in like cases.

The grandchildren of this dealer in wooden work took it into their head to ask the sexton what use he could possibly make of the numerous fragments of old coffins which were thrown up in opening new graves. "Do you not know," said Old Mortality, "that he sells them to your grandfather, who makes them into spoons, trenchers, bickers, bowies, and so forth?" At this assertion, the youthful group broke up in great confusion and disgust, on reflecting how many meals they had eaten out of dishes which, by Old Mortality's account, were only fit to be used at a banquet of witches or of ghoules. They carried the tidings home, when many a dinner was spoiled by the loathing which the intelligence imparted; for the account of the materials was supposed to explain the reddish tinge, which, even in the days of the Cooper's fame, had seemed somewhat suspicious. The ware of Cooper Climent was rejected in horror, much to the benefit of his rivals the muggers, who dealt in earthenware. The man of cutty-spoon and ladle saw his trade interrupted, and learned the reason, by his quondam customers coming upon him in wrath to return the goods which were composed of such unhallowed materials, and demand repayment of their money. In this disagreeable predicament, the forlorn artist cited Old Mortality into a court of justice, where he proved that the wood he used in his trade was that of the staves of old wine-pipes bought from smugglers, with whom the country then abounded—a circumstance which fully accounted for their imparting a colour to their contents. Old Mortality himself made the fullest declaration that he had no other purpose in making the assertion, than to check the petulance of the children. But it is easier to take away a good name than to restore it. Cooper Climent's business continued to languish, and he died in a state of poverty.

*** *The figures within parenthesis throughout the text refer to the notes at the end of the volume.*

TALES OF MY LANDLORD

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM,

SCHOOLMASTER AND PARISH-CLERK OF GANDERCLEUCH.

INTRODUCTION.

As I may, without vanity, presume that the name and official description prefixed to this Proem will secure it, from the sedate and reflecting part of mankind, to whom only I would be understood to address myself, such attention as is due to the sedulous instructor of youth, and the careful performer of my Sabbath duties, I will forbear to hold up a candle to the daylight, or to point out to the judicious those recommendations of my labours which they must necessarily anticipate from the perusal of the title-page. Nevertheless, I am not unaware, that, as Envy always dogs Merit at the heels, there may be those who will whisper, that albeit my learning and good principles cannot (lauded be the heavens!) be denied by any one, yet that my situation at Gandercleuch hath been more favourable to my acquisitions in learning than to the enlargement of my views of the ways and works of the present generation. To the which objection, if, peradventure, any such shall be started, my answer shall be threefold:

First, Gandercleuch is, as it were, the central part—the navel (*si fas sit dicere*) of this our native realm of Scotland; so that men, from every corner thereof, when travelling on their concernments of business, either towards our metropolis of law, by which I mean Edinburgh, or towards our metropolis and mart of gain, whereby I insinuate Glasgow, are frequently led to make Gandercleuch their abiding stage and place of rest for the night. And it must be acknowledged by the most sceptical, that I, who have sat in the leathern arm-chair, on the left-hand side of the fire, in the common room of the Wallace Inn, winter and summer, for every evening in my life, during forty years bypast the Christian Sabbaths only ex-

cepted), must have seen more of the manners and customs of various tribes and people, than if I had sought them out by my own painful travel and bodily labour. Even so doth the tollman at the well-frequented turnpike on the Wellbrae-head, sitting at his ease in his own dwelling, gather more receipt of custom, than if, moving forth upon the road, he were to require a contribution from each person whom he chanced to meet in his journey, when, according to the vulgar adage, he might possibly be greeted with more kicks than halfpence.

But, secondly, supposing it again urged, that Ithacus, the most wise of the Greeks, acquired his renown, as the Roman poet hath assured us, by visiting states and men, I reply to the Zoilus who shall adhere to this objection, that, *de facto*, I have seen states and men also; for I have visited the famous cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, the former twice, and the latter three times, in the course of my earthly pilgrimage. And, moreover, I had the honour to sit in the General Assembly (meaning, as an auditor, in the galleries thereof), and have heard as much goodly speaking on the law of patronage, as, with the fructification thereof in mine own understanding, hath made me be considered as an oracle upon that doctrine ever since my safe and happy return to Gandercleuch.

Again—and thirdly, If it be nevertheless pretended that my information and knowledge of mankind, however extensive, and however painfully acquired, by constant domestic inquiry, and by foreign travel, is, natheless, incompetent to the task of recording the pleasant narratives of my Landlord, I will let these critics know, to their own eternal shame and confusion, as well as to the abashment and discomfiture of all who shall rashly take up a song against me, that I am NOT the writer, redactor, or compiler, of the Tales of my Landlord; nor am I, in one single iota, answerable for their contents, more or less. And now, ye generation of critics, who raise yourselves up as if it were brazen serpents, to hiss with your tongues, and to smite with your stings, bow yourselves down to your native dust, and acknowledge that yours have been the thoughts of ignorance, and the words of vain foolishness. Lo! ye are caught in your own snare, and your own pit hath yawned for you. Turn, then, aside from the task that is too heavy for you; destroy not your teeth by gnawing a file; waste not your strength by spurning against a castle wall; nor spend your breath in contending in swiftness with a fleet steed; and let those weigh the Tales of my Landlord who shall bring with them the scales of candour, cleansed from the rust of prejudice by the hands of intelligent modesty. For these alone they were compiled, as will appear from a brief narrative which my zeal for truth compelled me to make supplementary to the present Proem.

It is well known that my Landlord was a pleasing and a facetious man, acceptable unto all the parish of Gandercleuch, excepting only the Laird, the Exciseman, and those for whom he refused to draw liquor upon trust. Their causes of dislike I will touch separately, adding my own refutation thereof.

His honour, the Laird, accused our Landlord, deceased, of having encouraged, in various times and places, the destruction of hares, rabbits, fowls black and grey, partridges, moor-pouts, roe-deer, and other birds and quadrupeds, at unlawful seasons, and contrary to the laws of this realm, which have secured, in their wisdom, the slaughter of such animals for the great of the earth, whom I have remarked to take an uncommon (though to me, unintelligible) pleasure therein. Now, in humble deference to his honour, and in justifiable defence of my friend deceased, I reply to this charge, that howsoever the form of such animals might appear to be similar to those so protected by the law, yet it was a mere *deceptio visus;* for what resembled hares were, in fact, *hill-kids*, and those partaking of the appearance of moor-fowl, were truly *wood pigeons*, and consumed and eaten *eo nomine*, and not otherwise.

Again, the Exciseman pretended, that my deceased Landlord did encourage that species of manufacture called distillation, without having an especial commission from the Great, technically called a license, for doing so. Now, I stand up to confront this falsehood; and in defiance of him, his gauging-stick, and pen and ink-horn, I tell him, that I never saw, or tasted, a glass of unlawful aqua vitæ in the house of my Landlord; nay, that, on the contrary, we needed not such devices, in respect of a pleasing and somewhat seductive liquor, which was vended and consumed at the Wallace Inn, under the name of *mountain dew*. If there is a penalty against manufacturing such a liquor, let him shew me the statute; and when he does, I'll tell him if I will obey it or no.

Concerning those who came to my Landlord for liquor, and went thirsty away for lack of present coin, or future credit, I cannot but say it has grieved my bowels as if the case had been mine own. Nevertheless, my Landlord considered the necessities of a thirsty soul, and would permit them, in extreme need, and when their soul was impoverished for lack of moisture, to drink to the full value of their watches and wearing apparel, exclusively of their inferior habiliments, which he was uniformly inexorable in obliging them to retain, for the credit of the house. As to mine own part, I may well say that he never refused me that modicum of refreshment with which I am wont to recruit nature after the fatigues of my school. It is true, I taught his five sons English and Latin, writing, book-

keeping, with a tincture of mathematics, and that I instructed his daughter in psalmody. Nor do I remember me of any fee or *honorarium* received from him on account of these my labours, except the computations aforesaid;—nevertheless, this compensation suited my humour well, since it is a hard sentence to bid a dry throat wait till quarter-day.

But, truly, were I to speak my simple conceit and belief, I think my Landlord was chiefly moved to waive in my behalf the usual requisition of a symbol, or reckoning, from the pleasure he was wont to take in my conversation, which, though solid and edifying in the main, was, like a well-built palace, decorated with facetious narratives and devices, tending much to the enhancement and ornament thereof. And so pleased was my Landlord of the Wallace in his replies during such colloquies, that there was no district in Scotland, yea, and no peculiar, and, as it were, distinctive custom therein practised, but was discussed betwixt us; insomuch that those who stood by were wont to say, it was worth a bottle of ale to hear us communicate with each other. And not a few travellers, from distant parts, as well as from the remote districts of our kingdom, were wont to mingle in the conversation, and to tell news that had been gathered in foreign lands, or preserved from oblivion in this our own.

Now, I chanced to have contracted for teaching the lower classes with a young person called Peter, or Patrick Pattieson, who had been educated for our Holy Kirk—yea, had, by the licence of presbytery, his voice opened therein as a preacher,—who delighted in the collection of olden tales and legends, and in garnishing them with the flowers of poesy, whereof he was a vain and frivolous professor; for he followed not the example of those strong poets whom I proposed to him as a pattern, but formed versification of a flimsy and modern texture, to the compounding whereof was necessary small pains and less thought. And hence I have chid him as being one of those who bring forward the fatal revolution prophesied by Mr Robert Carey, in his Vaticination on the Death of the celebrated Dr John Donne:

> Now thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
> Too hard for libertines in poetry;
> Till verse (by thee refined) in this last stage
> Turn ballad rhyme.

I had also disputations with him touching his indulging rather a flowing and redundant than a concise and stately diction in his prose exercitations. But notwithstanding these symptoms of inferior taste, and a humour of contradicting his betters upon passages of dubious construction in Latin authors, I did grievously lament when Peter

Pattieson was removed from me by death, even as if he had been the offspring of my own loins. And in respect his papers had been left in my care (to answer funeral and deathbed expenses), I conceived myself entitled to dispose of one parcel thereof, entitled, "Tales of my Landlord," to one cunning in the trade (as it is called) of bookselling. He was a mirthful man, of small stature, cunning in counterfeiting of voices, and in making facetious tales and responses, and whom I have to laud for the truth of his dealings towards me.

Now, therefore, the world may see the injustice that charges me with incapacity to write these narratives, seeing, that though I have proved that I could have written them if I would, yet, not having done so, the censure will deservedly fall, if at all due, upon the memory of Mr Peter Pattieson; whereas I must be justly entitled to the praise, when any is due, seeing that, as the Dean of St Patrick's wittily and logically expresseth it,—

> That without which a thing is not,
> Is *Causa sine qua non.*

The work, therefore, is unto me as a child is to a parent; in the which child, if it proveth worthy, the parent hath honour and praise; but if otherwise, the disgrace will deservedly attach to itself alone.

I have only further to intimate, that Mr Peter Pattieson, in arranging these tales for the press, hath more consulted his own fancy than the accuracy of the narrative; nay, that he hath sometimes blended two or three stories together for the mere grace of his plots;—of which infidelity, although I disapprove and enter my testimony against it, yet I have not taken upon me to correct the same, in respect it was the will of the deceased that his manuscript should be submitted to the press without diminution or alteration. A fanciful nicety it was on the part of my deceased friend, who, if thinking wisely, ought rather to have conjured me, by all the tender ties of our friendship and common pursuits, to have carefully revised, altered, and augmented, at my judgment and discretion. But the will of the dead must be scrupulously obeyed, even when we weep over their pertinacity and self-delusion. So, gentle reader, I bid you farewell, recommending you to such fare as the mountains of your own country produce; and I will only farther premise, that each tale is preceded by a short introduction, mentioning the persons by whom, and the circumstances under which, the materials thereof were collected.

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM.

OLD MORTALITY

CHAPTER I.

Preliminary.

Why seeks he with unwearied toil
Through death's dim walks to urge his way,
Reclaim his long asserted spoil,
And lead oblivion into day? LANGHORNE.

"MOST readers," says the Manuscript of Mr Pattieson, "must have witnessed with delight the joyous burst which attends the dismissing of a village-school on a fine summer evening. The buoyant spirit of childhood, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of discipline, may then be seen to explode, as it were, in shout, and song, and frolic, as the little urchins join in groups on their play-ground, and arrange their matches of sport for the evening. But there is one individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of dismission, whose feelings are not so obvious to the eye of the spectator, or so apt to receive his sympathy. I mean the teacher himself, who, stunned with the hum, and suffocated with the closeness of his school-room, has spent the whole day (himself against a host) in controlling petulance, exciting indifference to action, striving to enlighten stupidity, and labouring to soften obstinacy; and whose very powers of intellect have been confounded by hearing the same dull lesson repeated a hundred times by rote, and only varied by the various blunders of the reciters. Even the flowers of classic genius, with which his solitary fancy is most gratified, have been rendered degraded, in his imagination, by their connexion with tears, with errors, and with punishment; so that the Eclogues of Virgil and Odes of Horace are each inseparably allied in association with the sullen figure and monotonous recitation of some blubbering school-boy. If to these mental distresses are added a delicate frame of body, and a mind ambitious of some higher distinction than that of being the tyrant of childhood, the reader may have some slight conception of the relief which a solitary walk, in the cool of a fine summer evening, affords to the head which has ached, and the nerves which have been shattered, for so many hours, in plying the irksome task of public instruction.

"To me these evening strolls have been the happiest hours of an unhappy life; and if any gentle reader shall hereafter find pleasure in perusing these lucubrations, I am not unwilling he should know that the plan of them has been usually traced in those moments when relief from toil and clamour, combined with the quiet scenery around me, has disposed my mind to the task of composition.

"My chief haunt, in these hours of golden leisure, is the banks of the small stream, which, winding through a 'lone vale of green bracken,' passes in front of the village school-house of Gandercleuch. For the first quarter of a mile, perhaps, I may be disturbed from my meditations, in order to return the scrape, or doffed bonnet, of such stragglers among my pupils as fish for trouts or minnows in the little brook, or seek rushes and wild-flowers by its margin. But, beyond the space I have mentioned, the juvenile anglers do not, after sun-set, voluntarily extend their excursions. The cause is, that farther up the narrow valley, and in a recess which seems scooped out of the side of the steep heathy bank, there is a deserted burial-ground, which the little cowards are fearful of approaching in the twilight. To me, however, the place has an inexpressible charm. It has been long the favourite termination of my walks, and, if my kind patron forgets not his promise, will (and probably at no very distant day) be my final resting-place after my mortal pilgrimage.[1]

"It is a spot which possesses all the solemnity of feeling attached to a burial-ground, without exciting those of a more unpleasing description. Having been very little used for many years, the few hillocks which rise above the level plain are covered with the same short velvet turf. The monuments, of which there are not above seven or eight, are half sunk in the ground, and overgrown with moss. No newly erected tomb disturbs the sober serenity of our reflections by reminding us of recent calamity, and no rank-springing grass forces upon our imagination the recollection that it owes its dark luxuriance to the foul and festering remnants of mortality which ferment beneath. The daisy which sprinkles the sod, and the harebell which hangs over it, derive their pure nourishment from the dew of heaven, and their growth impresses us with no degrading or disgusting recollections. Death has indeed been here, and its traces are before us; but they are softened and deprived of their horror by our distance from the period when they have been first impressed. Those who sleep beneath are only connected with us by the reflection that they have once been what we now are, and that, as their relics are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall, at some future period, undergo the same transformation.

"Yet, although the moss has been collected on the most modern of these humble tombs during four generations of mankind, the memory of some of those who sleep beneath them is still held in reverent remembrance. It is true, that upon the largest, and, so an

[1] *Note, by Mr Jedediah Cleishbotham.*—That I kept my plight in this melancholy matter with my deceased and lamented friend, appeareth from a handsome headstone, erected at my proper charges in this spot, bearing the name and cauling of Peter Pattieson, with the date of his nativity and sepulture; together also with a testimony of his merits, attested by myself, as his superior and patron.—J. C.

antiquary, the most interesting monument of the group, which bears the effigies of a doughty knight in his hood of mail, with his shield hanging on his breast, the armorial bearings are defaced by time, and a few worn-out letters may be read, at the pleasure of the decipherer, *Dns. Johan---de Hamel*,—or *Johan---de Lamel---*. And it is also true, that of another tomb, richly sculptured with an ornamental cross, mitre, and pastoral staff, tradition can only aver that a certain nameless bishop lies interred there. But upon other two stones which lie beside, may still be read in rude prose, and ruder rhyme, the history of those who sleep beneath them. They belong, we are assured by the epitaph, to the class of persecuted Presbyterians who afforded a melancholy subject for history in the times of Charles II. and his successor.[1] In returning from the battle of Pentland Hills, a party of the insurgents had been attacked in this glen by a small detachment of the King's troops, and three or four either killed in the skirmish, or shot after being made prisoners, as rebels taken with arms in their hands. The peasantry continued to attach to the tombs of those victims of prelacy an honour which they do not render to more splendid mausoleums; and, when they point them out to their sons, and narrate the fate of the sufferers, usually conclude, by exhorting them to be ready, should times call for it, to resist to the death in the cause of civil and religious liberty, like their brave forefathers.

"Although I am far from venerating the peculiar tenets asserted by those who call themselves the followers of those men, and whose intolerance and narrow-minded bigotry are at least as conspicuous as their devotional zeal, yet it is without depreciating the memory of those sufferers, many of whom united the independent sentiments of a Hampden with the suffering zeal of a Hooper or Latimer. On the other hand, it would be unjust to forget, that many even of those who had been most active in crushing what they conceived the rebellious and seditious spirit of those unhappy wanderers, displayed themselves, when called upon to suffer for their political and religious opinions, the same daring and devoted zeal, tinctured, in their case, with chivalrous loyalty, as in the former with republican enthusiasm. It has often been remarked of the Scottish character, that the stubbornness with which it is moulded shews most to advantage in adversity, when it seems akin to the native sycamore of their hills, which scorns to be biassed in its mode of growth even by the influence of the prevailing wind, but, shooting its branches with equal boldness in every direction, shews no weather-side to the storm, and may be broken, but can never be bended. It must be understood that I speak of my countrymen as they fall under my own observation. When in foreign countries, I have been informed that they are more docile. But it is time to return from this digression.

"One summer evening, as, in a stroll such as I have described, I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually soothe its solitude—the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and the sighing

[1] James, Seventh King of Scotland of that name and Second according to the enumeration of the Kings of England.—J. C.

of the wind in the boughs of three gigantic ash-trees, which mark the cemetery. The clink of a hammer was on this occasion distinctly heard; and I entertained some alarm that a march-dyke, long meditated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my favourite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary.[1] As I approached, I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening with his chisel the letters of the inscription, which, announcing, in scriptural language, the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematized the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the grey hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat of the coarse cloth called *hoddin-grey*, usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hobnails, and *gramoches* or *leggins*, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him, fed among the graves a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, a hair tether, or halter, and a *sunk*, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvas pouch hung around the neck of the animal, for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and anything else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognising a religious itinerant whom I had often heard talked of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of Old Mortality.

"Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn; nor are the motives which made him desert his home, and adopt the erratic mode of life which he pursued, known to me, except very generally. According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant, whose deeds and sufferings were his favourite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but, whether from pecuniary losses, or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and

[1] I deem it fitting that the reader should be apprised that this limitary boundary between the conterminous heritable property of his honour the Laird of Ganderclench, and his honour the Laird of Gusedub, was to have been in fashion an *agger*, or rather *murus* of cæmented granite, called by the vulgar a *dry-stane dyke*, surmounted or coped, *cespite virido*, i. e. with a sod-turf. Truly their honours fell into discord concerning two roods of marshy ground, near the cove called the Bedral's Beild; and the controversy, having some years bygone been removed from before the judges of the land (with whom it abode long), even unto the great city of London and the Assembly of the Nobles therein, is, as I may say, *adhuc in pendente*.—J. C.

wandered about until the day of his death—a period of nearly thirty years.

"During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. These are most numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries; but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had fought, or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the moor-fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the grey stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon-light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

"In all his wanderings, the old pilgrim never seemed to need, or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true, his wants were very few; for wherever he went, he found ready quarters in the house of some Cameronian of his own sect, or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him he always acknowledged, by repairing the gravestones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of his host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the black-cock with the clink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired, from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of Old Mortality.

"The character of such a man could have in it little connexion even with innocent gaiety. Yet, among those of his own religious persuasion, he is reported to have been cheerful. The descendants of persecutors, or those whom he supposed guilty of entertaining similar tenets, and the scoffers at religion by whom he was sometimes assailed, he usually termed the generation of vipers. Conversing with others, he was grave and sententious, not without a cast of severity. But he is said never to have been observed to give way to violent passion, excepting upon one occasion, when a mischievous truant-boy defaced with a stone the nose of a cherub's face which the old man was engaged in retouching. I am in general a sparer of the rod, notwithstanding the maxim of Solomon, for which school-boys have little reason to thank his memory; but on this occasion I deemed it pro-

per to shew that I did not hate the child.—But I must return to the circumstances attending my first interview with this interesting enthusiast.

"In accosting Old Mortality, I did not fail to pay respect to his years and his principles, beginning my address by a respectful apology for interrupting his labours. The old man intermitted the operation of the chisel, took off his spectacles and wiped them, then replacing them on his nose, acknowledged my courtesy by a suitable return. Encouraged by his affability, I intruded upon him some questions concerning the sufferers on whose monument he was now employed. To talk of the exploits of the Covenanters was the delight, as to repair their monuments was the business, of his life. He was profuse in the communication of all the minute information which he had collected concerning them, their wars, and their wanderings. One would almost have supposed he must have been their contemporary, and have actually beheld the passages which he related, so much had he identified his feelings and opinions with theirs, and so much had his narratives the circumstantiality of an eye-witness

"'We,' he said, in a tone of exultation,—'*we* are the only true whigs. Carnal men have assumed that triumphant appellation, following him whose kingdom is of this world. Which of them would sit six hours on a wet hill-side to hear a godly sermon? I trow an hour o't wad staw them. They are ne'er a hair better than them that shamena to take upon themsells the persecuting name of bludethirsty tories. Self-seekers all of them, strivers after wealth, power, and worldly ambition, and forgetters alike of what has been dree'd and done by the mighty men who stood in the gap in the great day of wrath. Nae wonder they dread the accomplishment of what was spoken by the mouth of the worthy Mr Peden (that precious servant of the Lord, none of whose words fell to the ground), that the French monzies[1] sall rise as fast in the glens of Ayr, and the kenns of Galloway, as ever the Highlandmen did in 1677. And now they are gripping to the bow and to the spear, when they suld be mourning for a sinfu' land and a broken covenant.'

"Soothing the old man by letting his peculiar opinions pass without contradiction, and anxious to prolong conversation with so singular a character, I prevailed upon him to accept that hospitality, which Mr Cleishbotham is always willing to extend to those who need it. In our way to the schoolmaster's house, we called at the Wallace Inn, where I was pretty certain I should find my patron about that hour of the evening. After a courteous interchange of civilities, Old Mortality was, with difficulty, prevailed upon to join his host in a single glass of liquor, and that on condition that he should be permitted to name the pledge, which he prefaced with a grace of about five minutes, and then, with bonnet doffed and eyes uplifted, drank to the memory of those heroes of the Kirk who had first uplifted her banner upon the mountains. As no persuasion could prevail on him to extend his conviviality to a second cup, my patron accompanied him home, and accommodated him in the Prophet's Chamber, as it is his

1 Probably *monsieurs*. It would seem that this was spoken during the apprehensions of invasion from France.—*Publishers.*

pleasure to call the closet which holds a spare bed, and which is frequently a place of retreat for the poor traveller.[1]

"The next day I took leave of Old Mortality, who seemed affected by the unusual attention with which I had cultivated his acquaintance and listened to his conversation. After he had mounted, not without difficulty, the old white pony, he took me by the hand and said, 'The blessing of our Master be with you, young man! My hours are like the ears of the latter harvest, and your days are yet in the spring; and yet you may be gathered into the garner of mortality before me, for the sickle of death cuts down the green as oft as the ripe, and there is a colour in your cheek, that, like the bud of the rose, serveth oft to hide the worm of corruption. Wherefore labour as one who knoweth not when his Master calleth. And if it be my lot to return to this village after ye are gane hame to your ain place, these auld withered hands will frame a stane of memorial, that your name may not perish from among the people.'

"I thanked Old Mortality for his kind intentions in my behalf, and heaved a sigh, not, I think, of regret, so much as of resignation to think of the chance that I might soon require his good offices. But though, in all human probability, he did not err in supposing that my span of life may be abridged in youth, he had over-estimated the period of his own pilgrimage on earth. It is now some years since he has been missed in all his usual haunts, while moss, lichen, and deer-hair, are fast covering those stones, to cleanse which had been the business of his life. About the beginning of this century he closed his mortal toils, being found on the highway near Lockerby in Dumfries-shire, exhausted and just expiring. The old white pony, the companion of all his wanderings, was standing by the side of his dying master. There was found about his person a sum of money sufficient for his decent interment, which serves to shew that his death was in no ways hastened by violence or by want. The common people still regard his memory with great respect; and many are of opinion, that the stones which he repaired will not again require the assistance of the chisel. They even assert, that on the tombs where the manner of the martyrs' murder is recorded, their names have remained indelibly legible since the death of Old Mortality, while those of the persecutors, sculptured on the same monuments, have been entirely defaced. It is hardly necessary to say that this is a fond imagination, and that, since the time of the pious pilgrim, the monuments which were the objects of his care are hastening, like all earthly memorials, into ruin or decay.

"My readers will of course understand, that in embodying into one compressed narrative many of the anecdotes which I had the advantage of deriving from Old Mortality, I have been far from adopting

[1] He might have added, and for the *rich* also; since, I lau'd my stars, the great of the earth have also taken harbourage in my poor domicile. And, during the service of my hand-maiden Dorothy, who was buxom and comely of aspect, his Honour the Laird of Smackawa, in his peregrinations to and from the metropolis, was wont to prefer my Prophet's Chamber even to the sanded chamber of dais in the Wallace Inn, and to bestow a mutchkin, as he would jocosely say, to obtain the freedom of the house, but, in reality, to assure himself of my company during the evening.—J. C.

either his style, his opinions, or even his facts, so far as they appear to have been distorted by party prejudice. I have endeavoured to correct or verify them from the most authentic sources of tradition afforded by the representatives of either party.

"On the part of the Presbyterians, I have consulted such moorland farmers from the western districts, as, by the kindness of their landlords or otherwise, have been able, during the late general change of property, to retain possession of the grazings on which their grandsires fed their flocks and herds. I must own, that of late days I have found this a limited source of information. I have therefore called in the supplementary aid of those modest itinerants, whom the scrupulous civility of our ancestors denominated travelling merchants, but whom, of late, accommodating ourselves in this as in more material particulars, to the feelings and sentiments of our more wealthy neighbours, we have learned to call packmen or pedlars. To country weavers travelling in hopes to get rid of their winter web, but more especially to tailors, who, from their sedentary profession, and the necessity, in our country, of exercising it by temporary residence in the families by whom they are employed, may be considered as possessing a complete register of rural traditions, I have been indebted for many illustrations of the narratives of Old Mortality, much in the taste and spirit of the original.

"I had more difficulty in finding materials for correcting the tone of partiality which evidently pervaded those stores of traditional learning, in order that I might be enabled to present an unbiassed picture of the manners of that unhappy period, and at the same time to do justice to the merits of both parties. But I have been enabled to qualify the narratives of Old Mortality and his Cameronian friends, by the reports of more than one descendant of ancient and honourable families, who, themselves decayed into the humble vale of life, yet look proudly back on the period when their ancestors fought and fell in behalf of the exiled house of Stuart. I may even boast right reverend authority on the same score; for more than one nonjuring bishop, whose authority and income were upon as apostolical a scale as the greatest abominator of Episcopacy could well desire, have deigned, while partaking of the humble cheer of the Wallace Inn, to furnish me with information corrective of the facts which I learned from others. There are also here and there a laird or two, who, though they shrug their shoulders, profess no great shame in their fathers having served in the persecuting squadrons of Earlshall and Claverhouse. From the gamekeepers of these gentlemen, an office the most apt of any other to become hereditary in such families, I have also contrived to collect much valuable information.

"Upon the whole, I can hardly fear, that, at this time, in describing the operation which their opposite principles produced upon the good and bad men of both parties, I can be suspected of meaning insult or injustice to either. If recollection of former injuries, extra loyalty, and contempt and hatred of their adversaries, produced rigour and tyranny in the one party, it will hardly be denied, on the other hand, that if the zeal for God's house did not eat up the conventiclers, it devoured at least (to imitate the phrase of Dryden) no small por-

tion of their loyalty, sober sense, and good breeding. We may safely hope, that the souls of the brave and sincere on either side have long looked down with surprise and pity upon the ill-appreciated motives which caused their mutual hatred and hostility while in this valley of darkness, blood, and tears. Peace to their memory! Let us think of them as the heroine of our only Scottish tragedy entreats her lord to think of her departed sire—

> O rake not up the ashes of our fathers!
> Implacable resentment was their crime,
> And grievous has the expiation been.'"

CHAPTER II.

> Summon an hundred horse by break of day
> To wait our pleasure at the castle gates.
>
> *Douglas.*

Under the reign of the last Stuarts, there was an anxious wish on the part of Government to counteract, by every means in their power, the strict or puritanical spirit which had been the chief characteristic of the republican government, and to revive those feudal institutions which united the vassal to the liege lord, and both to the Crown. Frequent musters and assemblies of the people, both for military exercise and for sports and pastimes, were appointed by authority. The interference, in the latter case, was impolitic, to say the least; for, as usual on such occasions, the consciences which were at first only scrupulous, became confirmed in their opinions, instead of giving way to the terrors of authority; and the youth of both sexes, to whom the pipe and tabor in England, or the bagpipe in Scotland, would have been in themselves an irresistible temptation, were enabled to set them at defiance, from the proud consciousness that they were at the same time resisting an act of council. To compel men to dance and be merry by authority, has rarely succeeded even on board of slave-ships, where it was formerly sometimes attempted by way of inducing the wretched captives to agitate their limbs and restore the circulation, during the few minutes they were permitted to enjoy the fresh air upon deck. The rigour of the strict Calvinists increased, in proportion to the wishes of the Government that it should be relaxed. A judaical observance of the Sabbath—a supercilious condemnation of all manly pastimes and harmless recreations, as well as of the profane custom of promiscuous dancing, that is, of men and women dancing together in the same party (for I believe they admitted that the exercise might be inoffensive if practised by the parties separately)—distinguishing those who professed a more than ordinary share of sanctity, they discouraged, as far as lay in their power, even the ancient *wappen-schaws*, as they were termed, when the feudal array of the county was called out, and each crown-vassal was required to appear with such muster of men and armour as he was bound to make by his fief, and that under high statutory penalties. The Covenanters were the more jealous of those assemblies, as the

lord-lieutenants and sheriffs under whom they were held had instructions from the Government to spare no pains which might render them agreeable to the young men who were thus summoned together, upon whom the military exercise of the morning, and the sports which usually closed the evening, might naturally be supposed to have a seductive effect.

The preachers and proselytes of the more rigid Presbyterians laboured, therefore, by caution, remonstrance, and authority, to diminish the attendance upon these summonses, conscious that in doing so, they lessened not only the apparent, but the actual strength of the Government, by impeding the extension of that *esprit de corps* which soon unites young men who are in the habit of meeting together for manly sport, or military exercise. They therefore exerted themselves earnestly to prevent attendance on these occasions by those who could find any possible excuse for absence, and were especially severe upon such of their hearers as mere curiosity led to be spectators, or love of exercise to be partakers, of the array and the sports which took place. Such of the gentry as acceded to these doctrines were not always, however, in a situation to be ruled by them. The commands of the law were imperative; and the privy council, who administered the executive power in Scotland, were severe in enforcing the statutory penalties against the crown vassals who did not appear at the periodical wappenschaw. The landholders were compelled, therefore, to send their sons, tenants, and vassals to the rendezvous, to the number of horses, men, and spears, at which they were rated; and it frequently happened, that notwithstanding the strict charge of their elders to return as soon as the formal inspection was over, the young men-at-arms were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in the sports which succeeded the muster, or to avoid listening to the prayers read in the churches on these occasions,—and thus, in the opinion of their repining parents, meddling with the accursed thing which is an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

The sheriff of the county of Lanark was holding the wappen-schaw of a wild district called the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, on a haugh or level plain, near to a royal borough, the name of which is no way essential to my story, on the morning of the 5th of May 1679, when our narrative commences. When the musters had been made, and duly reported, the young men, as was usual, were to mix in various sports of which the chief was to shoot at the popinjay (1) an ancient game formerly practised with archery, but at this period with firearms. This was the figure of a bird, decked with party-coloured feathers, so as to resemble a popinjay or parrot. It was suspended to a pole, and served for a mark at which the competitors discharged their fusees and carabines in rotation, at the distance of sixty or seventy paces. He whose ball brought down the mark, held the proud title of Captain of the Popinjay for the remainder of the day, and was usually escorted in triumph to the most reputable change-house in the neighbourhood, where the evening was closed with conviviality, conducted under his auspices, and, if he was able to sustain it, at his expense.

It will of course be supposed that the ladies of the country assem-

bled to witness this gallant strife, those excepted who held the stricter tenets of puritanism, and would therefore have deemed it criminal to afford countenance to the profane gambols of the malignants. Landaus, barouches, or tilburies, there were none in those simple days. The lord-lieutenant of the county (a personage of ducal rank) alone pretended to the magnificence of a wheel-carriage, a thing covered with tarnished gilding and sculpture, in shape like the vulgar picture of Noah's ark, dragged by eight long-tailed Flanders mares, bearing eight *insides* and six *outsides*. The insides were their Graces in person—two maids of honour—two children—a chaplain stuffed into a sort of lateral recess, formed by a projection at the door of the vehicle, and called, from its appearance, the boot—and an equerry to his Grace, ensconced in the corresponding convenience on the opposite side. A coachman and three postilions, who wore short swords, and tie-wigs with three tails, had blunderbusses slung behind them, and pistols at their saddlebow, conducted the equipage. On the footboard, behind this moving mansion-house, stood, or rather hung, in triple file, six lacqueys in rich liveries, armed up to the teeth. The rest of the gentry, men and women, old and young, were on horseback, followed by their servants; but the company, for the reasons already assigned, was rather select than numerous.

Near to the enormous leathern vehicle which we have attempted to describe, vindicating her title to precedence over the untitled gentry of the country, might be seen the sober palfrey of Lady Margaret Bellenden, bearing the erect and primitive form of Lady Margaret herself, decked in those widow's weeds which the good lady had never laid aside, since the execution of her husband for his adherence to Montrose.

Her grand-daughter, and only earthly care, the fair-haired Edith, who was generally allowed to be the prettiest lass in the Upper Ward, appeared beside her aged relative, like Spring placed close to Winter. Her black Spanish jennet, which she managed with much grace, her gay riding-dress, and laced side-saddle, had been anxiously prepared to set her forth to the best advantage. But the clustering profusion of ringlets, which, escaping from under her cap, were only confined by a green ribbon from wantoning over her shoulders, her cast of features, soft and feminine, yet not without a certain expression of playful archness, which redeemed their sweetness from the charge of insipidity sometimes brought against *blondes* and blue-eyed beauties,—these attracted more admiration from the western youth, than either the splendour of her equipments or the figure of her palfrey.

The attendance of these distinguished ladies was rather inferior to their birth and fashion in those times, as it consisted only of two servants on horseback. The truth was, that the good old lady had been obliged to make all her domestic servants turn out to complete the quota which her barony ought to furnish for the muster, and in which she would not for the universe have been found deficient. The old steward, who in steel cap and jack-boots led forth her array, had, as he said, sweated blood and water in his efforts to overcome the scruples and evasions of the moorland farmers, who ought to have

furnished men, horse, and harness, on these occasions. At last, their dispute came near to an open declaration of hostilities, the incensed episcopalian bestowing on the recusants the whole thunders of the commination, and receiving from them, in return, the denunciations of a Calvinistic excommunication. What was to be done? To punish the refractory tenants would have been easy enough—the privy council would readily have imposed fines, and sent a troop of horse to collect them. But this would have been calling the huntsman and hounds into the garden to kill the hare.

"For," said Harrison to himself, "the carles have little eneugh gear at ony rate, and if I call in the red-coats and take away what little they have, how is my worshipful lady to get her rents paid at Candlemas, which is but a difficult matter to bring round even in the best of times?"

So he armed the fowler and falconer, the footman, and the ploughman at the home farm, with an old drunken cavaliering butler, who had served with the late Sir Richard under Montrose, and stunned the family nightly with his exploits at Kilsythe and Tippermoor, and who was the only man in the party that had the smallest zeal for the work in hand. In this manner, and by recruiting one or two latitudinarian poachers and black-fishers, Mr Harrison completed the quota of men which fell to the share of Lady Margaret Bellenden, as liferentrix of the barony of Tillietudlem and others. But when the steward, on the morning of the eventful day, had mustered his *troupe dorée* before the iron gate of the tower, the mother of Cuddie Headrigg the ploughman appeared, loaded with the jack-boots, buff coat, and other accoutrements which had been issued forth for the service of the day, and laid them before the steward; demurely assuring him, that "whether it were the colic, or a qualm of conscience, she couldna tak upon her to decide, but sure it was, Cuddie had been in sair straits a' night, and she couldna say he was muckle better this morning.—The finger of Heaven," she said, "was in it, and her bairn should gang on nae sic errands." Pains, penalties, and threats of dismission, were denounced in vain; the mother was obstinate, and Cuddie, who underwent a domiciliary visitation for the purpose of verifying his state of body, could, or would, answer only by deep groans. Mause, who had been an ancient domestic in the family, was a sort of favourite with Lady Margaret, and presumed accordingly. Lady Margaret had herself set forth, and her authority could not be appealed to. In this dilemma, the good genius of the old butler suggested an expedient.

"He had seen mony a braw callant, far less than Guse Gibbie, ight brawly under Montrose. What for no tak Guse Gibbie?"

This was a half-witted lad, of very small stature, who had a kind of charge of the poultry under the old henwife; for in a Scottish family of that day, there was a wonderful substitution of labour. This urchin being sent for from the stubble-field, was hastily muffled in the buff coat, and girded rather *to* than *with* the sword of a full-grown man, his little legs plunged into jack-boots, and a steel cap put upon his head, which seemed, from its size, as if it had been intended to extinguish him. Thus accoutred, he was hoisted at his

own earnest request, upon the quietest horse of the party; and, prompted and supported by old Gudyill the butler, as his front file, he passed muster tolerably enough; the sheriff not caring to examine too closely the recruits of so well-affected a person as Lady Margaret Bellenden.

To the above cause it was owing that the personal retinue of Lady Margaret, on this eventful day, amounted only to two lacqueys, with which diminished train she would, on any other occasion, have been much ashamed to appear in public. But for the cause of royalty she was ready at any time to have made the most unreserved personal sacrifices. She had lost her husband and two promising sons in the civil wars of that unhappy period; but she had received her reward, —for, on his route through the west of Scotland to meet Cromwell in the unfortunate field of Worcester, Charles the Second had actually breakfasted at the Tower of Tillietudlem—an incident which formed, from that moment, an important era in the life of Lady Margaret, who seldom afterwards partook of that meal, either at home or abroad, without detailing the whole circumstances of the royal visit, not forgetting the salutation which his Majesty conferred on each side of her face, though she sometimes omitted to notice that he bestowed the same favour on two buxom serving-wenches who appeared at her back, elevated for the day into the capacity of waiting gentlewomen.

These instances of royal favour were decisive; and if Lady Margaret had not been a confirmed royalist already, from sense of high birth, influence of education, and hatred to the opposite party, through whom she had suffered such domestic calamity, the having given a breakfast to majesty, and received the royal salute in return, were honours enough of themselves to unite her exclusively to the fortunes of the Stuarts. These were now, in all appearance, triumphant; but Lady Margaret's zeal had adhered to them through the worst of times, and was ready to sustain the same severities of fortune should their scale once more kick the beam. At present she enjoyed in full extent the military display of the force which stood ready to support the crown, and stifled, as well as she could, the mortification she felt at the unworthy desertion of her own retainers.

Many civilities passed between her ladyship and the representatives of sundry ancient loyal families who were upon the ground, by whom she was held in high reverence; and not a young man of rank passed by them in the course of the muster, but he carried his body more erect in the saddle, and threw his horse upon its haunches, to display his own horsemanship, and the perfect bitting of his steed, to the best advantage in the eyes of Miss Edith Bellenden. But the young cavaliers, distinguished by high descent and undoubted loyalty, attracted no more attention from Edith than the laws of courtesy peremptorily demanded; and she turned an indifferent ear to the compliments with which she was addressed, most of which were little the worse for the wear, though borrowed for the nonce from the laborious and longwinded romances of Calprenede and Scuderi, the mirrors in which the youth of that age delighted to dress themselves, ere Folly had thrown her ballast overboard, and cut down her vessels

of the first-rate, such as the romances of Cyrus, Cleopatra, and others, into small craft, drawing as little water, or, to speak more plainly, consuming as little time as the little cock-boat in which the gentle reader has deigned to embark. It was, however, the decree of fate that Miss Bellenden should not continue to evince the same equanimity till the conclusion of the day.

CHAPTER III.

Horseman and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warrior fell with hollow clang.
Pleasures of Hope.

When the military evolutions had been gone through tolerably well, allowing for the awkwardness of men and of horses, a loud shout announced that the competitors were about to step forth for the game of the popinjay already described. The mast, or pole, having a yard extended across it, from which the mark was displayed, was raised amid the acclamations of the assembly; and even those who had eyed the evolutions of the feudal militia with a sort of malignant and sarcastic sneer, from disinclination to the royal cause in which they were professedly embodied, could not refrain from taking considerable interest in the strife which was now approaching. They crowded towards the goal, and criticised the appearance of each competitor, as they advanced in succession, discharged their pieces at the mark, and had their good or bad address rewarded by the laughter or applause of the spectators. But when a slender young man, dressed with great simplicity, yet not without a certain air of pretension to elegance and gentility, approached the station with his fusee in his hand, his dark-green cloak thrown back over his shoulder, his laced ruff and feathered cap indicating a superior rank to the vulgar, there was a murmur of interest among the spectators,—whether altogether favourable to the young adventurer, it was difficult to discover.

"Ewhow, sirs! to see his father's son at the like o' thae fearless follies!" was the ejaculation of the elder and more rigid puritans, whose curiosity had so far overcome their bigotry as to bring them to the play-ground. But the generality viewed the strife less morosely, and were contented to wish success to the son of a deceased presbyterian leader, without strictly examining the propriety of his being a competitor for the prize.

Their wishes were gratified. At the first discharge of his piece the green adventurer struck the popinjay, being the first palpable hit of the day, though several balls had passed very near the mark. A loud shout of applause ensued. But the success was not decisive, it being necessary that each who followed should have his chance, and that those who succeeded in hitting the mark should renew the strife among themselves, till one displayed a decided superiority over the others. Two only of those who followed in order succeeded in hitting the popinjay. The first was a young man of low rank, heavily built, and who kept his face muffled in his grey cloak; the second a

gallant young cavalier, remarkable for a handsome exterior, sedulously decorated for the day. He had been since the muster in close attendance on Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, and had left them with an air of indifference, when Lady Margaret had asked whether there was no young man of family and loyal principles who would dispute the prize with the two lads who had been successful. In half a minute, young Lord Evandale threw himself from his horse, borrowed a gun from a servant, and, as we have already noticed, hit the mark. Great was the interest excited by the renewal of the contest between the three candidates who had been hitherto successful. The state equipage of the Duke was, with some difficulty, put in motion, and approached more near to the scene of action. The riders, both male and female, turned their horses' heads in the same direction, and all eyes were bent upon the issue of the trial of skill.

It was the etiquette in the second contest, that the competitors should take their turn of firing after drawing lots. The first fell upon the young plebeian, who, as he took his stand, half-uncloaked his rustic countenance, and said to the gallant in green, "Ye see, Mr Henry, if it were ony other day, I could hae wished to miss for your sake; but Jenny Dennison is looking at us, sae I maun do my best."

He took his aim, and his bullet whistled past the mark so nearly, that the pendulous object at which it was directed was seen to shiver. Still, however, he had not hit it, and with a downcast look he withdrew himself from further competition, and hastened to disappear from the assembly, as if fearful of being recognised. The green *chasseur* next advanced, and his ball a second time struck the popinjay. All shouted; and from the outskirts of the assembly arose a cry of "The good old cause for ever!"

While the dignitaries bent their brows at these exulting shouts of the disaffected, the young Lord Evandale advanced again to the hazard, and again was successful. The shouts and congratulations of the well-affected and aristocratical part of the audience attended his success; but still a subsequent trial of skill remained.

The green marksman, as if determined to bring the affair to a decision, took his horse from a person who held him, having previously looked carefully to the security of his girths and the fitting of his saddle, vaulted on his back, and motioning with his hand for the bystanders to make way, set spurs, passed the place from which he was to fire at a gallop, and, as he passed, threw up the reins, turned sideways upon his saddle, discharged his carabine, and brought down the popinjay. Lord Evandale imitated his example, although many around him said it was an innovation on the established practice which he was not obliged to follow. But his skill was not so perfect, or his horse was not so well trained. The animal swerved at the moment his master fired, and the ball missed the popinjay. Those who had been surprised by the address of the green marksman, were now equally pleased by his courtesy. He disclaimed all merit from the last shot, and proposed to his antagonist that it should not be counted as a hit, and that they should renew the contest on foot.

"I would prefer horseback, if I had a horse as well bitted, and, pro-

badly, as well broken to the exercise, as yours," said the young Lord, addressing his antagonist.

"Will you do me the honour to use him for the next trial, on condition you lend me yours?" said the young gentleman.

Lord Evandale was ashamed to accept this courtesy, as conscious how much it would diminish the value of victory; and yet, unable to suppress his wish to redeem his reputation as a marksman, he added, "that although he renounced all pretensions to the honour of the day" (which he said somewhat scornfully), "yet, if the victor had no particular objection, he would willingly embrace his obliging offer, and change horses with him, for the purpose of trying a shot for love."

As he said so, he looked boldly towards Miss Bellenden, and tradition says, that the eyes of the young *tirailleur* travelled, though more covertly, in the same direction. The young Lord's last trial was as unsuccessful as the former, and it was with difficulty that he preserved the tone of scornful indifference which he had hitherto assumed. But, conscious of the ridicule which attaches itself to the resentment of a losing party, he returned to his antagonist the horse on which he had made his last unsuccessful attempt, and received back his own; giving, at the same time, thanks to his competitor, who, he said, had re-established his favourite horse in his good opinion, for he had been in great danger of transferring to the poor nag the blame of an inferiority, which every one, as well as himself, must now be satisfied remained with the rider.—Having made this speech, in a tone in which mortification assumed the veil of indifference, he mounted his horse and rode off the ground.

As is the usual way of the world, the applause and attention even of those whose wishes had favoured Lord Evandale, were, upon his decisive discomfiture, transferred to his triumphant rival.—"Who is he? what is his name?" ran from mouth to mouth among the gentry who were present, to few of whom he was personally known. His style and title having soon transpired, and being within that class whom a great man might notice without derogation, four of the Duke's friends, with the obedient start which poor Malvolio ascribes to his imaginary retinue, made out to lead the victor to his presence. As they conducted him in triumph through the crowd of spectators, and stunned him at the same time with their compliments on his success, he chanced to pass, or rather to be led, immediately in front of Lady Margaret and her grand-daughter. The Captain of the popinjay and Miss Bellenden coloured like crimson, as the latter returned, with embarrassed courtesy, the low inclination which the victor made, even to the saddle-bow, in passing her.

"Do you know that young person?" said Lady Margaret.

"I—I—have seen him, madam, at my uncle's, and—and elsewhere occasionally," stammered Miss Edith Bellenden.

"I hear them say around me," said Lady Margaret, "that the young spark is the nephew of old Milnwood."

"The son of the late Colonel Morton of Milnwood, who commanded a regiment of horse with great courage at Dunbar and Inverkeithing," said a gentleman who sate on horseback beside Lady Margaret.

"Ay, and who, before that, fought for the Covenanters both at Marston-Moor and Philiphaugh," said Lady Margaret, sighing as she pronounced the last fatal words, which her husband's death gave her such sad reason to remember.

"Your ladyship's memory is just," said the gentleman, smiling; "but it were well all that were forgot now."

"*He* ought to remember it, Gilbertscleugh," returned Lady Margaret, "and dispense with intruding himself into the company of those to whom his name must bring unpleasing recollections."

"You forget, my dear lady," said her nomenclator, "that the young gentleman comes here to discharge suit and service in name of his uncle. I would every estate in the country sent out as pretty a fellow."

"His uncle, as well as his umquhile father, is a roundhead, I presume," said Lady Margaret.

"He is an old miser," said Gilbertscleugh, "with whom a broad piece would at any time weigh down political opinions, and therefore, although probably somewhat against the grain, he sends the young gentleman to attend the muster, to save pecuniary pains and penalties. As for the rest, I suppose the youngster is happy enough to escape here for a day from the dulness of the old house at Milnwood, where he sees nobody but his hypochondriac uncle and the favourite housekeeper."

"Do you know how many men and horse the lands of Milnwood are rated at?" said the old lady, continuing her inquiry.

"Two horsemen with complete harness," answered Gilbertscleugh.

"Our land," said Lady Margaret, drawing herself up with dignity, "has always furnished to the muster eight men, cousin Gilbertscleugh, and often a voluntary aid of thrice the number. I remember his sacred Majesty King Charles, when he took his disjune at Tillietudlem, was particular in inquiring"——

"I see the Duke's carriage in motion," said Gilbertscleugh, partaking at the moment an alarm common to all Lady Margaret's friends, when she touched upon the topic of the royal visit at the family mansion—"I see the Duke's carriage in motion: I presume your ladyship will take your right of rank in leaving the field. May I be permitted to convoy your ladyship and Miss Bellenden home? Parties of the wild whigs have been abroad, and are said to insult and disarm the well-affected who travel in small numbers."

"We thank you, cousin Gilbertscleugh," said Lady Margaret; "but as we shall have the escort of my own people, I trust we have less need than others to be troublesome to our friends. Will you have the goodness to order Harrison to bring up our people somewhat more briskly; he rides them towards us as if he were leading a funeral procession."

The gentleman in attendance communicated his lady's orders to the trusty steward.

Honest Harrison had his own reasons for doubting the prudence of this command; but, once issued and received, there was a necessity for obeying it. He set off, therefore, at a hand-gallop, followed by

the butler, in such a military attitude as became one who had served under Montrose, and with a look of defiance, rendered sterner and fiercer by the inspiring fumes of a gill of brandy, which he had snatched a moment to bolt to the king's health, and confusion to the Covenant, during the intervals of military duty. Unhappily this potent refreshment wiped away from the tablets of his memory the necessity of paying some attention to the distresses and difficulties of his rear-file, Goose Gibbie. No sooner had the horses struck a canter, than Gibbie's jack-boots, which the poor boy's legs were incapable of steadying, began to play alternately against the horse's flanks, and, being armed with long-rowelled spurs, overcame the patience of the animal, which bounced and plunged, while poor Gibbie's entreaties for aid never reached the ears of the too heedless butler, being drowned partly in the concave of the steel cap in which his head was immersed, and partly in the martial tune of the Gallant Græmes, which Mr Gudyill whistled with all his power of lungs.

The upshot was, that the steed speedily took the matter into his own hands, and having gambolled hither and thither to the great amusement of all spectators, set off at full speed towards the huge family-coach already described. Gibbie's pike, escaping from its sling, had fallen to a level direction across his hands, which, I grieve to say, were seeking dishonourable safety in as strong a grasp of the mane as their muscles could manage. His casque, too, had slipped completely over his face, so that he saw as little in front as he did in rear. Indeed, if he could, it would have availed him little in the circumstances; for his horse, as if in league with the disaffected, ran full tilt towards the solemn equipage of the Duke, which the projecting lance threatened to perforate from window to window, at the risk of transfixing as many in its passage as the celebrated thrust of Orlando, which, according to the Italian epic poet, broached as many Moors as a Frenchman spits frogs.

On beholding the bent of this misdirected career, a panic shout of mingled terror and wrath was set up by the whole equipage, insides and outsides, at once, which had the happy effect of averting the threatened misfortune. The capricious horse of Goose Gibbie was terrified by the noise, and stumbling as he turned short round, kicked and plunged violently as soon as he recovered. The jack-boots, the original cause of the disaster, maintaining the reputation they had acquired when worn by better cavaliers, answered every plunge by a fresh prick of the spurs, and, by their ponderous weight, kept their place in the stirrups. Not so Goose Gibbie, who was fairly spurned out of those wide and ponderous greaves, and precipitated over the horse's head, to the infinite amusement of all the spectators. His lance and helmet had forsaken him in his fall, and, for the completion of his disgrace, Lady Margaret Bellenden, not perfectly aware that it was one of her warriors who was furnishing so much entertainment, came up in time to see her diminutive man-at-arms stripped of his lion's hide—of the buff-coat, that is, in which he was muffled.

As she had not been made acquainted with this metamorphosis, and could not even guess its cause, her surprise and resentment were extreme,—nor were they much modified by the excuses and explana-

tions of her steward and butler. She made a hasty retreat homeward, extremely indignant at the shouts and laughter of the company, and much disposed to vent her displeasure on the refractory agriculturist whose place Goose Gibbie had so unhappily supplied. The greater part of the gentry now dispersed, the whimsical misfortune which had befallen the gens d'armerie of Tillietudlem furnishing them with huge entertainment on their road homeward. The horsemen also, in little parties, as their road lay together, diverged from the place of rendezvous, excepting such as, having tried their dexterity at the popinjay, were, by ancient custom, obliged to partake of a grace-cup with their captain before their departure.

CHAPTER IV.

At fairs he played before the spearmen,
And gaily graithed in their gear then,
Steel bonnets, pikes, and swords shone clear then
As ony bead;
Now wha shall play before sic weir men,
Since Habbie's dead!

Elegy on Habbie Simpson.

The cavalcade of horsemen, on their road to the little borough town, were preceded by Niel Blane, the town-piper, mounted on his white galloway, armed with his dirk and broadsword, and bearing a chanter streaming with as many ribbons as would deck out six country belles for a fair or preaching. Niel, a clean, tight, well-timbered, long-winded fellow, had gained the official situation of town-piper of ——— by his merit, with all the emoluments thereof; —namely, the Piper's Croft, as it is still called, a field of about an acre in extent; five merks, and a new livery-coat of the town's colours, yearly; some hopes of a dollar upon the day of the election of magistrates, providing the provost were able and willing to afford such a gratuity; and the privilege of paying, at all the respectable houses in the neighbourhood, an annual visit at spring-time, to rejoice their hearts with his music, to comfort his own with their ale and brandy, and to beg from each a modicum of seed-corn.

In addition to these inestimable advantages, Niel's personal, or professional, accomplishments won the heart of a jolly widow, who then kept the principal change-house in the borough. Her former husband having been a strict presbyterian, of such note that he usually went among his sect by the name of Gaius the publican, many of the more rigid were scandalized by the profession of the successor whom his relict had chosen for a second helpmate. As the *browst* (or brewing) of the Howff retained, nevertheless, its unrivalled reputation, most of the old customers continued to give it a preference. The character of the new landlord, indeed, was of that accommodating kind, which enabled him, by close attention to the helm, to keep his little vessel pretty steady amid the contending tides of faction. He was a good-humoured, shrewd, selfish sort of fellow, indifferent alike to the disputes about church and state and only

anxious to secure the good-will of customers of every description. But his character, as well as the state of the country, will be best understood by giving the reader an account of the instructions which he issued to his daughter, a girl about eighteen, whom he was initiating in those cares which had been faithfully discharged by his wife, until about six months before our story commences, when the honest woman had been carried to the kirkyard.

"Jenny," said Niel Blane, as the girl assisted to disencumber him of his bagpipes, "this is the first day that ye are to take the place of your worthy mother in attending to the public; a douce woman she was, civil to the customers, and had a good name wi' Whig and Tory, baith up the street and doun the street. It will be hard for you to fill her place, especially on sic a thrang day as this; but Heaven's will maun be obeyed. Jenny, whatever Milnwood ca's for, be sure he maun hae't, for he's the Captain o' the Popinjay, and auld customs maun be supported; if he canna pay the lawing himsell, as I ken he's keepit unco short by the head, I'll find a way to shame it out o' his uncle. The curate is playing at dice wi' Cornet Grahame. Be cident and civil to them baith—clergy and captains can gie an unco deal o' fash in thae times, where they take an ill-will. The dragoons will be crying for ale, and they wunna want it, and maunna want it—they are unruly chields, but they pay ane some gate or other. I gat the humle-cow, that's the best in the byre, frae black Frank Inglis and Sergeant Bothwell, for ten pund Scots, and they drank out the price at ae dounsitting."

"But, father," interrupted Jenny, "they say the twa reiving loons drave the cow frae the gudewife o' Bell's-moor, just because she gaed to hear a field-preaching ae Sabbath afternoon."

"Whisht, ye silly tawpie!" said her father; "we have naething to do how they come by the bestial they sell—be that atween them and their consciences.—Aweel—Take notice, Jenny, of that dour, stour-looking carle that sits by the cheek o' the ingle, and turns his back on a' men. He looks like ane o' the hill-folk, for I saw him start a wee when he saw the red coats, and I jalouse he wad hae like to hae ridden by, but his horse (it's a gude gelding) was ower sair travailed; he behoved to stop whether he wad or no. Serve him cannily, Jenny, and wi' little din, and dinna bring the sodgers on him by speering ony questions at him; but let na him hae a room to himsell—they wad say we were hiding him.—For yoursell, Jenny, you'll be civil to a' the folk, and take nae heed o' ony nonsense and daffing the young lads may say t'ye; folk in the hostler line maun put up wi' muckle. Your mither—rest her saul!—could put up wi' as muckle as maist women—but aff hands is fair play; and if onybody be uncivil, ye may gie me a cry.—Aweel,—when the malt begins to get aboon the meal, they'll begin to speak about government in kirk and state, and then, Jenny, they are like to quarrel—Let them be doing, anger's a drouthy passion, and the mair they dispute, the mair ale they'll drink; but ye were best serve them wi' a pint o' the sma' browst—it will heat them less, and they'll never ken the difference."

"But father," said Jenny, "if they come to lounder ilk ither, as they did last time, suldna I cry on you?"

"At no hand, Jenny; the redder gets aye the warst lick in the fray. If the sodgers draw their swords, ye'll cry on the corporal and the guard; if the country folk tak the tangs and poker, ye'll cry on the bailie and town-officers;—but in nae event cry on me, for I am wearied wi' doudling the bag o' wind a' day, and I am gaun to eat my dinner quietly in the spence.—And now, I think on't, the Laird of Lickitup (that's him that was the laird) was speering for sma' drink and a saut herring—gie him a pu' by the sleeve, and round into his lug I wad be blithe o' his company to dine wi' me; he was a gude customer anes in a day, and wants naething but means to be a gude ane again—he likes drink as weel as e'er he did. And if ye ken ony puir body o' our acquaintance that's blate for want o' siller, and has far to gang hame, ye needna stick to gie them a waught o' drink and a bannock—we'll ne'er miss't, and it looks creditable in a house like ours.—And now, hinny, gang awa', and serve the folk, but first bring me my dinner, and twa chappins o' yill and the mutchkin stoup o' brandy."

Having thus devolved his whole cares on Jenny as prime minister, Niel Blane and the *ci-devant* laird, once his patron, but now glad to be his trencher-companion, sate down to enjoy themselves for the remainder of the evening, remote from the bustle of the public room.

All in Jenny's department was in full activity. The knights of the popinjay received and requited the hospitable entertainment of their captain, who, though he spared the cup himself, took care it should go round with due celerity among the rest, who might not have otherwise deemed themselves handsomely treated. Their numbers melted away by degrees, and were at length diminished to four or five, who began to talk of breaking up their party. At another table, at some distance, sat two of the dragoons whom Niel Blane had mentioned, a sergeant and a private in the celebrated John Grahame of Claverhouse's regiment of Life-Guards. Even the non-commissioned officers and privates in these corps were not considered as ordinary mercenaries, but rather approached to the rank of the French mousquetaires, being regarded in the light of cadets, who performed the duties of rank-and-file with the prospect of obtaining commissions in case of distinguishing themselves.

Many young men of good families were to be found in the ranks, a circumstance which added to the pride and self-consequence of these troops. A remarkable instance of this occurred in the person of the non-commissioned officer in question. His real name was Francis Stewart, but he was universally known by the appellation of Bothwell, being lineally descended from the last earl of that name—not the infamous lover of the unfortunate Queen Mary, but Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, whose turbulence and repeated conspiracies embarrassed the early part of James Sixth's reign, and who at length died in exile in great poverty. The son of this Earl had sued to Charles I. for the restitution of part of his father's forfeited estates, but the grasp of the nobles to whom they had been allotted was too tenacious to be unclenched. The breaking out of the civil wars utterly ruined him, by intercepting a small pension which Charles I. had allowed him, and he died in the utmost indigence. His

son, after having served as a soldier abroad and in Britain, and passed through several vicissitudes of fortune, was fain to content himself with the situation of a non-commissioned officer in the Life-Guards, although lineally descended from the royal family, the father of the forfeited Earl of Bothwell having been a natural son of James VI.(*) Great personal strength and dexterity in the use of his arms, as well as the remarkable circumstances of his descent, had recommended this man to the attention of his officers. But he partook in a great degree of the licentiousness and oppressive disposition, which the habit of acting as agents for Government in levying fines, exacting free quarters, and otherwise oppressing the Presbyterian recusants, had rendered too general among these soldiers. They were so much accustomed to such missions, that they conceived themselves at liberty to commit all manner of licence with impunity, as if totally exempted from all law and authority, excepting the command of their officers. On such occasions Bothwell was usually the most forward.

It is probable that Bothwell and his companions would not so long have remained quiet, but for respect to the presence of their Cornet, who commanded the small party quartered in the borough, and who was engaged in a game at dice with the curate of the place. But both of these being suddenly called from their amusement to speak with the chief magistrate upon some urgent business, Bothwell was not long of evincing his contempt for the rest of the company.

"Is it not a strange thing, Halliday," he said to his comrade, "to see a set of bumpkins sit carousing here this whole evening, without having drank the king's health?"

"They have drank the king's health," said Halliday. "I heard that green kail-worm of a lad name his Majesty's health."

"Did he?" said Bothwell. "Then, Tom, we'll have them drink the Archbishop of St Andrew's health, and do it on their knees too."

"So we will, by G—!" said Halliday; "and he that refuses it, we'll have him to the guard-house, and teach him to ride the colt foaled of an acorn, with a brace of carabines at each foot to keep him steady."

"Right, Tom," continued Bothwell; "and, to do all things in order, I'll begin with that sulky blue bonnet in the ingle-nook."

He rose accordingly, and taking his sheathed broadsword under his arm to support the insolence which he meditated, placed himself in front of the stranger noticed by Niel Blane in his admonitions to his daughter, as being, in all probability, one of the hill-folk, or refractory presbyterians.

"I make so bold as to request of your precision, beloved," said the trooper, in a tone of affected solemnity, and assuming the snuffle of a country preacher, "that you will arise from your seat, beloved, and having knit your hams until your knees do rest upon the floor, beloved, that you will turn over this measure (called by the profane a gill) of the comfortable creature, which the carnal denominate brandy, to the health and glorification of his Grace the Archbishop of St Andrews, the worthy primate of all Scotland."

All waited for the stranger's answer. His features, austere even to ferocity, with a cast of eye which, without being actually oblique, approached nearly to a squint, and which gave a very sinister expression to his countenance, joined to a frame, square, strong, and muscular, though something under the middle size, seemed to announce a man unlikely to understand rude jesting, or to receive insults with impunity.

"And what is the consequence," said he, "if I should not be disposed to comply with your uncivil request?"

"The consequence thereof, beloved," said Bothwell, in the same tone of raillery, "will be, firstly, that I will tweak thy proboscis or nose. Secondly, beloved, that I will administer my fist to thy distorted visual optics; and will conclude, beloved, with a practical application of the flat of my sword to the shoulders of the recusant."

"Is it even so?" said the stranger; "then give me the cup;" and taking it in his hand, he said, with a peculiar expression of voice and manner, "The Archbishop of St Andrews, and the place he now worthily holds;—may each prelate in Scotland soon be as the Right Reverend James Sharpe!"

"He has taken the test," said Halliday, exultingly.

"But with a qualification," said Bothwell;—"I don't understand what the devil the crop-eared whig means."

"Come, gentlemen," said Morton, who became impatient of their insolence, "we are here met as good subjects, and on a merry occasion; and we have a right to expect we shall not be troubled with this sort of discussion."

Bothwell was about to make a surly answer, but Halliday reminded him in a whisper, that there were strict injunctions that the soldiers should give no offence to the men who were sent out to the musters agreeably to the council's orders. So, after honouring Morton with a broad and fierce stare, he said, "Well, Mr Popinjay, I shall not disturb your reign; I reckon it will be out by twelve at night.—Is it not an odd thing, Halliday," he continued, addressing his companion, "that they should make such a fuss about cracking off their birding-pieces at a mark which any woman or boy could hit at a day's practice? If Captain Popinjay, now, or any of his troop, would try a bout, either with the broadsword, backsword, single rapier, or rapier and dagger, for a gold noble, the first-drawn blood, there would be some soul in it—or, zounds! would the bumpkins but wrestle, or pitch the bar, or putt the stone, or throw the axle-tree, if" (touching the end of Morton's sword scornfully with his toe)—"they carry things about them that they are afraid to draw."

Morton's patience and prudence now gave way entirely, and he was about to make a very angry answer to Bothwell's insolent observations, when the stranger stepped forward.

"This is my quarrel," he said, "and in the name of the good cause I will see it out myself.—Hark thee, friend," (to Bothwell), "wilt thou wrestle a fall with me?"

"With my whole spirit, beloved," answered Bothwell; "yea I will strive with thee, to the downfall of one or both."

"Then, as my trust is in Him that can help," retorted his antago-

nist, "I will forthwith make thee an example to all such railing Rabshakehs."

With that he dropped his coarse grey horseman's coat from his shoulders, and, extending his strong brawny arms with a look of determined resolution, he offered himself to the contest. The soldier was nothing abashed by the muscular frame, broad chest, square shoulders, and hardy look of his antagonist, but, whistling with great composure, unbuckled his belt, and laid aside his military coat. The company stood round them anxious for the event.

In the first struggle the trooper seemed to have some advantage, and also in the second, though neither could be considered as decisive. But it was plain he had put his whole strength too suddenly forth, against an antagonist possessed of great endurance, skill, vigour, and length of wind. In the third close, the countryman lifted his opponent fairly from the floor, and hurled him to the ground with such violence, that he lay for an instant stunned and motionless. His comrade Halliday immediately drew his sword—"You have killed my sergeant," he exclaimed, to the victorious wrestler, "and by all that is sacred you shall answer it!"

"Stand back!" cried Morton and his companions, "it was all fair play; your comrade sought a fall, and he has got it."

"That is true enough," said Bothwell, as he slowly rose. "Put up your bilbo, Tom. I did not think there was a crop-ear of them all could have laid the best cap and feather in the King's Life-Guards on the floor of a rascally change-house. Hark ye, friend, give me your hand." The stranger held out his hand. "I promise you," said Bothwell, squeezing his hand very hard, "that the time will come when we shall meet again, and try this game over in a more earnest manner."

"And I'll promise you," said the stranger, returning the grasp with equal firmness, "that when we next meet, I will lay your head as low as it lay even now, when you shall lack the power to lift it up again."

"Well, beloved," answered Bothwell, "if thou be'st a whig, thou art a stout and a brave one, and so good-even to thee—Hadst best take thy nag before the Cornet makes the round; for I promise thee, he has stay'd less suspicious-looking persons."

The stranger seemed to think that the hint was not to be neglected; he flung down his reckoning, and going into the stable, saddled and brought out a powerful black horse, now recruited by rest and forage, and turning to Morton, observed, "I ride towards Milnwood, which I hear is your home: will you give me the advantage and protection of your company?"

"Certainly," said Morton; although there was something of gloomy and relentless severity in the man's manner, from which his mind recoiled. His companions, after a courteous good-night, broke up and went off in different directions, some keeping them company for about a mile, until they dropped off one by one, and the travellers were left alone.

The company had not long left the Howff, as Blane's public house was called when the trumpets and kettle-drums sounded. The

troopers got under arms in the market-place at this unexpected summons, while, with faces of anxiety and earnestness, Cornet Grahame, a kinsman of Claverhouse, and the Provost of the borough, followed by half-a-dozen soldiers, and town-officers with halberts, entered the apartment of Niel Blane.

"Guard the doors!" were the first words which the Cornet spoke; "let no man leave the house.—So, Bothwell, how comes this? Did you not hear them sound boot and saddle?"

"He was just going to quarters, sir," said his comrade; "he has had a bad fall."

"In a fray, I suppose," said Grahame. "If you neglect duty in this way, your royal blood will hardly protect you."

"How have I neglected duty?" said Bothwell, sulkily.

"You should have been at quarters, Sergeant Bothwell," replied the officer; "you have lost a golden opportunity. Here are news come that the Archbishop of St Andrews has been strangely and foully assassinated by a body of the rebel whigs, who pursued and stopped his carriage on Magus Muir, near the town of St Andrews, dragged him out, and despatched him with their swords and daggers."[1]

All stood aghast at the intelligence.

"Here are their descriptions," continued the Cornet, pulling out a proclamation; "the reward of a thousand merks is on each of their heads."

"The test, the test, and the qualification!" said Bothwell to Halliday; "I know the meaning now—Zounds! that we should not have stopt him! Go saddle our horses, Halliday.—Was there one of the men, Cornet, very stout and square-made, double-chested, thin in the flanks, hawk-nosed?"

"Stay, stay," said Cornet Grahame, "let me look at the paper.—Hackston of Rathillet, tall, thin, black-haired."

"That is not my man," said Bothwell.

"John Balfour, called Burley, aquiline nose, red-haired, five feet eight inches in height"——

"It is he—it is the very man!" said Bothwell;—"skellies fearfully with one eye?"

"Right," continued Grahame—"rode a strong black horse, taken from the primate at the time of the murder."

"The very man," exclaimed Bothwell, "and the very horse! he was in this room not a quarter of an hour since."

A few hasty inquiries tended still more to confirm the opinion that the reserved and stern stranger was Balfour of Burley, the actual commander of the band of assassins, who, in the fury of misguided zeal, had murdered the primate, whom they accidentally met, as they were searching for another person against whom they bore

[1] The general account of this act of assassination is to be found in all histories of the period. A more particular narrative may be found in the words of one of the actors, James Russell, in the Appendix to Kirkton's History of the Church of Scotland, published by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esquire.—4to, Edinburgh, 1817.

enmity.[1] In their excited imagination, the casual rencounter had the appearance of a providential interference, and they put to death the archbishop, with circumstances of great and cold-blooded cruelty, under the belief, that the Lord, as they expressed it, had delivered him into their hands.(3)

"Horse, horse, and pursue, my lads!" exclaimed Cornet Grahame; "the murdering dog's head is worth its weight in gold."

CHAPTER V.

A rouse thee, youth!—it is no human call—
God's church is leaguer'd—haste to man the wall;
Haste where the Redcross banners wave on high,
Signal of honour'd death, or victory!
JAMES DUFF.

MORTON and his companion had attained some distance from the town before either of them addressed the other. There was something, as we have observed, repulsive in the manner of the stranger, which prevented Morton from opening the conversation, and he himself seemed to have no desire to talk, until, on a sudden, he abruptly demanded, "What has your father's son to do with such profane mummeries as I find you this day engaged in?"

"I do my duty as a subject, and pursue my harmless recreations according to my own pleasure," replied Morton, somewhat offended.

"Is it your duty, think you, or that of any Christian young man, to bear arms in their cause who have poured out the blood of God's saints in the wilderness as if it had been water? or is it a lawful recreation to waste time in shooting at a bunch of feathers, and close your evening with wine-bibbing in public-houses and market-towns, when He that is mighty is come into the land with his fan in his hand, to purge the wheat from the chaff?"

"I suppose, from your style of conversation," said Morton, "that you are one of those who have thought proper to stand out against the Government. I must remind you that you are unnecessarily using dangerous language in the presence of a mere stranger, and that the times do not render it safe for me to listen to it."

"Thou canst not help it, Henry Morton," said his companion; "thy Master has his uses for thee, and when he calls, thou must obey. Well wot I thou hast not heard the call of a true preacher, or thou hadst ere now been what thou wilt assuredly one day become."

"We are of the presbyterian persuasion, like yourself," said Morton; for his uncle's family attended the ministry of one of those numerous presbyterian clergymen, who, complying with certain regulations, were licensed to preach without interruption from the Government. This *indulgence*, as it was called, made a great schism among the presbyterians, and those who accepted of it were severely

[1] One Carmichael, sheriff-depute in Fife, who had been active in enforcing the penal measures against non-conformists. He was on the moors hunting, but receiving accidental information that a party was out in quest of him, he returned home, and escaped the fate designed for him, which befel his patron the Archbishop.

ARCHBISHOP SHARP.

Murdered 3rd May 1679.

"A priest! ay, a priest of Baal, to be bound and slain, even at the brook Kishon."

censured by the more rigid sectaries, who refused the proffered terms. The stranger, therefore, answered with great disdain to Morton's profession of faith,—

"That is but an equivocation—a poor equivocation. Ye listen on the Sabbath to a cold, worldly, time-serving discourse, from one who forgets his high commission so much as to hold his apostleship by the favour of the courtiers and the false prelates, and ye call that hearing the word! Of all the baits with which the devil has fished for souls in these days of blood and darkness, that Black Indulgence has been the most destructive. An awful dispensation it has been, a smiting of the shepherd and a scattering of the sheep upon the mountains—an uplifting of one Christian banner against another, and a fighting of the wars of darkness with the swords of the children of light!"

"My uncle," said Morton, "is of opinion that we enjoy a reasonable freedom of conscience under the indulged clergymen, and I must necessarily be guided by his sentiments respecting the choice of a place of worship for his family."

"Your uncle," said the horseman, "is one of those to whom the least lamb in his own folds at Milnwood is dearer than the whole Christian flock. He is one that could willingly bend down to the golden-calf of Bethel, and would have fished for the dust thereof when it was ground to powder and cast upon the waters. Thy father was a man of another stamp."

"My father," replied Morton, "was indeed a brave and gallant man. And you may have heard, sir, that he fought for that royal family in whose name I was this day carrying arms."

"Ay; and had he lived to see these days, he would have cursed the hour he ever drew sword in their cause. But more of this hereafter—I promise thee full surely that thy hour will come, and then the words thou hast now heard will stick in thy bosom like barbed arrows. My road lies there."

He pointed towards a pass leading up into a wild extent of dreary and desolate hills; but as he was about to turn his horse's head into the rugged path which led from the high-road in that direction, an old woman wrapped in a red cloak, who was sitting by the cross-way, arose, and approaching him, said, in a mysterious tone of voice, "If ye be of our ain folk, gangna up the pass the night for your lives. There is a lion in the path, that is there. The curate of Brotherstane and ten soldiers hae beset the pass, to hae the lives of ony of our puir wanderers that venture that gate to join wi' Hamilton and Dingwall."

"Have the persecuted folk drawn to any head among themselves?" demanded the stranger.

"About sixty or seventy horse and foot," said the old dame; "but ewhow! they are puirly armed, and warse fended wi' victual."

"God will help his own," said the horseman.—"Which way shall I take to join them?"

"It's a mere impossibility this night," said the woman, "the troopers keep sae strict a guard; and they say there's strauge news come frae the east, that makes them rage in their cruelty mair fierce than ever—Ye maun take shelter somegate for the night before ye get to the muirs, and keep yoursell in hiding till the grey o' the

morning, and then you may find your way through the Drake Moss. When I heard the awfu' threatenings o' the oppressors, I e'en took my cloak about me, and sate down by the wayside, to warn ony of our puir scattered remnant that chanced to come this gate, before they fell into the nets of the spoilers."

"Have you a house near this?" said the stranger; "and can you give me hiding there?"

"I have," said the old woman, "a hut by the way-side, it may be a mile from hence; but four men of Belial, called dragoons, are lodged therein, to spoil my household goods at their pleasure, because I will not wait upon the thowless, thriftless, fissenless ministry of that carnal man, John Hafftext, the curate."

"Good-night, good woman, and thanks for thy counsel," said the stranger, as he rode away.

"The blessings of the promise upon you!" returned the old dame; "may He keep you than can keep you!"

"Amen," said the traveller; "for where to hide my head this night, mortal skill cannot direct me."

"I am very sorry for your distress," said Morton: "and had I a house or place of shelter that could be called my own, I almost think I would risk the utmost rigour of the law rather than leave you in such a strait. But my uncle is so alarmed at the pains and penalties denounced by the laws against such as comfort, receive, or consort with intercommuned persons, that he has strictly forbidden all of us to hold any intercourse with them."

"It is no less than I expected," said the stranger; "nevertheless, I might be received without his knowledge;—a barn, a hay-loft, a cart-shed—any place where I could stretch me down, would be to my habits like a tabernacle of silver set about with planks of cedar."

"I assure you," said Morton, much embarrassed, "that I have not the means of receiving you at Milnwood without my uncle's consent and knowledge; nor, if I could do so, would I think myself justifiable in engaging him unconsciously in a danger, which most of all others he fears and deprecates."

"Well," said the traveller, "I have but one word to say. Did you ever hear your father mention John Balfour of Burley?"

"His ancient friend and comrade, who saved his life, with almost the loss of his own, in the battle of Longmarston-Moor?—Often, very often."

"I am that Balfour," said his companion. "Yonder stands thy uncle's house; I see the light among the trees. The avenger of blood is behind me, and my death certain unless I have refuge there. Now, make thy choice, young man: to shrink from the side of thy father's friend, like a thief in the night, and to leave him exposed to the bloody death from which he rescued thy father, or to expose thine uncle's worldly goods to such peril, as, in this perverse generation, attends those who give a morsel of bread or a draught of cold water to a Christian man, when perishing for lack of refreshment!"

A thousand recollections thronged on the mind of Morton at once. His father, whose memory he idolized, had often enlarged upon his obligations to this man, and regretted that, after having been long

comrades, they had parted in some unkindness at the time when the kingdom of Scotland was divided into Resolutioners and Protestors; the former of whom adhered to Charles II. after his father's death upon the scaffold, while the Protestors inclined rather to a union with the triumphant Republicans. The stern fanaticism of Burley had attached him to this latter party, and the comrades had parted in displeasure, never, as it happened, to meet again. These circumstances the deceased Colonel Morton had often mentioned to his son, and always with an expression of deep regret that he had never in any manner been enabled to repay the assistance which on more than one occasion he had received from Burley.

To hasten Morton's decision, the night-wind, as it swept along, brought from a distance the sullen sound of a kettle-drum, which, seeming to approach nearer, intimated that a body of horse were upon their march towards them.

"It must be Claverhouse, with the rest of his regiment. What can have occasioned this night-march? If you go on, you fall into their hands—if you turn back towards the borough-town, you are in no less danger from Cornet Grahame's party—the path to the hill is beset. I must shelter you at Milnwood, or expose you to instant death;—but the punishment of the law shall fall upon myself, as in justice it should, not upon my uncle.—Follow me."

Burley, who had awaited his resolution with great composure, now followed him in silence.

The house of Milnwood, built by the father of the present proprietor, was a decent mansion, suitable to the size of the estate, but, since the accession of this owner, it had been suffered to go considerably into disrepair. At some little distance from the house stood the court of offices. Here Morton paused.

"I must leave you here for a little while," he whispered, "until I can provide a bed for you in the house."

"I care little for such delicacy," said Burley; "for thirty years this head has rested oftener on the turf, or on the next grey stone, than upon either wool or down. A draught of ale, a morsel of bread, to say my prayers, and to stretch me upon dry hay, were to me as good as a painted chamber and a prince's table."

It occurred to Morton at the same moment, that to attempt to introduce the fugitive within the house, would materially increase the danger of detection. Accordingly, having struck a light with implements left in the stable for that purpose, and having fastened up their horses, he assigned Burley, for his place of repose, a wooden bed, placed in a loft half-full of hay, which an out-of-door domestic had occupied, until dismissed by his uncle in one of those fits of parsimony which became more rigid from day to day. In this untenanted loft Morton left his companion, with a caution so to shade his light that no reflection might be seen from the window, and a promise that he would presently return with such refreshments as he might be able to procure at that late hour. This last, indeed, was a subject on which he felt by no means confident, for the power of obtaining even the most ordinary provisions depended entirely upon the humour in which he might happen to find his uncle's sole confidant, the old

house-keeper. If she chanced to be a-bed, which was very likely, or out of humour, which was not less so, Morton well knew the case to be at least problematical.

Cursing in his heart the sordid parsimony which pervaded every part of his uncle's establishment, he gave the usual gentle knock at the bolted door by which he was accustomed to seek admittance when accident had detained him abroad beyond the early and established hours of rest at the house of Milnwood. It was a sort of hesitating tap, which carried an acknowledgment of transgression in its very sound, and seemed rather to solicit than command attention. After it had been repeated again and again, the housekeeper, grumbling betwixt her teeth as she rose from the chimney corner in the hall, and wrapping her checked handkerchief round her head to secure her from the cold air, paced across the stone-passage, and repeated a careful "Wha's there at this time o' night?" more than once before she undid the bolts and bars, and cautiously opened the door.

"This is a fine time o' night, Mr Henry," said the old dame, with the tyrannic insolence of a spoilt and favourite domestic—"a braw time o' night and a bonny to disturb a peaceful house in, and to keep quiet folk out o' their beds waiting for you. Your uncle's been in his maist three hours syne, and Robin's ill o' the rheumatize, and he's to his bed too, and sae I had to sit up for ye mysell, for as sair a hoast as I hae."

Here she coughed once or twice, in further evidence of the egregious inconvenience which she had sustained.

"Much obliged to you, Alison, and many kind thanks."

"Hegh, sirs, sae fair-fashioned as we are! Mony folk ca' me Mistress Wilson, and Milnwood himsell is the only ane about this town thinks o' ca'ing me Alison, and indeed he as often says Mrs Alison as ony other thing."

"Well, then, Mistress Alison," said Morton, "I really am sorry to have kept you up waiting until I came in."

"And now that you are come in, Mr Henry," said the cross old woman, "what for do you no tak up your candle and gang to your bed? and mind ye dinna let the candle sweal as ye gang alang the wainscot parlour, and haud a' the house scouring to get out the grease again."

"But, Alison, I really must have something to eat, and a draught of ale, before I go to bed."

"Eat?—and ale, Mr Henry? My certie, ye're ill to serve! Do ye think we havena heard o' your grand popinjay wark yonder, and how ye bleezed away as muckle pouther as wad hae shot a' the wild-fowl that we'll want atween and Candlemas—and then ganging majoring to the piper's Howff wi' a' the idle loons in the country, and sitting there birling, at your poor uncle's cost, nae doubt, wi' a' the scaff and raff o' the water side, till sun-down, and then coming hame and crying for ale, as if ye were maister and mair!"

Extremely vexed, yet anxious, on account of his guest, to procure refreshments if possible, Morton suppressed his resentment, and good-humouredly assured Mrs Wilson, that he was really both hungry and thirsty; "and as for the shooting at the popinjay, I have heard

you say you have been there yourself, Mrs Wilson—I wish you had come to look at us."

"Ah, Maister Henry," said the old dame, "I wish ye binna beginning to learn the way of blawing in a woman's lug wi' a' your whilly-wha's!—Aweel, sae ye dinna practise them but on auld wives like me, the less matter. But tak heed o' the young queans, lad.—Popinjay—ye think yourself a braw fellow enow; and troth!" (surveying him with the candle), "there's na fault to find wi' the outside, if the inside be conforming. But I mind, when I was a gilpy of a lassock, seeing the Duke, that was him that lost his head at London—folk said it wasna a very gude ane, but it was aye a sair loss to him, puir gentleman—Aweel, he wan the popinjay, for few cared to win it ower his Grace's head—weel, he had a comely presence, and when a' the gentles mounted to shew their capers, his Grace was as near to me as I am to you; and he said to me, 'Tak tent o' yourself, my bonny lassie (these were his very words), for my horse is not very chancy.' —And now, as ye say ye had sae little to eat or drink, I'll let you see that I havena been sa unmindfu' o' you; for I dinna think it's safe for young folk to gang to their bed on an empty stamach."

To do Mrs Wilson justice, her nocturnal harangues upon such occasions not unfrequently terminated with this sage apophthegm, which always prefaced the producing of some provision a little better than ordinary, such as she now placed before him. In fact, the principal object of her *maundering* was to display her consequence and love of power; for Mrs Wilson was not, at the bottom, an ill-tempered woman, and certainly loved her old and young master (both of whom she tormented extremely) better than any one else in the world. She now eyed Mr Henry, as she called him, with great complacency, as he partook of her good cheer.

"Muckle gude may it do ye, my bonny man! I trow ye dinna get sic a skirl-in-the-pan as that at Niel Blane's. His wife was a canny body, and could dress things very weel for ane in her line o' business, but no like a gentleman's housekeeper, to be sure. But I doubt the daughter's a silly thing—an unco cockernony she had busked on her head at the kirk last Sunday. I am doubting that there will be news o' a' thae braws. But my auld een's drawing thegither;—dinna hurry yourself, my bonny man; tak mind about the putting out the candle, and there's a horn of ale, and a glass of clow-gillieflower water; I dinna gie ilka body that—I keep it for a pain I hae whiles in my ain stamach, and it's better for your young blood than brandy. Sae, gude-night to ye, Mr Henry, and see that ye tak gude care o' the candle."

Morton promised to attend punctually to her caution, and requested her not to be alarmed if she heard the door opened, as she knew he must again, as usual, look to his horse, and arrange him for the night. Mrs Wilson then retreated, and Morton, folding up his provisions, was about to hasten to his guest, when the nodding head of the old housekeeper was again thrust in at the door, with an admonition to remember to take an account of his ways before he laid himself down to rest, and to pray for protection during the hours of darkness.

Such were the manners of a certain class of domestics, once com

mon in Scotland, and perhaps still to be found in some old manor-houses in its remote counties. They were fixtures in the family they belonged to; and as they never conceived the possibility of such a thing as dismissal to be within the chances of their lives, they were, of course, sincerely attached to every member of it.(*) On the other hand, when spoiled by the indulgence or indolence of their superiors they were very apt to become ill-tempered, self-sufficient, and tyrannical; so much so, that a mistress or master would sometimes almost have wished to exchange their cross-grained fidelity for the smooth and accommodating duplicity of a modern menial.

CHAPTER VI.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a tragic leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.

SHAKSPEARE.

BEING at length rid of the housekeeper's presence, Morton made a collection of what he had reserved from the provisions set before him, and prepared to carry them to his concealed guest. He did not think it necessary to take a light, being perfectly acquainted with every turn of the road; and it was lucky he did not do so, for he had hardly stepped beyond the threshold ere a heavy trampling of horses announced that the body of cavalry, whose kettle-drums[1] they had before heard, were in the act of passing along the high-road which winds round the foot of the bank on which the house of Milnwood was placed. He heard the commanding-officer distinctly give the word *halt*. A pause of silence followed, interrupted only by the occasional neighing or pawing of an impatient charger.

"Whose house is this?" said a voice, in a tone of authority and command.

"Milnwood, if it like your honour," was the reply.

"Is the owner well affected?" said the inquirer.

"He complies with the orders of Government, and frequents an indulged minister," was the response.

"Hum! ay! indulged? a mere mask for treason, very impolitically allowed to those who are too great cowards to wear their principles barefaced.—Had we not better send up a party, and search the house, in case some of the bloody villains concerned in this heathenish butchery may be concealed in it?"

Ere Morton could recover from the alarm into which this proposal had thrown him, a third speaker rejoined, "I cannot think it at all necessary; Milnwood is an infirm, hypochondriac old man, who never meddles with politics, and loves his money-bags and bonds better than anything else in the world. His nephew, I hear, was at the wappenschaw to-day, and gained the popinjay, which does not look like a

[1] Regimental music is never played at night. But who can assure us that such was not the custom in Charles the Second's time? Till I am well informed on this point, the kettle-drums shall clash on, as adding something to the picturesque effect of the night march.

fanatic I should think they are all gone to bed long since, and an alarm at this time of night might kill the poor old man."

"Well," rejoined the leader, "if that be so, to search the house would be lost time, of which we have but little to throw away. Gentlemen of the Life-Guards, forward—March!"

A few notes on the trumpet, mingled with the occasional boom of the kettle-drum, to mark the cadence, joined with the tramp of hoofs, and the clash of arms, announced that the troop had resumed its march. The moon broke out as the leading files of the column attained a hill up which the road winded, and shewed indistinctly the glittering of the steel-caps; and the dark figures of the horses and riders might be imperfectly traced through the gloom. They continued to advance up the hill, and sweep over the top of it in such long succession as intimated a considerable numerical force.

When the last of them had disappeared, young Morton resumed his purpose of visiting his guest. Upon entering the place of refuge, he found him seated on his humble couch with a pocket Bible open in his hand, which he seemed to study with intense meditation. His broadsword, which he had unsheathed in the first alarm at the arrival of the dragoons, lay naked across his knees, and the little taper that stood beside him upon the old chest, which served the purpose of a table, threw a partial and imperfect light upon those stern and harsh features, in which ferocity was rendered more solemn and dignified by a wild cast of tragic enthusiasm. His brow was that of one in whom some strong o'ermastering principle has overwhelmed all other passions and feelings, like the swell of a high spring-tide, when the usual cliffs and breakers vanish from the eye, and their existence is only indicated by the chafing foam of the waves that burst and wheel over them. He raised his head, after Morton had contemplated him for about a minute.

"I perceive," said Morton, looking at his sword, "that you heard the horsemen ride by; their passage delayed me for some minutes."

"I scarcely heeded them," said Balfour;—"my hour is not yet come. That I shall one day fall into their hands, and be honourably associated with the saints whom they have slaughtered, I am full well aware. And I would, young man, that the hour were come; it should be as welcome to me as ever wedding to bridegroom. But if my Master has more work for me on earth, I must not do his labour grudgingly."

"Eat and refresh yourself," said Morton; "to-morrow your safety requires you should leave this place, in order to gain the hills, so soon as you can see to distinguish the track through the morasses."

"Young man," returned Balfour, "you are already weary of me, and would be yet more so, perchance, did you know the task upon which I have been lately put. And I wonder not that it should be so, for there are times when I am weary of myself. Think you not it is a sore trial for flesh and blood, to be called upon to execute the righteous judgments of Heaven while we are yet in the body, and continue to retain that blinded sense and sympathy for carnal suffering, which makes our own flesh thrill when we strike a gash upon the body of another? And think you, that when some prime tyrant

has been removed from his place, that the instruments of his punishment can at all times look back on their share in his downfall with firm and unshaken nerves? Must they not sometimes even question the truth of that inspiration which they have felt and acted under? — must they not sometimes doubt the origin of that strong impulse with which their prayers for heavenly direction under difficulties have been inwardly answered and confirmed, and confuse, in their disturbed apprehensions, the responses of Truth itself with some strong delusion of the enemy?"

"These are subjects, Mr Balfour, on which I am ill qualified to converse with you," answered Morton; "but I own I should strongly doubt the origin of any inspiration which seemed to dictate a line of conduct contrary to those feelings of natural humanity which Heaven has assigned to us as the general law of our conduct."

Balfour seemed somewhat disturbed, and drew himself hastily up, but immediately composed himself, and answered coolly, "It is natural you should think so; you are yet in the dungeon-house of the law, a pit darker than that into which Jeremiah was plunged, even the dungeon of Malcaiah the son of Hamelmeleeh, where there was no water but mire. Yet is the seal of the covenant upon your forehead, and the son of the righteous, who resisted to blood where the banner was spread on the mountains, shall not be utterly lost, as one of the children of darkness. Trow ye, that in this day of bitterness and calamity, nothing is required at our hands but to keep the moral law as far as our carnal frailty will permit? Think ye our conquests must be only over our corrupt and evil affections and passions? No —we are called upon, when we have girded up our loins, to run the race boldly, and when we have drawn the sword, we are enjoined to smite the ungodly, though he be our neighbour, and the man of power and cruelty, though he were of our own kindred, and the friend of our own bosom."

"These are the sentiments," said Morton, "that your enemies impute to you, and which palliate, if they do not vindicate, the cruel measures which the council have directed against you. They affirm, that you pretend to derive your rule of action from what you call an inward light, rejecting the restraints of legal magistracy, of national law, and even of common humanity, when in opposition to what you call the Spirit within you."

"They do us wrong," answered the Covenanter: "it is they, perjured as they are, who have rejected all law, both divine and civil, and who now persecute us for adherence to the Solemn League and Covenant between God and the kingdom of Scotland, to which all of them, save a few popish malignants, have sworn in former days, and which they now burn in the market-places, and tread under foot in derision. When this Charles Stuart returned to these kingdoms, did the malignants bring him back? They had tried it with strong hand,—but they failed, I trow. Could James Grahame of Montrose, and his Highland caterans, have put him again in the place of his father? I think their heads on the Westport told another tale for many a long day. It was the workers of the glorious work—the reformers of the beauty of the tabernacle that called him again to

the high place from which his father fell. And what has been our reward? In the words of the prophet, 'We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble—The snorting of his horses was heard from Dan; the whole land trembled at the sound of the neighing of his strong ones; for they are come, and have devoured the land and all that is in it.'"

"Mr Balfour," answered Morton, "I neither undertake to subscribe to or refute your complaints against the Government. I have endeavoured to repay a debt due to the comrade of my father, by giving you shelter in your distress, but you will excuse me from engaging myself either in your cause, or in controversy. I will leave you to repose, and heartily wish it were in my power to render your condition more comfortable."

"But I shall see you, I trust, in the morning, ere I depart? I am not a man whose bowels yearn after kindred and friends of this world. When I put my hand to the plough, I entered into a covenant with my worldly affections that I should not look back on the things I left behind me. Yet the son of mine ancient comrade is to me as mine own, and I cannot behold him without the deep and firm belief that I shall one day see him gird on his sword in the dear and precious cause for which his father fought and bled."

With a promise on Morton's part that he would call the refugee when it was time for him to pursue his journey, they parted for the night.

Morton retired to a few hours' rest; but his imagination, disturbed by the events of the day, did not permit him to enjoy sound repose. There was a blended vision of horror before him, in which his new friend seemed to be a principal actor. The fair form of Edith Bellenden also mingled in his dream, weeping, and with dishevelled hair, and appearing to call on him for comfort and assistance, which he had not in his power to render. He awoke from these unrefreshing slumbers with a feverish impulse, and a heart which foreboded disaster. There was already a tinge of dazzling lustre on the verge of the distant hills, and the dawn was abroad in all the freshness of a summer morning.

"I have slept too long," he exclaimed to himself, "and must now hasten to forward the journey of this unfortunate fugitive."

He dressed himself as fast as possible, opened the door of the house with as little noise as he could, and hastened to the place of refuge occupied by the Covenanter. Morton entered on tiptoe, for the determined tone and manner, as well as the unusual language and sentiments of this singular individual, had struck him with a sensation approaching to awe. Balfour was still asleep. A ray of light streamed on his uncurtained couch, and shewed to Morton the working of his harsh features, which seemed agitated by some strong internal cause of disturbance. He had not undressed. Both his arms were above the bed-cover, the right hand strongly clenched, and occasionally making that abortive attempt to strike, which usually attends dreams of violence; the left was extended, and agitated, from time to time, by a movement as if repulsing some one. The perspiration stood on his brow, "like bubbles in a late disturbed stream," and these marks

of emotion were accompanied with broken words which escaped from him at intervals—"Thou art taken, Judas—thou art taken—Cling not to my knees—cling not to my knees—hew him down!—A priest? Ay, a priest of Baal, to be bound and slain, even at the brook Kishon. —Fire-arms will not prevail against him—Strike—thrust with the cold iron!—put him out of pain—put him out of pain, were it but for the sake of his grey hairs."

Much alarmed at the import of these expressions, which seemed to burst from him even in sleep with the stern energy accompanying the perpetration of some act of violence, Morton shook his guest by the shoulder in order to awake him. The first words he uttered were, "Bear me where ye will, I will avouch the deed!"

His glance around having then fully awakened him, he at once assumed all the stern and gloomy composure of his ordinary manner, and throwing himself on his knees, before speaking to Morton, poured forth an ejaculatory prayer for the suffering Church of Scotland, entreating that the blood of her murdered saints and martyrs might be precious in the sight of Heaven, and that the shield of the Almighty might be spread over the scattered remnant, who, for His name's sake, were abiders in the wilderness. Vengeance—speedy and ample vengeance on the oppressors—was the concluding petition of his devotions, which he expressed aloud in strong and emphatic language, rendered more impressive by the Orientalism of Scripture.

When he had finished his prayer he arose, and taking Morton by the arm, they descended together to the stable, where the Wanderer (to give Burley a title which was often conferred on his sect) began to make his horse ready to pursue his journey. When the animal was saddled and bridled, Burley requested Morton to walk with him a gun-shot into the wood, and direct him to the right road for gaining the moors. Morton readily complied, and they walked for some time in silence under the shade of some fine old trees, pursuing a sort of natural path, which, after passing through woodland for about half a mile, led into the bare and wild country which extends to the foot of the hills.

There was little conversation between them, until at length Burley suddenly asked Morton, "Whether the words he had spoken overnight had borne fruit in his mind?"

Morton answered, "That he remained of the same opinion which he had formerly held, and was determined, at least as far and as long as possible, to unite the duties of a good Christian with those of a peaceful subject."

"In other words," replied Burley, "you are desirous to serve both God and Mammon—to be one day professing the truth with your lips, and the next day in arms, at the command of carnal and tyrannic authority, to shed the blood of those who for the truth have forsaken all things! Think ye," he continued, "to touch pitch and remain undefiled? to mix in the ranks of malignants, papists, papaprelatists, latitudinarians, and scoffers; to partake of their sports, which are like the meat offered unto idols; to hold intercourse, perchance, with their daughters, as the sons of God with the daughters of men in the world before the flood?—think you, I say, to do all

these things, and yet remain free from pollution? I say unto you, that all communication with the enemies of the Church is the accursed thing which God hateth! Touch not—taste not—handle not! And grieve not, young man, as if you alone were called upon to subdue your carnal affections, and renounce the pleasures which are a snare to your feet—I say to you, that the Son of David hath denounced no better lot on the whole generation of mankind."

He then mounted his horse, and turning to Morton, repeated the text of Scripture, "An heavy yoke was ordained for the sons of Adam from the day they go out of their mother's womb, till the day that they return to the Mother of all things; from him who is clothed in blue silk and weareth a crown, even to him who weareth simple linen, wrath, envy, trouble, and unquietness, rigour, strife, and fear of death in the time of rest."

Having uttered these words, he set his horse in motion, and soon disappeared among the boughs of the forest.

"Farewell, stern enthusiast!" said Morton, looking after him. "In some moods of my mind, how dangerous would be the society of such a companion! If I am unmoved by his zeal for abstract doctrines of faith, or rather for a peculiar mode of worship" (such was the purport of his reflections), "can I be a man, and a Scotchman, and look with indifference on that persecution which has made wise men mad? Was not the cause of freedom, civil and religious, that for which my father fought? and shall I do well to remain inactive, or to take the part of an oppressive government, if there should appear any rational prospect of redressing the insufferable wrongs to which my miserable countrymen are subjected?—And yet, who shall warrant me that these people, rendered wild by persecution, would not, in the hour of victory, be as cruel and as intolerant as those by whom they are now hunted down? What degree of moderation, or of mercy, can be expected from this Burley, so distinguished as one of their principal champions, and who seems even now to be reeking from some recent deed of violence, and to feel stings or remorse which even his enthusiasm cannot altogether stifle? I am weary of seeing nothing but violence and fury around me—now assuming the mask of lawful authority, now taking that of religious zeal. I am sick of my country—of myself—of my dependent situation—of my repressed feelings—of these woods—of that river—of that house—of all but—Edith, and she can never be mine! Why should I haunt her walks?—why encourage my own delusion, and perhaps hers? She can never be mine: her grandmother's pride—the opposite principles of our families—my wretched state of dependence—a poor miserable slave, for I have not even the wages of a servant,—all circumstances give the lie to the vain hope that we can ever be united. Why then protract a delusion so painful?

"But I am no slave," he said aloud, and drawing himself up to his full stature—"no slave, in one respect surely. I can change my abode—my father's sword is mine, and Europe lies open before me, as before him and hundreds besides of my countrymen, who have filled it with the fame of their exploits. Perhaps some lucky chance may raise me to a rank with our Ruthvens, our Leslies,

our Monroes, the chosen leaders of the famous Protestant champion, Gustavus Adolphus—or if not, a soldier's life or a soldier's grave."

When he had formed this determination, he found himself near the door of his uncle's house, and resolved to lose no time in making him acquainted with it.

"Another glance of Edith's eye, another walk by Edith's side, and my resolution would melt away. I will take an irrevocable step, therefore, and then see her for the last time."

In this mood he entered the wainscotted parlour, in which his uncle was already placed at his morning's refreshment, a huge plate of oatmeal porridge, with a corresponding allowance of buttermilk. The favourite housekeeper was in attendance, half standing, half resting on the back of a chair, in a posture betwixt freedom and respect. The old gentleman had been remarkably tall in his earlier days, an advantage which he now lost by stooping to such a degree, that at a meeting, where there was some dispute concerning the sort of arch which should be thrown over a considerable brook, a facetious neighbour proposed to offer Milnwood a handsome sum for his curved backbone, alleging that he would sell anything that belonged to him. Splay feet of unusual size, long thin hands, garnished with nails which seldom felt the steel, a wrinkled and puckered visage, the length of which corresponded with that of his person, together with a pair of little sharp bargain-making grey eyes, that seemed eternally looking out for their advantage, completed the highly unpromising exterior of Mr Morton of Milnwood. As it would have been very injudicious to have lodged a liberal or benevolent disposition in such an unworthy cabinet, nature had suited his person with a mind exactly in conformity with it,—that is to say, mean, selfish, and covetous.

When this amiable personage was aware of the presence of his nephew, he hastened, before addressing him, to swallow the spoonful of porridge which he was in the act of conveying to his mouth, and as it chanced to be scalding hot, the pain occasioned by its descent down his throat and into his stomach, inflamed the ill-humour with which he was already prepared to meet his kinsman. "The deil take them that made them!" was his first ejaculation, apostrophizing his mess of porridge.

"They 're gude parritch eneugh," said Mrs Wilson, "if ye wad but take time to sup them. I made them mysell; but if folk winna hae patience, they should get their thrapples causewayed."

"Haud your peace, Alison! I was speaking to my nevoy.—How is this, sir?—and what sort o' scampering gates are these o' going on? Ye were not at hame last night till near midnight."

"Thereabouts, sir, I believe," answered Morton, in an indifferent tone.

"Thereabouts, sir?—What sort of an answer is that, sir? Why came ye na hame when other folk left the grund?"

"I suppose you know the reason very well, sir," said Morton; "I had the fortune to be the best marksman of the day, and remained, as is usual, to give some little entertainment to the other young men."

"The deevil ye did, sir! And ye come to tell me that to my face? *You* pretend to gie entertainments, that canna come by a dinner except by sorning on a carefu' man like me? But if ye put me to charges, I'se work it out o' ye. I seena why ye shouldna haud the pleugh, now that the pleughman has left us; it wad set ye better than wearing thae green duds, and wasting your siller on powther and lead; it wad put ye in an honest calling, and wad keep ye in bread without being behadden to ony ane."

"I am very ambitious of learning such a calling, sir, but I don't understand driving the plough."

"And what for no? It 's easier than your gunning and archery that ye like sae weel. Auld Davie is ca'ing it e'en now, and ye may be goadsman for the first twa or three days, and tak tent ye dinna o'erdrive the owsen, and then ye will be fit to gang between the stilts. Ye'll ne'er learn younger, I'll be your caution. Haggiehelm is heavy land, and Davie is ower auld to keep the coulter down now."

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, sir, but I have formed a scheme for myself, which will have the same effect of relieving you of the burden and charge attending my company."

"Ay? indeed? a scheme o' yours? that must be a denty ane!" said the uncle, with a very peculiar sneer; "let 's hear about it, lad."

"It is said in two words, sir. I intend to leave this country, and serve abroad, as my father did before these unhappy troubles broke out at home. His name will not be so entirely forgotten in the countries where he served, but that it will procure his son at least the opportunity of trying his fortune as a soldier."

"Gude be gracious to us!" exclaimed the housekeeper; "our young Mr Harry gang abroad? Na, na! eh, na! that maun never be."

Milnwood, entertaining no thought or purpose of parting with his nephew, who was, moreover, very useful to him in many respects, was thunderstruck at this abrupt declaration of independence from a person whose deference to him had hitherto been unlimited. He recovered himself, however, immediately.

"And wha do you think is to give you the means, young man, for such a wild-goose chase? Not I, I am sure—I can hardly support ye at hame. And ye wad be marrying, I'se warrant, as yer father did afore ye, too, and sending your uncle hame a pack o' weans to be fighting and skirling through the house in my auld days, and to take wing and flee aff like yoursell, whenever they were asked to serve a turn about the town?"

"I have no thoughts of ever marrying," answered Henry.

"Hear till him, now!" said the housekeeper. "It 's a shame to hear a douce young lad speak in that way, since a' the warld kens that they maun either marry or do waur."

"Haud your peace, Alison," said her master;—"and you, Harry," (he added, more mildly), "put this nonsense out o' your head—this comes o' letting ye gang a-sodgering for a day—mind ye hae nae siller, lad, for ony sic nonsense plans."

"I beg your pardon, sir—my wants shall be very few; and would

you please to give me the gold chain, which the Margrave gave to my father after the battle of Lutzen" ——

"Mercy on us! the gowd chain!" exclaimed his uncle.

"The chain of gowd!" re-echoed the housekeeper, both aghast with astonishment at the audacity of the proposal.

—"I will keep a few links," continued the young man, "to remind me of him by whom it was won, and the place where he won it," continued Morton; "the rest shall furnish me the means of following the same career in which my father obtained that mark of distinction."

"Mercifu' powers!" exclaimed the governante; "my master wears it every Sunday!"

"Sunday and Saturday," added old Milnwood, "whenever I put on my black velvet coat; and Wylie Mactrickit is partly of opinion it 's a kind of heir-loom, that rather belangs to the head of the house than to the immediate descendant. It has three thousand links; I have counted them a thousand times. It 's worth three hundred pounds sterling."

"That is more than I want, sir; if you choose to give me the third part of the money, and five links of the chain, it will amply serve my purpose, and the rest will be some slight atonement for the expense and trouble I have put you to."

"The laddie 's in a creel!" exclaimed his uncle. "O sirs! what will become o' the rigs o' Milnwood when I am dead and gane! He would fling the crown of Scotland awa, if he had it."

"Hout, sir," said the old housekeeper, "I maun e'en say its partly your ain faut. Ye maunna curb his head ower sair in neither; and, to be sure, since he *has* gane doun to the Howff, ye maun just e'en pay the lawing."

"If it be not abune twa dollars, Alison," said the old gentleman, very reluctantly.

"I 'll settle it mysell wi' Niel Blane, the first time I gang down to the clachan," said Alison, "cheaper than your honour or Mr Harry can do;" and then whispered to Henry, "Dinna vex him ony mair; I 'll pay the lave out o' the butter siller, and nae mair words about it." Then proceeding aloud, "And ye maunna speak o' the young gentleman handing the pleugh; there 's puir distressed whigs enow about the country will be glad to do that for a bite and a soup—it sets them far better than the like o' him."

"And then we 'll hae the dragoons on us," said Milnwood, "for comforting and entertaining intercommuned rebels;—a bonny strait ye wad put us in!—But take your breakfast, Harry, and then lay by your new green coat, and put on your Raploch grey; it 's a mair mensfu' and thrifty dress, and a mair seemly sight, than thae dangling slops and ribbands."

Morton left the room, perceiving plainly that he had at present no chance of gaining his purpose, and, perhaps, not altogether displeased at the obstacles which seemed to present themselves to his leaving the neighbourhood of Tillietudlem. The housekeeper followed him into the next room, patting him the on back, and bidding him "be a gude bairn and pit by his braw things.—And I 'll loup doun your hat, and lay by the band and ribband," said the officious dame; "and ye

maun never, at no hand, speak o' leaving the land, or of selling the gowd chain, for your uncle has an unco pleasure in looking on you, and in counting the links of the chainzie; and ye ken auld folk canna last for ever; sae the chain, and the lands, and a' will be your ain ae day; and ye may marry ony leddy in the country-side ye like, and keep a braw house at Milnwood, for there 's enow o' means; and is not that worth waiting for, my dow?"

There was something in the latter part of the prognostic which sounded so agreeably in the ears of Morton, that he shook the old dame cordially by the hand, and assured her he was much obliged by her good advice, and would weigh it carefully before he proceeded to act upon his former resolution.

CHAPTER VII.

> From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
> Here lived I, but now live here no more.
> At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
> But at fourscore it is too late a week.
>
> *As You like It.*

We must conduct our readers to the Tower of Tillietudlem, to which Lady Margaret Bellenden had returned, in romantic phrase, malecontent and full of heaviness, at the unexpected, and, as she deemed it, indelible affront, which had been brought upon her dignity by the public miscarriage of Goose Gibbie. That unfortunate man-at-arms was forthwith commanded to drive his feathered charge to the most remote parts of the common moor, and on no account to awaken the grief or resentment of his lady by appearing in her presence while the sense of the affront was yet recent.

The next proceeding of Lady Margaret was to hold a solemn court of justice, to which Harrison and the butler were admitted, partly on the footing of witnesses, partly as assessors, to inquire into the recusancy of Cuddie Headrigg the ploughman, and the abetment which he had received from his mother—these being regarded as the original causes of the disaster which had befallen the chivalry of Tillietudlem. The charge being fully made out and substantiated, Lady Margaret resolved to reprimand the culprits in person, and, if she found them impenitent, to extend the censure into a sentence of expulsion from the barony. Miss Bellenden alone ventured to say anything in behalf of the accused. But her countenance did not profit them as it might have done on any other occasion; for so soon as Edith had heard it ascertained that the unfortunate cavalier had not suffered in his person, his disaster had affected her with an irresistible disposition to laugh, which, in spite of Lady Margaret's indignation, or rather irritated, as usual, by restraint, had broke out repeatedly on her return homeward, until her grandmother, in no shape imposed upon by the several fictitious causes which the young lady assigned for her ill-timed risibility, upbraided her in very bitter terms with being insensible to the honour of her family. Miss Bellenden's

intercession, therefore, had on this occasion little or no chance to be listened to.

As if to evince the rigour of her disposition, Lady Margaret, on this solemn occasion, exchanged the ivory-headed cane with which she commonly walked, for an immense gold-headed staff which had belonged to her father, the deceased Earl of Torwood, and which, like a sort of mace of office, she only made use of on occasions of special solemnity. Supported by this awful baton of command, Lady Margaret Bellenden entered the cottage of the delinquents.

There was an air of consciousness about old Mause, as she rose from her wicker chair in the chimney-nook, not with the cordial alertness of visage which used, on other occasions, to express the honour she felt in the visit of her lady, but with a certain solemnity and embarrassment, like an accused party on his first appearance in presence of his judge, before whom he is, nevertheless, determined to assert his innocence. Her arms were folded, her mouth primmed into an expression of respect mingled with obstinacy, her whole mind apparently bent up to the solemn interview. With her best curtsey to the ground, and a mute motion of reverence, Mause pointed to the chair which, on former occasions, Lady Margaret (for the good lady was somewhat of a gossip) had deigned to occupy for half an hour sometimes at a time, hearing the news of the county and of the borough. But at present her mistress was far too indignant for such condescension. She rejected the mute invitation with a haughty wave of her hand, and drawing herself up as she spoke, she uttered the following interrogatory in a tone calculated to overwhelm the culprit.

"Is it true, Mause, as I am informed by Harrison, Gudyill, and others of my people, that you hae taen it upon you, contrary to the faith you owe to God and the King, and to me, your natural lady and mistress, to keep back your son frae the wappenschaw held by the order of the sheriff, and to return his armour and abulyiements at a moment when it was impossible to find a suitable delegate in his stead, whereby the barony of Tillietudlem, baith in the person of its mistress and indwellers, has incurred sic a disgrace and dishonour as hasna befa'en the family since the days of Malcolm Canmore?"

Mause's habitual respect for her mistress was extreme;—she hesitated, and one or two short coughs expressed the difficulty she had in defending herself.

"I am sure—my leddy—hem! hem!—I am sure I am sorry—very sorry that ony cause of displeasure should hae occurred—but my son's illness"——

"Dinna tell me of your son's illness, Mause! Had he been sincerely unweel, ye would hae been at the Tower by daylight to get something that wad do him gude; there are few ailments that I havena medical recipes for, and that ye ken fu' weel."

"O ay my leddy! I am sure ye hae wrought wonderful cures; the last thing ye sent Cuddie, when he had the batts, e'en wrought like a charm."

"Why then, woman, did ye not apply to me, if there was ony real need?—but there was none, ye fause-hearted vassal that ye are!"

"Your leddyship never ca'd me sic a word as that before. Ohon! that I suld live to be ca'd sae," she continued, bursting into tears, "and me a born servant o' the house o' Tillietudlem! I am sure they belie baith Cuddie and me sair, if they said he wadna fight ower the boots in blade for your leddyship and Miss Edith, and the auld Tower—ay suld he, and I would rather see him buried beneath it, than he suld gie way; but thir ridings and wappen-schawings, my leddy, I hae nae broo o' them ava—I can find nae warrant for them whatsoever."

"Nae warrant for them!" cried the high-born dame. "Do ye na ken woman, that ye are bound to be liege vassals in all hunting, hosting, watching and warding, when lawfully summoned thereto in my name? Your service is not gratuitous—I trow ye hae land for it. Ye 're kindly tenants: hae a cot-house, a kale-yard, and a cow's grass on the common. Few hae been brought farther ben, and ye grudge your son suld gie me a day's service in the field?"

"Na, my leddy—na, my leddy, it's no that," exclaimed Mause, greatly embarrassed, "but ane canna serve twa maisters; and, if the truth maun e'en come out, there 's Ane abune whase commands I maun obey before your leddyship's. I am sure I would put neither king's nor kaisar's, nor ony earthly creature's, afore them."

"How mean ye by that, ye auld fule woman?—D 'ye think that I order onything against conscience?"

"I dinna pretend to say that, my leddy, in regard o' your leddyship's conscience, which has been brought up, as it were, wi' prelatic principles; but ilka ane maun walk by the light o' their ain; and mine," said Mause, waxing bolder as the conference became animated, "tells me that I suld leave a'—cot, kale-yard, and cow's grass—and suffer a', rather than that I or mine should put on harness in an unlawfu' cause."

"Unlawfu'!" exclaimed her mistress; "the cause to which you are called by your lawful leddy and mistress—by the command of the king—by the writ of the privy council—by the order of the lord-lieutenant—by the warrant of the sheriff?"

"Ay, my leddy, nae doubt; but no to displeasure your leddyship, ye 'll mind that there was ance a king in Scripture they ca'd Nebuchadnezzar, and he set up a golden image in the plain o' Dura, as it might be in the haugh yonder by the water-side, where the array were warned to meet yesterday; and the princes, and the governors, and the captains, and the judges themsells, forby the treasurers, the counsellors, and the sheriffs, were warned to the dedication thereof, and commanded to fall down and worship at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music."

"And what o' a' this, ye fule wife? Or what had Nebuchadnezzar to do with the wappen-schaw of the Upper Ward of Clydesdale?"

"Only just thus far, my leddy," continued Mause, firmly, "that prelacy is like the great golden image in the plain of Dura, and that as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, were borne out in refusing to bow down and worship, so neither shall Cuddie Headrigg, your leddyship's poor ploughman, at least wi' his auld mither's consent, make murgeons or Jenny-flections, as they ca' them, in the house of the

prelates and curates, nor gird him wi' armour to fight in their cause, either at the sound of kettle-drums, organs, bagpipes, or ony other kind of music whatever."

Lady Margaret Bellenden heard this exposition of Scripture with the greatest possible indignation, as well as surprise.

"I see which way the wind blaws," she exclaimed, after a pause of astonishment; "The evil spirit of the year sixteen hundred and forty-twa is at wark again as merrily as ever, and ilka auld wife in the chimley neuk will be for knapping doctrine wi' doctors o' divinity and the godly fathers o' the church."

"If your leddyship means the bishops and curates, I 'm sure they hae been but stepfathers to the Kirk o' Scotland. And since your leddyship is pleased to speak o' parting wi' us, I am free to tell you a piece o' my mind in another article. Your leddyship and the steward hae been pleased to propose that my son Cuddie suld work in the barn wi' a new-fangled machine[1] for dighting the corn frae the chaff, thus impiously thwarting the will of Divine Providence, by raising wind for your leddyship's ain particular use by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation of wind Providence was pleased to send upon the sheeling-hill. Now, my leddy"——

"The woman would drive ony reasonable being daft!" said Lady Margaret; then resuming her tone of authority and indifference, she concluded, "Weel, Mause, I 'll just end where I suld hae begun—ye 're ower learned and ower godly for me to dispute wi'; sae I have just this to say,—either Cuddie must attend musters when he 's lawfully warned by the ground-officer, or the sooner he and you flit and quit my bounds the better;—there 's na scarcity o' auld wives or ploughmen; but if there were, I had rather that the rigs of Tillietudlem bare naething but windle-straes and sandy lavrocks[2] than that they were ploughed by rebels to the king."

"Aweel, my leddy," said Mause, "I was born here, and thought to die where my father died; and your leddyship has been a kind mistress, I 'll ne'er deny that, and I'se ne'er cease to pray for you, and for Miss Edith, and that ye may be brought to see the error of your ways. But still"——

"The error of my ways!" interrupted Lady Margaret, much incensed—"the error of *my* ways, ye uncivil woman!"

"Ou, ay, my leddy,—we are blinded that live in this valley of tears and darkness, and hae a' ower mony errors, grit folks as weel as sma' —but, as I said, my puir bennison will rest wi' you and yours wherever I am. I will be wae to hear o' your affliction, and blithe to hear o' your prosperity, temporal and spiritual. But I canna prefer the commands of an earthly mistress to those of a heavenly master, and sae I am e'en ready to suffer for righteousness' sake."

"It is very well," said Lady Margaret, turning her back in great

[1] Probably something similar to the barn fanners now used for winnowing corn, which were not, however, used in their present shape until about 1730. They were objected to by the more rigid sectaries on their first introduction, upon such reasoning as that of honest Mause, in the text.

[2] Bent-grass and sand-larks.

displeasure; "ye ken my will, Mause, in the matter. I'll hae nae whiggery in the barony of Tillietudlem—the next thing wad be to set up a conventicle in my very withdrawing room."

Having said this, she departed, with an air of great dignity; and Mause, giving way to feelings which she had suppressed during the interview,—for she, like her mistress, had her own feeling of pride,—now lifted up her voice and wept aloud.

Cuddie, whose malady, real or pretended, still detained him in bed, lay *perdu* during all this conference, snugly ensconced within his boarded bedstead, and terrified to death lest Lady Margaret, whom he held in hereditary reverence, should have detected his presence, and bestowed on him personally some of those bitter reproaches with which she loaded his mother. But as soon as he thought her ladyship fairly out of hearing, he bounced up in his nest.

"The foul fa' ye, that I suld say sae," he cried out to his mother, "for a lang-tongued clavering wife, as my father, honest man, aye ca'd ye! Couldna ye let the leddy alane wi' your whiggery? And I was e'en as great a gomeral to let ye persuade me to lie up here amang the blankets like a hurcheon, instead o' gaun to the wappen-schaw like other folk. Od, but I put a trick on ye, for I was out at the window-hole when your auld back was turned, and awa down by to hae a baff at the popinjay, and I shot within twa on't. I cheated the leddy for your clavers, but I wasna gaun to cheat my joe. But she may marry whae she likes now, for I'm clean dung ower. This is a waur dirdum than we got frae Mr Gudyill when ye garr'd me refuse to eat the plum-porridge on Yule-eve, as if it were ony matter to God or man whether a pleughman had suppit on minched pies or sour sowens."

"O, whisht, my bairn! whisht!" replied Mause; "thou kensna about thae things—It was forbidden meat, things dedicated to set days and holidays, which are inhibited to the use of protestant Christians."

"And now," continued her son, "ye hae brought the leddy herself on our hands!—An I could but hae gotten some decent claes in, I wad hae spanged out o' bed, and tauld her I wad ride where she liked, night or day, an she wad but leave us the free house, and the yaird that grew the best early kale in the haill country, and the cow's grass."

"O wow! my winsome bairn, Cuddie," continued the old dame, "murmur not at the dispensation; never grudge suffering in the gude cause."

"But what ken I if the cause is gude or no, mither," rejoined Cuddie, "for a' ye bleeze out sae muckle doctrine about it? It's clean beyond my comprehension a'thegither. I see nae sae muckle difference atween the twa ways o't as a' the folk pretend. It's very true the curates read aye the same words ower again; and if they be right words, what for no?—a gude tale's no the waur o' being twice tauld, I trow; and a body has aye the better chance to understand it. Everybody's no sae gleg at the uptake as ye are yoursell, mither."

"O, my dear Cuddie, this is the sairest distress of a'," said the anxious mother—"O, how often have I shown ye the difference

between a pure evangelical doctrine, and hae that's corrupt wi' human inventions? O, my bairn, if no for your ain saul's sake, yet for my grey hairs"——

"Weel, mither," said Cuddie, interrupting her, "what need ye mak sae muckle din about it? I hae ave done whate'er ye bade me, and gaed to kirk whare'er ye likit on the Sundays, and tended weel for ye in the ilka days besides. And that's what vexes me maist than a' the rest, when I think how I am to fend for ye now in thir bricklie times. I am no clear if I can pleugh ony place but the Mains and Mucklewhame, at least I never tried ony other ground, and it wadna come natural to me. And nae neighbouring heritors will dow to take us, after being turned aff thae bounds for non-conformity."

"Non-conformity, hinnie," sighed Mause, "is the name that thae warldly men gie us."

"Weel, aweel—we'll hae to gang to a far country, maybe twall or fifteen miles aff. I could be a dragoon, nae doubt, for I can ride and play wi' the broadsword a bit, but ye wad be roaring about your blessing and your grey hairs." (Here Mause's exclamations became extreme.) "Weel, weel, I but spoke o't; besides, ye're ower auld to be sitting cooked up on a baggage-waggon wi' Eppie Dumblane, the corporal's wife. Sae what's to come o' us I canna weel see—I doubt I'll hae to take the hills wi' the wild whigs, as they ca' them, and then it will be my lot to be shot down like a mawkin at some dike-side, or to be sent to Heaven wi' a Saint Johnstone's tippit about my hause."

"O, my bonnie Cuddie," said the zealous Mause, "forbear sic carnal, self-seeking language, whilk is just a misdoubting o' Providence—I have not seen the son of the righteous begging his bread.—sae says the text; and your father was a douce honest man, though somewhat warldly in his dealings, and cumbered about earthly things, e'en like yoursell, my jo!"

"Aweel," said Cuddie, after a little consideration, "I see but ae gate for't, and that's a cauld coal to blaw at, mither. Howsomever, mither, ye hae some guess o' a wee bit kindness that's atween Miss Edith and young Mr Henry Morton, that sald be ca'd young Milnwood, and that I hae aften carried a bit book, or maybe a bit letter, quietly atween them, ony body believe never to ken what it cam frae, though I kend brawly. There's whiles convenience in a body looking a wee stupid—and I hae often seen them walking at e'en on the little path by Dinglewood burn; but nabody ever ken'd a word about it frae Cuddie. I ken I'm grey thick in the head, but I'm as honest as ony auld fore-hand ox, puir fallow, that I'll ne'er work ony mair—I hope they'll be as kind to him that come ahint me as I hae been.—But, as I was saying, we'll awa down to Milnwood and tell Mr Harry our distress. They want a ploughman, and the grund's no waur nor our ain—I am sure Mr Harry will stand my part, for he's a kind-hearted gentleman.—I'll get but little penny-fee, for his uncle, auld Nipple Milnwood, has as close a grip as the deil himsell. But we'll aye win a bit bread, and a drap kale, and a fireside, and thacking ower our heads; and that's a' we'll want for a season.—Sae pit on, mither, and sort your things to gang away; for since sae

it is that gang we mann. I would like ill to wait till Mr Harrison and auld Gudyill cam to pu' us out by the lug and the horn."

CHAPTER VIII.

The devil a puritan, or anything else he is, but a time-server.

Twelfth Night.

It was evening when Mr Henry Morton perceived an old woman, wrapped in her tartan plaid, supported by a stout, stupid-looking fellow, in hoddin-grey, approach the house of Milnwood. Old Mause made her courtesy, but Cuddie took the lead in addressing Morton. Indeed, he had previously stipulated with his mother that he was to manage matters his own way; for though he readily allowed his general inferiority of understanding, and filially submitted to the guidance of his mother on most ordinary occasions, yet he said, "For getting a service, or getting forward in the warld, he could somegate gar the wee pickle sense he had gang muckle farther than hers, though she could crack like ony minister o' them a'."

Accordingly, he thus opened the conversation with young Morton:—"A braw night this for the rye, your honour; the west park will be breering bravely this e'en."

"I do not doubt it, Cuddie; but what can have brought your mother—this is your mother, is it not?" (Cuddie nodded.) "What can have brought your mother and you down the water so late?"

"Troth, stir, just what gars the auld wives trot—neshessity, stir—I'm seeking for service, stir."

"For service, Cuddie, and at this time of the year? how comes that?"

Mause could forbear no longer. Proud alike of her cause and her sufferings, she commenced with an affected humility of tone, "It has pleased Heaven, an it like your honour, to distinguish us by a visitation"——

"Deil's in the wife, and nae gude!" whispered Cuddie to his mother; "an ye come out wi' your whiggery, they'll no daur open a door to us through the haill country!" Then aloud, and addressing Morton, "My mother's auld, stir, and she has rather forgotten herself in speaking to my leddy, that canna weel bide to be contradickit (as I ken naebody likes it if they could help themselves), especially by her ain folk; and Mr Harrison the steward, and Gudyill the butler, they're no very fond o' us, and it's ill sitting at Rome and striving wi' the Pope; sae I thought it best to flit before ill came to waur—and here's a wee bit line to your honour frae a friend will maybe say some mair about it."

Morton took the billet, and crimsoning up to the ears, between joy and surprise, read these words: "If you can serve these poor helpless people, you will oblige E. B."

It was a few instants before he could attain composure enough to ask, "And what is your object, Cuddie? and how can I be of use to you?"

"Wark, stir, wark, and a service, is my object—a bit beild for my mither and mysell—we hae gude plenishing o' our ain, if we had the cast o' a cart to bring it down—and milk and meal, and greens enow, for I'm gey gleg at meal-time, and sae is my mither, lang may it be sae—And, for the penny-fee and a' that, I'll just leave it to the laird and you. I ken ye'll no see a poor lad wranged, if ye can help it."

Morton shook his head. "For the meat and lodging, Cuddie, I think I can promise something; but the penny-fee will be a hard chapter, I doubt."

"I'll tak my chance o't, stir," replied the candidate for service, "rather than gang down about Hamilton, or ony sic far country."

"Well, step into the kitchen, Cuddie, and I'll do what I can for you."

The negotiation was not without difficulties. Morton had first to bring over the housekeeper, who made a thousand objections, as usual, in order to have the pleasure of being besought and entreated; but, when she was gained over, it was comparatively easy to induce old Milnwood to accept of a servant whose wages were to be in his own option. An outhouse was, therefore, assigned to Mause and her son for their habitation, and it was settled that they were for the time to be admitted to eat of the frugal fare provided for the family, until their own establishment should be completed. As for Morton, he exhausted his own very slender stock of money in order to make Cuddie such a present, under the name of *arles*, as might shew his sense of the value of the recommendation delivered to him.

"And now we're settled ance mair," said Cuddie to his mother, "and if we're no sae bein and comfortable as we were up yonder, yet life's life ony gate, and we're wi' decent kirk-ganging folk o' your ain persuasion, mither; there will be nae quarrelling about that."

"Of *my* persuasion, himme!" said the too-enlightened Mause; "wae's me for thy blindness and theirs! O Cuddie, they are but in the court of the Gentiles, and will ne'er win farther ben, I doubt; they are but little better than the prelatists themsells. They wait on the ministry of that blinded man, Peter Poundtext, ance a precious teacher of the Word, but now a backsliding pastor, that has, for the sake of stipend and family maintenance, forsaken the strict path, and gane astray after the black Indulgence.—O my son, had ye but profited by the gospel doctrines ye hae heard in the Glen of Bengonnar, frae the dear Richard Rumbleberry, that sweet youth, who suffered martyrdom in the Grassmarket afore Candlemas! Didna ye hear him say that Erastianism was as bad as Prelacy, and that the Indulgence was as bad as Erastianism?"

"Heard ever onybody the like o' this!" interrupted Cuddie; "we'll be driven out o' house and ha' again afore we ken where to turn oursells. Weel, mither, I hae just ae word mair—An I hear ony mair o' your din—afore folk, that is, for I dinna mind your clavers mysell, they aye set me sleeping—but if I hear ony mair din afore folk, as I was saying, about Poundtexts and Rumbleberries, and doctrines and malignants, I'se e'en turn a single sodger mysell, or

maybe a sergeant or a captain, if ye plague me the mair, and let Rumbleberry and you gang to the deil thegither. I ne'er gat ony gude by his doctrine, as ye ca't, but a sour fit o' the batts wi' sitting amang the wat moss-hags for four hours at a yoking, and the leddy cured me wi' some hickery-pickery; mair by token, an she had ken'd how I came by the disorder, she wadna hae been in sic a hurry to mend it."

Although groaning in spirit over the obdurate and impenitent state, as she thought it, of her son Cuddie, Mause durst neither urge him farther on the topic, nor altogether neglect the warning he had given her. She knew the disposition of her deceased helpmate, whom this surviving pledge of their union greatly resembled, and remembered, that although submitting implicitly in most things to her boast of superior acuteness, he used on certain occasions, when driven to extremity, to be seized with fits of obstinacy, which neither remonstrance, flattery, nor threats, were capable of overpowering. Trembling, therefore, at the very possibility of Cuddie's fulfilling his threat, she put a guard over her tongue, and even when Poundtext was commended in her presence, as an able and fructifying preacher, she had the good sense to suppress the contradiction which thrilled upon her tongue, and to express her sentiments no otherwise than by deep groans, which the hearers charitably construed to flow from a vivid recollection of the more pathetic parts of his homilies. How long she could have repressed her feelings, it is difficult to say—an unexpected accident relieved her from the necessity.

The Laird of Milnwood kept up all old fashions which were connected with economy. It was, therefore, still the custom in his house, as it had been universal in Scotland about fifty years before, that the domestics, after having placed the dinner on the table, sate down at the lower end of the board, and partook of the share which was assigned to them, in company with their masters. On the day, therefore, after Cuddie's arrival, being the third from the opening of this narrative, old Robin, who was butler, valet-de-chambre, footman, gardener, and what not, in the house of Milnwood, placed on the table an immense charger of broth, thickened with oatmeal and colewort, in which ocean of liquid was indistinctly discovered, by close observers, two or three short ribs of lean mutton sailing to and fro. Two huge baskets, one of bread made of barley and pease, and one of oat-cakes, flanked this standing-dish. A large boiled salmon would now-a-days have indicated more liberal housekeeping; but at that period salmon was caught in such plenty in the considerable rivers in Scotland, that instead of being accounted a delicacy, it was generally applied to feed the servants, who are said sometimes to have stipulated that they should not be required to eat a food so luscious and surfeiting in its quality, above five times a-week. The large black jack, filled with very small beer of Milnwood's own brewing, was allowed to the company at discretion, as were the bannocks, cakes, and broth; but the mutton was reserved for the heads of the family, Mrs Wilson included: and a measure of ale, somewhat deserving the name, was set apart in a silver tankard for their exclusive use. A huge kebbock (a cheese, that is, made with ewe-milk

mixed with cow's milk), and a jar of salt butter, were in common to the company.

To enjoy this exquisite cheer, was placed at the head of the table, the old Laird himself, with his nephew on the one side, and the favourite housekeeper on the other. At a long interval, and beneath the salt of course, sate old Robin, a meagre, half-starved serving-man, rendered cross and cripple by rheumatism, and a dirty drab of a housemaid, whom use had rendered callous to the daily exercitations which her temper underwent at the hands of her master and Mrs Wilson. A barnman, a white-headed cowherd boy, with Cuddie the new ploughman, and his mother, completed the party. The other labourers belonging to the property resided in their own houses, happy at least in this, that if their cheer was not more delicate than that which we have described, they could eat their fill, unwatched by the sharp, envious grey eyes of Milnwood, which seemed to measure the quantity that each of his dependents swallowed, as closely as if their glances attended each mouthful in its progress from the lips to the stomach. This close inspection was unfavourable to Cuddie, who sustained much prejudice in his new master's opinion, by the silent celerity with which he caused the victuals to disappear before him. And ever and anon Milnwood turned his eyes from the huge feeder to cast indignant glances upon his nephew, whose repugnance to rustic labour was the principal cause of his needing a ploughman, and who had been the direct means of his hiring this very cormorant.

"Pay thee wages, quotha!" said Milnwood to himself;—"thou wilt eat in a week the value of mair than thou canst work for in a month."

These disagreeable ruminations were interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer-gate. It was a universal custom in Scotland, that, when the family was at dinner, the outer-gate of the court-yard, if there was one, and if not, the door of the house itself, was always shut and locked, and only guests of importance, or persons upon urgent business, sought or received admittance at that time.[2] The family at Milnwood were therefore surprised, and, in the unsettled state of the times, something alarmed, at the earnest and repeated knocking with which the gate was now assailed. Mrs Wilson ran in person to the door, and, having reconnoitred those who were so clamorous for admittance, through some secret aperture with which most Scottish door-ways were furnished for the express purpose, she returned, wringing her hands in great dismay, exclaiming, "The red-coats! the red-coats!"

"Robin—Ploughman—what ca' they ye?—Barnsman—Nevoy Harry—open the door, open the door!" exclaimed old Milnwood, snatching up and slipping into his pocket the two or three silver spoons with which the upper end of the table was garnished, those beneath the salt being of goodly horn. "Speak them fair, sirs!—Lord love ye, speak them fair!—they winna bide thrawing—We're a' harried—we're a' harried!"

While the servants admitted the troopers, whose oaths and threats already indicated resentment at the delay they had been put to, Cuddie

took the opportunity to whisper to his mother, "Now, ye daft auld carline, mak yourself deaf—ye hae made us a' deaf ere now—and let me speak for ye. I wad like ill to get my neck raxed for an auld wife's clashes, though ye be our mither."

"O, hinny, ay; I'se be silent or thou sall come to ill," was the corresponding whisper of Mause; "but bethink ye, my dear, them that deny the Word, the Word will deny"——

Her admonition was cut short by the entrance of the Life-Guardsmen, a party of four troopers, commanded by Bothwell.

In they tramped, making a tremendous clatter upon the stone-floor with the iron-shod heels of their large jack-boots, and the clash and clang of their long, heavy, basket-hilted broadswords.—Milnwood and his housekeeper trembled, from well-grounded apprehensions of the system of exaction and plunder carried on during these domiciliary visits. Henry Morton was discomposed with more special cause, for he remembered that he stood answerable to the laws for having harboured Burley. The widow Mause Headrigg, between fear for her son's life and an overstrained and enthusiastic zeal, which reproached her for consenting even tacitly to belie her religious sentiments, was in a strange quandary. The other servants quaked for they knew not well what. Cuddie alone, with the look of supreme indifference and stupidity which a Scottish peasant can at times assume as a mask for considerable shrewdness and craft, continued to swallow large spoonfuls of his broth, to command which he had drawn within his sphere the large vessel that contained it, and helped himself, amid the confusion, to a sevenfold portion.

"What is your pleasure here, gentlemen?" said Milnwood, humbling himself before the satellites of power.

"We come in behalf of the king," answered Bothwell; "why the devil did you keep us so long standing at the door?"

"We were at dinner," answered Milnwood, "and the door was locked, as is usual in landward towns[1] in this country. I am sure, gentlemen, if I had ken'd ony servants of our gude king had stood at the door—But wad ye please to drink some ale—or some brandy—or a cup of canary sack, or claret wine?" making a pause between each offer as long as a stingy bidder at an auction, who is loath to advance his offer for a favourite lot.

"Claret for me," said one fellow.

"I like ale better," said another, "provided it is right juice of John Barleycorn."

"Better never was malted," said Milnwood; "I can hardly say sae muckle for the claret. It's thin and cauld, gentlemen."

"Brandy will cure that," said a third fellow; "a glass of brandy to three glasses of wine prevents the curmurring in the stomach."

"Brandy, ale, sack, and claret?—we'll try them all," said Bothwell, "and stick to that which is best. There's good sense in that, if the dawn'dest whig in Scotland had said it."

1 The Scots retain the use of the word *town* in its comprehensive Saxon meaning, as a place of habitation. A mansion or a farm-house, though solitary, is called *the town*. A *landward town* is a dwelling situated in the country.

Hastily, yet with a reluctant quiver of his muscles, Milnwood lugged out two ponderous keys, and delivered them to the governante.

"The housekeeper," said Bothwell, taking a seat, and throwing himself upon it, "is neither so young nor so handsome as to tempt a man to follow her to the gauntrees, and devil a one here is there worth sending in her place.—What's this?—meat?" (searching with a fork among the broth, and fishing up a cutlet of mutton)—"I think I could eat a bit—why, it's as tough as if the devil's dam had hatched it."

"If there is anything better in the house, sir," said Milnwood, alarmed at these symptoms of disapprobation——

"No, no," said Bothwell, "it's not worth while; I must proceed to business.—You attend Poundtext, the presbyterian parson, I understand, Mr Morton?"

Mr Morton hastened to slide in a confession and apology.

"By the indulgence of his gracious Majesty and the Government, for I wad do nothing out of law—I hae nae objection whatever to the establishment of a moderate episcopacy, but only that I am a country-bred man, and the ministers are a hamelier kind of folk, and I can follow their doctrine better; and, with reverence, sir, it's a mair frugal establishment for the country."

"Well, I care nothing about that," said Bothwell; "they are indulged, and there's an end of it; but, for my part, if I were to give the law, never a crop-ear'd cur of the whole pack should bark in a Scotch pulpit. However, I am to obey commands.—There comes the liquor; put it down, my good old lady."

He decanted about one half of a quart bottle of claret into a wooden quaigh or bicker, and took it off at a draught.

"You did your good wine injustice, my friend;—it's better than your brandy, though that's good too. Will you pledge me to the king's health?"

"With pleasure," said Milnwood, "in ale—but I never drink claret, and keep only a very little for some honoured friends."

"Like me, I suppose," said Bothwell; and then, pushing the bottle to Henry, he said, "Here, young man, pledge you the king's health."

Henry filled a moderate glass in silence, regardless of the hints and pushes of his uncle, which seemed to indicate that he ought to have followed his example, in preferring beer to wine.

"Well," said Bothwell, "have ye all drank the toast?—What is that old wife about? Give her a glass of brandy—she shall drink the king's health, by"——

"If your honour pleases," said Cuddie, with great stolidity of aspect, "this is my mither, stir; and she's as deaf as Corra-linn—we canna mak her hear day nor door; but if your honour pleases, I am ready to drink the king's health for her in as mony glasses of brandy as ye think neshessary."

"I dare swear you are," answered Bothwell; "you look like a fellow that would stick to brandy. Help thyself, man; all's free where'er I come.—Tom, help the maid to a comfortable cup, though she's but a dirty jilt neither. Fill round once more. Here's to our noble com-

mander, Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse! What the devil is the old woman groaning for! She looks as very a whig as ever sate on a hill-side—Do you renounce the Covenant, good woman?"

"Whilk Covenant is your honour meaning?—is it the Covenant of Works, or the Covenant of Grace?" said Cuddie, interposing.

"Any covenant—all covenants that ever were hatched," answered the trooper.

"Mither," cried Cuddie, affecting to speak as to a deaf person, "the gentleman wants to ken if ye will renunce the Covenant of Works?"

"With all my heart, Cuddie," said Mause, "and pray that my feet may be delivered from the snare thereof."

"Come," said Bothwell, "the old dame has come more frankly off than I expected. Another cup round, and then we'll proceed to business.—You have all heard, I suppose, of the horrid and barbarous murder committed upon the person of the Archbishop of St Andrews, by ten or eleven armed fanatics?"

All started and looked at each other; at length Milnwood himself answered, "They had heard of some such misfortune, but were in hopes it had not been true."

"There is the relation published by Government, old gentleman; what do you think of it?"

"Think, sir? Wh—wh—whatever the council please to think of it." stammered Milnwood.

"I desire to have your opinion more explicitly, my friend," said the dragoon, authoritatively.

Milnwood's eyes hastily glanced through the paper to pick out the strongest expressions of censure with which it abounded, in gleaning which he was greatly aided by their being printed in italics.—"I think it a—bloody and execrable—murder and parricide—devised by hellish and implacable cruelty—utterly abominable, and a scandal to the land."

"Well said, old gentleman!" said the querist—"Here's to thee, and I wish you joy of your good principles. You owe me a cup of thanks for having taught you them; nay, thou shalt pledge me in thine own sack—sour ale sits ill upon a loyal stomach.—Now comes your turn, young man; what think you of the matter in hand?"

"I should have little objection to answer you," said Henry, "if I knew what right you had to put the question."

"The Lord preserve us!" said the old housekeeper, "to ask the like o' that at a trooper, when a' folk ken they do whatever they like through the haill country wi' man and woman, beast and body."

The old gentleman exclaimed, in the same horror at his nephew's audacity, "Hold your peace, sir, or answer the gentleman discreetly. Do you mean to affront the king's authority in the person of a sergeant of the Life-Guards?"

"Silence, all of you!" exclaimed Bothwell, striking his hand fiercely on the table—"Silence, every one of you, and hear me!—You ask me for my right to examine you, sir" (to Henry); "my cockade and my broadsword are my commission, and a better one than ever Old Noll gave to his roundheads; and if you want to know more about it,

you may look at the act of council empowering his Majesty's officers and soldiers to search for, examine, and apprehend suspicious persons; and therefore, once more, I ask you your opinion of the death of Archbishop Sharpe—it's a new touchstone we have got for trying people's mettle."

Henry had, by this time, reflected upon the useless risk to which he would expose the family by resisting the tyrannical power which was delegated to such rude hands; he therefore read the narrative over, and replied, composedly, "I have no hesitation to say, that the perpetrators of this assassination have committed, in my opinion, a rash and wicked action, which I regret the more, as I foresee it will be made the cause of proceedings against many who are both innocent of the deed, and as far from approving it as myself."

While Henry thus expressed himself, Bothwell, who bent his eyes keenly upon him, seemed suddenly to recollect his features.

"Aha! my friend Captain Popinjay! I think I have seen you before, and in very suspicious company."

"I saw you once," answered Henry, "in the public-house of the town of ——."

"And with whom did you leave that public-house, youngster?—was it not with John Balfour of Burley, one of the murderers of the Archbishop?"

"I did leave the house with the person you have named," answered Henry—"I scorn to deny it; but, so far from knowing him to be a murderer of the primate, I did not even know at the time that such a crime had been committed."

"Lord have mercy on me! I am ruined!—utterly ruined and undone!" exclaimed Milnwood. "That callant's tongue will rin the head aff his ain shoulders, and waste my gudes to the very grey cloak on my back!"

"But you knew Burley," continued Bothwell, still addressing Henry, and regardless of his uncle's interruption, "to be an intercommuned rebel and traitor, and you knew the prohibition to deal with such persons. You knew, that, as a loyal subject, you were prohibited to reset, supply, or intercommune with this attainted traitor, to correspond with him by word, writ, or message, or to supply him with meat, drink, house, harbour, or victual, under the highest pains—you knew all this, and yet you broke the law." (Henry was silent.) "Where did you part from him?" continued Bothwell; "was it in the highway, or did you give him harbourage in this very house?"

"In this house!" said his uncle: "he dared not for his neck bring ony traitor into a house of mine."

"Dare he deny that he did so?" said Bothwell.

"As you charge it to me as a crime," said Henry, "you will excuse my saying anything that will criminate myself."

"O, the lands of Milnwood!—the bonny lands of Milnwood that have been in the name of Morton twa hundred years!" exclaimed his uncle; "they are barking and fleeing, outfield and infield, haugh and holme!"

"No, sir," said Henry, "you shall not suffer on my account.—I own," he continued, addressing Bothwell, "I did give this man a

night's lodging, as to an old military comrade of my father. But it was not only without my uncle's knowledge, but contrary to his express general orders. I trust, if my evidence is considered as good against myself, it will have some weight in proving my uncle's innocence."

"Come, young man," said the soldier, in a somewhat milder tone, "you're a smart spark enough, and I am sorry for you; and your uncle here is a fine old Trojan—kinder, I see, to his guests than himself, for he gives us wine, and drinks his own thin ale;—tell me all you know about this Burley, what he said when you parted from him, where he went, and where he is likely now to be found; and, d—n it, I'll wink as hard on your share of the business as my duty will permit. There's a thousand merks on the murdering whiggamore's head, an I could but light on it—Come, out with it—where did you part with him?"

"You will excuse my answering that question, sir," said Morton; "the same cogent reasons which induced me to afford him hospitality at considerable risk to myself and my friends, would command me to respect his secret, if, indeed, he had trusted me with any."

"So you refuse to give me an answer?" said Bothwell.

"I have none to give," returned Henry.

"Perhaps I could teach you to find one, by tying a piece of lighted match betwixt your fingers," answered Bothwell.

"O, for pity's sake, sir," said old Alison, apart to her master, "gie them siller—it's siller they're seeking—they'll murder Mr Henry, and yoursell next!"

Milnwood groaned in perplexity and bitterness of spirit, and, with a tone as if he was giving up the ghost, exclaimed, "If twenty p—p—punds would make up this unhappy matter"——

"My master," insinuated Alison to the sergeant, "would gie twenty punds sterling"——

"Punds Scotch, ye b—h!" interrupted Milnwood; for the agony of his avarice overcame alike his puritanic precision and the habitual respect he entertained for his housekeeper.

"Punds sterling," insisted the housekeeper, "if ye wad hae the gudeness to look ower the lad's misconduct; he's that dour, ye might tear him to pieces, and ye wad ne'er get a word out o' him; and it wad do ye little gude, I'm sure, to burn his bonny fingerends."

"Why," said Bothwell, hesitating, "I don't know—most of my cloth would have the money, and take off the prisoner too; but I bear a conscience, and if your master will stand to your offer, and enter into a bond to produce his nephew, and if all in the house will take the test-oath, I do not know but"——

"O ay, ay, sir," cried Mrs Wilson, "ony test, ony oaths ye please!" And then aside to her master, "Haste ye away, sir, and get the siller, or they will burn the house about our lugs."

Old Milnwood cast a rueful look upon his adviser, and moved off, like a piece of Dutch clock-work, to set at liberty his imprisoned angels in this dire emergency. Meanwhile, Sergeant Bothwell began to put the test-oath with such a degree of solemn reverence as might

have been expected, being just about the same which is used to this day in his Majesty's custom-house.

"You—what's your name, woman?"

"Alison Wilson, sir."

"You, Alison Wilson, solemnly swear, certify, and declare, that you judge it unlawful for subjects, under pretext of reformation, or any other pretext whatever, to enter into Leagues and Covenants"——

Here the ceremony was interrupted by a strife between Cuddie and his mother, which, long conducted in whispers, now became audible.

"Oh, whisht, mither, whisht! they're upon a communing—Oh, whisht! and they'll agree weel enough e'enow."

"I will not whisht, Cuddie," replied his mother, "I will uplift my voice and spare not—I will confound the man of sin, even the scarlet man, and through my voice shall Mr Henry be freed from the net of the fowler."

"She has her leg ower the harrows now," said Cuddie, "stop her wha can—I see her cocked up behint a dragoon on her way to the Tolbooth—I find my ain legs tied below a horse's belly. Ay—she has just mustered up her sermon, and there—wi' that grane—out it comes, and we are a' ruined, horse and foot!"

"And div ye think to come here," said Mause, her withered hand shaking in concert with her keen, though wrinkled visage, animated by zealous wrath, and emancipated, by the very mention of the test, from the restraints of her own prudence and Cuddie's admonition—"div ye think to come here, wi' your soul-killing, saint-seducing, conscience-confounding oaths, and tests, and bands—your snares, and your traps, and your gins?—Surely it is in vain that a net is spread in the sight of any bird."

"Eh! what, good dame?" said the soldier.—"Here's a whig miracle, egad! the old wife has got both her ears and tongue, and we are like to be driven deaf in our turn.—Go to, hold your peace, and remember whom you talk to, you old idiot."

"Whae do I talk to? Eh, sirs! ower weel may the sorrowing land ken what you are. Malignant adherents ye are to the prelates, foul props to a feeble and filthy cause, bloody beasts of prey, and burdens to the earth."

"Upon my soul," said Bothwell, astonished as a mastiff-dog might be should a hen-partridge fly at him in defence of her young, "this is the finest language I ever heard! Can't you give us some more of it?"

"Gie ye some mair o't?" said Mause, clearing her voice with a preliminary cough—"I will take up my testimony against you anee and again.—Philistines ye are, and Edomites—leopards are ye, and foxes—evening wolves, that gnaw not the bones till the morrow—wicked dogs, that compass about the chosen—thrusting kine, and pushing bulls of Bashan—piercing serpents ye are, and allied baith in name and nature with the great Red Dragon; Revelations, twalfth chapter, third and fourth verses."

Here the old lady stopped, apparently much more from lack of breath than of matter.

"Curse the old hag!" said one of the dragoons—"gag her, and take her to head-quarters."

"For shame, Andrews!" said Bothwell; "remember the good lady belongs to the fair sex, and uses only the privilege of her tongue.—But, hark ye, good woman—every bull of Bashan and Red Dragon will not be so civil as I am, or be contented to leave you to the charge of the constable and ducking-stool. In the meantime, I must necessarily carry off this young man to head-quarters. I cannot answer to my commanding-officer to leave him in a house where I have heard so much treason and fanaticism."

"See now, mither, what ye hae dune," whispered Cuddie; "there's the Philistines, as ye ca' them, are gaun to whirry awa' Mr Henry, and a' wi' your nash-gab, deil be on't!"

"Haud yere tongue, ye cowardly loon," said the mother, "and layna the wyte on me; if you and thae thowless gluttons, that are sitting staring like cows bursting on clover, wad testify wi' your hands as I have testified wi' my tongue, they should never harle the precious young lad awa' to captivity."

While this dialogue passed, the soldiers had already bound and secured their prisoner. Milnwood returned at this instant, and, alarmed at the preparations he beheld, hastened to proffer to Bothwell, though with many a grievous groan, the purse of gold which he had been obliged to rummage out as ransom for his nephew. The trooper took the purse with an air of indifference, weighed it in his hand, chucked it up into the air, and caught it as it fell, then shook his head, and said, "There's many a merry night in this nest of yellow boys, but d—n me if I dare venture for them—that old woman has spoken too loud, and before all the men-too.—Hark ye, old gentleman," (to Milnwood), "I must take your nephew to head-quarters, so I cannot, in conscience, keep more than is my due as civility-money;" then opening the purse, he gave a gold piece to each of the soldiers, and took three to himself. "Now," said he, "you have the comfort to know that your kinsman, young Captain Popinjay, will be carefully looked after and civilly used; and the rest of the money I return to you."

Milnwood eagerly extended his hand.

"Only you know," said Bothwell, still playing with the purse, "that every landholder is answerable for the conformity and loyalty of his household, and that these fellows of mine are not obliged to be silent on the subject of the fine sermon we have had from that old puritan in the tartan plaid there; and I presume you are aware that the consequences of delation will be a heavy fine before the council."

"Good sergeant!—worthy captain!" exclaimed the terrified miser, "I am sure there is no person in my house, to my knowledge, would give cause of offence."

"Nay," answered Bothwell, "you shall hear her give her testimony, as she calls it, herself.—You fellow," (to Cuddie), "stand back, and let your mother speak her mind. I see she's primed and loaded again since her first discharge."

"Lord! noble sir," said Cuddie, "an auld wife's tongue's but a

feckless matter to mak sic a fash about. Neither my father nor me ever minded muckle what our mither said."

"Hold your peace, my lad, while you are well," said Bothwell; "I promise you I think you are slyer than you would like to be supposed.—Come, good dame, you see your master will not believe that you can give us so bright a testimony."

Mause's zeal did not require this spur to set her again on full career.

"Woe to the compliers and carnal self-seekers," she said, "that daub over and drown their consciences by complying with wicked exactions, and giving mammon of unrighteousness to the sons of Belial, that it may make their peace with them! It is a sinful compliance, a base confederacy with the Enemy. It is the evil that Menahem did in the sight of the Lord, when he gave a thousand talents to Pul, King of Assyria, that his hand might be with him; Second Kings, feifteen chapter, nineteen verse. It is the evil deed of Ahab, when he sent money to Tiglath-Peleser; see the saame Second Kings, saxteen and aught. And if it was accounted a backsliding even in godly Hezekiah, that he complied with Sennacherib, giving him money, and offering to bear that which was put upon him (see the saame Second Kings, aughteen chapter, fourteen and feifteen verses), even so it is with them that in this contumacious and backsliding generation pays localities and fees, and cess and fines, to greedy and unrighteous publicans, and extortions and stipends to hireling curates (dumb dogs which bark not, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber), and gives gifts to be helps and hires to our oppressors and destroyers. They are all like the casters of a lot with them—like the preparing of a table for the troop, and the furnishing a drink-offering to the number."

"There's a fine sound of doctrine for you, Mr Morton! How like you that?" said Bothwell; "or how do you think the Council will like it?—I think we can carry the greatest part of it in our heads without a kylevine pen and a pair of tablets, such as you bring to conventicles. She denies paying cess, I think, Andrews?"

"Yes, by G—!" said Andrews; "and she swore it was a sin to give a trooper a pot of ale, or ask him to sit down to a table."

"You hear," said Bothwell, addressing Milnwood; "but it's your own affair:" and he proffered back the purse with its diminished contents, with an air of indifference.

Milnwood, whose head seemed stunned by the accumulation of his misfortunes, extended his hand mechanically to take the purse.

"Are ye mad?" said his housekeeper, in a whisper; "tell them to keep it—they *will* keep it either by fair means or foul, and it's our only chance to make them quiet."

"I canna do it, Ailie—I canna do it," said Milnwood, in the bitterness of his heart. "I canna part wi' the siller I hae counted sae often ower, to thae blackguards."

"Then I maun do it mysell, Milnwood," said the housekeeper, "or see a' gang wrang thegither.—My master, sir," she said, addressing Bothwell, "canna think o' taking back onything at the hand of an honourable gentleman like you; he implores ye to put up the siller,

and be as kind to his nephew as ye can, and be favourable in reporting our dispositions to Government, and let us take nae wrang for the daft speeches of an auld jaud," (here she turned fiercely upon Mause, to indulge herself for the effort which it cost her to assume a mild demeanour to the soldiers), "a daft auld whig randy, that ne'er was in the house (foul fa' her!) till yesterday afternoon, and that sall ne'er cross the door-stane again, an' anes I had her out o't."

"Ay, ay," whispered Cuddie to his parent, "e'en sae! I ken'd we wad be put to our travels again whene'er ye suld get three words spoken to an end. I was sure that wad be the upshot o't, mither."

"Whisht, my bairn," said she, "and dinna murmur at the cross—Cross their door-stane! weel I wot I'll ne'er cross their door-stane. There's nae mark on their threshold for a signal that the destroying angel should pass by. They'll get a back-cast o' his hand yet, that think sae muckle o' the creature and sae little o' the Creator—sae muckle o' warld's gear and sae little o' a broken covenant—sae muckle about thae wheen pieces o' yellow muck, and sae little about the pure gold o' the Scripture—sae muckle about their ain friend and kinsman, and sae little about the elect, that are tried wi' hornings, harassings, huntings, searchings, chasings, catchings, imprisonments, torturings, banishments, headings, hangings, dismemberings, and quarterings quick, forby the hundreds forced from their ain habitations to the deserts, mountains, muirs, mosses, moss-flows, and peat-hags, there to hear the word like bread eaten in secret."

"She's at the Covenant now, sergeant; shall we not have her away?" said one of the soldiers.

"You be d—d!" said Bothwell, aside to him; "cannot you see she's better where she is, so long as there is a respectable, sponsible, money-broking heritor, like Mr Morton of Milnwood, who has the means of atoning her trespasses? Let the old mother fly to raise another brood—she's too tough to be made anything of herself.—Here," he cried, "one other round to Milnwood and his roof-tree, and to our next merry meeting with him!—which I think will not be far distant, if he keeps such a fanatical family."

He then ordered the party to take their horses, and pressed the best in Milnwood's stable into the king's service to carry the prisoner. Mrs Wilson, with weeping eyes, made up a small parcel of necessaries for Henry's compelled journey, and as she bustled about, took an opportunity, unseen by the party, to slip into his hand a small sum of money. Bothwell and his troopers, in other respects, kept their promise, and were civil. They did not bind their prisoner, but contented themselves with leading his horse between a file of men. They then mounted, and marched off with much mirth and laughter among themselves, leaving the Milnwood family in great confusion. The old Laird himself, overpowered by the loss of his nephew, and the unavailing outlay of twenty pounds sterling, did nothing the whole evening but rock himself backwards and forwards in his great leathern easy-chair, repeating the same lamentation of "Ruined on a' sides! Ruined on a' sides!—harried and undone! harried and undone!—body and gudes! body and gudes!"

Mrs Alison Wilson's grief was partly indulged and partly relieved

by the torrent of invectives with which she accompanied Mause and Cuddie's expulsion from Milnwood.

"Ill luck be in the graning corse o' thee!—the prettiest lad in Clydesdale this day maun be a sufferer, and a' for you and your daft whiggery!"

"Gae wa'!" replied Mause; "I trow ye are yet in the bonds of sin, and in the gall of iniquity, to grudge your bonniest and best in the cause of Him that gave ye a' ye hae—I promise I hae dune as muckle for Mr Harry as I wad do for my ain; for if Cuddie was found worthy to bear testimony in the Grassmarket"——

"And there's gude hope o't," said Alison, "unless you and he change your courses"

"—And if," continued Mause, disregarding the interruption, "the bloody Doegs and the flattering Ziphites were to seek to ensnare me with a proffer of his remission upon sinful compliances, I wad persevere, natheless, in lifting my testimony against popery, prelacy, antinomianism, erastianism, lapsarianism, sublapsarianism, and the sins and snares of the times—I wad cry as a woman in labour against the black Indulgence, that has been a stumbling-block to professors—I wad uplift my voice as a powerful preacher."

"Hout tout, mither," cried Cuddie, interfering and dragging her off forcibly, "dinna deave the gentlewoman wi' your testimony! ye hae preached enough for sax days. Ye preached us out o' our canny free-house and gude kail-yard, and out o' this new city o' refuge afore our hinder end was weel hafted in it: and ye hae preached Mr Harry awa to the prison; and ye hae preached twenty punds out o' the Laird's pocket that he likes as ill to quit wi'; and sae ye may haud sae for ae wee while, without preaching me up a ladder and down a tow. Sae, come awa, come awa; the family hae had enough o' your testimony to mind it for ae while."

So saying he dragged off Mause, the words "Testimony—Covenant—malignants—indulgence," still thrilling upon her tongue, to make preparations for instantly renewing their travels in quest of an asylum.

"Ill-far'd, crazy, crack-brained gowk that she is!" exclaimed the housekeeper, as she saw them depart,—"to set up to be sae muckle better than ither folk, the auld besom, and to bring sae muckle distress on a douce quiet family! If it hadna been that I am mair than half a gentlewoman by my station, I wad hae tried my ten nails in the wizen'd hide o' her!"

CHAPTER IX.

I am a son of Mars who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.

BURNS.

"DON'T be too much cast down," said Sergeant Bothwell to his prisoner, as they journeyed on towards the head-quarters; "you are

a smart pretty lad, and well connected; the worst that will happen will be strapping up for it, and that is many an honest fellow's lot. I tell you fairly your life's within the compass of the law, unless you make submission, and get off by a round fine upon your uncle's estate; he can well afford it."

"That vexes me more than the rest," said Henry. "He parts with his money with regret; and as he had no concern whatever with my having given this person shelter for a night, I wish to Heaven, if I escape a capital punishment, that the penalty may be of a kind I could bear in my own person."

"Why, perhaps," said Bothwell, "they will propose to you to go into one of the Scotch regiments that are serving abroad. It's no bad line of service; if your friends are active, and there are any knocks going, you may soon get a commission."

"I am by no means sure," answered Morton, "that such a sentence is not the best thing that can happen to me."

"Why, then, you are no real whig after all?" said the Sergeant.

"I have hitherto meddled with no party in the state," said Henry, "but have remained quietly at home; and sometimes I have had serious thoughts of joining one of our foreign regiments."

"Have you?" replied Bothwell; "why, I honour you for it. I have served in the Scotch French guards myself many a long day; it's the place for learning discipline, d—n me. They never mind what you do when you are off duty; but miss you the roll-call, and see how they'll arrange you—D—n me, if old Captain Montgomery didn't make me mount guard upon the arsenal in my steel-back and breast, plate-sleeves and head-piece, for six hours at once, under so burning a sun, that gad I was baked like a turtle at Port-Royale. I swore never to miss answering to Francis Stewart again, though I should leave my hand of cards upon the drum-head—Ah! discipline is a capital thing."

"In other respects you liked the service?" said Morton.

"*Par excellence*," said Bothwell; "women, wine, and wassail, all to be had for little but the asking; and if you find it in your conscience to let a fat priest think he has some chance to convert you, gad he'll help you to these comforts himself, just to gain a little ground in your good affection. Where will you find a crop-eared whig parson will be so civil?"

"Why, nowhere, I agree with you," said Henry. "But what was your chief duty?"

"To guard the King's person," said Bothwell—"to look after the safety of Louis le Grand, my boy, and now and then to take a turn among the Huguenots (protestants, that is.) And there we had fine scope: it brought my hand pretty well in for the service in this country. But, come, as you are to be a *bon camerado*, as the Spaniards say, I must put you in cash with some of your old uncle's broad-pieces. This is cutter's law; we must not see a pretty fellow want, if we have cash ourselves."

Thus speaking, he pulled out his purse, took out some of the contents, and offered them to Henry without counting them. Young Morton declined the favour; and, not judging it prudent to acquaint

the sergeant, notwithstanding his apparent generosity, that he was actually in possession of some money, he assured him he should have no difficulty in getting a supply from his uncle.

"Well," said Bothwell, "in that case these yellow rascals must serve to ballast my purse a little longer. I always make it a rule never to quit the tavern (unless ordered on duty) while my purse is so weighty that I can chuck it over the signpost.(*) When it is so light that the wind blows it back, then, boot and saddle,—we must fall on some way of replenishing.—But what tower is that before us, rising so high upon the steep bank, out of the woods that surround it on every side?"

"It is the tower of Tillietudlem," said one of the soldiers. "Old Lady Margaret Bellenden lives there. She's one of the best affected women in the country, and one that's a soldier's friend. When I was hurt by one of the d—d whig dogs that shot at me from behind a fauld-dike, I lay a month there, and would stand such another wound to be in as good quarters again."

"If that be the case," said Bothwell, "I will pay my respects to her as we pass, and request some refreshment for men and horses; I am as thirsty already as if I had drunk nothing at Milnwood. But it is a good thing in these times," he continued, addressing himself to Henry, "that the King's soldier cannot pass a house without getting a refreshment. In such houses as Tillie—what d'ye call it? you are served for love; in the houses of the avowed fanatics you help yourself by force; and among the moderate presbyterians and other suspicious persons, you are well treated from fear; so your thirst is always quenched on some terms or other."

"And you propose," said Henry, anxiously, "to go upon that errand up to the tower yonder?"

"To be sure I do," answered Bothwell. "How should I be able to report favourably to my officers of the worthy lady's sound principles, unless I know the taste of her sack, for sack she will produce—that I take for granted: it is the favourite consoler of your old dowager of quality, as small claret is the potation of your country laird."

"Then, for Heaven's sake," said Henry, "if you are determined to go there, do not mention my name, or expose me to a family that I am acquainted with. Let me be muffled up for the time in one of your soldier's cloaks, and only mention me generally as a prisoner under your charge."

"With all my heart," said Bothwell; "I promised to use you civilly, and I scorn to break my word.—Here, Andrews, wrap a cloak round the prisoner, and do not mention his name, nor where we caught him, unless you would have a trot on a horse of wood."(7)

They were at this moment at an arched gateway, battlemented and flanked with turrets, one whereof was totally ruinous, excepting the lower storey, which served as a cow-house to the peasant whose family inhabited the turret that remained entire. The gate had been broken down by Monk's soldiers during the civil war, and had never been replaced, therefore presented no obstacle to Bothwell and his party. The avenue, very steep and narrow, and causewayed with

large round stones, ascended the side of the precipitous bank in an oblique and zigzag course, now shewing now hiding a view of the tower and its exterior bulwarks, which seemed to rise almost perpendicularly above their heads. The fragments of Gothic defences which it exhibited were upon such a scale of strength, as induced Bothwell to exclaim, "It's well this place is in honest and loyal hands. Egad, if the enemy had it, a dozen of old whigamore wives with their distaffs might keep it against a troop of dragoons, at least if they had half the spunk of the old girl we left at Milnwood. Upon my life," he continued, as they came in front of the large double tower and its surrounding defences and flankers, "it is a superb place, founded, says the worn inscription over the gate—unless the remnant of my Latin has given me the slip—by Sir Ralph de Belienden in 1350—a respectable antiquity. I must greet the old lady with due honour, though it should put me to the labour of recalling some of the compliments that I used to dabble in when I was wont to keep that sort of company."

As he thus communed with himself, the butler, who had reconnoitred the soldiers from an arrow-slit in the wall, announced to his lady, that a commanded party of dragoons, or, as he thought, Life-Guardsmen, waited at the gate with a prisoner under their charge.

"I am certain," said Gudyill, "and positive, that the sixth man is a prisoner; for his horse is led, and the two dragoons that are before have their carabines out of their budgets, and rested upon their thighs. It was aye the way we guarded prisoners in the days of the great Marquis."

"King's soldiers?" said the lady; "probably in want of refreshment. Go, Gudyill, make them welcome, and let them be accommodated with what provision and forage the Tower can afford. And stay, tell my gentlewoman to bring my black scarf and manteau. I will go down myself to receive them: one cannot shew the King's Life-Guards too much respect in times when they are doing so much for royal authority. And d'ye hear, Gudyill, let Jenny Dennison slip on her pearlings to walk before my niece and me, and the three women to walk behind: and bid my niece attend me instantly."

Fully accoutred, and attended according to her directions, Lady Margaret now sailed out into the court-yard of her tower with great courtesy and dignity. Sergeant Bothwell saluted the grave and reverend lady of the manor with an assurance which had something of the light and careless address of the dissipated men of fashion in Charles the Second's time, and did not at all savour of the awkward or rude manners of a non-commissioned officer of dragoons. His language, as well as his manners, seemed also to be refined for the time and occasion; though the truth was, that, in the fluctuations of an adventurous and profligate life, Bothwell had sometimes kept company much better suited to his ancestry than to his present situation of life. To the lady's request to know whether she could be of service to them, he answered, with a suitable bow, "That as they had to march some miles farther that night, they would be much accommodated by permission to rest their horses for an hour before continuing their journey."

"With the greatest pleasure," answered Lady Margaret; "and I trust that my people will see that neither horse nor men want suitable refreshment."

"We are well aware, madam," continued Bothwell, "that such has always been the reception, within the walls of Tillietudlem, of those who served the King."

"We have studied to discharge our duty faithfully and loyally on all occasions, sir," answered Lady Margaret, pleased with the compliment, "both to our monarchs and to their followers, particularly to their faithful soldiers. It is not long ago, and it probably has not escaped the recollection of his sacred Majesty now on the throne, since he himself honoured my poor house with his presence, and breakfasted in a room in this castle. Mr Sergeant, which my waiting-gentlewoman shall shew you; we still call it the King's room."

Bothwell had by this time dismounted his party, and committed the horses to the charge of one file, and the prisoner to that of another; so that he himself was at liberty to continue the conversation which the lady had so condescendingly opened.

"Since the King, my master, had the honour to experience your hospitality, I cannot wonder that it is extended to those that serve him, and whose principal merit is doing it with fidelity. And yet I have a nearer relation to his Majesty than this coarse red coat would seem to indicate."

"Indeed, sir! Probably," said Lady Margaret, "you have belonged to his household?"

"Not exactly, madam, to his household, but rather to his *house*; a connexion through which I may claim kindred with most of the best families in Scotland, not, I believe, exclusive of that of Tillietudlem."

"Sir!" said the old lady, drawing herself up with dignity at hearing what she conceived an impertinent jest; "I do not understand you."

"It's but a foolish subject for one in my situation to talk of, madam," answered the trooper; "but you must have heard of the history and misfortunes of my grandfather Francis Stewart, to whom James I., his cousin-german, gave the title of Bothwell, as my comrades gave me the nickname. It was not, in the long run, more advantageous to him than it is to me."

"Indeed!" said Lady Margaret, with much sympathy and surprise; "I have indeed always understood that the grandson of the last Earl was in necessitous circumstances, but I should never have expected to see him so low in the service. With such connexions, what ill fortune could have reduced you"——

"Nothing much out of the ordinary course, I believe, madam," said Bothwell, interrupting and anticipating the question. "I have had my moments of good luck like my neighbours—have drunk my bottle with Rochester, thrown a merry main with Buckingham, and fought at Tangiers side by side with Sheffield. But my luck never lasted: I could not make useful friends out of my jolly companions—Perhaps I was not sufficiently aware," he continued, with some bitterness, "how much the descendant of the Scottish Stewarts was

honoured by being admitted into the convivialities of Wilmot and Villiers."

"But your Scottish friends, Mr Stewart—your relations here, so numerous and so powerful?"

"Why, ay, my lady," replied the sergeant: "I believe some of them might have made me their gamekeeper, for I am a tolerable shot—some of them would have entertained me as their bravo, for I can use my sword well—and here and there was one, who, when better company was not to be had, would have made me his companion, since I can drink my three bottles of wine. But I don't know how it is—between service and service among my kinsmen, I prefer that of my cousin Charles as the most creditable of them all, although the pay is but poor, and the livery far from splendid."

"It is a shame! it is a burning scandal!" said Lady Margaret. "Why do you not apply to his most sacred Majesty? he cannot but be surprised to hear that a scion of his august family"——

"I beg your pardon, madam," interrupted the sergeant; "I am but a blunt soldier, and I trust you will excuse me when I say, his most sacred Majesty is more busy in grafting scions of his own, than with nourishing those which were planted by his grandfather's grandfather."

"Well, Mr Stewart," said Lady Margaret, "one thing you must promise me—remain at Tillietudlem to-night; to-morrow I expect your commanding-officer, the gallant Claverhouse, to whom king and country are so much obliged for his exertions against those who would turn the world upside down. I will speak to him on the subject of your speedy promotion; and I am certain he feels too much, both what is due to the blood which is in your veins, and to the request of a lady so highly distinguished as myself by his most sacred Majesty, not to make better provision for you than you have yet received."

"I am much obliged to your ladyship, and I certainly will remain here with my prisoner, since you request it, especially as it will be the earliest way of presenting him to Colonel Grahame, and obtaining his ultimate orders about the young spark."

"Who is your prisoner, pray you?" said Lady Margaret.

"A young fellow of rather the better class in this neighbourhood, who has been so incautious as to give countenance to one of the murderers of the primate, and to facilitate the dog's escape."

"O, fie upon him!" said Lady Margaret. "I am but too apt to forgive the injuries I have received at the hands of these rogues, though some of them, Mr Stewart, are of a kind not like to be forgotten; but those who would abet the perpetrators of so cruel and deliberate a homicide on a single man, an old man, and a man of the archbishop's sacred profession—O fie upon him! If you wish to make him secure, with little trouble to your people, I will cause Harkson, or Gudyill, look for the key of our pit, or principal dungeon. It has not been open since the week after the victory of Kilsythe, when my poor Sir Arthur Bellenden put twenty whigs into it: but it is not more than two stories beneath ground, so it cannot be unwhole-

some, especially as I rather believe there is somewhere an opening to the outer air."

"I beg your pardon, madam," answered the sergeant; "I dare say the dungeon is a most admirable one; but I have promised to be civil to the lad, and I will take care he is watched so as to render escape impossible. I'll set those to look after him shall keep him as fast as if his legs were in the boots, or his fingers in the thumbikins."

"Well, Mr Stewart," rejoined the lady, "you best know your own duty. I heartily wish you good-evening, and commit you to the care of my steward, Harrison. I would ask you to keep ourselves company, but a—a—a—"

"O, madam, it requires no apology; I am sensible the coarse red coat of King Charles II. does and ought to annihilate the privileges of the red blood of King James V."

"Not with me, I do assure you, Mr Stewart: you do me injustice if you think so. I will speak to your officer to-morrow; and I trust you shall soon find yourself in a rank where there shall be no anomalies to be reconciled."

"I believe, madam," said Bothwell, "your goodness will find itself deceived; but I am obliged to you for your intention, and, at all events, I will have a merry night with Mr Harrison."

Lady Margaret took a ceremonious leave, with all the respect which she owed to royal blood, even when flowing in the veins of a sergeant of the Life-Guards; again assuring Mr Stewart, that whatever was in the Tower of Tillietudlem was heartily at his service and that of his attendants.

Sergeant Bothwell did not fail to take the lady at her word, and readily forgot the height from which his family had descended, in a joyous carousal, during which Mr Harrison exerted himself to produce the best wine in the cellar, and to excite his guest to be merry, by that seducing example which, in matters of conviviality, goes farther than precept. Old Gudyill associated himself with a party so much to his taste, pretty much as Davy, in the Second Part of Henry the Fourth, mingles in the revels of his master, Justice Shallow. He ran down to the cellar at the risk of breaking his neck, to ransack some private catacomb, known, as he boasted, only to himself, and which never either had, or should, during his superintendence, render forth a bottle of its contents to any one but a real king's friend.

"When the Duke dined here," said the butler, seating himself at a distance from the table, being somewhat overawed by Bothwell's genealogy, but yet hitching his seat half a yard nearer at every clause of his speech, "my leddy was importunate to have a bottle of that Burgundy,"—(here he advanced his seat a little;) but I dinna ken how it was, Mr Stewart, I misdoubted him. I jaloused him, sir, no to be the friend to government he pretends: the family are not to lippen to. That auld Duke James lost his heart before he lost his head: and the Worcester man was but wersh parritch, neither gude to fry, boil, nor sup cauld." (With this witty observation, he completed his first parallel, and commenced a zigzag, after the manner of an experienced engineer, in order to continue his approaches to the table.) "See, sir, the faster my leddy cried 'Burgundy to his

Grace—the auld Burgundy—the choice Burgundy—the Burgundy that came ower in the thirty-nine'—the mair did I say to myself, Deil a drap gangs doun his hause unless I was mair sensible o' his principles: sack and claret may serve him. Na, na, gentlemen, as lang as I hae the trust o' butler in this house o' Tillietudlem, I'll tak it upon me to see that nae disloyal or doubtfu' person is the better o' our binns. But when I can find a true friend to the king and his cause, and a moderate episcopacy—when I find a man, as I say, that will stand by church and crown as I did mysell in my master's life, and all through Montrose's time, I think there's naething in the cellar ower gude to be spared on him."

By this time he had completed a lodgment in the body of the place, or, in other words, advanced his seat close to the table.

"And now, Mr Francis Stewart of Bothwell, I have the honour to drink your gude health, and a commission t' ye, and much luck may ye have in raking this country clear o' whigs and roundheads, fanatics and Covenanters."

Bothwell, who, it may well be believed, had long ceased to be very scrupulous in point of society, which he regulated more by his convenience and station in life than his ancestry, readily answered the butler's pledge, acknowledging, at the same time, the excellence of the wine; and Mr Gudyill, thus adopted a regular member of the company, continued to furnish them with the means of mirth until an early hour in the next morning.

CHAPTER X.

> Did I but purpose to embark with thee
> On the smooth surface of a summer sea,
> And would forsake the skiff and make the shore
> When the winds whistle and the tempests roar?
>
> PRIOR.

While Lady Margaret held, with the high-descended sergeant of dragoons, the conference which we have detailed in the preceding pages, her grand-daughter, partaking in a less degree her ladyship's enthusiasm for all who were sprung of the blood-royal, did not honour Sergeant Bothwell with more attention than a single glance, which shewed her a tall powerful person, and a set of hardy weather-beaten features, to which pride and dissipation had given an air where discontent mingled with the reckless gaiety of desperation. The other soldiers offered still less to detach her consideration; but from the prisoner, muffled and disguised as he was, she found it impossible to withdraw her eyes. Yet she blamed herself for indulging a curiosity which seemed obviously to give pain to him who was its object.

"I wish," she said to Jenny Dennison, who was the immediate attendant on her person, "I wish we knew who that poor fellow is."

"I was just thinking sae mysell, Miss Edith," said the waiting-

woman; "but it canna be Cuddie Headrigg, because he 's taller and no sae stout."

"Yet," continued Miss Bellenden, "it may be some poor neighbour, for whom we might have cause to interest ourselves."

"I can sune learn wha he is," said the enterprising Jenny, "if the sodgers were anes settled and at leisure, for I ken ane o' them very weel—the best-looking and the youngest o' them."

"I think you know all the idle young fellows about the country," answered her mistress.

"Na, Miss Edith, I am no sae free o' my acquaintance as that," answered the fille-de-chambre. "To be sure, folk canna help kenning the folk by head-mark that they see aye glowering and looking at them at kirk and market; but I ken few lads to speak to unless it be them o' the family, and the three Steinsons, and Tam Rand, and the young miller, and the five Howisons in Nethersheils, and lang Tam Gilry, and" —

"Pray cut short a list of exceptions which threatens to be a long one, and tell me how you come to know this young soldier," said Miss Bellenden.

"Lord, Miss Edith, it 's Tam Halliday—Trooper Tam, as they ca' him,—that was wounded by the hill-folk at the conventicle at Outerside Muir, and lay here while he was under cure. I can ask him onything, and Tam will no refuse to answer me, I 'll be caution for him."

"Try, then," said Miss Edith, "if you can find an opportunity to ask him the name of his prisoner, and come to my room and tell me what he says."

Jenny Dennison proceeded on her errand, but soon returned with such a face of surprise and dismay as evinced a deep interest in the fate of the prisoner.

"What is the matter?" said Edith, anxiously; "does it prove to be Cuddie, after all, poor fellow?"

"Cuddie, Miss Edith? Na! Na! it 's nae Cuddie," blubbered out the faithful fille-de-chambre, sensible of the pain which her news were about to inflict on her young mistress. "O dear, Miss Edith, it 's young Milnwood himsell!"

"Young Milnwood!" exclaimed Edith, aghast in her turn; "it is impossible—totally impossible! His uncle attends the clergyman indulged by law, and has no connexion whatever with the refractory people; and he himself has never interfered in this unhappy dissension;—he must be totally innocent, unless he has been standing up for some invaded right."

"O, my dear Miss Edith," said her attendant, "these are not days to ask what 's right or what 's wrang; if he were as innocent as the new-born infant, they would find some way of making him guilty, if they liked; but Tam Halliday says it will touch his life, for he has been resetting ane o' the Fife gentlemen that killed that auld cat o' an Archbishop."

"His life!" exclaimed Edith, starting hastily up, and speaking with a hurried and tremulous accent;—"they cannot—they shall not—I will speak for him—they shall not hurt him!"

"O, my dear young leddy! think on your grandmother—think on the danger and the difficulty," added Jenny; "for he's kept under close confinement till Claverhouse comes up in the morning, and if he doesna gie him full satisfaction, Tam Halliday says there will be brief wark wi' him—Kneel down—mak ready—present—fire—just as they did wi' auld deaf John Macbriar, that never understood a single question they put till him, and sae lost his life for lack o' hearing."

"Jenny," said the young lady, "if he should die, I will die with him. There is no time to talk of danger or difficulty—I will put on a plaid and slip down with you to the place where they have kept him—I will throw myself at the feet of the sentinel, and entreat him, as he has a soul to be saved"——

"Eh, guide us!" interrupted the maid; "our young leddy at the feet o' Trooper Tam, and speaking to him about his soul, when the puir chield hardly kens whether he has ane or no, unless that he whiles swears by it!—that will never do; but what maun be maun be, and I'll never desert a true-love cause—And sae, if ye maun see young Milnwood, though I ken nae gude it will do, but to make baith your hearts the sairer, I'll e'en tak the risk o't, and try to manage Tam Halliday: but ye maun let me hae my ain gate, and no speak ae word—he's keeping guard o'er Milnwood in the easter round of the tower."

"Go, go, fetch me a plaid," said Edith. "Let me but see him, and I will find some remedy for his danger—Haste ye, Jenny, as ever ye hope to have good at my hands."

Jenny hastened, and soon returned with a plaid, in which Edith muffled herself so as completely to screen her face, and in part to disguise her person. This was a mode of arranging the plaid very common among the ladies of that century, and the earlier part of the succeeding one: so much so, indeed, that the venerable sages of the Kirk, conceiving that the mode gave tempting facilities for intrigue, directed more than one act of Assembly against this use of the mantle. But fashion, as usual, proved too strong for authority, and while plaids continued to be worn, women of all ranks occasionally employed them as a sort of muffler or veil.[1] Her face and figure thus concealed, Edith, holding by her attendant's arm, hastened with trembling steps to the place of Morton's confinement.

This was a small study or closet, in one of the turrets, opening upon a gallery in which the sentinel was pacing to and fro; for Sergeant Bothwell, scrupulous in observing his word, and perhaps touched with some compassion for the prisoner's youth and genteel demeanour, had waved the indignity of putting his guard into the same apartment with him. Halliday, therefore, with his carabine on his arm, walked up and down the gallery, occasionally solacing himself with a draught of ale, a huge flagon of which stood upon the table at one

[1] Concealment of an individual, while in public or promiscuous society, was then very common. In England, where no plaids were worn, the ladies used vizard masks for the same purpose, and the gallants drew the skirts of their cloaks over the right shoulder, so as to cover part of the face. This is repeatedly alluded to in Pepys's Diary.

end of the apartment, and at other times humming the lively Scottish air,

> "Between Saint Johnstone and Bonny Dundee,
> I'll gar ye be fain to follow me."

Jenny Dennison cautioned her mistress once more to let her take her own way.

"I can manage the trooper weel enough," she said, "for as rough as he is — I ken their nature weel; but ye maunna say a single word."

She accordingly opened the door of the gallery just as the sentinel had turned his back from it, and taking up the tune which he hummed, she sung, in a coquettish tone of rustic raillery,

> "If I were to follow a poor sodger lad,
> My friends would be angry, my minnie be mad;
> A laird, or a lord, they were fitter for me,
> Sae I'll never be fain to follow thee."——

"A fair challenge, by Jove!" cried the sentinel, turning round, "and from two at once; but it's not easy to bang the soldier with his bandoleers;" then taking up the song where the damsel had stopt,

> "To follow me ye weel may be glad,
> A share of my supper, a share of my bed,
> To the sound of the drum to range fearless and free,
> I'll gar ye be fain to follow me."——

"Come, my pretty lass, and kiss me for my song."

"I should not have thought of that, Mr Halliday," answered Jenny, with a look and tone expressing just the necessary degree of contempt at the proposal, "and, I'se assure ye, ye 'll hae but little o' my company unless ye shew gentler havings—It wasna to hear that sort o' nonsense that brought me here wi' my friend, and ye should think shame o' yourself, at should ye."

"Umph! and what sort of nonsense did bring you here then, Mrs Dennison?"

"My kinswoman has some particular business with your prisoner, young Mr Harry Morton, and I am come wi' her to speak till him."

"The devil you are!" answered the sentinel. "And pray, Mrs Dennison, how do your kinswoman and you propose to get in? You are rather too plump to whisk through a keyhole, and opening the door is a thing not to be spoke of."

"It 's no a thing to be spoken o', but a thing to be done," replied the persevering damsel.

"We'll see about that, my bonny Jenny;" and the soldier resumed his march, humming, as he walked to and fro along the gallery,

> "Keek into the draw-well,
> Janet, Jane,
> Then ye'll see your bonny sell,
> My joe Janet."

"So ye re no thinking to let us in, Mr Halliday? Weel, weel: gude e'en to you—ye hae seen the last o' me, and o' this bonny die too," said Jenny, holding between her finger and thumb a splendid silver dollar.

GOOSE GIBBIE ON HIS ERRAND.

"Give him gold, give him gold," whispered the agitated young lady.

"Silver 's e'en ower gude for the like o' him," replied Jenny, "that disna care for the blink o' a bonny lassie's ee—and what 's waur, he wad think there was something mair in 't than a kinswoman o' mine. My certy! siller's no sae plenty wi' us, let alane gowd." Having addressed this advice aside to her mistress, she raised her voice and said, "My cousin winna stay ony langer, Mr Halliday; sae, if ye please, gude-e'en t' ye."

"Halt a bit, halt a bit," said the trooper; "rein up and parley, Jenny. If I let your kinswoman in to speak to my prisoner, you must stay here and keep me company till she come out again, and then we'll all be well pleased, you know."

"The fiend be in my feet then," said Jenny; "d'ye think my kinswoman and me are gaun to lose our gude name wi' cracking clavers wi' the like o' you or your prisoner either, without somebody by to see fair play? Hegh, hegh, sirs! to see sic a difference between folk's promises and performance! Ye were aye willing to slight puir Cuddie; but an I had asked him to oblige me in a thing, though it had been to cost his hanging, he wadna hae stude twice about it."

"D—n Cuddie!" retorted the dragoon, "he'll be hanged in good earnest, I hope. I saw him to-day at Milnwood with his old puritanical b—— of a mother, and if I had thought I was to have had him cast in my dish, I would have brought him up at my horse's tail —we had law enough to bear us out."

"Very weel, very weel—See if Cuddie winna hae a lang shot at you ane o' thae days, if ye gar him tak the muir wi' sae mony honest folk. He can hit a mark brawly; he was third at the popinjay; and he's as true of his promise as of ee and hand, though he disna mak sic a phrase about it as some acquaintance o' yours—But it's a' ane to me—Come, cousin, we'll awa'."

"Stay, Jenny;—d—n me, if I hang fire more than another when I have said a thing," said the soldier, in a hesitating tone. "Where is the sergeant?"

"Drinking and driving ower," quoth Jenny, "wi' the Steward and John Gudyill."

"So, so—he's safe enough—and where are my comrades?" asked Halliday.

"Birling the brown bowl wi' the fowler and the falconer, and some o' the serving folk."

"Have they plenty of ale?"

"Sax gallons, as gude as e'er was masked," said the maid.

"Well, then, my pretty Jenny," said the relenting sentinel, "they are fast till the hour of relieving guard, and perhaps something later; and so, if you will promise to come alone the next time"——

"Maybe I will, and maybe I winna," said Jenny; "but if ye get the dollar, ye'll like that just as weel."

"I'll be d—n'd if I do," said Halliday, taking the money, however; "but it's always something for my risk; for, if Claverhouse hears what I have done, he will build me a horse as high as the Tower of

Tillietudlem. But every one in the regiment takes what they can come by; I am sure Bothwell and his blood-royal shows us a good example. And if I were trusting to you, you little jilking devil, I should lose both pains and powder; whereas this fellow," looking at the piece, "will be good as far as he goes. So, come—there is the door open for you; do not stay groaning and praying with the young whig now, but be ready, when I call at the door, to start, as if they were sounding 'Horse and away.'"

So speaking, Halliday unlocked the door of the closet, admitted Jenny and her pretended kinswoman, locked it behind them, and hastily reassumed the indifferent measured step and time-killing whistle of a sentinel upon his regular duty.

The door, which slowly opened, discovered Morton with both arms reclined upon a table, and his head resting upon them in a posture of deep dejection. He raised his face as the door opened, and perceiving the female figures which it admitted, started up in great surprise. Edith, as if modesty had quelled the courage which despair had bestowed, stood about a yard from the door, without having either the power to speak or to advance. All the plans of aid, relief, or comfort, which she had proposed to lay before her lover, seemed at once to have vanished from her recollection, and left only a painful chaos of ideas, with which was mingled a fear that she had degraded herself in the eyes of Morton by a step which might appear precipitate and unfeminine. She hung motionless and almost powerless upon the arm of her attendant, who in vain endeavoured to reassure and inspire her with courage, by whispering, "We are in now, madam, and we maun make the best o' our time: for, doubtless, the corporal or the sergeant will gang the rounds, and it wad be a pity to hae the poor lad Halliday punished for his civility."

Morton, in the meantime, was timidly advancing, suspecting the truth: for what other female in the house, excepting Edith herself, was likely to take an interest in his misfortunes? and yet afraid, owing to the doubtful twilight and the muffled dress, of making some mistake which might be prejudicial to the object of his affections. Jenny, whose ready wit and forward manners well qualified her for such an office, hastened to break the ice.

"Mr Morton, Miss Edith's very sorry for your present situation, and"——

It was needless to say more; he was at her side, almost at her feet, pressing her unresisting hands, and loading her with a profusion of thanks and gratitude which would be hardly intelligible from the mere broken words, unless we could describe the tone, the gesture, the impassioned and hurried indications of deep and tumultuous feeling, with which they were accompanied.

For two or three minutes, Edith stood as motionless as the statue of a saint which receives the adoration of a worshipper; and when she recovered herself sufficiently to withdraw her hands from Henry's grasp, she could at first only faintly articulate, "I have taken a strange step, Mr Morton—a step," she continued with more coherence, as her ideas arranged themselves in consequence of a strong effort, "that perhaps may expose me to censure in your eyes—But I

have long permitted you to use the language of friendship—perhaps I might say more—too long to leave you when the world seems to have left you. How, or why, is this imprisonment? what can be done? can my uncle, who thinks so highly of you—can your own kinsman, Milnwood, be of no use? are there no means? and what is likely to be the event?"

"Be what it will," answered Henry, contriving to make himself master of the hand that had escaped from him, but which was now again abandoned to his clasp, "be what it will, it is to me from this moment the most welcome incident of a weary life. To you, dearest Edith—forgive me, I should have said Miss Bellenden, but misfortune claims strange privileges—to you I have owed the few happy moments which have gilded a gloomy existence; and if I am now to lay it down, the recollection of this honour will be my happiness in the last hour of suffering."

"But is it even thus, Mr Morton?" said Miss Bellenden—"Have you, who used to mix so little in these unhappy feuds, become so suddenly and deeply implicated, that nothing short of"——

She paused, unable to bring out the word which should have come next.

"Nothing short of my life, you would say?" replied Morton in a calm, but melancholy tone; "I believe that will be entirely in the bosoms of my judges. My guards spoke of a possibility of exchanging the penalty for entry into foreign service. I thought I could have embraced the alternative; and yet, Miss Bellenden, since I have seen you once more, I feel that exile would be more galling than death."

"And is it then true," said Edith, "that you have been so desperately rash as to entertain communication with any of those cruel wretches who assassinated the primate?"

"I knew not even that such a crime had been committed," replied Morton, "when I gave unhappily a night's lodging and concealment to one of those rash and cruel men, the ancient friend and comrade of my father. But my ignorance will avail me little; for who, Miss Bellenden, save you, will believe it? And, what is worse, I am at least uncertain whether, even if I had known the crime, I could have brought my mind, under all the circumstances, to refuse a temporary refuge to the fugitive."

"And by whom," said Edith, anxiously, "or under what authority, will the investigation of your conduct take place?"

"Under that of Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse, I am given to understand," said Morton—"one of the military commission to whom it has pleased our king, our privy council, and our parliament, that used to be more tenacious of our liberties, to commit the sole charge of our goods and of our lives."

"To Claverhouse!" said Edith, faintly. "Merciful Heaven! you are lost ere you are tried! He wrote to my grandmother that he was to be here to-morrow morning, on his road to the head of the county, where some desperate men, animated by the presence of two or three of the actors in the primate's murder, are said to have assembled for the purpose of making a stand against the Govern-

ment. His expressions made me shudder, even when I could not guess that—that—a friend"——

"Do not be too much alarmed on my account, my dearest Edith," said Henry, as he supported her in his arms. "Claverhouse, though stern and relentless, is, by all accounts, brave, fair, and honourable. I am a soldier's son, and will plead my cause like a soldier. He will perhaps listen more favourably to a blunt and unvarnished defence, than a truckling and time-serving judge might do. And indeed, in a time when justice is in all its branches so completely corrupted, I would rather lose my life by open military violence, than be conjured out of it by the hocus-pocus of some arbitrary lawyer, who lends the knowledge he has of the statutes made for our protection, to wrest them to our destruction."

"You are lost—you are lost, if you are to plead your cause with Claverhouse!" sighed Edith; "root and branchwork is the mildest of his expressions. The unhappy primate was his intimate friend and early patron. 'No excuse, no subterfuge,' said his letter, 'shall save either those connected with the deed, or such as have given them countenance and shelter, from the ample and bitter penalty of the law, until I shall have taken as many lives in vengeance of this atrocious murder, as the old man had grey hairs upon his venerable head.' There is neither ruth nor favour to be found with him."

Jenny Dennison, who had hitherto remained silent, now ventured, in the extremity of distress which the lovers felt, but for which they were unable to devise a remedy, to offer her own advice.

"Wi' your leddyship's pardon, Miss Edith, and young Mr Morton's, we maunna waste time. Let Milnwood take my plaid and gown; I'll slip them aff in the dark corner, if he'll promise no to look about, and he may walk past Tam Halliday, who is half blind with his ale, and I can tell him a canny way to get out o' the Tower, and your leddyship will gang quietly to your ain room, and I'll row mysell in his grey cloak, and pit on his hat, and play the prisoner till the coast's clear, and then I'll cry in Tam Halliday, and gar him let me out."

"Let you out?" said Morton; "they'll make your life answer it."

"Ne'er a bit," replied Jenny; "Tam daurna tell he let onybody in, for his ain sake: and I'll gar him find some other gate to account for the escape."

"Will you, by G—?" said the sentinel, suddenly opening the door of the apartment; "if I am half blind, I am not deaf, and you should not plan an escape quite so loud, if you expect to go through with it. Come, come, Mrs Janet—march, troop—quick time—trot, d—n me! —And you, madam kinswoman,—I won't ask your real name, though you were going to play me so rascally a trick,—but I must make a clear garrison; so beat a retreat, unless you would have me turn out the guard."

"I hope," said Morton, very anxiously, "you will not mention this circumstance, my good friend, and trust to my honour to acknowledge your civility in keeping the secret. If you overheard our con-

versation, you must have observed that we did not accept of, or enter into, the hasty proposal made by this good-natured girl."

"Oh, deviiish good-natured, to be sure," said Halliday. "As for the rest, I guess how it is, and I scorn to bear malice, or tell tales, as much as another; but no thanks to that little jilting devil, Jenny Dennison, who deserves a tight skelping for trying to lead an honest lad into a scrape, just because he was so silly as to like her good-for-little chit face."

Jenny had no better means of justification than the last apology to which her sex trust, and usually not in vain; she pressed her handkerchief to her face, sobbed with great vehemence, and either wept, or managed, as Halliday might have said, to go through the motions wonderfully well.

"And now," continued the soldier, somewhat mollified, "if you have anything to say, say it in two minutes, and let me see your backs turned: for if Bothwell take it into his drunken head to make the rounds half an hour too soon, it will be a black business to us all."

"Farewell, Edith," whispered Morton, assuming a firmness he was far from possessing; "do not remain here—leave me to my fate—it cannot be beyond endurance since you are interested in it.—Good night, good-night!—Do not remain here till you are discovered."

Thus saying, he resigned her to her attendant, by whom she was quietly led and partly supported out of the apartment.

"Every one has his taste, to be sure," said Halliday; "but d—n me if I would have vexed so sweet a girl as that is, for all the whigs that ever swore the Covenant."

When Edith had regained her apartment, she gave way to a burst of grief which alarmed Jenny Dennison, who hastened to administer such scraps of consolat'on as occurred to her.

"Dinna vex yoursell sae muckle, Miss Edith," said that faithful attendant; "wha kens what may happen to help young Milnwood? He's a brave lad, and a bonny, and a gentleman of a good fortune, and they winna string the like o' him up as they do the puir whig bodies that they catch in the muirs, like straps o' onions. Maybe his uncle will bring him aff, or maybe your ain grand-uncle will speak a gude word for him—he's weel acquent wi' a' the red-coat gentlemen."

"You are right, Jenny—you are right," said Edith, recovering herself from the stupor into which she had sunk; "this is no time for despair, but for exertion. You must find some one to ride this very night to my uncle's with a letter."

"To Charnwood, madam? It's unco late, and it's sax miles an' a pittock doun the water. I doubt if we can find man and horse the night, mair especially as they hae mounted a sentinel before the gate. Puir Cuddie! he's gane, puir fallow, that wad hae dune ought in the warld I bade him, and ne'er asked a reason—an' I've had nae time to draw up wi' the new pleugh-lad yet; forby that, they say he's gaun to be married to Meg Murdieson, ill-faur'd cuttie as she is."

"You *must* find some one to go, Jenny; life and death depend upon it."

"I wad gang mysell, my leddy, for I could creep out at the window o' the pantry, and speel down by the auld yew-tree weel eneugh—I hae played that trick ere now. But the road's unco wild, and sae mony red-coats about, forby the whigs, that are no muckle better (the young lads o' them) if they meet a fraim body their lane in the muirs. I wadna stand for the walk—I can walk ten miles by moonlight weel eneugh."

"Is there no one you can think of, that, for money or favour, would serve me so far?" asked Edith, in great anxiety.

"I dinna ken," said Jenny, after a moment's consideration, "unless it be Guse Gibbie: and he'll maybe no ken the way, though it's no sae difficult to hit, if he keep the horse-road, and mind the turn at the Cappercleugh, and dinna drown himsell in the Whomlekirnpule, or fa' ower the scaur at the Deil's Loaning, or miss ony o' the kittle steps at the Pass o' Walkwary, or be carried to the hills by the whigs, or be taen to the toolbooth by the red-coats."

"All ventures must be run," said Edith, cutting short the list of chances against Goose Gibbie's safe arrival at the end of his pilgrimage—"all risks must be run, unless you can find a better messenger.—Go, bid the boy get ready, and get him out of the Tower as secretly as you can. If he meets any one, let him say he is carrying a letter to Major Bellenden of Charnwood, but without mentioning any names."

"I understand, madam," said Jenny Dennison; "I warrant the callant will do weel eneugh, and Tib the hen-wife will tak care o' the geese for a word o' my mouth; and I'll tell Gibbie your leddyship will mak his peace wi' Lady Margaret, and we'll gie him a dollar."

"Two, if he does his errand well," said Edith.

Jenny departed to rouse Goose Gibbie out of his slumbers, to which he was usually consigned at sun-down, or shortly after, he keeping the hours of the birds under his charge. During her absence, Edith took her writing materials, and prepared against her return the following letter, superscribed,—"For the hands of Major Bellenden of Charnwood, my much honoured uncle, These:

"My dear Uncle—This will serve to inform you I am desirous to know how your gout is, as we did not see you at the wappenschaw, which made both my grandmother and myself very uneasy. And if it will permit you to travel, we shall be happy to see you at our poor house to-morrow at the hour of breakfast, as Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse is to pass this way on his march, and we would willingly have your assistance to receive and entertain a military man of such distinction, who, probably, will not be much delighted with the company of women. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to let Mrs Care-for't, your housekeeper, send me my double-trimmed paduasoy with the hanging sleeves, which she will find in the third drawer of the walnut press in the green room, which you are so kind as to call mine. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to send me the second volume

of the Grand Cyprus, as I have only read as far as the imprisonment of Philidaspes, upon the seven hundredth and thirty-third page; but, above all, I entreat you to come to us to-morrow before eight of the clock, which, as your pacing nag is so good, you may well do without rising before your usual hour. So, praying to God to preserve your health, I rest your dutiful and loving niece,

EDITH BELLENDEN.

"*Postscriptum.* A party of soldiers have last night brought your friend, young Mr Henry Morton of Milnwood, hither as a prisoner. I conclude you will be sorry for the young gentleman, and therefore let you know this, in case you may think of speaking to Colonel Grahame in his behalf. I have not mentioned his name to my grandmother, knowing her prejudice against the family."

This epistle being duly sealed and delivered to Jenny, that faithful confidant hastened to put the same in the charge of Goose Gibbie, whom she found in readiness to start from the castle. She then gave him various instructions touching the road, which she apprehended he was likely to mistake, not having travelled it above five or six times, and possessing only the same slender proportion of memory as of judgment. Lastly, she smuggled him out of the garrison through the pantry window into the branchy yew-tree which grew close beside it, and had the satisfaction to see him reach the bottom in safety, and take the right turn at the commencement of his journey. She then returned to persuade her young mistress to go to bed, and to lull her to rest, if possible, with assurances of Gibbie's success in his embassy, only qualified by a passing regret that the trusty Cuddie, with whom the commission might have been more safely reposed, was no longer within reach of serving her.

More fortunate as a messenger than as a cavalier, it was Gibbie's good hap rather than his good management, which, after he had gone astray not oftener than nine times, and given his garments a taste of the variation of each bog, brook, and slough, between Tillietudlem and Charnwood, placed him about daybreak before the gate of Major Bellenden's mansion, having completed a walk of ten miles (for the bittock, as usual, amounted to four) in little more than the same number of hours.

CHAPTER XI.

> At last comes the troop, by the word of command
> Drawn up in our court, where the Captain cries, Stand! SWIFT.

MAJOR BELLENDEN'S ancient valet, Gideon Pike, as he adjusted is master's clothes by his bedside, preparatory to the worthy veteran's toilet, acquainted him, as an apology for disturbing him an our earlier than his usual time of rising, that there was an express rom Tillietudlem.

From Tillietudlem!" said the old gentleman, rising hastily in

his bed, and sitting bolt upright. "Open the shutters, Pike—I hope my sister-in-law is well—furl up the bed-curtain. What have we all here?" (glancing at Edith's note.) "The gout? why, she knows I have not had a fit since Candlemas.—The wappenschaw? I told her a month since I was not to be there. Paduasoy and hanging sleeves? why, hang the gipsy herself!—Grand Cyrus and Philippadastus?—Philip Devil!—is the wench gone crazy all at once? was it worth while to send an express and wake me at five in the morning for all this trash?—But what says her postscriptum?—Mercy on us!" he exclaimed on perusing it—"Pike, saddle old Kilsythe instantly, and another horse for yourself."

"I hope nae ill news frae the Tower, sir?" said Pike, astonished at his master's sudden emotion.

"Yes—no—yes—that is, I must meet Claverhouse there on some express business; so boot and saddle, Pike, as fast as you can. O Lord! what times are these!—the poor lad—my old cronie's son!—and the silly wench sticks it into her postscriptum, as she calls it, at the tail of all this trumpery about old gowns and new romances!"

In a few minutes the good old officer was fully equipped: and having mounted upon his arm-gaunt charger as soberly as Mark Antony himself could have done, he paced forth his way to the Tower of Tillietudlem.

On the road he formed the prudent resolution to say nothing to the old lady (whose dislike to presbyterians of all kinds he knew to be inveterate) of the quality and rank of the prisoner detained within her walls, but to try his own influence with Claverhouse to obtain Morton's liberation.

"Being so loyal as he is, he must do something for so old a cavalier as I am," said the veteran to himself; "and if he is so good a soldier as the world speaks of, why, he will be glad to serve an old soldier's son. I never knew a real soldier that was not a frank-hearted, honest fellow; and I think the execution of the laws (though it's a pity they find it necessary to make them so severe) may be a thousand times better intrusted with them than with peddling lawyers and thick-skulled country gentlemen."

Such were the ruminations of Major Miles Bellenden, which were terminated by John Gudyill (not more than half-drunk) taking hold of his bridle, and assisting him to dismount in the rough-paved court of Tillietudlem.

"Why, John," said the veteran, "what devil of a discipline is this you have been keeping? You have been reading Geneva print this morning already."

"I have been reading the Litany," said John, shaking his head with a look of drunken gravity, and having only caught one word of the Major's address to him; "life is short, sir; we are flowers of the field, sir"—hiccup—"and lilies of the valley."

"Flowers and lilies? Why, man, such carles as thou and I can hardly be called better than old hemlocks, decayed nettles, or withered rag-weed; but I suppose you think that we are still worth watering."

"I am an old soldier, sir, I thank Heaven"—hiccup—

"An old skinker, you mean, John. But come, never mind, show me the way to your mistress, old lad."

John Gudyill led the way to the stone hall, where Lady Margaret was fidgeting about, superintending, arranging, and reforming the preparations made for the reception of the celebrated Claverhouse, whom one party honoured and extolled as a hero, and another execrated as a blood-thirsty oppressor.

"Did I not tell you," said Lady Margaret to her principal female attendant—"did I not tell you, Mysie, that it was my especial pleasure on this occasion to have everything in the precise order wherein it was upon that famous morning when his most sacred Majesty partook of his disjune at Tillietudlem?"

"Doubtless, such were your ladyship's commands, and to the best of my remembrance"——was Mysie answering, when her ladyship broke in with, "Then wherefore is the venison pasty placed on the left side of the throne, and the stoup of claret upon the right, when ye may right weel remember, Mysie, that his most sacred Majesty with his ain hand shifted the pasty to the same side with the flagon, and said they were too good friends to be parted?"

"I mind that weel, madam," said Mysie; "and if I had forgot, I have heard your leddyship often speak about that grand morning sin' syne; but I thought everything was to be placed just as it was when his Majesty, God bless him, came into this room, looking mair like an angel than a man, if he hadna been sae black-a-vised."

"Then ye thought nonsense, Mysie; for in whatever way his most sacred Majesty ordered the position of the trenchers and flagons, that, as weel as his royal pleasure in greater matters, should be a law to his subjects, and shall ever be to those of the house of Tillietudlem."

"Weel, madam," said Mysie, making the alterations required, "it's easy mending the error; but if everything is just to be as his Majesty left it, there should be an unco hole in the venison pasty."

At this moment the door opened.

"Who is that, John Gudyill?" exclaimed the old lady. "I can speak to no one just now. Is it you, my dear brother?" she continued, in some surprise, as the Major entered; "this is a right early visit."

"Not more early than welcome, I hope," replied Major Bellenden, as he saluted the widow of his deceased brother; "but I heard by a note which Edith sent to Charnwood about some of her equipage and books, that you were to have Claver'se here this morning, so I thought, like an old firelock as I am, that I should like to have a bat with this rising soldier. I caused Pike saddle Kilsythe, and here ye both are."

"And most kindly welcome you are," said the old lady; "it is just what I should have prayed you to do, if I had thought there was time. You see I am busy in preparation. All is to be in the same order as when"——

"The King breakfasted at Tillietudlem," said the Major, who, like all Lady Margaret's friends, dreaded the commencement of that nar-

rative, and was desirous to cut it short—"I remember it well; you know I was waiting on his Majesty"

"You were, brother," said Lady Margaret; "and perhaps you can help me to remember the order of the entertainment."

"Nay, good sooth," said the Major, "the dammable dinner that Noll gave us at Worcester a few days afterwards drove all your good cheer out of my memory. But how s this?—You have even the great Turkey-leather elbow-chair, with the tapestry cushions, placed in state."

"The throne, brother, if you please," said Lady Margaret, gravely.

"Well, the throne be it, then," continued the Major. "Is that to be Claver'se's post in the attack upon the pasty?"

"No, brother," said the lady; "as these cushions have been once honoured by accommodating the person of our most sacred Monarch, they shall never, please Heaven, during my lifetime, be pressed by any less dignified weight."

"You should not, then," said the old soldier, "put them in the way of an honest old cavalier, who has ridden ten miles before breakfast: for, to confess the truth, they look very inviting. But where is Edith?"

"On the battlements of the warder's turret," answered the old lady, "looking out for the approach of our guests."

"Why, I'll go there to; and so should you, Lady Margaret, as soon as you have your line of battle properly formed in the hall here. It 's a pretty thing, I can tell you, to see a regiment of horse upon the march."

Thus speaking, he offered his arm with an air of old-fashioned gallantry, which Lady Margaret accepted with such a courtesy of acknowledgment as ladies were wont to make in Holyroodhouse before the year 1642, which, for one while, drove both courtesies and courts out of fashion.

Upon the bartizan of the turret, to which they ascended by many a winding passage and uncouth staircase, they found Edith, not in the attitude of a young lady who watches with fluttering curiosity the approach of a smart regiment of dragoons, but pale, downcast, and evincing by her countenance, that sleep had not during the preceding night been the companion of her pillow. The good old veteran was hurt at her appearance, which, in the hurry of preparation, her grandmother had omitted to notice.

"What is come over you, you silly girl?" he said;—"why, you look like an officer's wife when she opens the News-letter after an action, and expects to find her husband among the killed and wounded. But I know the reason—you will persist in reading these nonsensical romances, day and night, and whimpering for distresses that never existed. Why, how the devil can you believe that Artamines, or what d'ye call him, fought single-handed with a whole battal on? One to three is as great odds as ever fought and won, and I never knew anybody that cared to take that, except old Corporal Raddlebanes. But these d—d books put all pretty men's actions out of countenance. I dare say you would think very little of Raddlebanes,

if he were alongside of Artamines. I would have the fellows that write such nonsense brought to the picquet for leasing-making."(8)

Lady Margaret, herself somewhat attached to the perusal of romances, took up the cudgels.

"Monsieur Scuderi," she said, "is a soldier, brother; and, as I have heard, a complete one; and so is the Sieur d'Urfé."

"More shame for them; they should have known better what they were writing about. For my part, I have not read a book these twenty years except my Bible, the Whole Duty of Man, and, of late days, Turner's Pallas Armata, or Treatise on the Ordering of the Pike Exercise,(9) and I don't like *his* discipline much neither. He wants to draw up the cavalry in front of a stand of pikes, instead of being upon the wings. Sure am I, if we had done so at Kilsythe, instead of having our handful of horse on the flanks, the first discharge would have sent them back among our Highlanders.—But I hear the kettle-drums."

All heads were now bent from the battlements of the turret, which commanded a distant prospect down the vale of the river. The Tower of Tillietudlem stood, or perhaps yet stands, upon the angle of a very precipitous bank, formed by the junction of a considerable brook with the Clyde.(10) There was a narrow bridge of one steep arch, across the brook near its mouth, over which, and along the foot of the high and broken bank, winded the public road; and the fortalice, thus commanding both bridge and pass, had been, in times of war, a post of considerable importance, the possession of which was necessary to secure the communication of the upper and wilder districts of the country with those beneath, where the valley expands, and is more capable of cultivation. The view downwards is of a grand woodland character; but the level ground and gentle slopes near the river form cultivated fields of an irregular shape, interspersed with hedgerow-trees and copses, the enclosures seeming to have been individually cleared out of the forest which surrounds them, and which occupies, in unbroken masses, the steeper declivities and more distant banks. The stream, in colour a clear and sparkling brown, like the hue of the Cairngorm pebbles, rushes through this romantic region in bold sweeps and curves, partly visible and partly concealed by the trees which clothe its banks. With a providence unknown in other parts of Scotland, the peasants have in most places planted orchards around their cottages, and the general blossom of the apple-trees at this season of the year gave all the lower part of the view the appearance of a flower-garden.

Looking up the river, the character of the scene was varied considerably for the worse. A hilly, waste, and uncultivated country approached close to the banks; the trees were few, and limited to the neighbourhood of the stream, and the rude moors swelled at a little distance into shapeless and heavy hills, which were again surmounted in their turn by a range of lofty mountains, dimly seen on the horizon. Thus the Tower commanded two prospects, the one richly cultivated and highly adorned, the other exhibiting the monotonous and dreary character of a wild and inhospitable moorland.

The eyes of the spectators on the present occasion were attracted

to the downward view, not alone by its superior beauty, but because the distant sounds of military music began to be heard from the public high-road which winded up the vale, and announced the approach of the expected body of cavalry. Their glimmering ranks were shortly afterwards seen in the distance, appearing and disappearing as the trees and the windings of the road permitted them to be visible, and distinguished chiefly by the flashes of light which their arms occasionally reflected against the sun. The train was long and imposing, for there were about two hundred and fifty horse upon the march, and the glancing of the swords and waving of their banners, joined to the clang of their trumpets and kettle-drums, had at once a lively and awful effect upon the imagination. As they advanced still nearer and nearer, they could distinctly see the files of those chosen troops following each other in long succession, completely equipped and superbly mounted.

"It's a sight that makes me thirty years younger," said the old cavalier; "and yet I do not much like the service that these poor fellows are to be engaged in. Although I had my share of the civil war, I cannot say I had ever so much real pleasure in that sort of service as when I was employed on the Continent, and we were hacking at fellows with foreign faces and outlandish dialect. It's a hard thing to hear a homely Scotch tongue cry quarter, and be obliged to cut him down just the same as if he called out *miséricorde*. —So, there they come through the Netherwood haugh; upon my word, fine-looking fellows, and capitally mounted.—He that is galloping from the rear of the column must be Claver'se himself;—ay, he gets into the front as they cross the bridge, and now they will be with us in less than five minutes."

At the bridge beneath the Tower, the cavalry divided, and the greater part, moving up the left bank of the brook and crossing at a ford a little above, took the road of the Grange, as it was called, a large set of farm-offices belonging to the Tower, where Lady Margaret had ordered preparation to be made for their reception and suitable entertainment. The officers alone, with their colours and an escort to guard them, were seen to take the steep road up to the gate of the Tower, appearing by intervals as they gained the ascent, and again hidden by projections of the bank and of the huge old trees with which it is covered. When they emerged from this narrow path, they found themselves in front of the old Tower, the gates of which were hospitably open for their reception. Lady Margaret, with Edith and her brother-in-law, having hastily descended from their post of observation, appeared to meet and to welcome their guests, with a retinue of domestics in as good order as the orgies of the preceding evening permitted. The gallant young cornet (a relation as well as namesake of Claverhouse, with whom the reader has been already made acquainted) lowered the standard amid the fanfare of the trumpets, in homage to the rank of Lady Margaret and the charms of her granddaughter, and the old walls echoed to the flourish of the instruments, and the stamp and neigh of the chargers.

Claverhouse[11] himself alighted from a black horse, the most beauti-

ful perhaps in Scotland. He had not a single white hair upon his whole body—a circumstance which, joined to his spirit and fleetness, and to his being so frequently employed in pursuit of the Presbyterian recusants, caused an opinion to prevail among them, that the steed had been presented to his rider by the great Enemy of Mankind, in order to assist him in persecuting the fugitive wanderers. When Claverhouse had paid his respects to the ladies with military politeness, had apologized for the trouble to which he was putting Lady Margaret's family, and had received the corresponding assurances that she could not think anything an inconvenience which brought within the walls of Tillietudlem so distinguished a soldier, and so loyal a servant of his sacred Majesty: when, in short, all forms of hospitable and polite ritual had been duly complied with, the Colonel requested permission to receive the report of Bothwell, who was now in attendance, and with whom he spoke apart for a few minutes. Major Bellenden took that opportunity to say to his niece, without the hearing of her grandmother, "What a trifling foolish girl you are, Edith, to send me by express a letter crammed with nonsense about books and gowns, and to slide the only thing I cared a marvedie about into the postscript!"

"I did not know," said Edith, hesitating very much, "whether it would be quite—quite proper for me to"—

"I know what you would say—whether it would be right to take any interest in a Presbyterian. But I knew this lad's father well. He was a brave soldier; and, if he was once wrong, he was once right too. I must commend your caution, Edith, for having said nothing of this young gentleman's affair to your grandmother—you may rely on it I shall not—I will take an opportunity to speak to Claver'se. Come, my love, they are going to breakfast. Let us follow them.

CHAPTER XII.

Their breakfast so warm to be sure they did eat,
A custom in travellers mighty discreet. PRIOR.

THE breakfast of Lady Margaret Bellenden no more resembled a modern *déjeûné*, than the great stone-hall at Tillietudlem could brook comparison with a modern drawing-room. No tea, no coffee, no variety of rolls, but solid and substantial viands,—the priestly ham, the knightly sirloin, the noble baron of beef, the princely venison pasty; while silver flagons, saved with difficulty from the claws of the Covenanters, now mantled, some with ale, some with mead, and some with generous wine of various qualities and descriptions. The appetites of the guests were in correspondence to the magnificence and solidity of the preparation,—no piddling—no boy's play, but that steady and persevering exercise of the jaws which is best learned by early morning hours, and by occasional hard commons.

Lady Margaret beheld with delight the cates which she had provided descending with such alacrity into the persons of her honoured

guests, and had little occasion to exercise, with respect to any of the company saving Claverhouse himself, the compulsory urgency of pressing to eat, to which, as the *peine forte et dure*, the ladies of that period were in the custom of subjecting their guests.

But the leader himself, more anxious to pay courtesy to Miss Bellenden, next whom he was placed, than to gratify his appetite, appeared somewhat negligent of the good cheer set before him. Edith heard, without reply, many courtly speeches addressed to her, in a tone of voice of that happy modulation which could alike melt in the low tones of interesting conversation, and rise amid the din of battle "loud as a trumpet with a silver sound." The sense that she was in the presence of the dreadful chief upon whose fiat the fate of Henry Morton must depend—the recollection of the terror and awe which were attached to the very name of the commander, deprived her for some time, not only of the courage to answer, but even of the power of looking upon him. But when, emboldened by the soothing tones of his voice, she lifted her eyes to frame some reply, the person on whom she looked bore, in his appearance at least, none of the terrible attributes in which her apprehensions had arrayed him.

Grahame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly formed; his gesture, language, and manners, were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight and well-formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon.

The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valour which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay concealed under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon, rather than to the field. The same gentleness and gaiety of expression which reigned in his features seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed, at first sight, rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself. Profound in politics, and enibued, of course, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generates, this leader was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, careless of facing death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in time of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre.

In endeavouring to reply to the polite trifles with which Claver-

house accosted her, Edith showed so much confusion, that her grandmother thought it necessary to come to her relief.

"Edith Bellenden," said the old lady, "has, from my retired mode of living, seen so little of those of her own sphere, that truly she can hardly frame her speech to suitable answers. A soldier is so rare a sight with us, Colonel Grahame, that unless it be my young Lord Evandale, we have hardly had an opportunity of receiving a gentleman in uniform. And, now I talk of that excellent young nobleman, may I enquire if I was not to have had the honour of seeing him this morning with the regiment?"

"Lord Evandale, madam, was on his march with us," answered the leader, "but I was obliged to detach him with a small party to disperse a conventicle of those troublesome scoundrels, who have had the impudence to assemble within five miles of my head-quarters."

"Indeed!" said the old lady; "that is a height of presumption to which I would have thought no rebellious fanatics would have ventured to aspire. But these are strange times! There is an evil spirit in the land, Colonel Grahame, that excites the vassals of persons of rank to rebel against the very house that holds and feeds them. There was one of my able-bodied men the other day who plainly refused to attend the wappen-schaw at my bidding. Is there no law for such recusancy, Colonel Grahame?"

"I think I could find one," said Claverhouse, with great composure, "if your ladyship will inform me of the name and residence of the culprit."

"His name," said Lady Margaret, "is Cuthbert Headrigg; I can say nothing of his domicile, for ye may weel believe, Colonel Grahame, he did not dwell long in Tillietudlem, but was speedily expelled for his contumacy. I wish the lad no severe bodily injury; but incarceration, or even a few stripes, would be a good example in this neighbourhood. His mother, under whose influence I doubt he acted, is an ancient domestic of this family, which makes me incline to mercy; although," continued the old lady, looking towards the pictures of her husband and her sons, with which the wall was hung, and heaving, at the same time, a deep sigh, "I, Colonel Grahame, have in my ain person but little right to compassionate that stubborn and rebellious generation. They have made me a childless widow, and, but for the protection of our sacred Sovereign and his gallant soldiers, they would soon deprive me of lands and goods, of hearth and altar. Seven of my tenants, whose joint rent-mail may amount to wellnigh a hundred merks, have already refused to pay either cess or rent, and had the assurance to tell my steward that they would acknowledge neither king nor landlord but who should have taken the Covenant."

"I will take a course with them—that is, with your ladyship's permission," answered Claverhouse. "It would ill become me to neglect the support of lawful authority when it is lodged in such worthy hands as those of Lady Margaret Bellenden. But I must needs say, this country grows worse and worse daily, and reduces me to the necessity of taking measures with the recusants that are much more consonant with my duty than with my inclinations. And speaking

of this, I must not forget that I have to thank your ladyship for the hospitality you have been pleased to extend to a party of mine who have brought in a prisoner, charged with having resetted the murdering villain, Balfour of Burley."

"The house of Tillietudlem," answered the lady, "hath ever been open to the servants of his Majesty, and I hope that the stones of it will no longer rest on each other when it surceases to be as much at their command as at ours. And this reminds me, Colonel Grahame, that the gentleman who commands the party can hardly be said to be in his proper place in the army, considering whose blood flows in his veins; and if I might flatter myself that anything would be granted to my request, I would presume to entreat that he might be promoted on some favourable opportunity."

"Your ladyship means Sergeant Francis Stewart, whom we call Bothwell?" said Claverhouse, smiling. "The truth is, he is a little too rough in the country, and has not been uniformly so amenable to discipline as the rules of the service require. But to instruct me how to oblige Lady Margaret Bellenden, is to lay down the law to me.—Bothwell," he continued, addressing the sergeant, who just then appeared at the door, "go kiss lady Margaret Bellenden's hand, who interests herself in your promotion, and you shall have a commission the first vacancy."

Bothwell went through the salutation in the manner prescribed, but not without evident marks of haughty reluctance; and when he had done so, said aloud "To kiss a lady's hand can never disgrace a gentleman; but I would not kiss a man's, save the King's, to be made a general."

"You hear him," said Claverhouse, smiling; "there's the rock he splits upon: he cannot forget his pedigree."

"I know, my noble Colonel," said Bothwell, in the same tone, "that *you* will not forget your promise; and then, perhaps, you may permit *Cornet* Stewart to have some recollection of his grandfather, though the *Sergeant* must forget him."

"Enough of this, sir," said Claverhouse, in the tone of command which was familiar to him; "and let me know what you came to report to me just now."

"My Lord Evandale and his party have halted on the highroad with some prisoners," said Bothwell.

"My Lord Evandale?" said Lady Margaret. "Surely, Colonel Grahame, you will permit him to honour me with his society, and to take his poor dijune here, especially considering, that even his most sacred Majesty did not pass the Tower of Tillietudlem without halting to partake of some refreshment."

As this was the third time in the course of the conversation that Lady Margaret had adverted to this distinguished event, Colonel Grahame, as speedily as politeness would permit, took advantage of the first pause to interrupt the farther progress of the narrative, by saying, "We are already too numerous a party of guests; but as I know what Lord Evandale will suffer" (looking towards Edith) "if deprived of the pleasure which we enjoy, I will run the risk of overburdening your ladyship's hospitality.—Bothwell, let Lord Evandale

know that Lady Margaret Bellenden requests the honour of his company."

"And let Harrison take care," added Lady Margaret, "that the people and their horses are suitably seen to."

Edith's heart sprung to her lips during this conversation; for it instantly occurred to her, that, through her influence over Lord Evandale, she might find some means of releasing Morton from his present state of danger, in case her uncle's intercession with Claverhouse should prove ineffectual. At any other time she would have been much averse to exert this influence; for, however inexperienced in the world, her native delicacy taught her the advantage which a beautiful young woman gives to a young man when she permits him to lay her under an obligation. And she would have been the farther disinclined to request any favour of Lord Evandale, because the voice of the gossips in Clydesdale had, for reasons hereafter to be made known, assigned him to her as a suitor, and because she could not disguise from herself that very little encouragement was necessary to realize conjectures which had hitherto no foundation. This was the more to be dreaded, that, in the case of Lord Evandale's making a formal declaration, he had every chance of being supported by the influence of Lady Margaret and her other friends, and that she would have nothing to oppose to their solicitations and authority, except a predilection, to avow which she knew would be equally dangerous and unavailing. She determined, therefore, to wait the issue of her uncle's intercession, and, should it fail, which she conjectured she should soon learn, either from the looks or language of the open-hearted veteran, she would then, as a last effort, make use in Morton's favour of her interest with Lord Evandale. Her mind did not long remain in suspense on the subject of her uncle's application.

Major Bellenden, who had done the honours of the table, laughing and chatting with the military guests who were at that end of the board, was now, by the conclusion of the repast, at liberty to leave his station, and accordingly took an opportunity to approach Claverhouse, requesting from his niece, at the same time, the honour of a particular introduction. As his name and character were well known, the two military men met with expressions of mutual regard; and Edith, with a beating heart, saw her aged relative withdraw from the company, together with his new acquaintance, into a recess formed by one of the arched windows of the hall. She watched their conference with eyes almost dazzled by the eagerness of suspense, and, with observation rendered more acute by the internal agony of her mind, could guess, from the pantomimic gestures which accompanied the conversation, the progress and fate of the intercession in behalf of Henry Morton.

The first expression of the countenance of Claverhouse betokened that open and willing courtesy, which, ere it requires to know the nature of the favour asked, seems to say, how happy the party will be to confer an obligation on the suppliant. But as the conversation proceeded, the brow of that officer became darker and more severe, and his features, though still retaining the expression of the most perfect politeness, assumed, at least to Edith's terrified imagination,

a harsh and inexorable character. His lip was now compressed as if with impatience; now curled slightly upward, as if in civil contempt of the arguments urged by Major Bellenden. The language of her uncle, as far as expressed in his manner, appeared to be that of earnest intercession, urged with all the affectionate simplicity of his character, as well as with the weight which his age and reputation entitled him to use. But it seemed to have little impression upon Colonel Grahame, who soon changed his posture, as if about to cut short the Major's importunity, and to break up their conference with a courtly expression of regret, calculated to accompany a positive refusal of the request solicited. This movement brought them so near Edith, that she could distinctly hear Claverhouse say, "It cannot be, Major Bellenden;—lenity, in his case, is altogether beyond the bounds of my commission, though in any thing else I am heartily desirous to oblige you.—And here comes Evandale with news, as I think.—What tidings do you bring us, Evandale?" he continued, addressing the young lord, who now entered in complete uniform, but with his dress disordered, and his boots spattered, as if by riding hard.

"Unpleasant news, sir," was his reply. "A large body of whigs are in arms among the hills, and have broken out into actual rebellion. They have publicly burnt the Act of Supremacy, that which established Episcopacy, that for observing the martyrdom of Charles I., and some others, and have declared their intention to remain together in arms for furthering the covenanted work of reformation."

This unexpected intelligence struck a sudden and painful surprise into the minds of all who heard it, excepting Claverhouse.

"Unpleasant news call you them?" replied Colonel Grahame, his dark eyes flashing fire; "they are the best I have heard these six months. Now that the scoundrels are drawn into a body, we will make short work with them. When the adder crawls into daylight," he added, striking the heel of his boot upon the floor, as if in the act of crushing a noxious reptile, "I can trample him to death; he is only safe when he remains lurking in his den or morass.—Where are these knaves?" he continued, addressing Lord Evandale.

"About ten miles off among the mountains, at a place called Loudon-hill," was the young nobleman's reply. "I dispersed the conventicle against which you sent me, and made prisoner an old trumpeter of rebellion—an intercommuned minister, that is to say—who was in the act of exhorting his hearers to rise and be doing in the good cause, as well as one or two of his hearers who seemed to be particularly insolent; and from some country people and scouts I learned what I now tell you."

"What may be their strength?" asked his commander.

"Probably a thousand men, but accounts differ widely."

"Then," said Claverhouse, "it is time for us to be up and be doing also.—Bothwell, bid them sound to horse."

Bothwell, who, like the war-horse of scripture, snuffed the battle afar off, hastened to give orders to six negroes, in white dresses richly laced, and having massive silver collars and armlets. These

sable functionaries acted as trumpeters, and speedily made the castle and the woods around it ring with their summons.

"Must you then leave us?" said Lady Margaret, her heart sinking under recollection of former unhappy times; "had ye not better send to learn the force of the rebels?—O, how many a fair face hae I heard these fearfu' sounds call away frae the Tower of Tillietudlem, that my auld een were ne'er to see return to it!"

"It is impossible for me to stop," said Claverhouse; "there are rogues enough in this country to make the rebels five times their strength, if they are not checked at once."

"Many," said Evandale, "are flocking to them already, and they give out that they expect a strong body of the indulged presbyterians, headed by young Milnwood, as they call him, the son of the famous old roundhead, Colonel Silas Morton."

This speech produced a very different effect upon the hearers. Edith almost sunk from her seat with terror, while Claverhouse darted a glance of sarcastic triumph at Major Bellenden, which seemed to imply—"You see what are the principles of the young man you are pleading for."

"It's a lie!—it's a d—d lie of these rascally fanatics!" said the Major hastily. "I will answer for Henry Morton as I would for my own son. He is a lad of as good church principles as any gentleman in the Life-Guards—I mean no offence to any one. He has gone to church service with me fifty times, and I never heard him miss one of the responses in my life. Edith Bellenden can bear witness to it as well as I. He always read on the same Prayer-book with her, and could look out the lessons as well as the curate himself. Call him up; let him be heard for himself."

"There can be no harm in that," said Claverhouse, "whether he be innocent or guilty.—Major Allan," he said, turning to the officer next in command, "take a guide, and lead the regiment forward to Loudon-hill by the best and shortest road. Move steadily, and do not let the men blow the horses. Lord Evandale and I will overtake you in a quarter of an hour. Leave Bothwell with a party to bring up the prisoners."

Allan bowed, and left the apartment, with all the officers, excepting Claverhouse and the young nobleman. In a few minutes the sound of the military music and the clashing of hoofs announced that the horsemen were leaving the castle. The sounds were presently heard only at intervals, and soon died away entirely.

While Claverhouse endeavoured to soothe the terrors of Lady Margaret, and to reconcile the veteran Major to his opinion of Morton, Evandale, getting the better of that conscious shyness which renders an ingenuous youth diffident in approaching the object of his affections, drew near to Miss Bellenden, and accosted her in a tone of mingled respect and interest.

"We are to leave you," he said, taking her hand, which he pressed with much emotion—"to leave you for a scene which is not without its dangers. Farewell, dear Miss Bellenden!—let me say for the first, and perhaps the last time, dear Edith! We part in circumstances so singular as may excuse some solemnity in bidding fare-

well to one whom I have known so long, and whom I—respect so highly."

The manner, differing from the words, seemed to express a feeling much deeper and more agitating than was conveyed in the phrase he made use of. It was not in woman to be utterly insensible to his modest and deep-felt expression of tenderness. Although borne down by the misfortunes and imminent danger of the man she loved, Edith was touched by the hopeless and reverential passion of the gallant youth, who now took leave of her to rush into dangers of no ordinary description.

"I hope—I sincerely trust," she said, "there is no danger. I hope there is no occasion for this solemn ceremonial—that these hasty insurgents will be dispersed rather by fear than force, and that Lord Evandale will speedily return to be what he must always be, the dear and valued friend of all in this castle."

"Of *all*," he repeated, with a melancholy emphasis upon the word. "But be it so—whatever is near you is dear and valued to me, and I value their approbation accordingly. Of our success I am not sanguine. Our numbers are so few, that I dare not hope for so speedy, so bloodless, or so safe an end of this unhappy disturbance. These men are enthusiastic, resolute, and desperate, and have leaders not altogether unskilled in military matters. I cannot help thinking that the impetuosity of our Colonel is hurrying us against them rather prematurely. But there are few that have less reason to shun danger than I have."

Edith had now the opportunity she wished to bespeak the young nobleman's intercession and protection for Henry Morton, and it seemed the only remaining channel of interest by which he could be rescued from impending destruction. Yet she felt at that moment as if, in doing so, she was abusing the partiality and confidence of the lover, whose heart was as open before her, as if his tongue had made an express declaration. Could she with honour engage Lord Evandale in the service of a rival? or could she with prudence make him any request, or lay herself under any obligation to him, without affording ground for hopes which she could never realize? But the moment was too urgent for hesitation, or even for those explanations with which her request might otherwise have been qualified.

"I will but dispose of this young fellow," said Claverhouse, from the other side of the hall, "and then Lord Evandale—I am sorry to interrupt again your conversation—but then we must mount.—Bothwell, why do not you bring up the prisoner? and, hark ye, let two files load their carabines."

In these words, Edith conceived she heard the death-warrant of her lover. She instantly broke through the restraint which had hitherto kept her silent.

"My Lord Evandale," she said, "this young gentleman is a particular friend of my uncle's;—your interest must be great with your colonel—let me request your intercession in his favour—it will confer on my uncle a lasting obligation."

"You overrate my interest, Miss Bellenden," said Lord Evandale;

"I have been often unsuccessful in such applications, when I have made them on the mere score of humanity."

"Yet try once again for my uncle's sake."

"And why not for your own?" said Lord Evandale. "Will you not allow me to think I am obliging *you* personally in this matter? Are you so diffident of an old friend that you will not allow him even the satisfaction of thinking that he is gratifying your wishes?"

"Surely—surely," replied Edith; "you will oblige me infinitely—I am interested in the young gentleman on my uncle's account—Lose no time, for God's sake!"

She became bolder and more urgent in her entreaties, for she heard the steps of the soldiers who were entering with their prisoner.

"By heaven! then," said Evandale, "he shall not die, if I should die in his place!—But will not you," he said, resuming the hand, which in the hurry of her spirits she had not courage to withdraw, "will not you grant me one suit, in return for my zeal in your service?"

"Anything you can ask, my Lord Evandale, that sisterly affection can give."

"And is this all," he continued—"all you can grant to my affection living, or my memory when dead?"

"Do not speak thus, my lord," said Edith; "you distress me, and do injustice to yourself. There is no friend I esteem more highly, or to whom I would more readily grant every mark of regard—providing—But"——

A deep sigh made her turn her head suddenly, ere she had well uttered the last word; and as she hesitated how to frame the exception with which she meant to close the sentence, she became instantly aware she had been overheard by Morton, who, heavily ironed and guarded by soldiers, was now passing behind her in order to be presented to Claverhouse. As their eyes met each other, the sad and reproachful expression of Morton's glance seemed to imply that he had partially heard, and altogether misinterpreted, the conversation which had just passed. There wanted but this to complete Edith's distress and confusion. Her blood, which rushed to her brow, made a sudden revulsion to her heart, and left her as pale as death. This change did not escape the attention of Evandale, whose quick glance easily discovered that there was between the prisoner and the object of his own attachment, some singular and uncommon connexion. He resigned the hand of Miss Bellenden—again surveyed the prisoner with more attention—again looked at Edith, and plainly observed the confusion which she could no longer conceal.

"This," he said, after a moment's gloomy silence, "is, I believe, the young gentleman who gained the prize at the shooting-match."

"I am not sure," hesitated Edith—"yet—I rather think not," scarce knowing what she replied.

"It *is* he," said Evandale, decidedly; "I know him well. A victor," he continued, somewhat haughtily, "ought to have interested a fair spectator more deeply."

He then turned from Edith, and advancing towards the table at

which Claverhouse now placed himself, stood at a little distance, resting on his sheathed broadsword, a silent, but not an unconcerned, spectator of that which passed.

CHAPTER XIII.

O, my lord, beware of jealousy! *Othello.*

To explain the deep effect which the few broken passages of the conversation we have detailed made upon the unfortunate prisoner by whom they were overheard, it is necessary to say something of his previous state of mind, and of the origin of his acquaintance with Edith.

Henry Morton was one of those gifted characters, which possess a force of talent unsuspected by the owner himself. He had inherited from his father an undaunted courage, and a firm and uncompromising detestation of oppression, whether in politics or religion. But his enthusiasm was unsullied by fanatic zeal, and unleavened by the sourness of the puritanical spirit. From these his mind had been freed, partly by the active exertions of his own excellent understanding—partly by frequent and long visits at Major Bellenden's, where he had an opportunity of meeting with many guests whose conversation taught him, that goodness and worth were not limited to those of any single form of religious observance.

The base parsimony of his uncle had thrown many obstacles in the way of his education; but he had so far improved the opportunities which offered themselves, that his instructors as well as his friends were surprised at his progress under such disadvantages. Still, however, the current of his soul was frozen by a sense of dependence—of poverty—above all, of an imperfect and limited education. These feelings impressed him with a diffidence and reserve which effectually concealed from all but very intimate friends, the extent of talent and the firmness of character, which we have stated him to be possessed of. The circumstances of the times had added to this reserve an air of indecision and of indifference; for, being attached to neither of the factions which divided the kingdom, he passed for dull, insensible, and uninfluenced by the feeling of religion or of patriotism. No conclusion, however, could be more unjust; and the reasons of the neutrality which he had hitherto professed had root in very different and most praiseworthy motives. He had formed few congenial ties with those who were the objects of persecution, and was disgusted alike by their narrow-minded and selfish party-spirit, their gloomy fanaticism, their abhorrent condemnation of all elegant studies or innocent exercises, and the envenomed rancour of their political hatred. But his mind was still more revolted by the tyrannical and oppressive conduct of the Government—the misrule, license, and brutality of the soldiery—the executions on the scaffold, the slaughters in the open field, the free quarters and exactions imposed by military law, which placed the lives and fortunes of a free people on a level with Asiatic slaves. Condemning, therefore, each party as its ex-

cesses fell under his eyes, disgusted with the sight of evils which he had no means of alleviating, and hearing alternate complaints and exultations with which he could not sympathize, he would long ere this have left Scotland, had it not been for his attachment to Edith Bellenden.

The earlier meetings of these young people had been at Charnwood, when Major Bellenden, who was as free from suspicion on such occasions as Uncle Toby himself, had encouraged their keeping each other constant company, without entertaining any apprehension of the natural consequences. Love, as usual in such cases, borrowed the name of friendship, used her language, and claimed her privileges. When Edith Bellenden was recalled to her mother's castle, it was astonishing by what singular and recurring accidents she often met young Morton in her sequestered walks, especially considering the distance of their places of abode. Yet it somehow happened that she never expressed the surprise which the frequency of these rencontres ought naturally to have excited, and that their intercourse assumed gradually a more delicate character, and their meetings began to wear the air of appointments. Books, drawings, letters, were exchanged between them, and every trifling commission, given or executed, gave rise to a new correspondence. Love, indeed, was not yet mentioned between them by name, but each knew the situation of their own bosom, and could not but guess at that of the other. Unable to desist from an intercourse which possessed such charms for both, yet trembling for its too probable consequences, it had been continued without specific explanation until now, when fate appeared to have taken the conclusion into its own hands.

It followed, as a consequence of this state of things, as well as of the diffidence of Morton's disposition at this period, that his confidence in Edith's return of his affection had its occasional cold fits. Her situation was in every respect so superior to his own, her worth so eminent, her accomplishments so many, her face so beautiful, and her manners so bewitching, that he could not but entertain fears that some suitor more favoured than himself by fortune, and more acceptable to Edith's family than he durst hope to be, might step in between him and the object of his affections. Common rumour had raised up such a rival in Lord Evandale, whom birth, fortune, connexions, and political principles, as well as his frequent visits at Tillietudlem, and his attendance upon Lady Bellenden and her niece at all public places, naturally pointed out as a candidate for her favour. It frequently and inevitably happened, that engagements to which Lord Evandale was a party interfered with the meeting of the lovers, and Henry could not but mark that Edith either studiously avoided speaking of the young nobleman, or did so with obvious reserve and hesitation.

These symptoms, which in fact arose from the delicacy of her own feelings towards Morton himself, were misconstrued by his diffident temper, and the jealousy which they excited was fermented by the occasional observations of Jenny Dennison. This true-bred serving-damsel was, in her own person, a complete country coquette, and when she had no opportunity of teasing her own lovers, used to take

some occasional opportunity to torment her young lady's. This arose from no ill-will to Henry Morton, who, both on her mistress's account and his own handsome form and countenance, stood high in her esteem. But then Lord Evandale was also handsome; he was liberal far beyond what Morton's means could afford, and he was a lord, moreover; and if Miss Edith Bellenden should accept his hand, she would become a baron's lady, and, what was more, little Jenny Dennison, whom the awful housekeeper at Tillietudlem huffed about at her pleasure, would be then Mrs Dennison, Lady Evandale's own woman, or perhaps her ladyship's lady-in-waiting. The impartiality of Jenny Dennison, therefore, did not, like that of Mrs Quickly, extend to a wish that both the handsome suitors could wed her young lady; for it must be owned that the scale of her regard was depressed in favour of Lord Evandale, and her wishes in his favour took many shapes extremely tormenting to Morton—being now expressed as a friendly caution, now as an article of intelligence, and anon as a merry jest, but always tending to confirm the idea, that, sooner or later, his romantic intercourse with her young mistress must have a close, and that Edith Bellenden would, in spite of summer walks beneath the greenwood tree, exchange of verses, of drawings, and of books, end in becoming Lady Evandale.

These hints coincided so exactly with the very point of his own suspicions and fears, that Morton was not long of feeling that jealousy which every one has felt who has truly loved, but to which those are most liable whose love is crossed by the want of friends' consent, or some other envious impediment of fortune. Edith herself, unwittingly, and in the generosity of her own frank nature, contributed to the error into which her lover was in danger of falling. Their conversation once chanced to turn upon some late excesses committed by the soldiery on an occasion when it was said (inaccurately, however) that the party was commanded by Lord Evandale. Edith, as true in friendship as in love, was somewhat hurt at the severe strictures which escaped from Morton on this occasion, and which, perhaps, were not the less strongly expressed on account of their supposed rivalry. She entered into Lord Evandale's defence with such spirit as hurt Morton to the very soul, and afforded no small delight to Jenny Dennison, the usual companion of their walks. Edith perceived her error, and endeavoured to remedy it; but the impression was not so easily erased, and it had no small effect in inducing her lover to form that resolution of going abroad, which was disappointed in the manner we have already mentioned.

The visit which he received from Edith during his confinement, the deep and devoted interest which she had expressed in his fate, ought of themselves to have dispelled his suspicions; yet, ingenious in tormenting himself, even this he thought might be imputed to anxious friendship, or, at most, to a temporary partiality, which would probably soon give way to circumstances, the entreaties of her friends, the authority of Lady Margaret, and the assiduities of Lord Evandale.

"And to what do I owe it," he said, "that I cannot stand up like a man, and plead my interest in her ere I am thus cheated out of it?

—to what, but to the all-pervading and accursed tyranny which afflicts at once our bodies, souls, estates, and affections! And is it to one of the pensioned cut-throats of this oppressive Government that I must yield my pretensions to Edith Bellenden?—I will not, by Heaven!—It is a just punishment on me for being dead to public wrongs, that they have visited me with their injuries in a point where they can be least brooked or borne."

As these stormy resolutions boiled in his bosom, and while he ran over the various kinds of insult and injury which he had sustained in his own cause and in that of his country, Bothwell entered the tower, followed by two dragoons, one of whom carried handcuffs.

"You must follow me, young man," said he; "but first we must put you in trim."

"In trim!" said Morton. "What do you mean?"

"Why, we must put on these rough bracelets. I durst not—nay, d—n it, I *durst* do anything—but I *would* not, for three hours' plunder of a stormed town, bring a whig before my Colonel without his being ironed. Come, come, young man, don't look sulky about it."

He advanced to put on the irons; but, seizing the oaken-seat upon which he had rested, Morton threatened to dash out the brains of the first who should approach him.

"I could manage you in a moment, my youngster," said Bothwell, "but I had rather you would strike sail quietly."

Here indeed he spoke the truth, not from either fear or reluctance to adopt force, but because he dreaded the consequences of a noisy scuffle, through which it might probably be discovered that he had, contrary to express orders, suffered his prisoner to pass the night without being properly secured.

"You had better be prudent," he continued, in a tone which he meant to be conciliatory, "and don't spoil your own sport. They say here in the castle, that Lady Margaret's niece is immediately to marry our young Captain, Lord Evandale. I saw them close together in the hall yonder, and I heard her ask him to intercede for your pardon. She looked so devilish handsome and kind upon him, that on my soul——But what the devil's the matter with you?—You are as pale as a sheet—Will you have some brandy?"

"Miss Bellenden ask my life of Lord Evandale?" said the prisoner, faintly.

"Ay, ay; there's no friend like the women—their interest carries all in court and camp. Come, you are reasonable now—Ay, I thought you would come round."

Here he employed himself in putting on the fetters, against which Morton, thunderstruck by this intelligence, no longer offered the least resistance.

"My life begged of him, and by her!—Ay, ay—put on the irons—my limbs shall not refuse to bear what has entered into my very soul—My life begged by Edith, and begged of Evandale!"

"Ay, and he has power to grant it too," said Bothwell—"He can do more with the Colonel than any man in the regiment."

And as he spoke, he and his party led their prisoner towards the

hall. In passing behind the seat of Edith, the unfortunate prisoner heard enough, as he conceived, of the broken expressions which passed between Edith and Lord Evandale, to confirm all that the soldier had told him. That moment made a singular and instantaneous revolution in his character. The depth of despair to which his love and fortunes were reduced—the peril in which his life appeared to stand—the transference of Edith's affections, her intercession in his favour, which rendered her fickleness yet more galling—seemed to destroy every feeling for which he had hitherto lived, but at the same time awakened those which had hitherto been smothered by passions more gentle though more selfish. Desperate himself, he determined to support the rights of his country, insulted in his person. His character was for the moment as effectually changed as the appearance of a villa, which, from being the abode of domestic quiet and happiness, is, by the sudden intrusion of an armed force, converted into a formidable post of defence.

We have already said that he cast upon Edith one glance, in which reproach was mingled with sorrow, as if to bid her farewell for ever; his next motion was to walk firmly to the table at which Colonel Grahame was seated.

"By what right is it, sir," said he firmly, and without waiting till he was questioned—"by what right is it that these soldiers have dragged me from my family, and put fetters on the limbs of a free man?"

"By my commands," answered Claverhouse:—"and I now lay my commands on you to be silent and hear my questions."

"I will not," replied Morton, in a determined tone, while his boldness seemed to electrify all around him. "I will know whether I am in lawful custody, and before a civil magistrate, ere the charter of my country shall be forfeited in my person."

"A pretty springald this, upon my honour!" said Claverhouse.

"Are you mad?" said Major Bellenden to his young friend. "For God's sake, Henry Morton," he continued, in a tone between rebuke and entreaty, "remember you are speaking to one of his Majesty's officers high in the service."

"It is for that very reason, sir," returned Henry, firmly, "that I desire to know what right he has to detain me without a legal warrant. Were he a civil officer of the law, I should know my duty was submission."

"Your friend here," said Claverhouse to the veteran, coolly, "is one of those scrupulous gentlemen, who, like the madman in the play, will not tie his cravat without the warrant of Mr Justice Overdo; but I will let him see, before we part, that my shoulder-knot is as legal a badge of authority as the mace of the Justiciary.—So, waving this discussion, you will be pleased, young man, to tell me directly when you saw Balfour of Burley?"

"As I know no right you have to ask such a question," replied Morton, "I decline replying to it."

"You confessed to my sergeant," said Claverhouse, "that you saw and entertained him, knowing him to be an intercommuned traitor: why are you not so frank with me?"

"Because," replied the prisoner, "I presume you are, from education, taught to understand the rights upon which you seem disposed to trample; and I am willing you should be aware there are yet Scotsmen who can assert the liberties of Scotland."

"And these supposed rights you would vindicate with your sword, I presume?" said Colonel Grahame.

"Were I armed as you are, and we were alone upon a hill-side, you should not ask me the question twice."

"It is quite enough," answered Claverhouse calmly;—"your language corresponds with all I have heard of you;—but you are the son of a soldier, though a rebellious one, and you shall not die the death of a dog; I will save you that indignity."

"Die in what manner I may," replied Morton, "I will die like the son of a brave man; and the ignominy you mention shall remain with those who shed innocent blood."

"Make your peace then with heaven, in five minutes' space.—Bothwell, lead him down to the court-yard, and draw up your party."

The appalling nature of this conversation, and of its result, struck the silence of horror into all but the speakers. But now those who stood round broke forth into clamour and expostulation. Old Lady Margaret, who with all the prejudices of rank and party, had not laid aside the feelings of her sex, was loud in her intercession.

"O, Colonel Grahame," she exclaimed, "spare his young blood! Leave him to the law—do not repay my hospitality by shedding men's blood on the threshold of my doors!"

"Colonel Grahame," said Major Bellenden, "you must answer this violence. Don't think, though I am old and feckless, that my friend's son shall be murdered before my eyes with impunity. I can find friends that shall make you answer it."

"Be satisfied, Major Bellenden, I *will* answer it," replied Claverhouse, totally unmoved. "And you, madam, might spare me the pain of resisting this passionate intercession for a traitor, when you consider the noble blood your own house has lost by such as he is."

"Colonel Grahame," answered the lady, her aged frame trembling with anxiety, "I leave vengeance to God, who calls it his own. The shedding of this young man's blood will not call back the lives that were dear to me; and how can it comfort me to think that there has maybe been another widowed mother made childless, like mysell, by a deed done at my very door-stane!"

"This is stark madness," said Claverhouse—"I *must* do my duty to church and state. Here are a thousand villains hard by in open rebellion, and you ask me to pardon a young fanatic who is enough of himself to set a whole kingdom in a blaze! It cannot be—Remove him, Bothwell."

She who was most interested in this dreadful decision, had twice strove to speak, but her voice had totally failed her—her mind refused to suggest words, and her tongue to utter them. She now sprung up, and attempted to rush forward, but her strength gave way, and she would have fallen flat upon the pavement had she not been caught by her attendant—"Help!" cried Jenny—"Help, for God's sake! my young lady is dying."

At this exclamation, Evandale, who during the preceding part of the scene had stood motionless, leaning upon his sword, now stepped forward, and said to his commanding officer, "Colonel Grahame, before proceeding in this matter, will you speak a word with me in private?"

Claverhouse looked surprised, but instantly rose and withdrew with the young nobleman into a recess, where the following brief dialogue passed between them:—"I think I need not remind you, Colonel, that when our family interest was of service to you last year in that affair in the privy council, you considered yourself as laid under some obligation to us?"

"Certainly, my dear Evandale," answered Claverhouse;—"I am not a man who forgets such debts; you will delight me by showing how I can evince my gratitude."

"I will hold the debt cancelled," said Lord Evandale, "if you will spare this young man's life."

"Evandale," replied Grahame, in great surprise, "you are mad!—absolutely mad! What interest can you have in this young spawn of an old roundhead? His father was positively the most dangerous man in all Scotland—cool, resolute, soldierly, and inflexible in his cursed principles. His son seems his very model; you cannot conceive the mischief he may do. I know mankind, Evandale: were he an insignificant, fanatical, country booby, do you think I would have refused such a trifle as his life to Lady Margaret and this family? But this is a lad of fire, zeal, and education—and these knaves want but such a leader to direct their blind enthusiastic hardiness. I mention this, not as refusing your request, but to make you fully aware of the possible consequences. I will never evade a promise, or refuse to return an obligation—if you ask his life, he shall have it."

"Keep him close prisoner," answered Evandale, "but do not be surprised if I persist in requesting you will not put him to death. I have most urgent reasons for what I ask."

"Be it so, then," replied Grahame. "But, young man, should you wish in your future life to rise to eminence in the service of your king and country, let it be your first task to subject to the public interest, and to the discharge of your duty, your private passions, affections, and feelings. These are not times to sacrifice to the dotage of greybeards, or the tears of silly women, the measures of salutary severity which the dangers around compel us to adopt. And remember, that if I now yield this point, in compliance with your urgency, my present concession must exempt me from future solicitations of the same nature."

He then stepped forward to the table, and bent his eyes keenly on Morton, as if to observe what effect the pause of awful suspense between death and life, which seemed to freeze the bystanders with horror, would produce upon the prisoner himself. Morton maintained a degree of firmness, which nothing but a mind that had nothing left upon earth to love or to hope, could have supported at such a crisis.

"You see him?" said Claverhouse, in a half whisper to Lord Evandale; "he is tottering on the verge between time and eternity, a

situation more appalling than the most hideous certainty; yet his is the only cheek unblenched, the only eye that is calm, the only heart that keeps its usual time, the only nerves that are not quivering. Look at him well, Evandale—If that man shall ever come to head an army of rebels, you will have much to answer for on account of this morning's work." He then said aloud. "Young man, your life is for the present safe, through the intercession of your friends—Remove him, Bothwell, and let him be properly guarded, and brought along with the other prisoners."

"If my life," said Morton, stung with the idea that he owed his respite to the intercession of a favoured rival, "if my life be granted at Lord Evandale's request"——

"Take the prisoner away, Bothwell," said Colonel Grahame, interrupting him; "I have neither time to make nor to hear fine speeches."

Bothwell forced off Morton, saying, as he conducted him into the court-yard, "Have you three lives in your pocket, besides the one in your body, my lad, that you can afford to let your tongue run away with them at this rate? Come, come, I'll take care to keep you out of the Colonel's way; for, egad, you will not be five minutes with him before the next tree or the next ditch will be the word. So, come along to your companions in bondage."

Thus speaking, the sergeant, who, in his rude manner, did not altogether want sympathy for a gallant young man, hurried Morton down to the court-yard, where three other prisoners (two men and a woman), who had been taken by Lord Evandale, remained under an escort of dragoons.

Meantime, Claverhouse took his leave of Lady Margaret. But it was difficult for the good lady to forgive his neglect of her intercession.

"I have thought till now," she said, "that the tower of Tillietudlem might have been a place of succour to those that are ready to perish, even if they werena sae deserving as they should have been—But I see auld fruit has little savour—our suffering and our services have been of an ancient date."

"They are never to be forgotten by me, let me assure your ladyship," said Claverhouse. "Nothing but what seemed my sacred duty could make me hesitate to grant a favour requested by you and the Major. Come, my good lady, let me hear you say you have forgiven me, and as I return to-night, I will bring a drove of two hundred whigs with me, and pardon fifty head of them for your sake."

"I shall be happy to hear of your success, Colonel," said Major Bellenden; "but take an old soldier's advice, and spare blood when battle's over—and once more let me request to enter bail for young Morton."

"We will settle that when I return," said Claverhouse. "Meanwhile, be assured his life shall be safe."

During this conversation, Evandale looked anxiously around for Edith; but the precaution of Jenny Dennison had occasioned her mistress being transported to her own apartment.

Slowly and heavily he obeyed the impatient summons of Claverhouse, who, after taking a courteous leave of Lady Margaret and the

Major, had hastened to the court-yard. The prisoners with their guard were already on their march, and the officers with their escort mounted and followed. All pressed forward to overtake the main body, as it was supposed they would come in sight of the enemy in little more than two hours.

CHAPTER XIV.

> My hounds may a' rin masterless,
> My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
> My lord may grip my vassal lands,
> For there again maun I never be! *Old Ballad.*

We left Morton, along with three companions in captivity, travelling in the custody of a small body of soldiers, who formed the rear-guard of the column under the command of Claverhouse, and were immediately under the charge of Sergeant Bothwell. Their route lay towards the hills in which the insurgent presbyterians were reported to be in arms. They had not prosecuted their march a quarter of a mile ere Claverhouse and Evandale galloped past them, followed by their orderly-men, in order to take their proper places in the column which preceded them. No sooner were they past, than Bothwell halted the body which he commanded, and disencumbered Morton of his irons.

"King's blood must keep word," said the dragoon. "I promised you should be civilly treated as far as rested with me.—Here, Corporal Inglis, let this gentleman ride alongside of the other young fellow who is prisoner; and you may permit them to converse together at their pleasure, under their breath, but take care they are guarded by two files with loaded carabines. If they attempt an escape, blow their brains out—You cannot call that using you uncivilly," he continued, addressing himself to Morton; "it 's the rules of war, you know.—And, Inglis, couple up the parson and the old woman—they are fittest company for each other, d—n me! a single file may guard them well enough. If they speak a word of cant or fanatical nonsense, let them have a strapping with a shoulder-belt. There 's some hope of choking a silenced parson; if he is not allowed to hold forth, his own treason will burst him."

Having made this arrangement, Bothwell placed himself at the head of the party, and Inglis, with six dragoons, brought up the rear. The whole then set forward at a trot, with the purpose of overtaking the main body of the regiment.

Morton, overwhelmed with a complication of feelings, was totally indifferent to the various arrangements made for his secure custody, and even to the relief afforded him by his release from the fetters. He experienced that blank and waste of the heart which follows the hurricane of passion, and no longer supported by the pride and conscious rectitude which dictated his answers to Claverhouse, he surveyed with deep dejection the glades through which he travelled, each turning of which had something to remind him of past happiness and

disappointed love. The eminence which they now ascended was that from which he used first and last to behold the ancient tower when approaching or retiring from it;—and it is needless to add, that there he was wont to pause, and gaze with a lover's delight on the battlements, which, rising at a distance out of the lofty wood, indicated the dwelling of her whom he either hoped soon to meet or had recently parted from. Instinctively he turned his head back to take a last look of a scene formerly so dear to him, and no less instinctively he heaved a deep sigh. It was echoed by a loud groan from his companion in misfortune, whose eyes, moved, perchance, by similar reflections, had taken the same direction. This indication of sympathy on the part of the captive was uttered in a tone more coarse than sentimental; it was, however, the expression of a grieved spirit, and so far corresponded with the sigh of Morton. In turning their heads their eyes met, and Morton recognised the stolid countenance of Cuddie Headrigg, bearing a rueful expression, in which sorrow for his own lot was mixed with sympathy for the situation of his companion. "Hegh, sirs!" was the expression of the ci-devant ploughman of the mains of Tillietudlem—"it 's an unco thing that decent folk should be harled through the country this gate, as if they were a warld's wonder."

"I am sorry to see you here, Cuddie," said Morton, who, even in his own distress, did not lose feeling for that of others.

"And sae am I, Mr Henry," answered Cuddie, "baith for mysell and you; but neither of our sorrows will do muckle gude, that I can see. To be sure, for me," continued the captive agriculturist, relieving his heart by talking, though he well knew it was to little purpose—"to be sure, for my part, I hae nae right to be here ava', for I never did or said a word against either king or curate; but my mither, puir body, couldna haud the auld tongue o' her, and we maun baith pay for 't, it's like."

"Your mother is their prisoner likewise?" said Morton, hardly knowing what he said.

"In troth is she, riding ahint ye there like a bride, wi' that auld carle o' a minister that they ca' Gabriel Kettledrummle—Deil that he had been in the inside of a drum or a kettle either, for my share o' him! Ye see, we were nae sooner chased out o' the doors o' Milnwood, and your uncle and the housekeeper banging them to and barring them ahint us, as if we had had the plague on our bodies, than I says to my mother, What are we to do neist? for every hole and bore in the country will be steekit against us, now that ye hae affronted my auld leddy, and gar't the troopers tak up young Milnwood. Sae she says to him, Binna cast down, but gird yoursell up to the great task o' the day, and gie your testimony like a man upon the mount o' the Covenant."

"And so I suppose you went to a conventicle?" said Morton.

"Ye sall hear," continued Cuddie.—"Aweel, I kendna muckle better what to do, sae I e'en gaed wi' her to an auld daft carline like hersell, and we got some water-broo and bannocks; and mony a weary grace they said, and mony a psalm they sang, or they wad let me win to, for I was amaist famished wi' vexation. Aweel, they had

me up in the grey o' the morning, and I behoved to whig awa wi' them, reason or nane, to a great gathering o' their folk at the Mirysikes; and there this chield, Gabriel Kettledrummle, was blasting awa to them on the hill-side, about lifting up their testimony, nae doubt, and ganging doun to the battle of Roman Gilead, or some sic place. Eh, Mr Henry! but the carle gae them a screed o' doctrine! Ye might hae heard him a mile down the wind—he routed like a cow in a fremd loaning. Weel, thinks I, there 's nae place in this country they ca' Roman Gilead—it will be some gate in the west muirlands; and or we win there, I 'll see to slip awa wi' this mither o' mine, for I winna rin my neck into a tether for ony Kettledrummle in the country side.—Aweel," continued Cuddie, relieving himself by detailing his misfortunes, without being scrupulous concerning the degree of attention which his companion bestowed on his narrative, "just as I was wearying for the tail of the preaching, cam word that the dragoons were upon us. Some ran, and some cried, Stand! and some cried, Down wi' the Philistines! I was at my mither to get her awa sting and ling or the red-coats cam up, but I might as weel hae tried to drive our auld fore-a-hand ox without the goad—deil a stap wad she budge.—Weel, after a', the clengh we were in was strait, and the mist cam thick, and there was good hope the dragoons wad hae missed us if we could hae held our tongues; but, as if auld Kettledrummle himsell hadna made din enough to waken the very dead, they behoved a' to skirl up a psalm that ye wad hae heard as far as Laurick!—Aweel, to mak a lang tale short, up cam my young Lord Evandale, skelping as fast as his horse could trot, and twenty red-coats at his back. Twa or three chields wad needs fight, wi' the pistol and the whinger in the tae hand, and the Bible in the tother, and they get their crouns weel cloured; but there wasna muckle skaith dune, for Evandale aye cried to scatter us, but to spare life."

"And did you not resist?" said Morton, who probably felt, that at that moment he himself would have encountered Lord Evandale on much slighter grounds.

"Na, truly," answered Cuddie—"I keepit aye before the auld woman, and cried for mercy to life and limb: but twa o' the red-coats cam up, and ane o' them was gaun to strike my mither wi' the side o' his broadsword—So I got up my kebbie at them, and said I wad gie them as gude. Weel, they turned on me, and clinked at me wi' their swords, and I garr'd my hand keep my head as weel as I could till Lord Evandale came up, and then I cried out I was a servant at Tillietudlem—ye ken yoursell he was aye judged to hae a look after the young leddy—and he bade me fling down my kent, and sae me and my mither yielded oursells prisoners. I'm thinking we wad hae been letten slip awa, but Kettledrummle was taen near us—for Andrew Wilson's naig that he was riding on had been a dragooner lang syne, and the sairer Kettledrummle spurred to win awa, he readier the dour beast ran to the dragoons when he saw them draw up.—Aweel, when my mother and him forgathered, they set till the sodgers, and I think they gae them their kale through the reek! Bastarda o' the lure o' Babylon was the best words in their wame

Sae then the kiln was in a bleeze again, and they brought us a' three on wi' them to mak us an example, as they ca't."

"It is most infamous and intolerable oppression!" said Morton, half speaking to himself. "Here is a poor peaceable fellow, whose only motive for joining the conventicle was a sense of filial piety, and he is chained up like a thief or murderer, and likely to die the death of one, but without the privilege of a formal trial, which our laws indulge to the worst malefactor! Even to witness such tyranny, and still more to suffer under it, is enough to make the blood of the tamest slave boil within him."

"To be sure," said Cuddie, hearing, and partly understanding, what had broken from Morton in resentment of his injuries, "it is no right to speak evil o' dignities—my auld leddy aye said that, as nae doubt she had a gude right to do, being in a place o' dignity hersell; and troth I listened to her very patiently, for she aye ordered a dram, or a sowp kale, or something to us, after she had gien us a hearing on our duties. But deil a dram, or kale, or onything else—no sae muckle as a cup o' cauld water—do thae lords at Edinburgh gie us: and yet they are heading and hanging amang us, and trailing us after thae blackguard troopers, and taking our goods and gear as if we were outlaws. I canna say I tak it kind at their hands."

"It would be very strange if you did," answered Morton, with suppressed emotion.

"And what I like warst o' a'," continued poor Cuddie, "is thae ranting red-coats coming amang the lasses, and taking awa our joes. I had a sair heart o' my ain when I passed the Mains down at Tillietudlem this morning about parritch-time, and saw the reek comin' out at my ain lum-head, and ken'd there was some ither body than my auld mither sitting by the ingle-side. But I think my heart was e'en sairer, when I saw that hellicat trooper, Tam Halliday, kissing Jenny Dennison afore my face. I wonder women can hae the impudence to do sic things; but they are a' for the red-coats. Whiles I hae thought o' being a trooper mysell, when I thought naething else wad gae down wi' Jenny—and yet I'll no blame her ower muckle neither, for maybe it was a' for my sake that she loot Tam touzle her tap-knots that gate."

"For your sake?" said Morton, unable to refrain from taking some interest in a story which seemed to bear a singular coincidence with his own.

"E'en sae, Milnwood," replied Cuddie: "for the puir queau gat leave to come near me wi' speaking the loon fair (d—n him, that I suld say sae!), and sae she bade me God speed, and she wanted to stap siller into my hand;—I'se warrant it was the tae half o' her fee and bountith, for she wared the ither half on pinners and pearlings to gang to see us shoot yon day at the popinjay."

"And did you take it, Cuddie?" said Morton.

"Troth did I no, Milnwood; I was sic a fule as to fling it back to her—my heart was ower grit to be behadden to her, when I had seen that loon slavering and kissing at her. But I was a great fule for my pains; it wad hae dune my mither and me some gude, and she'll ware't a' on duds and nonsense."

There was here a deep and long pause. Cuddie was probably engaged in regretting the rejection of his mistress's bounty, and Henry Morton in considering from what motives, or upon what conditions, Miss Bellenden had succeeded in procuring the interference of Lord Evandale in his favour.

Was it not possible, suggested his awakening hopes, that he had construed her influence over Lord Evandale hastily and unjustly? Ought he to censure her severely, if, submitting to dissimulation for his sake, she had permitted the young nobleman to entertain hopes which she had no intention to realize? Or what if she had appealed to the generosity which Lord Evandale was supposed to possess, and had engaged his honour to protect the person of a favoured rival?

Still, however, the words which he had overheard recurred ever and anon to his remembrance, with a pang which resembled the sting of an adder.

"Nothing that she could refuse him!—was it possible to make a more unlimited declaration of predilection? The language of affection has not, within the limits of maidenly delicacy, a stronger expression. She is lost to me wholly, and for ever; and nothing remains for me now, but vengeance for my own wrongs, and for those which are hourly inflicted on my country."

Apparently, Cuddie, though with less refinement, was following out a similar train of ideas; for he suddenly asked Morton, in a low whisper—"Wad there be ony ill in getting out o' thae chields' hands an ane could compass it?"

"None in the world," said Morton; "and if an opportunity occurs of doing so, depend on it I for one will not let it slip."

"I'm blythe to hear ye say sae," answered Cuddie. "I'm but a puir silly fallow, but I canna think there wad be muckle ill in breaking out by strength o' hand, if you could mak it onything feasible. I am the lad that will ne'er fear to lay on, if it were come to that; but our auld leddy wad hae ca'd that a resisting o' the king's authority."

"I will resist any authority on earth," said Morton, "that invades tyrannically my chartered rights as a freeman; and I am determined I will not be unjustly dragged to a jail, or perhaps a gibbet, if I can possibly make my escape from these men either by address or force."

"Weel, that's just my mind too, aye supposing we hae a feasible opportunity o' breaking loose. But then ye speak o' a charter; now these are things that only belang to the like o' you that are a gentleman, and it mightna bear me through, that am but a husbandman."

"The charter that I speak of," said Morton, "is common to the meanest Scotchman. It is that freedom from stripes and bondage which was claimed, as you may read in Scripture, by the Apostle Paul himself, and which every man who is free-born is called upon to defend, for his own sake and that of his countrymen."

"Hegh, sirs!" replied Cuddie, "it wad hae been lang or my Leddy Margaret, or my mither either, wad hae fund out sic a wiselike doctrine in the Bible! The tane was aye graning about giving tribute to Cæsar, and the tither is as daft wi' her whiggery. I hae been clean spoilt, just wi' listening to twa blethering auld wives; but if I

could get a gentleman that would let me tak on to be his servant, I am confident I wad be a clean contrary creature; and I hope your honour will think on what I am saying, if ye were ance fairly delivered out o' this house of bondage, and just take me to be your ain wally-de-shamble."

"My valet, Cuddie?" answered Morton—"alas! that would be sorry preferment, even if we were at liberty."

"I ken what ye're thinking—that because I am landward-bred, I wad be bringing ye to disgrace afore folk. But ye maun ken I'm gey gleg at the uptak; there was never onything dune wi' hand but I learned gey readily, 'septing reading, writing, and ciphering; but there's no the like o' me at the fit-ba', and I can play wi' the broadsword as weel as Corporal Inglis there. I hae broken his head or now, for as massy as he's riding ahint us.—And then ye'll no be gaun to stay in this country?"—said he, stopping and interrupting himself.

"Probably not," replied Morton.

"Weel, I carena a boddle. Ye see I wad get my mither bestowed wi' her auld graning tittie, auntie Meg, in the Gallowgate o' Glasgow, and then I trust they wad neither burn her for a witch, or let her fail for fau't o' fude, or hang her up for an auld whig wife; for the provost, they say, is very regardfu' o' sic puir bodies. And then you and me wad gang and pouss our fortunes, like the folk i' the daft auld tales about Jock the Giantkiller and Valentine and Orson; and we wad come back to merry Scotland, as the sang says, and I wad tak to the stilts again, and turn sic furs on the bonny rigs o' Milnwood holms, that it wad be worth a pint but to look at them."

"I fear," said Morton, "there is very little chance, my good friend Cuddie, of our getting back to our old occupation."

"Hout, stir—hout, stir," replied Cuddie, "it's aye gude to keep up a hardy heart—as broken a ship's come to land. But what's that I hear?—never stir, if my auld mither isna at the preaching again! I ken the sough o' her texts, that sound just like the wind blawing through the spence; and there's Kettledrummle setting to wark, too—Lordsake, if the sodgers anes get angry, they'll murder them baith, and us for company!"

Their farther conversation was in fact interrupted by a blatant noise which rose behind them, in which the voice of the preacher emitted, in unison with that of the old woman, tones like the grumble of a bassoon, combined with the screaking of a cracked fiddle. At first the aged pair of sufferers had been contented to condole with each other in smothered expressions of complaint and indignation; but the sense of their injuries became more pungently aggravated as they communicated with each other, and they became at length unable to suppress their ire.

"Woe! woe! and a threefold woe unto you, ye bloody and violent persecutors!" exclaimed the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle—"Woe! and threefold woe unto you, even to the breaking of seals, the blowing of trumpets, and the pouring forth of vials!"

"Ay—ay—a black cast to a' their ill-faur'd faces, and the outside o' the loof to them at the last day!" echoed the shrill counter-tenor of Mause, falling in like the second part of a catch.

"I tell you," continued the divine, "that your rankings and your ridings—your neighings and your prancings—your bloody, barbarous, and inhuman cruelties—your benumbing, deadening, and debauching the conscience of poor creatures by oaths, soul damning and self-contradictory, have arisen from earth to heaven like a foul and hideous outcry of perjury for hastening the wrath to come—hugh! hugh! hugh!"

"And I say," cried Mause, in the same tune, and nearly at the same time, "that wi' this auld breath o' mine, and it's sair taen down wi' the asthmatics and this rough trot"——

"Deil gin they would gallop," said Cuddie, "wad it but gar her haud her tongue!"

"—Wi' this auld and brief breath," continued Mause, "will I testify against the backslidings, defections, defalcations, and declinings of the land—against the grievances and the causes of wrath!"

"Peace, I pr'ythee—Peace, good woman," said the preacher, who had just recovered from a violent fit of coughing, and found his own anathema borne down by Mause's better wind: "peace, and take not the word out of the mouth of a servant of the altar.—I say, I uplift my voice and tell you, that before the play is played out— ay, before this very sun goes down, ye sall learn that neither a desperate Judas, like your prelate Sharpe that's gane to his place; nor a sanctuary-breaking Holofernes, like bloody-minded Claverhouse; nor an ambitious Diotrephes, like the lad Evandale; nor a covetous and warld-following Demas, like him they ca' Sergeant Bothwell, that makes every wife's plack and her meal-ark his ain; neither your carabines, nor your pistols, nor your broadswords, nor your horses, nor your saddles, bridles, surcingles, nose-bags, nor martingales, shall resist the arrows that are whetted and the bow that is bent against you!"

"That shall they never, I trow," echoed Mause. "Castaways are they ilk ane o' them—besoms of destruction, fit only to be flung into the fire when they have sweepit the filth out o' the Temple—whips of small cord, knotted for the chastisement of those wha like their warldly gudes and gear better than the Cross or the Covenant, but when that wark's done, only meet to mak latches to the deil's brogues."

"Fiend hae me," said Cuddie, addressing himself to Morton, "if I dinna think our mither preaches as weel as the minister! But it's a sair pity o' his hoast, for it ayc comes on just when he's at the best o't, and that lang routing he made air this morning is sair again him too—Deil an I care if he wad roar her dumb, and then he would hae't a' to answer for himsell. It's lucky the road's rough, and the troopers are no taking muckle tent to what they say, wi' the rattling o' the horses' feet; but an we were anes on saft grund, we'll hear news o' a' this."

Cuddie's conjectures were but too true. The words of the prisoners had not been much attended to while drowned by the clang of horses' hoofs on a rough and stony road; but they now entered upon the moorlands, where the testimony of the two zealous captives lacked this saving accompaniment. And accordingly, no sooner had their steeds begun to tread heath and green sward, and Gabriel Kettle-

drummle had again raised his voice with, "Also I uplift my voice like that of a pelican in the wilderness"——

"And I mine," had issued from Mause, "like a sparrow on the house-tops"——

When "Hollo, ho!" cried the corporal from the rear; "rein up your tongues, the devil blister them, or I'll clap a martingale on them."

"I will not peace at the commands of the profane," said Gabriel.

"Nor I neither," said Mause, "for the bidding of no earthly potsherd, though it be painted as red as a brick from the Tower of Babel, and ca' itsell a corporal."

"Halliday," cried the corporal, "hast got never a gag about thee, man?—We must stop their mouths before they talk us all dead."

Ere any answer could be made, or any measure taken in consequence of the corporal's motion, a dragoon galloped towards Sergeant Bothwell, who was considerably a-head of the party he commanded. On hearing the orders which he brought, Bothwell instantly rode back to the head of his party, ordered them to close their files, to mend their pace, and to move with silence and precaution, as they would soon be in presence of the enemy.

CHAPTER XV.

Quantum in nobis, we've thought good
To save the expense of Christian blood,
And try if we, by mediation
Of treaty, and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
This bloody duel without blows. BUTLER.

THE increased pace of the party of horsemen soon took away from their zealous captives the breath, if not the inclination, necessary for holding forth. They had now for more than a mile got free of the woodlands, whose broken glades had, for some time, accompanied them after they had left the woods of Tillietudlem. A few birches and oaks still feathered the narrow ravines, or occupied in dwarf-clusters the hollow plains of the moor. But these were gradually disappearing, and a wide and waste country lay before them, swelling into bare hills of dark heath, intersected by deep gullies; being the passages by which torrents forced their course in winter, and during summer the disproportioned channels for diminutive rivulets that winded their puny way among heaps of stones and gravel, the effects and tokens of their winter fury:—like so many spendthrifts dwindled down by the consequences of former excesses and extravagance.—This desolate region seemed to extend farther than the eye could reach, without grandeur, without even the dignity of mountain wildness, yet striking, from the huge proportion which it seemed to bear to such more favoured spots of the country as were adapted to cultivation, and fitted for the support of man; and thereby impressing irresistibly the mind of the spectator with a sense of the omnipotence of nature, and the comparative inefficacy of the boasted

means of amelioration which man is capable of opposing to the disadvantages of climate and soil.

It is a remarkable effect of such extensive wastes, that they impose an idea of solitude even upon those who travel through them in considerable numbers; so much is the imagination affected by the disproportion between the desert around and the party who are traversing it. Thus the members of a caravan of a thousand souls may feel, in the deserts of Africa or Arabia, a sense of loneliness unknown to the individual traveller whose solitary course is through a thriving and cultivated country.

It was not, therefore, without a peculiar feeling of emotion, that Morton beheld, at the distance of about half a mile, the body of the cavalry to which his escort belonged, creeping up a steep and winding path which ascended from the more level moor into the hills. Their numbers, which appeared formidable when they crowded through narrow roads, and seemed multiplied by appearing partially, and at different points, among the trees, were now apparently diminished by being exposed at once to view, and in a landscape whose extent bore such immense proportion to the columns of horses and men, which, showing more like a drove of black cattle than a body of soldiers, crawled slowly along the face of the hill, their force and their numbers seeming trifling and contemptible.

"Surely," said Morton to himself, "a handful of resolute men may defend any defile in these mountains against such a small force as this is, provided that their bravery is equal to their enthusiasm."

While he made these reflections, the rapid movement of the horsemen who guarded him, soon traversed the space which divided them from their companions; and ere the front of Claverhouse's column had gained the brow of the hill which they had been seen ascending, Bothwell, with his rear-guard and prisoners, had united himself, or nearly so, with the main body led by his commander. The extreme difficulty of the road, which was in some places steep, and in others boggy, retarded the progress of the column, especially in the rear; for the passage of the main body, in many instances, poached up the swamps through which they passed, and rendered them so deep, that the last of their followers were forced to leave the beaten path, and find safer passage where they could.

On these occasions, the distresses of the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle and of Mause Headrigg, were considerably augmented, as the brutal troopers, by whom they were guarded, compelled them, at all risks which such inexperienced riders were likely to incur, to leap their horses over drains and gullies, or to push them through morasses and swamps.

"Through the help of the Lord I have luppen ower a wall," cried poor Mause, as her horse was, by her rude attendants, brought up to leap the turf enclosure of a deserted fold, in which feat her curch flew off, leaving her grey hairs uncovered.

"I am sunk in deep mire where there is no standing—I am come into deep waters where the floods overflow me," exclaimed Kettledrummle, as the charger on which he was mounted plunged up to the saddle-girths in a *well-head*, as the springs are called which

supply the marshes, the sable streams beneath spouting over the face and person of the captive preacher.

These exclamations excited shouts of laughter among their military attendants; but events soon occurred, which rendered them all sufficiently serious.

The leading files of the regiment had nearly attained the brow of the steep hill we have mentioned, when two or three horsemen, speedily discovered to be a part of their own advanced guard who had acted as a patrol, appeared returning at full gallop, their horses much blown, and the men apparently in a disordered flight. They were followed upon the spur by five or six riders, well armed with sword and pistol, who halted upon the top of the hill on observing the approach of the Life-Guards. One or two who had carabines, dismounted, and taking a leisurely and deliberate aim at the foremost rank of the regiment, discharged their pieces, by which two troopers were wounded, one severely. They then mounted their horses, and disappeared over the ridge of the hill, retreating with so much coolness as evidently shewed, that, on the one hand, they were undismayed by the approach of so considerable a force as was moving against them, and conscious, on the other, that they were supported by numbers sufficient for their protection. This incident occasioned a halt through the whole body of cavalry; and while Claverhouse himself received the report of his advanced guard, which had been thus driven back upon the main body, Lord Evandale advanced to the top of the ridge over which the enemy's horsemen had retired, and Major Allan, Cornet Grahame, and the other officers employed themselves in extricating the regiment from the broken ground, and drawing them up on the side of the hill in two lines, the one to support the other.

The word was then given to advance; and in a few minutes the first line stood on the brow, and commanded the prospect on the other side. The second line closed upon them, and also the rear-guard with the prisoners; so that Morton and his companions in captivity could in like manner see the form of opposition which was now offered to the farther progress of their captors.

The brow of the hill, on which the royal Life-Guards were now drawn up, sloped downwards (on the side opposite to that which they had ascended) with a gentle declivity, for more than a quarter of a mile, and presented ground, which, though unequal in some places, was not altogether unfavourable for the manœuvres of cavalry, until near the bottom, when the slope terminated in a marshy level, traversed through its whole length by what seemed either a natural gully, or a deep artificial drain, the sides of which were broken by springs, trenches filled with water, out of which peats and turf had been dug, and here and there by some straggling thickets of alders, which loved the moistness so well, that they continued to live as bushes, although too much dwarfed by the sour soil and the stagnant bog-water to ascend into trees. Beyond this ditch or gully, the ground arose into a second heathy swell, or rather hill, near to the foot of which, and as if with the object of defending the broken ground and ditch that covered their front, the body of

insurgents appeared to be drawn up with the purpose of abiding battle.

Their infantry was divided into three lines. The first, tolerably provided with fire-arms, were advanced almost close to the verge of the bog, so that their fire must necessarily annoy the royal cavalry as they descended the opposite hill (the whole front of which was exposed), and would probably be yet more fatal if they attempted to cross the morass. Behind this first line was a body of pikemen, designed for their support in case the dragoons should force the passage of the marsh. In their rear was their third line, consisting of countrymen armed with scythes set straight on poles, hay-forks, spits, clubs, goads, fish-spears, and such other rustic implements as hasty resentment had converted into instruments of war. On each flank of the infantry, but a little backward from the bog, as if to allow themselves dry and sound ground whereon to act in case their enemies should force the pass, there was drawn up a small body of cavalry, who were, in general, but indifferently armed and worse mounted, but full of zeal for the cause, being chiefly either landholders of small property, or farmers of the better class, whose means enabled them to serve on horseback. A few of those who had been engaged in driving back the advanced guard of the royalists, might now be seen returning slowly towards their own squadrons. These were the only individuals of the insurgent army which seemed to be in motion. All the others stood firm and motionless, as the grey stones that lay scattered on the heath around them.

The total number of the insurgents might amount to about a thousand men; but of these there were scarce a hundred cavalry, nor were the half of them even tolerably armed. The strength of their position, however—the sense of their having taken a desperate step—the superiority of their numbers,—but, above all, the ardour of their enthusiasm, were the means on which their leaders reckoned for supplying the want of arms, equipage, and military discipline.

On the side of the hill that rose above the array of battle which they had adopted, were seen the women, and even the children, whom zeal, opposed to persecution, had driven into the wilderness. They seemed stationed there to be spectators of the engagement, by which their own fate, as well as that of their parents, husbands, and sons, was to be decided. Like the females of the ancient German tribes, the shrill cries which they raised, when they beheld the glittering ranks of their enemy appear on the brow of the opposing eminence, acted as an incentive to their relatives to fight to the last in defence of that which was dearest to them. Such exhortations seemed to have their full and emphatic effect; for a wild halloo, which went from rank to rank on the appearance of the soldiers, intimated the resolution of the insurgents to fight to the uttermost.

As the horsemen halted their lines on the ridge of the hill, their trumpets and kettle-drums sounded a bold and warlike flourish of menace and defiance, that rang along the waste like the shrill summons of a destroying angel. The wanderers, in answer, united their voices, and sent forth, in solemn modulation, the two first verses of

the seventy-sixth Psalm, according to the metrical version of the Scottish Kirk:

"In Judah's land God is well known,
His name's in Israel great:
In Salem is his tabernacle,
In Zion is his seat.

"There arrows of the bow he brake,
The shield, the sword, the war.
More glorious thou than hills of prey,
More excellent art far."

A shout, or rather a solemn acclamation, attended the close of the stanza; and after a dead pause, the second verse was resumed by the insurgents, who applied the destruction of the Assyrians as prophetical of the issue of their own impending contest:

"Those that were stout of heart are spoil'd,
They slept their sleep outright;
And none of those their hands did find,
That were the men of might.

"When thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Had forth against them past,
Their horses and their chariots both
Were in a deep sleep cast."

There was another acclamation, which was followed by the most profound silence.

While these solemn sounds, accented by a thousand voices, were prolonged amongst the waste hills, Claverhouse looked with great attention on the ground, and on the order of battle which the wanderers had adopted, and in which they determined to await the assault.

"The churls," he said, "must have some old soldiers with them;—it was no rustic that made choice of that ground."

"Burley is said to be with them for certain," answered Lord Evandale, "and also Hackston of Rathillet, Paton of Meadowhead, Cleland, and some other men of military skill."

"I judged as much," said Claverhouse, "from the style in which these detatched horsemen leapt their horses over the ditch, as they returned to their position. It was easy to see that there were a few roundheaded troopers amongst them, the true spawn of the old Covenant. We must manage this matter warily as well as boldly. Evandale, let the officers come to this knoll."

He moved to a small moss-grown cairn, probably the resting-place of some Celtic chief of other times, and the call of "Officers to the front," soon brought them around their commander.

"I do not call you around me, gentlemen," said Claverhouse, "in the formal capacity of a council of war, for I will never turn over on others the responsibility which my rank imposes on myself. I only want the benefit of your opinions, reserving to myself, as most men do when they ask advice, the liberty of following my own.—What say you, Cornet Grahame? Shall we attack these fellows who are bel-

lowing yonder? You are youngest and hottest, and therefore will speak first whether I will or no."

"Then," said Cornet Grahame, "while I have the honour to carry the standard of the Life-Guards, it shall never, with my will, retreat before rebels. I say, charge, in God's name and the King's!"

"And what say you, Allan?" continued Claverhouse, "for Evandale is so modest, we shall never get him to speak till you have said what you have to say."

"These fellows," said Major Allan, an old cavalier officer of experience, "are three or four to one—I should not mind that much upon a fair field, but they are posted in a very formidable strength, and shew no inclination to quit it. I therefore think, with deference to Cornet Grahame's opinion, that we should draw back to Tillietudlem, occupy the pass between the hills and the open country, and send for reinforcements to my Lord Ross, who is lying at Glasgow with a regiment of infantry. In this way we should cut them off from the Strath of Clyde, and either compel them to come out of their stronghold, and give us battle on fair terms, or, if they remain here, we will attack them so soon as our infantry has joined us, and enabled us to act with effect among these ditches, bogs, and quagmires."

"Pshaw!" said the young Cornet, "what signifies strong ground, when it is only held by a crew of canting, psalm-singing old women?"

"A man may fight never the worse," retorted Major Allan, "for honouring both his Bible and Psalter. These fellows will prove as stubborn as steel; I know them of old."

"Their nasal psalmody," said the Cornet, "reminds our Major of the race of Dunbar."

"Had you been at that race, young man," retorted Allan, "you would have wanted nothing to remind you of it for the longest day you have to live."

"Hush! hush, gentlemen!" said Claverhouse—"these are untimely repartees.—I should like your advice well, Major Allan, had our rascally patrols (whom I will see duly punished) brought us timely notice of the enemy's numbers and position. But having once presented ourselves before them in line, the retreat of the Life-Guards would argue gross timidity, and be the general signal for insurrection throughout the West. In which case, so far from obtaining any assistance from my Lord Ross, I promise you I should have great apprehensions of his being cut off before we can join him, or he us. A retreat would have quite the same fatal effect upon the King's cause as the loss of a battle—and as to the difference of risk or of safety it might make with respect to ourselves, that, I am sure, no gentleman thinks a moment about. There must be some gorges or passes in the morass through which we can force our way; and were we once on firm ground, I trust there is no man in the Life-Guards who supposes our squadrons, though so weak in numbers, are unable to trample into dust twice the number of these unpractised clowns.—What say you, my Lord Evandale?"

"I humbly think," said Lord Evandale, "that go the day how it will, it must be a bloody one; and that we shall lose many brave fellows, and probably be obliged to slaughter a great number of these mis-

guided men, who, after all, are Scotchmen and subjects of King Charles as well as we are."

"Rebels! rebels! and undeserving the name either of Scotchmen or of subjects!" said Claverhouse. "But come, my lord, what does your opinion point at?"

"To enter into a treaty with these ignorant and misled men," said the young nobleman.

"A treaty! and with rebels having arms in their hands? Never while I live!" answered his commander.

"At least send a trumpet and flag of truce, summoning them to lay down their weapons and disperse," said Lord Evandale, "upon promise of a free pardon—I have always heard, that had that been done before the battle of Pentland hills, much blood might have been saved."

"Well," said Claverhouse, "and who the devil do you think would carry a summons to these headstrong and desperate fanatics? They acknowledge no laws of war. Their leaders, who have been all most active in the murder of the Archbishop of St Andrews, fight with a rope round their necks, and are likely to kill the messenger, were it but to dip their followers in loyal blood, and to make them as desperate of pardon as themselves."

"I will go myself," said Evandale, "if you will permit me. I have often risked my blood to spill that of others—let me do so now in order to save human lives."

"You shall not go on such an errand, my lord," said Claverhouse; "your rank and situation render your safety of too much consequence to the country in an age when good principles are so rare. Here's my brother's son, Dick Grahame, who fears shot or steel as little as if the devil had given him armour of proof against it, as the fanatics say he has given to his uncle.(12) He shall take a flag of truce and a trumpet, and ride down to the edge of the morass to summon them to lay down their arms and disperse."

"With all my soul, Colonel," answered the Cornet; "and I'll tie my cravat on a pike to serve for a white flag—the rascals never saw such a pennon of Flanders lace in their lives before."

"Colonel Grahame," said Evandale, while the young officer prepared for his expedition, "this young gentleman is your nephew and your apparent heir; for God's sake, permit me to go—it was my counsel, and I ought to stand the risk."

"Were he my only son," said Claverhouse, "this is no cause and no time to spare him. I hope my private affections will never interfere with my public duty. If Dick Grahame falls, the loss is chiefly mine; were your lordship to die, the King and country would be the sufferers.—Come, gentlemen, each to his post. If our summons is unfavourably received, we will instantly attack; and, as the old Scottish blazon has it, God shaw the right!"

CHAPTER XVI

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang. *Hudibras.*

Cornet Richard Grahame descended the hill, bearing in his hand the extempore flag of truce, and making his managed horse keep time by bounds and curvets to the tune which he whistled. The trumpeter followed. Five or six horsemen, having something the appearance of officers, detached themselves from each flank of the Presbyterian army, and, meeting in the centre, approached the ditch which divided the hollow as near as the morass would permit. Towards this group, but keeping the opposite side of the swamp, Cornet Grahame directed his horse, his motions being now the conspicuous object of attention to both armies: and, without disparagement to the courage of either, it is probable there was a general wish on both sides that this embassy might save the risks and bloodshed of the impending conflict.

When he had arrived right opposite to those who, by their advancing to receive his message, seemed to take upon themselves as the leaders of the enemy, Cornet Grahame commanded his trumpeter to sound a parley. The insurgents having no instrument of martial music wherewith to make the appropriate reply, one of their number called out with a loud, strong voice, demanding to know why he approached their leaguer.

"To summon you in the King's name, and in that of Colonel John Grahame of Claverhouse, specially commissioned by the right honourable Privy Council of Scotland," answered the Cornet, "to lay down your arms, and dismiss the followers whom ye have led into rebellion, contrary to the laws of God, of the King, and of the country."

"Return to them that sent thee," said the insurgent leader, "and tell them that we are this day in arms for a broken Covenant and a persecuted Kirk; tell them that we renounce the licentious and perjured Charles Stuart, whom you call king, even as he renounced the Covenant, after having once and again sworn to prosecute to the utmost of his power all the ends thereof, really, constantly, and sincerely, all the days of his life, having no enemies but the enemies of the Covenant, and no friends but its friends. Whereas, far from keeping the oath he had called God and angels to witness, his first step, after his incoming into these kingdoms, was the fearful grasping at the prerogative of the Almighty, by that hideous Act of Supremacy, together with his expulsing, without summons, libel, or process of law, hundreds of famous faithful preachers, thereby wringing the bread of life out of the mouth of hungry, poor creatures, and forcibly cramming their throats with the lifeless, saltless, foiseless, lukewarm drammock of the fourteen false prelates, and their sycophantic, formal, carnal, scandalous creature-curates."

"I did not come to hear you preach," answered the officer, "but to know, in one word, if you will disperse yourselves, on condition of a free pardon to all but the murderers of the late Archbishop of St

Andrews; or whether you will abide the attack of his Majesty's forces, which will instantly advance upon you."

"In one word, then," answered the spokesman, "we are here with our swords on our thighs, as men that watch in the night. We will take one part and portion together, as brethren in righteousness. Whosoever assails us in our good cause, his blood be on his own head. So return to them that sent thee, and God give them and thee a sight of the evil of your ways!"

"Is not your name," said the Cornet, who began to recollect having seen the person whom he was now speaking with, "John Balfour of Burley?"

"And if it be," said the spokesman, "hast thou aught to say against it?"

"Only," said the Cornet, "that as you are excluded from pardon in the name of the King and of my commanding-officer, it is to these country people, and not to you, that I offer it; and it is not with you, or such as you, that I am sent to treat."

"Thou art a young soldier, friend," said Burley, "and scant well learned in thy trade, or thou wouldst know that the bearer of a flag of truce cannot treat with the army but through their officers; and that if he presume to do otherwise, he forfeits his safe-conduct."

While speaking these words, Burley unslung his carabine, and held it in readiness.

"I am not to be intimidated from the discharge of my duty by the menaces of a murderer," said Cornet Grahame.—"Hear me, good people!—I proclaim, in the name of the King and of my commanding officer, full and free pardon to all, excepting"——

"I give thee fair warning," said Burley, presenting his piece.

"A free pardon to all," continued the young officer, still addressing the body of the insurgents—"to all but"——

"Then the Lord grant grace to thy soul—amen!" said Burley.

With these words he fired, and Cornet Richard Grahame dropped from his horse. The shot was mortal. The unfortunate young gentleman had only strength to turn himself on the ground and mutter forth, "My poor mother!" when life forsook him in the effort. His startled horse fled back to the regiment at the gallop, as did his scarce less affrighted attendant.

"What have you done?" said one of Balfour's brother officers.

"My duty," said Balfour, firmly. "Is it not written, Thou shalt be zealous even to slaying?—Let those who dare, now venture to speak of truce or pardon!" (12)

Claverhouse saw his nephew fall. He turned his eye on Evandale, while a transitory glance of indescribable emotion disturbed, for a second's space, the serenity of his features, and briefly said, "You see the event."

"I will avenge him, or die!" exclaimed Evandale; and, putting his horse into motion, rode furiously down the hill, followed by his own troop, and that of the deceased Cornet, which broke down without orders; and, each striving to be the foremost to revenge their young officer, their ranks soon fell into confusion. These forces formed the first line of the royalists. It was in vain that Claverhouse

exclaimed, "Halt! halt! this rashness will undo us." It was all that he could accomplish, by galloping along the second line, entreating, commanding, and even menacing the men with his sword, that he could restrain them from following an example so contagious.

"Allan," he said, as soon as he had rendered the men in some degree more steady, "lead them slowly down the hill to support Lord Evandale, who is about to need it very much.—Bothwell, thou art a cool and a daring fellow"——

"Ay," muttered Bothwell, "you can remember that in a moment like this."

"Lead ten file up the hollow to the right," continued his commanding-officer, "and try every means to get through the bog; then form and charge the rebels in flank and rear, while they are engaged with us in front."

Bothwell made a signal of intelligence and obedience, and moved off with his party at a rapid pace.

Meantime, the disaster which Claverhouse had apprehended did not fail to take place. The troopers, who, with Lord Evandale, had rushed down upon the enemy, soon found their disorderly career interrupted by the impracticable character of the ground. Some stuck fast in the morass as they attempted to struggle through, some recoiled from the attempt and remained on the brink, others dispersed to seek a more favourable place to pass the swamp. In the midst of this confusion, the first line of the enemy, of which the foremost rank knelt, the second stooped, and the third stood upright, poured in a close and destructive fire that emptied at least a score of saddles, and increased tenfold the disorder into which the horsemen had fallen. Lord Evandale, in the meantime, at the head of a very few well-mounted men, had been able to clear the ditch, but was no sooner across than he was charged by the left body of the enemy's cavalry, who, encouraged by the small number of opponents that had made their way through the broken ground, set upon them with the utmost fury, crying, "Woe, woe to the uncircumcised Philistines! down with Dagon and all his adherents!"

The young nobleman fought like a lion; but most of his followers were killed, and he himself could not have escaped the same fate but for a heavy fire of carabines, which Claverhouse, who had now advanced with the second line near to the ditch, poured so effectually upon the enemy, that both horse and foot for a moment began to shrink, and Lord Evandale, disengaged from his unequal combat, and finding himself nearly alone, took the opportunity to effect his retreat through the morass. But notwithstanding the loss they had sustained by Claverhouse's first fire, the insurgents became soon aware that the advantage of numbers and of position were so decidedly theirs, that, if they could but persist in making a brief but resolute defence, the Life-Guards must necessarily be defeated. Their leaders flew through their ranks, exhorting them to stand firm, and pointing out how efficacious their fire must be where both men and horse were exposed to it; for the troopers, according to custom, fired without having dismounted. Claverhouse, more than once, when he perceived his best men dropping by a fire which they

could not effectually return, made desperate efforts to pass the bog at various points, and renew the battle on firm ground and fiercer terms. But the close fire of the insurgents, joined to the natural difficulties of the pass, foiled his attempts in every point.

"We must retreat," he said to Evandale, "unless Bothwell can effect a diversion in our favour. In the meantime, draw the men out of fire, and leave skirmishers behind these patches of alder-bushes to keep the enemy in check."

These directions being accomplished, the appearance of Bothwell with his party was earnestly expected. But Bothwell had his own disadvantages to struggle with. His detour to the right had not escaped the penetrating observation of Burley, who made a corresponding movement with the left wing of the mounted insurgents, so that when Bothwell, after riding a considerable way up the valley, found a place at which the bog could be passed, though with some difficulty, he perceived he was still in front of a superior enemy. His daring character was in no degree checked by this unexpected opposition.

"Follow me, my lads!" he called to his men; "never let it be said that we turned our backs before these canting roundheads!"

With that, as if inspired by the spirit of his ancestors, he shouted, "Bothwell! Bothwell!" and throwing himself into the morass, he struggled through it at the head of his party, and attacked that of Burley with such fury, that he drove them back above a pistol-shot, killing three men with his own hand. Burley, perceiving the consequences of a defeat on this point, and that his men, though more numerous, were unequal to the regulars in using their arms and managing their horses, threw himself across Bothwell's way, and attacked him hand to hand. Each of the combatants was considered as the champion of his respective party, and a result ensued more usual in romance than in real story. Their followers, on either side, instantly paused, and looked on as if the fate of the day were to be decided by the event of the combat between these two redoubted swordsmen. The combatants themselves seemed of the same opinion; for, after two or three eager cuts and pushes had been exchanged, they paused, as if by joint consent, to recover the breath which preceding exertions had exhausted, and to prepare for a duel in which each seemed conscious he had met his match.

"You are the murdering villain Burley," said Bothwell, griping his sword firmly, and setting his teeth close—"you escaped me once, but"—(he swore an oath too tremendous to be written down)—"thy head is worth its weight of silver, and it shall go home at my saddle-bow, or my saddle shall go home empty for me."

"Yes," replied Burley, with stern and gloomy deliberation, "I am that John Balfour, who promised to lay thy head where thou shouldst never lift it again; and God do so unto me, and more also, if I do not redeem my word!"

"Then a bed of heather, or a thousand merks!" said Bothwell, striking at Burley with his full force.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" answered Balfour, as he parried and returned the blow.

There have seldom met two combatants more equally matched in strength of body, skill in the management of their weapons and horses, determined courage, and unrelenting hostility. After exchanging many desperate blows, each receiving and inflicting several wounds, though of no great consequence, they grappled together as if with the desperate impatience of mortal hate, and Bothwell, seizing his enemy by the shoulder-belt, while the grasp of Balfour was upon his own collar, they came headlong to the ground. The companions of Burley hastened to his assistance, but were repelled by the dragoons, and the battle became again general. But nothing could withdraw the attention of the combatants from each other, or induce them to unclose the deadly clasp in which they rolled together on the ground, tearing, struggling, and foaming, with the inveteracy of thoroughbred bulldogs.

Several horses passed over them in the melée without their quitting hold of each other, until the sword-arm of Bothwell was broken by the kick of a charger. He then relinquished his grasp with a deep and suppressed groan, and both combatants started to their feet. Bothwell's right hand dropped helpless by his side, but his left griped to the place where his dagger hung: it had escaped from the sheath in the struggle,—and, with a look of mingled rage and despair, he stood totally defenceless, as Balfour, with a laugh of savage joy, flourished his sword aloft, and then passed it through his adversary's body. Bothwell received the thrust without falling—it had only grazed on his ribs. He attempted no farther defence, but, looking at Burley with a grin of deadly hatred, exclaimed—"Base peasant churl, thou hast spilt the blood of a line of kings!"

"Die, wretch!—die!" said Balfour, redoubling the thrust with better aim; and, setting his foot on Bothwell's body as he fell, he a third time transfixed him with his sword—"Die, bloodthirsty dog! die as thou hast lived—die like the beasts that perish—hoping nothing—believing nothing—"

"And FEARING nothing!" said Bothwell, collecting the last effort of respiration to utter these desperate words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken.

To catch a stray horse by the bridle, throw himself upon it, and rush to the assistance of his followers, was, with Burley, the affair of a moment. And as the fall of Bothwell had given to the insurgents all the courage of which it had deprived his comrades, the issue of this partial contest did not remain long undecided. Several soldiers were slain, the rest driven back over the morass, and dispersed, and the victorious Burley, with his party, crossed it in their turn, to direct against Claverhouse the very manœuvre which he had instructed Bothwell to execute.—He now put his troop in order, with the view of attacking the right wing of the royalists; and, sending news of his success to the main body, exhorted them, in the name of Heaven, to cross the marsh, and work out the glorious work of the Lord by a general attack upon the enemy.

Meanwhile, Claverhouse, who had in some degree remedied the confusion occasioned by the first irregular and unsuccessful attack, and reduced the combat in front to a distant skirmish with fire-arms,

chiefly maintained by some dismounted troopers whom he had posted behind the cover of the shrubby copses of alders which in some places covered the edge of the morass, and whose close, cool, and well-aimed fire greatly annoyed the enemy, and concealed their own deficiency of numbers,—Claverhouse, while he maintained the contest in this manner, still expecting that a diversion by Bothwell and his party might facilitate a general attack, was accosted by one of the dragoons, whose bloody face and jaded horse bore witness he was come from hard service.—"What is the matter, Halliday?" said Claverhouse, for he knew every man in his regiment by name—"Where is Bothwell?"

"Bothwell is down," replied Halliday, "and many a pretty fellow with him."

"Then the king," said Claverhouse, with his usual composure, "has lost a stout soldier. The enemy have passed the marsh, I suppose?"

"With a strong body of horse, commanded by the devil incarnate that killed Bothwell," answered the terrified soldier.

"Hush! hush!" said Claverhouse, putting his finger on his lips—"not a word to any one but me.—Lord Evandale, we must retreat The fates will have it so. Draw together the men that are dispersed in the skirmishing work Let Allan form the regiment, and do you two retreat up the hill in two bodies, each halting alternately as the other falls back. I'll keep the rogues in check with the rear-guard, making a stand, and facing from time to time. They will be over the ditch presently, for I see their whole line in motion and preparing to cross; therefore lose no time."

"Where is Bothwell with his party?" said Lord Evandale, astonished at the coolness of his commander.

"Fairly disposed of," said Claverhouse, in his ear—"the king has lost a servant, and the devil has got one. But away to business, Evandale—ply your spurs and get the men together. Allan and you must keep them steady. This retreating is new work for us all; but our turn will come round another day."

Evandale and Allan betook themselves to their task; but ere they had arranged the regiment for the purpose of retreating in two alternate bodies, a considerable number of the enemy had crossed the marsh. Claverhouse, who had retained immediately around his person a few of his most active and tried men, charged those who had crossed in person, while they were yet disordered by the broken ground. Some they killed, others they repulsed into the morass, and checked the whole so as to enable the main body, now greatly diminished, as well as disheartened by the loss they had sustained, to commence their retreat up the hill.

But the enemy's van being soon reinforced and supported, compelled Claverhouse to follow his troops. I ever did man, however better maintain the character of a soldier than he did that day. Conspicuous by his black horse and white feather, he was first in the repeated charges which he made at every favourable opportunity, to arrest the progress of the pursuers, and to cover the retreat of his regiment. The object of aim to every one, he seemed as if he were

impassive to their shot. The superstitious fanatics, who looked upon him as a man gifted by the Evil Spirit with supernatural means of defence, averred that they saw the bullets recoil from his jack-boots and buff-coat like hail-stones from a rock of granite, as he galloped to and fro amid the storm of the battle. Many a whig that day loaded his musket with a dollar cut into slugs, in order that a silver bullet (such was their belief) might bring down the persecutor of the holy kirk, on whom lead had no power.

"Try him with the cold steel," was the cry at every renewed charge—"powder is wasted on him. Ye might as weel shoot at the Auld Enemy himsell."(13)

But though this was loudly shouted, yet the awe on the insurgents' minds was such, that they gave way before Claverhouse as before a supernatural being, and few men ventured to cross swords with him. Still, however, he was fighting in retreat, and with all the disadvantages attending that movement. The soldiers behind him, as they beheld the increasing number of enemies who poured over the morass, became unsteady; and at every successive movement, Major Allan and Lord Evandale found it more and more difficult to bring them to halt and form line regularly, while, on the other hand, their motions in the act of retreating became, by degrees, much more rapid than was consistent with good order. As the retiring soldiers approached nearer to the top of the ridge, from which in so luckless an hour they had descended, the panic began to increase. Every one became impatient to place the brow of the hill between him and the continued fire of the pursuers; nor could any individual think it reasonable that he should be the last in the retreat, and thus sacrifice his own safety for that of others. In this mood, several troopers set spurs to their horses and fled outright, and the others became so unsteady in their movements and formations, that their officers every moment feared they would follow the same example.

Amid this scene of blood and confusion, the trampling of the horses, the groans of the wounded, the continued fire of the enemy, which fell in a succession of uninterrupted musketry, while loud shouts accompanied each bullet which the fall of a trooper showed to have been successfully aimed—amid all the terrors and disorders of such a scene, and when it was dubious how soon they might be totally deserted by their dispirited soldiery, Evandale could not forbear remarking the composure of his commanding officer. Not at Lady Margaret's breakfast-table that morning did his eye appear more lively, or his demeanour more composed. He had closed up to Evandale for the purpose of giving some orders, and picking out a few men to reinforce his rear-guard.

"If this bout lasts five minutes longer," he said, in a whisper, "our rogues will leave you, my lord, old Allan, and myself, the honour of fighting this battle with our own hands. I must do something to disperse the musketeers who annoy them so hard, or we shall be all shamed. Don't attempt to succour me if you see me go down, but keep at the head of your men; get off as you can, in God's name, and tell the king and the council I died in my duty!"

So saying, and commanding about twenty stout men to follow him,

he gave, with this small body, a charge so desperate and unexpected, that he drove the foremost of the pursuers back to some distance. In the confusion of the assault he singled out Burley, and, desirous to strike terror into his followers, he dealt him so severe a blow on the head, as cut through his steel head-piece, and threw him from his horse, stunned for the moment, though unwounded. A wonderful thing it was afterwards thought, that one so powerful as Balfour should have sunk under the blow of a man to appearance so slightly made as Claverhouse; and the vulgar, of course, set down to supernatural aid the effect of that energy which a determined spirit can give to a feebler arm. Claverhouse had in this last charge, however, involved himself too deeply among the insurgents, and was fairly surrounded.

Lord Evandale saw the danger of his commander, his body of dragoons being then halted, while that commanded by Allan was in the act of retreating. Regardless of Claverhouse's disinterested command to the contrary, he ordered the party which he headed to charge down hill and extricate their Colonel. Some advanced with him — most halted and stood uncertain—many ran away. With those who followed Evandale, he disengaged Claverhouse. His assistance just came in time, for a rustic had wounded his horse in a most ghastly manner by the blow of a scythe, and was about to repeat the stroke when Lord Evandale cut him down. As they got out of the press, they looked round them. Allan's division had ridden clear over the hill, that officer's authority having proved altogether unequal to halt them. Evandale's troop was scattered and in total confusion.

"What is to be done, Colonel?" said Lord Evandale.

"We are the last men in the field, I think," said Claverhouse; "and when men fight as long as they can, there is no shame in flying. Hector himself would say, 'Devil take the hindmost,' when there are but twenty against a thousand.—Save yourselves, my lads, and rally as soon as you can.—Come, my lord, we must e'en ride for it."

So saying, he put spurs to his wounded horse; and the generous animal, as if conscious that the life of his rider depended on his exertions, pressed forward with speed, unabated either by pain or loss of blood.[14] A few officers and soldiers followed him, but in a very irregular and tumultuary manner. The flight of Claverhouse was the signal for all the stragglers who yet offered desultory resistance, to fly as fast as they could, and yield up the field of battle to the victorious insurgents.

CHAPTER XVII.

> But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
> What steed to the desert flies frantic and far? CAMPBELL.

During the severe skirmish of which we have given the details, Morton, together with Cuddie and his mother, and the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle, remained on the brow of the hill, near to the small cairn or barrow, beside which Claverhouse had held his preliminary council of war, so that they had a commanding view of the

action which took place in the bottom. They were guarded by Corporal Inglis and four soldiers, who, as may readily be supposed, were much more intent on watching the fluctuating fortunes of the battle, than in attending to what passed among their prisoners.

"If you lads stand to their tackle," said Cuddie, "we 'll hae some chance o' getting our necks out o' the brecham again; but I misdoubt them—they hae little skeel o' arms."

"Much is not necessary, Cuddie," answered Morton: "they have a strong position, and weapons in their hands, and are more than three times the number of their assailants. If they cannot fight for their freedom now, they and theirs deserve to lose it for ever."

"O, sirs!" exclaimed Mause, "here 's a goodly spectacle indeed! My spirit is like that of the blessed Elihu—it burns within me: my bowels are as wine which lacketh vent—they are ready to burst like new bottles. O that he may look after His ain people in this day of judgment and deliverance!—And now, what ailest thou, precious Mr Gabriel Kettledrummle? I say, what ailest thou, that wert a Nazarite purer than snow, whiter than milk, more ruddy than sulphur," (meaning, perhaps, sapphires)—"I say, what ails thee now, that thou art blacker than a coal, that thy beauty is departed, and thy loveliness withered like a dry potsherd? Surely it is time to be up and be doing, to cry loudly and to spare not, and to wrestle for the puir lads that are yonder testifying with their ain blude and that of their enemies."

This expostulation implied a reproach on Mr Kettledrummle, who, though an absolute Boanerges, or son of thunder, in the pulpit, when the enemy were afar, and indeed sufficiently contumacious, as we have seen, when in their power, had been struck dumb by the firing, shouts, and shrieks, which now arose from the valley, and—as many an honest man might have been, in a situation where he could neither fight nor fly—was too much dismayed to take so favourable an opportunity to preach the terrors of presbytery, as the courageous Mause had expected at his hand, or even to pray for the successful event of the battle. His presence of mind was not, however, entirely lost, any more than his jealous respect for his reputation as a pure and powerful preacher of the word.

"Hold your peace, woman!" he said, "and do not perturb my inward meditations and the wrestlings wherewith I wrestle.—But of a verity the shooting of the foeman doth begin to increase! peradventure, some pellet may attain unto us even here. Lo! I will ensconce me behind the cairn, as behind a strong wall of defence."

"He 's but a coward body after a'," said Cuddie, who was himself by no means deficient in that sort of courage which consists in insensibility to danger; "he 's but a daidling coward body—he 'll never fill Rumbleberry's bonnet.—Od! Rumbleberry fought and flyted like a fleeing dragoon. It was a great pity, puir man, he couldna cheat the woodie. But they say he gaed singing and rejoicing till 't jus' as I wad gang to a bicker o' brose, supposing me hungry, as I stand a gude chance to be.—Eh, sirs! yon 's an awfu' sight, and yet ane canna keep their een aff frae it!"

Accordingly, strong curiosity on the part of Morton and Cuddie,

together with the heated enthusiasm of old Mause, detained them on the spot from which they could best hear and see the issue of the action, leaving to Kettledrummle to occupy alone his place of security. The vicissitudes of combat, which we have already described, were witnessed by our spectators from the top of the eminence, but without their being able positively to determine to what they tended. That the presbyterians defended themselves stoutly, was evident from the heavy smoke, which, illumined by frequent flashes of fire, now eddied along the valley, and hid the contending parties in its sulphureous shade. On the other hand, the continued firing from the nearer side of the morass indicated that the enemy persevered in their attack—that the affair was fiercely disputed—and that everything was to be apprehended from a continued contest in which undisciplined rustics had to repel the assaults of regular troops, so completely officered and armed.

At length horses, whose caparisons showed that they belonged to the Life-Guards, began to fly masterless out of the confusion. Dismounted soldiers next appeared, forsaking the conflict, and straggling over the side of the hill, in order to escape from the scene of action. As the numbers of these fugitives increased, the fate of the day seemed no longer doubtful. A large body was then seen emerging from the smoke, forming irregularly on the hill-side, and with difficulty kept stationary by their officers, until Evandale's corps also appeared in full retreat. The result of the conflict was then apparent, and the joy of the prisoners was corresponding to their approaching deliverance.

"They hae dune the job for anes," said Cuddie, "an they ne'er do't again."

"They flee!—they flee!" exclaimed Mause, in ecstasy. "O the truculent tyrants! they are riding now as they never rode before. O the false Egyptians—the proud Assyrians—the Philistines—the Moabites—the Edomites—the Ishmaelites! The Lord has brought sharp swords upon them, to make them food for the fowls of heaven and the beasts of the field. See how the clouds roll, and the fire flashes ahint them, and goes forth before the chosen of the Covenant, e'en like the pillar o' cloud and the pillar o' flame that led the people of Israel out o' the land of Egypt! This is indeed a day of deliverance to the righteous, a day of pouring out of wrath to the persecutors and the ungodly!"

"Lord save us, mither," said Cuddie—"haud the clavering tongue o' ye, and lie down ahint the cairn, like Kettledrummle, honest man! The whigamore bullets ken unco little discretion, and will just as sune knock out the harns o' a psalm-singing auld wife as a swearing dragoon."

"Fear naething for me, Cuddie," said the old dame, transported to ecstasy by the success of her party—"fear naething for me! I will stand, like Deborah, on the tap o' the cairn, and tak up my sang o' reproach against these men of Harosheth of the Gentiles, whose horse-hoofs are broken by their prancing."

The enthusiastic old woman would, in fact, have accomplished her purpose of mounting on the cairn, and becoming, as she said, a sign

and a banner to the people, had not Cuddie, with more filial tenderness than respect, detained her by such force as his shackled arms would permit him to exert.

"Eh, sirs!" he said, having accomplished this task, "look out yonder, Milnwood!—saw ye ever mortal fight like the deevil Claver'se? Yonder he's been thrice doun amang them, and thrice cam free aff. But I think we'll soon be free oursells, Milnwood. Inglis and his troopers look ower their shouthers very aften, as if they liked the road ahint them better than the road afore."

Cuddie was not mistaken; for, when the main tide of fugitives passed at a little distance from the spot where they were stationed, the corporal and his party fired their carabines at random upon the advancing insurgents, and, abandoning all charge of their prisoners, joined the retreat of their comrades. Morton and the old woman, whose hands were at liberty, lost no time in undoing the bonds of Cuddie and of the clergyman, both of whom had been secured by a cord tied round their arms above the elbows. By the time this was accomplished, the rear-guard of the dragoons, which still preserved some order, passed beneath the hillock or rising ground which was surmounted by the cairn already repeatedly mentioned. They exhibited all the hurry and confusion incident to a forced retreat, but still continued in a body. Claverhouse led the van, his naked sword deeply dyed with blood, as were his face and clothes. His horse was all covered with gore, and now reeled with weakness. Lord Evandale, in not much better plight, brought up the rear, still exhorting the soldiers to keep together and fear nothing. Several of the men were wounded, and one or two dropped from their horses as they surmounted the hill.

Mause's zeal broke forth once more at this spectacle, while she stood on the heath with her head uncovered, and her grey hairs streaming in the wind, no bad representation of a superannuated bacchante, or Thessalian witch in the agonies of incantation. She soon discovered Claverhouse at the head of the fugitive party, and exclaimed with bitter irony, "Tarry, tarry, ye wha were aye sae blithe to be at the meetings of the saints, and wad ride every muir in Scotland to find a conventicle! Wilt thou not tarry, now thou hast found ane? Wilt thou not stay for one word mair? Wilt thou na bide the afternoon preaching?—Wae betide ye!" she said, suddenly changing her tone, "and cut the houghs of the creature whase fleetness ye trust in! Sheugh! sheugh!—awa wi' ye, that hae spilled sae muckle blude, and now wad save your ain!—awa wi' ye for a railing Rabshakeh, a cursing Shimei, a bloodthirsty Doeg! The sword's drawn now that winna be lang o' o'ertaking ye, ride as fast as ye will."

Claverhouse, it may be easily supposed, was too busy to attend to her reproaches, but hastened over the hill, anxious to get the remnant of his men out of gun-shot, in hopes of again collecting the fugitives round his standard. But as the rear of his followers rode over the ridge, a shot struck Lord Evandale's horse, which instantly sunk down dead beneath him. Two of the whig horsemen, who were the foremost in the pursuit, hastened up with the purpose of killing him,

for hitherto there had been no quarter given. Morton, on the other hand, rushed forward to save his life, if possible, in order at once to indulge his natural generosity, and to requite the obligation which Lord Evandale had conferred on him that morning, and under which circumstances had made him wince so acutely. Just as he had assisted Evandale, who was much wounded, to extricate himself from his dying horse, and to gain his feet, the two horsemen came up, and one of them exclaiming, "Have at the red-coated tyrant!" made a blow at the young nobleman, which Morton parried with difficulty, exclaiming to the rider, who was no other that Burley himself, "Give quarter to this gentleman, for my sake—for the sake," he added, observing that Burley did not immediately recognize him, "of Henry Morton, who so lately sheltered you."

"Henry Morton!" replied Burley, wiping his bloody brow with his bloodier hand; "did I not say that the son of Silas Morton would come forth out of the land of bondage, nor be long an indweller in the tents of Ham? Thou art a brand snatched out of the burning—But for this booted apostle of prelacy, he shall die the death!—We must smite them hip and thigh, even from the rising to the going down of the sun. It is our commission to slay them like Amalek, and utterly destroy all they have, and spare neither man nor woman, infant nor suckling; therefore, hinder me not," he continued, endeavouring again to cut down Lord Evandale, "for this work must not be wrought negligently."

"You must not, and you shall not, slay him, more especially while incapable of defence," said Morton, planting himself before Lord Evandale so as to intercept any blow that should be aimed at him; "I owed my life to him this morning—my life, which was endangered solely by my having sheltered you; and to shed his blood when he can offer no effectual resistance, were not only a cruelty abhorrent to God and man, but detestable ingratitude both to him and to me."

Burley paused.—"Thou art yet," he said, "in the court of the Gentiles, and I compassionate thy human blindness and frailty. Strong meat is not fit for babes, nor the mighty and grinding dispensation under which I draw my sword, for those whose hearts are yet dwelling in huts of clay, whose footsteps are tangled in the mesh of mortal sympathies, and who clothe themselves in the righteousness that is as filthy rags. But to gain a soul to the truth is better than to send one to Tophet; therefore I give quarter to this youth, providing the grant is confirmed by the general council of God's army, whom he hath this day blessed with so signal a deliverance.—Thou art unarmed—Abide my return here. I must yet pursue these sinners, the Amalekites, and destroy them till they be utterly consumed from the face of the land, even from Havilah unto Shur."

So saying, he set spurs to his horse, and continued to pursue the chase.

"Cuddie," said Morton, "for God's sake catch a horse as quickly as you can. I will not trust Lord Evandale's life with these obdurate men.—You are wounded, my Lord—are you able to continue your retreat?" he continued, addressing himself to his prisoner, who, half-stunned by the fall, was but beginning to recover himself.

"I think so," replied Lord Evandale. "But is it possible?—do I owe my life to Mr Morton?"

"My interference would have been the same from common humanity," replied Morton;—"to your lordship it was a sacred debt of gratitude."

Cuddie at this instant returned with a horse.

"God-sake, munt—munt, and ride like a fleeing hawk, my lord," said the good-natured fellow, "for ne'er be in me if they arena killing every ane o' the wounded and prisoners!"

Lord Evandale mounted the horse, while Cuddie officiously held the stirrup.

"Stand off, good fellow,—thy courtesy may cost thy life.—Mr Morton," he continued, addressing Henry, "this makes us more than even—rely on it, I will never forget your generosity—Farewell."

He turned his horse, and rode swiftly away in the direction which seemed least exposed to pursuit.

Lord Evandale had just rode off, when several of the insurgents, who were in front of the pursuit, came up, denouncing vengeance on Henry Morton and Cuddie for having aided the escape of a Philistine, as they called the young nobleman.

"What wad ye hae had us to do?" cried Cuddie. "Had we aught to stop a man wi' that had twa pistols and a sword? Sudna ye hae come faster up yoursells, instead of flyting at haz?"

This excuse would hardly have passed current; but Kettledrummle, who now awoke from his trance of terror, and was known to, and reverenced by, most of the wanderers, together with Mause, who possessed their appropriate language as well as the preacher himself, proved active and effectual intercessors.

"Touch them not! harm them not!" exclaimed Kettledrummle, in his very best double-bass tones. "This is the son of the famous Silas Morton, by whom the Lord wrought great things in this land at the breaking forth of the reformation from prelacy, when there was a plentiful pouring forth of the Word, and a renewing of the Covenant; a hero and champion of those blessed days when there was power and efficacy, and convincing and converting of sinners, and heart-exercises, and fellowships of saints, and a plentiful flowing forth of the spices of the garden of Eden."

"And this is my son, Cuddie," exclaimed Mause, in her turn, "the son of his father, Judith Headrigg, wha was a douce honest man, and of me, Mause Middlemas, an unworthy professor and follower of the pure gospel, and ane o' your ain folk. Is it not written, 'Cut ye not off the tribe of the families of the Kohathites from among the Levites?' Numbers, fourth and eighteenth—O sirs! dinna be standing here prattling wi' honest folk, when ye suld be following forth your victory with which Providence has blessed ye."

This party having passed on, they were immediately beset by another, to whom it was necessary to give the same explanation. Kettledrummle, whose fear was much dissipated since the firing had ceased, again took upon him to be intercessor; and, grown bold, as he felt his good word necessary for the protection of his late fellow-captives, he laid claim to no small share of the merit of the victory, appealing

to Morton and Cuddie, whether the tide of battle had not turned while he prayed on the Mount of Jehovah-Nissi, like Moses, that Israel might prevail over Amalek; but granting them, at the same time, the credit of holding up his hands when they waxed heavy, as those of the prophet were supported by Aaron and Hur. It seems probable that Kettledrummle allotted this part in the success to his companions in adversity, lest they should be tempted to disclose his carnal self-seeking and falling away, in regarding too closely his own personal safety. These strong testimonies in favour of the liberated captives quickly flew abroad, with many exaggerations, among the victorious army. The reports on the subject were various; but it was universally agreed, that young Morton of Milnwood, the son of the stout soldier of the Covenant, Silas Morton, together with the precious Gabriel Kettledrummle, and a singular devout Christian woman, whom many thought as good as himself at extracting a doctrine or an use, whether of terror or consolation, had arrived to support the good old cause, with a reinforcement of a hundred well-armed men from the Middle Ward.(15)

CHAPTER XVIII.

> When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
> Was beat with fist instead of a stick. *Hudibras.*

In the meantime, the insurgent cavalry returned from the pursuit, jaded and worn out with their unwonted efforts, and the infantry assembled on the ground which they had won, fatigued with toil and hunger. Their success, however, was a cordial to every bosom, and seemed even to serve in the stead of food and refreshment. It was, indeed, much more brilliant than they durst have ventured to anticipate; for, with no great loss on their part, they had totally routed a regiment of picked men, commanded by the first officer in Scotland, and one whose very name had long been a terror to them. Their success seemed even to have upon their spirits the effect of a solution and violent surprise, so much had their taking up arms been a measure of desperation rather than of hope. Their meeting was also casual, and they had hastily arranged themselves under such commanders as were remarkable for zeal and courage, without much respect to any other qualities. It followed, from this state of disorganization, that the whole army appeared at once to resolve itself into a general committee for considering what steps were to be taken in consequence of their success, and no opinion could be started so wild that it had not some favourers and advocates. Some proposed they should march to Glasgow, some to Hamilton, some to Edinburgh, some to London. Some were for sending a deputation of their number to London to convert Charles II. to a sense of the error of his ways; and others, less charitable, proposed either to call a new successor to the crown, or to declare Scotland a free republic. A free parliament of the nation, and a free assembly of the Kirk, were the objects of the more sensible and moderate of the party. In the mean-

while, a clamour arose among the soldiers for bread and other necessaries, and while all complained of hardship and hunger, none took the necessary measures to procure supplies. In short, the camp of the Covenanters, even in the very moment of success, seemed about to dissolve like a rope of sand, from want of the original principles of combination and union.

Burley, who had now returned from the pursuit, found his followers in this distracted state. With the ready talent of one accustomed to encounter exigencies, he proposed that one hundred of the freshest men should be drawn out for duty—that a small number of those who had hitherto acted as leaders, should constitute a committee of direction until officers should be regularly chosen—and that, to crown the victory, Gabriel Kettledrummle should be called upon to improve the providential success which they had obtained, by a word in season addressed to the army. He reckoned very much, and not without reason, on this last expedient, as a means of engaging the attention of the bulk of the insurgents, while he himself, and two or three of their leaders, held a private council of war, undisturbed by the discordant opinions, or senseless clamour, of the general body.

Kettledrummle more than answered the expectations of Burley. Two mortal hours did he preach at a breathing; and certainly no lungs, or doctrine, excepting his own, could have kept up, for so long a time, the attention of men in such precarious circumstances. But he possessed in perfection a sort of rude and familiar eloquence peculiar to the preachers of that period, which, though it would have been fastidiously rejected by an audience which possessed any portion of taste, was a cake of the right leaven for the palates of those whom he now addressed. His text was from the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah—"Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered: for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children.

"And I will feed them that oppress thee with their own flesh; and they shall be drunken with their own blood, as with sweet wine: and all flesh shall know that I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob."

The discourse which he pronounced upon this subject was divided into fifteen heads, each of which was garnished with seven uses of application, two of consolation, two of terror, two declaring the causes of backsliding and of wrath, and one announcing the promised and expected deliverance. The first part of his text he applied to his own deliverance and that of his companions; and took occasion to speak a few words in praise of young Milnwood, of whom, as of a champion of the Covenant, he augured great things. The second part he applied to the punishments which were about to fall upon the persecuting government. At times he was familiar and colloquial—now he was loud, energetic, and boisterous. Some parts of his discourse might be called sublime, and others sunk below burlesque. Occasionally he vindicated with great animation the right of every freeman to worship God according to his own conscience; and presently he charged the guilt and misery of the people on the awful negligence of their rulers, who had not only failed to establish presbytery as the

national religion, but had tolerated sectaries of various descriptions —Papists, Prelatists, Erastians assuming the name of Presbyterians, Independents, Socinians, and Quakers: all of whom Kettledrummle proposed, by one sweeping act, to expel from the land, and thus re-edify in its integrity the beauty of the sanctuary. He next handled very pithily the doctrine of defensive arms and of resistance to Charles II., observing, that, instead of a nursing father to the Kirk, that monarch had been a nursing father to none but his own bastards. He went at some length through the life and conversation of that joyous prince, few parts of which, it must be owned, were qualified to stand the rough handling of so uncourtly an orator, who conferred on him the hard names of Jeroboam, Omri, Ahab, Shallum, Pekah, and every other evil monarch recorded in the Chronicles, and concluded with a round application of the Scripture—"Tophet is ordained of old; yea, for the KING it is provided: he hath made it deep and large; the pile thereof is fire and much wood: the breath of the Lord like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it."

Kettledrummle had no sooner ended his sermon, and descended from the huge rock which had served him for a pulpit, than his post was occupied by a pastor of a very different description. The reverend Gabriel was advanced in years, somewhat corpulent, with a loud voice, a square face, and a set of stupid and unanimated features, in which the body seemed more to predominate over the spirit than was seemly in a sound divine. The youth who succeeded him in exhorting this extraordinary convocation, Ephraim Macbriar by name, was hardly twenty years old; yet his thin features already indicated, that a constitution, naturally hectic, was worn out by vigils, by fasts, by the rigour of imprisonment, and the fatigues incident to a fugitive life. Young as he was, he had been twice imprisoned for several months, and suffered many severities, which gave him great influence with those of his own sect. He threw his faded eyes over the multitude and over the scene of battle; and a light of triumph arose in his glance, his pale yet striking features were coloured with a transient and hectic blush of joy. He folded his hands, raised his face to heaven, and seemed lost in mental prayer and thanksgiving ere he addressed the people. When he spoke, his faint and broken voice seemed at first inadequate to express his conceptions. But the deep silence of the assembly, the eagerness with which the ear gathered every word, as the famished Israelites collected the heavenly manna, had a corresponding effect upon the preacher himself. His words became more distinct, his manner more earnest and energetic; it seemed as if religious zeal was triumphing over bodily weakness and infirmity. His natural eloquence was not altogether untainted with the coarseness of his sect; and yet, by the influence of a good natural taste, it was freed from the grosser and more ludicrous errors of his contemporaries; and the language of Scripture, which, in their mouths, was sometimes degraded by misapplication, gave, in Macbriar's exhortation, a rich and solemn effect, like that which is produced by the beams of the sun streaming through the storied representation of saints and martyrs on the Gothic window of some ancient cathedral.

He painted the desolation of the church, during the late period of her distresses, in the most affecting colours. He described her, like Hagar watching the waning life of her infant amid the fountainless desert; like Judah under her palm-tree, mourning for the devastation of her temple; like Rachel, weeping for her children and refusing comfort. But he chiefly rose into rough sublimity when addressing the men yet reeking from battle. He called on them to remember the great things which God had done for them, and to persevere in the career which their victory had opened.

"Your garments are dyed—but not with the juice of the wine-press; your swords are filled with blood;" he exclaimed—"but not with the blood of goats or lambs; the dust of the desert on which ye stand is made fat with gore—but not with the blood of bullocks, for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea. These were not the firstlings of the flock, the small cattle of burnt-offerings, whose bodies lie like dung on the ploughed field of the husbandman; this is not the savour of myrrh, of frankincense, or of sweet herbs, that is steaming in your nostrils; but these bloody trunks are the carcasses of those who held the bow and the lance, who were cruel and would show no mercy, whose voice roared like the sea, who rode upon horses, every man in array as if to battle—they are the carcasses even of the mighty men of war that came against Jacob in the day of his deliverance, and the smoke is that of the devouring fires that have consumed them. And those wild hills that surround you are not a sanctuary planked with cedar and plated with silver; nor are ye ministering priests at the altar, with censers and with torches; but ye hold in your hands the sword, and the bow, and the weapons of death. And yet verily, I say unto you, that not when the ancient Temple was in its first glory was there offered sacrifice more acceptable than that which you have this day presented, giving to the slaughter the tyrant and the oppressor, with the rocks for your altars, and the sky for your vaulted sanctuary, and your own good swords for the instruments of sacrifice. Leave not, therefore, the plough in the furrow—turn not back from the path in which you have entered like the famous worthies of old, whom God raised up for the glorifying of his name and the deliverance of his afflicted people—halt not in the race you are running, lest the latter end should be worse than the beginning. Wherefore, set up a standard in the land; blow a trumpet upon the mountains; let not the shepherd tarry by his sheepfold, or the seedsman continue in his ploughed field; but make the watch strong, sharpen the arrows, burnish the shields, name ye the captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens; call the footmen like the rushing of winds, and cause the horsemen to come up like the sound of many waters; for the passages of the destroyers are stopped, their rods are burned, and the face of their men of battle hath been turned to flight. Heaven has been with you, and has broken the bow of the mighty: then let every man's heart be as the heart of the valiant Maccabeus, every man's hand as the hand of the mighty Samson, every man's sword as that of Gideon, which turned not back from the slaughter; for the banner of Reformation

is spread abroad on the mountains in its first loveliness, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

"Well is he this day that shall barter his house for a helmet, and sell his garment for a sword, and cast in his lot with the children of the Covenant, even to the fulfilling of the promise; and woe, woe unto him who, for carnal ends and self-seeking, shall withhold himself from the great work, for the curse shall abide with him—even the bitter curse of Meroz, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Up, then, and be doing! The blood of martyrs, reeking upon scaffolds, is crying for vengeance; the bones of saints, which lie whitening in the highways, are pleading for retribution; the groans of innocent captives from desolate isles of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrants' high places, cry for deliverance the prayers of persecuted Christians, sheltering themselves in dens and deserts from the sword of their persecutors, famished with hunger, starving with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and clothing, because they serve God rather than man—all are with you, pleading, watching, knocking, storming the gates of Heaven in your behalf. Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their course fought against Sisera. Then whoso will deserve immortal fame in this world, and eternal happiness in that which is to come, let them enter into God's service, and take arles at the hand of his servant,—a blessing, namely, upon him and his household, and his children, to the ninth generation, even the blessing of the promise, for ever and ever! Amen."

The eloquence of the preacher was rewarded by the deep hum of stern approbation which resounded through the armed assemblage at the conclusion of an exhortation so well suited to that which they had done, and that which remained for them to do. The wounded forgot their pain, the faint and hungry their fatigues and privations, as they listened to doctrines which elevated them alike above the wants and calamities of the world, and identified their cause with that of the Deity. Many crowded around the preacher, as he descended from the eminence on which he stood, and, clasping him with hands on which the gore was not yet hardened, pledged their sacred vow that they would play the part of Heaven's true soldiers. Exhausted by his own enthusiasm, and by the animated fervour which he had exerted in his discourse, the preacher could only reply, in broken accents,—"God bless you, my brethren! It is his cause. Stand strongly up and play the men—the worst that can befall us is but a brief and bloody passage to heaven."

Balfour, and the other leaders, had not lost the time which was employed in these spiritual exercises. Watch-fires were lighted, sentinels were posted, and arrangements were made to refresh the army with such provisions as had been hastily collected from the nearest farm-houses and villages.—The present necessity thus provided for, they turned their thoughts to the future. They had dispatched parties to spread the news of their victory, and to obtain, either by force or favour, supplies of what they stood most in need of. In this they had succeeded beyond their hopes, having at one village seized a small magazine of provisions, forage, and ammuni-

[illegible] without money, without magazines, without any fixed plan of action, and almost without arms, borne out only by their innate [illegible] and a contempt of [illegible] encamped at Dunbar, were well aware of the numerous Commissioners, supported by a regular army and the whole force of three kingdoms.

CHAPTER XIX

"Welcome my soldiers and my countrymen."

Henry IV. Part II.

[illegible] Cromwell [illegible] Dunbar, which [illegible] Lord Leven [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

about the matter. There wad be aye enow o' young men left, if they were to hang the tae half o' them."

The other inhabitants of the Castle were also in a state of dissatisfaction and anxiety. Lady Margaret thought that Colonel Grahame, in commanding an execution at the door of her house, and refusing to grant a reprieve at her request, had fallen short of the deference due to her rank, and had even encroached on her seignorial rights.

"The Colonel," she said, "ought to have remembered, brother, that the barony of Tillietudlem has the baronial privilege of pit and gallows; and therefore, if the lad was to be executed on my estate, (which I consider as an unhandsome thing, seeing it is in the possession of females, to whom such tragedies cannot be acceptable), he ought, at common law, to have been delivered up to my bailie, and justified at his sight."

"Martial law, sister," answered Major Bellenden, "supersedes every other. But I must own I think Colonel Grahame rather deficient in attention to you; and I am not over and above pre-eminently flattered by his granting to young Evandale (I suppose because he is a lord, and has interest with the privy-council) a request which he refused to so old a servant of the king as I am. But so long as the poor young fellow's life is saved, I can comfort myself with the fagend of a ditty as old as myself." And therewithal he hummed a stanza:

> "'And what though winter will pinch severe
> Through locks of grey and a cloak that's old?
> Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
> For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.'

"I must be your guest here to-day, sister. I wish to hear the issue of this gathering on Loudon-hill, though I cannot conceive their standing a body of horse appointed like our guests this morning.—Woe's me! the time has been, that I would have liked ill to have sate in biggit wa's waiting for the news of a skirmish to be fought within ten miles of me! But, as the old song goes,

> 'For time will rust the brightest blade,
> And years will break the strongest bow;
> Was ever wight so starkly made
> But time and years would overthrow?'"

"We are well pleased you will stay, brother," said Lady Margaret. "I will take my old privilege to look after my household, whom this collation has thrown into some disorder, although it is uncivil to leave you alone."

"O, I hate ceremony as I hate a stumbling horse," replied the Major. "Besides, your person would be with me, and your mind with the cold meat and reversionary pasties.—Where is Edith?"

"Gone to her room a little evil-disposed, I am informed, and laid down in her bed for a gliff," said her grandmother: "as soon as she wakes she shall take some drops."

"Pooh! pooh! she's only sick of the soldiers," answered Major

Bellenden. "She's not accustomed to see one acquaintance led out to be shot, and another marching off to actual service, with some chance of not finding his way back again. She would soon be used to it, if the civil war were to break out again."

"God forbid, brother!" said Lady Margaret.

"Ay, Heaven forbid, as you say!—and in the meantime, I'll take a hit at trick-track with Harrison."

"He has ridden out, sir," said Gudyill, "to try if he can hear any tidings of the battle."

"D—n the battle!" said the Major; "it puts this family as much out of order as if there never had been such a thing in the country before—and yet there was such a place as Kilsythe, John."

"Ay, and as Tippermuir, your honour," replied Gudyill, "where I was his honour my late master's rear-rank man."

"And Alford, John," pursued the Major, "where I commanded the horse; and Innerlochy, where I was the Great Marquis's aid-de-camp; and Auld Earn, and Brig o' Dee."

"And Philiphaugh, your honour," said John.

"Umph!" replied the Major; "the less, John, we say about that matter, the better."

However, being once fairly embarked on the subject of Montrose's campaigns, the Major and John Gudyill carried on the war so stoutly, as for a considerable time to keep at bay the formidable enemy called Time, with whom retired veterans, during the quiet close of a bustling life, usually wage an unceasing hostility.

It has been frequently remarked, that the tidings of important events fly with a celerity almost beyond the power of credibility, and that reports, correct in the general point, though inaccurate in details, precede the certain intelligence, as if carried by the birds of the air. Such rumours anticipate the reality, not unlike to the "shadows of coming events," which occupy the imagination of the Highland Seer. Harrison, in his ride, encountered some such report concerning the event of the battle, and turned his horse back to Tillietudlem in great dismay. He made it his first business to seek out the Major, and interrupted him in the midst of a prolix account of the siege and storm of Dundee, with the ejaculation, "Heaven send, Major, that we do not see a siege of Tillietudlem before we are many days older!"

"How is that, Harrison?—what the devil do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished veteran.

"Troth, sir, there is strong and increasing belief that Claver'se is clean broken, some say killed; that the soldiers are all dispersed, and that the rebels are hastening this way, threatening death and devastation to a' that will not take the Covenant."

"I will never believe that," said the Major, starting on his feet—"I will never believe that the Life-Guards would retreat before rebels;—and yet why need I say that," he continued, checking himself, "when I have seen such sights myself?—Send out Pike, and one or two of the servants, for intelligence, and let all the men in the Castle and in the village that can be trusted, take up arms. This old tower may hold them play a bit, if it were but victualled and garrisoned.

and it commands the pass between the high and low countries. It's lucky I chanced to be here.—Go, muster men, Harrison.—You, Gudyill, look what provisions you have, or can get brought in, and be ready, if the news be confirmed, to knock down as many bullocks as you have salt for.—The well never goes dry.—There are some old-fashioned guns on the battlements; if we had but ammunition, we should do well enough."

"The soldiers left some casks of ammunition at the Grange this morning, to bide their return," said Harrison.

"Hasten, then," said the Major, "and bring it into the Castle, with every pike, sword, pistol, or gun, that is within our reach; don't leave so much as a bodkin—Lucky that I was here!—I will speak to my sister instantly."

Lady Margaret Bellenden was astounded at intelligence so unexpected and so alarming. It had seemed to her that the imposing force which had that morning left her walls, was sufficient to have routed all the disaffected in Scotland, if collected in a body; and now her first reflection was upon the inadequacy of their own means of resistance to any army strong enough to have defeated Claverhouse and such select troops.

"Woe's me! woe's me!" said she; "what will all that we can do avail us, brother?—What will resistance do but bring sure destruction on the house, and on the bairn, Edith! for, God knows, I thinkna on my ain auld life."

"Come, sister," said the Major, "you must not be cast down; the place is strong, the rebels ignorant and ill-provided: my brother's house shall not be made a den of thieves and rebels while old Miles Bellenden is in it. My hand is weaker than it was, but I thank my old grey hairs that I have some knowledge of war yet. Here comes Pike with intelligence.—What news, Pike? Another Philiphaugh job, eh?"

"Ay, ay," said Pike, composedly; "a total scattering. I thought this morning little gude would come of their newfangled gate of slinging their carabines."

"Whom did you see?—Who gave you the news?" asked the Major.

"O, mair than half-a-dozen dragoon fellows that are a' on the spur whilk to get first to Hamilton. They'll win the race, I warrant them, win the battle wha like."

"Continue your preparations, Harrison," said the alert veteran; "get your ammunition in, and the cattle killed. Send down to the borough-town for what meal you can gather. We must not lose an instant. Had not Edith and you, sister, better return to Charnwood, while we have the means of sending you there?"

"No, brother," said Lady Margaret, looking very pale, but speaking with the greatest composure: "since the auld house is to be held out, I will take my chance in it. I have fled twice from it in my days, and I have aye found it desolate of its bravest and its bonniest when I returned; sae that I will e'en abide now, and end my pilgrimage in it."

"It may, on the whole, be the safest course both for Edith and you," said the Major; "for the whigs will rise all the way between

this and Glasgow, and make your travelling there, or your dwelling at Charnwood, very unsafe."

"So be it, then," said Lady Margaret. "And, dear brother, as the nearest blood-relation of my deceased husband, I deliver to you, by this symbol,"—(here she gave into his hand the venerable gold-headed staff of the deceased Earl of Torwood)—"the keeping and government and seneschalship of my Tower of Tillietudlem, and the appurtenances thereof, with full power to kill, slay, and damage those who shall assail the same, as freely as I might do myself. And I trust you will so defend it, as becomes a house in which his most sacred Majesty has not disdained"—

"Pshaw! sister," interrupted the Major, "we have no time to speak about the king and his breakfast just now."

And, hastily leaving the room, he hurried, with all the alertness of a young man of twenty-five, to examine the state of his garrison, and superintend the measures which were necessary for defending the place.

The Tower of Tillietudlem, having very thick walls and very narrow windows—having also a very strong court-yard wall, with flanking turrets on the only accessible side, and rising on the other from the very verge of a precipice, was fully capable of defence against anything but a train of heavy artillery.

Famine or escalade was what the garrison had chiefly to fear. For artillery, the top of the Tower was mounted with some antiquated wall-pieces, and small cannon, which bore the old-fashioned names of culverins, sakers, demi-sakers, falcons, and falconets. These the Major, with the assistance of John Gudyill, caused to be scaled and loaded, and pointed them so as to command the road over the brow of the opposite hill by which the rebels must advance, causing, at the same time, two or three trees to be cut down, which would have impeded the effect of the artillery when it should be necessary to use it. With the trunks of these trees, and other materials, he directed barricades to be constructed upon the winding avenue which rose to the Tower along the high-road, taking care that each should command the other. The large gate of the court-yard he barricaded yet more strongly, leaving only a wicket open for the convenience of passage. What he had most apprehended was the slenderness of his garrison: for all the efforts of the steward were unable to get more than nine men under arms, himself and Gudyill included—so much more popular was the cause of the insurgents than that of the Government. Major Bellenden, and his trusty servant Pike, made the garrison eleven in number, of whom one-half were old men. The round dozen might indeed have been made up, would Lady Margaret have consented that Goose Gibbie should again take up arms. But she recoiled from the proposal, when moved by Gudyill, with such abhorrent recollection of the former achievements of that luckless cavalier, that she declared she would rather the Castle were lost than that he were to be enrolled in the defence of it. With eleven men, however, himself included, Major Bellenden determined to hold out the place to the uttermost.

The arrangements for defence were not made without the degree

of fracas incidental to such occasions. Women shrieked—cattle bellowed—dogs howled—men ran to and fro, cursing and swearing without intermission—the lumbering of the old guns backwards and forwards shook the battlements—the court resounded with the hasty gallop of messengers who went and returned upon errands of importance, and the din of warlike preparation was mingled with the sound of female laments.

Such a Babel of discord might have awakened the slumbers of the very dead, and therefore was not long ere it dispelled the abstracted reveries of Edith Bellenden. She sent out Jenny to bring her the cause of the tumult which shook the castle to its very basis; but Jenny, once engaged in the bustling tide, found so much to ask and to hear, that she forgot the state of anxious uncertainty in which she had left her young mistress. Having no pigeon to dismiss in pursuit of information when her raven messenger had failed to return with it, Edith was compelled to venture in quest of it out of the ark of her own chamber into the deluge of confusion which overflowed the rest of the Castle. Six voices speaking at once, informed her, in reply to her first inquiry, that Claver'se and all his men were killed, and that ten thousand whigs were marching to besiege the Castle, headed by John Balfour of Burley, young Milnwood, and Cuddie Headrigg. This strange association of persons seemed to infer the falsehood of the whole story, and yet the general bustle in the Castle intimated that danger was certainly apprehended.

"Where is Lady Margaret?" was Edith's second question.

"In her oratory," was the reply,—a cell adjoining to the chapel, in which the good old lady was wont to spend the greater part of the days destined by the rules of the Episcopal Church to devotional observances, as also the anniversaries of those on which she had lost her husband and her children, and, finally, those hours, in which a deeper and more solemn address to Heaven was called for, by national or domestic calamity.

"Where, then," said Edith, much alarmed, "is Major Bellenden?"

"On the battlements of the Tower, madam, pointing the cannon," was the reply.

To the battlements, therefore, she made her way, impeded by a thousand obstacles, and found the old gentleman in the midst of his natural military element, commanding, rebuking, encouraging, instructing, and exercising all the numerous duties of a good governor.

"In the name of God, what is the matter, uncle?" exclaimed Edith.

"The matter, my love?" answered the Major, coolly, as, with spectacles on his nose, he examined the position of a gun—"The matter? Why—raise her breech a thought more, John Gudyill—The matter? Why, Claver'se is routed, my dear, and the whigs are coming down upon us in force, that's all the matter."

"Gracious powers!" said Edith, whose eye at that instant caught a glance of the road which ran up the river; "and yonder they come!"

"Yonder!—where?" said the veteran; and, his eyes taking the same direction, he beheld a large body of horsemen coming down the path.

"Stand to your guns, my lads!" was the first exclamation; "we'll make them pay toll as they pass the heugh.—But stay, stay,—these are certainly the Life-Guards."

"O no, uncle, no," replied Edith: "see how disorderly they ride, and how ill they keep their ranks! These cannot be the fine soldiers who left us this morning."

"Ah! my dear girl," answered the Major, "you do not know the difference between men before a battle and after a defeat: but the Life-Guards it is, for I see the red and blue, and the King's colours. I am glad they brought them off, however."

His opinion was confirmed as the troopers approached nearer, and finally halted on the road beneath the Tower; while their commanding-officer, leaving them to breathe and refresh their horses, hastily rode up the hill.

"It is Claverhouse, sure enough," said the Major: "I am glad he has escaped; but he has lost his famous black horse. Let Lady Margaret know, John Gudyill; order some refreshments; get oats for the soldiers' horses; and let us to the hall, Edith, to meet him. I surmise we shall hear but indifferent news."

CHAPTER XX.

With careless gesture, mind unmoved,
On rade he north the plain,
His seem in thrang of fiercest strife,
When winner aye the same.

Hardyknute.

Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse met the family, assembled in the hall of the Tower, with the same serenity and the same courtesy which had graced his manners in the morning. He had even had the composure to rectify in part the derangement of his dress, to wash the signs of battle from his face and hands, and did not appear more disordered in his exterior, than if returned from a morning ride.

"I am grieved, Colonel Grahame," said the reverend old lady, the tears trickling down her face, "deeply grieved."

"And I am grieved, my dear Lady Margaret," replied Claverhouse, "that this misfortune may render your remaining at Tillietudlem dangerous for you, especially considering your recent hospitality to the King's troops, and your well-known loyalty. And I came here chiefly to request Miss Bellenden and you to accept my escort (if you will not scorn that of a poor runaway) to Glasgow, from whence I will see you safely sent either to Edinburgh or to Dumbarton Castle, as you shall think best."

"I am much obliged to you, Colonel Grahame," replied Lady Margaret; "but my brother, Major Bellenden, has taken on him the

responsibility of holding out this house against the rebels; and please God, they shall never drive Margaret Bellenden from her ain hearth-stane while there's a brave man that says he can defend it."

"And will Major Bellenden undertake this?" said Claverhouse hastily, a joyful light glancing from his dark eye as he turned it on the veteran. "Yet why should I question it? it is of a piece with the rest of his life. But have you the means, Major?"

"All but men and provisions, with which we are ill supplied," answered the Major.

"As for men," said Claverhouse, "I will leave you a dozen or twenty fellows who will make good a breach against the devil. It will be of the utmost service if you can defend the place but a week, and by that time you must surely be relieved."

"I will make it good for that space, Colonel," replied the Major, "with twenty-five good men and store of ammunition, if we should gnaw the soles of our shoes for hunger; but I trust we shall get in provisions from the country."

"And, Colonel Grahame, if I might presume a request," said Lady Margaret, "I would entreat that Sergeant Francis Stewart might command the auxiliaries whom you are so good as to add to the garrison of our people; it may serve to legitimate his promotion, and I have a prejudice in favour of his noble birth."

"The sergeant's wars are ended, madam," said Grahame, in an unaltered tone, "and he now needs no promotion that an earthly master can give."

"Pardon me," said Major Bellenden, taking Claverhouse by the arm, and turning him away from the ladies, "but I am anxious for my friends. I fear you have other and more important loss. I observe another officer carries your nephew's standard."

"You are right," Major Bellenden, answered Claverhouse, firmly; "my nephew is no more—he has died in his duty, as became him."

"Great God!" exclaimed the Major, "how unhappy!—the handsome, gallant, high-spirited youth!"

"He was indeed all you say," answered Claverhouse; "poor Richard was to me as an eldest son, the apple of my eye, and my destined heir; but he died in his duty, and I—I—Major Bellenden," —(he wrung the Major's hand hard as he spoke)—"I live to avenge him."

"Colonel Grahame," said the affectionate veteran, his eyes filling with tears, "I am glad to see you bear this misfortune with such fortitude."

"I am not a selfish man," replied Claverhouse, "though the world will tell you otherwise: I am not selfish either in my hopes or fears, my joys or sorrows. I have not been severe for myself, or grasping for myself, or ambitious for myself. The service of my master and the good of the country are what I have tried to aim at. I may, perhaps, have driven severity into cruelty—but I acted for the best and now I will not yield to my own feelings a deeper sympathy than I have given to those of others."

"I am astonished at your fortitude under all the unpleasant circumstances of this affair," pursued the Major.

"Yes," replied Claverhouse:—"my enemies in the council will lay this misfortune to my charge—I despise their accusations. They will calumniate me to my sovereign—I can repel their charge. The public enemy will exult in my flight—I shall find a time to show them that they exult too early. This youth that has fallen stood betwixt a grasping kinsman and my inheritance, for you know that my marriage-bed is barren; yet peace be with him! the country can better spare him than your friend Lord Evandale, who, after behaving very gallantly, has, I fear, also fallen."

"What a fatal day!" ejaculated the Major. "I heard a report of this, but it was again contradicted: it was added, that the poor young nobleman's impetuosity had occasioned the loss of this unhappy field."

"Not so, Major," said Grahame: "let the living officers bear the blame, if there be any; and let the laurels flourish untarnished on the grave of the fallen. I do not, however, speak of Lord Evandale's death as certain; but killed, or prisoner, I fear he must be. Yet he was extricated from the tumult the last time we spoke together. We were then on the point of leaving the field with a rear-guard of scarce twenty men; the rest of the regiment were almost dispersed."

"They have rallied again soon," said the Major, looking from the window on the dragoons, who were feeding their horses, and refreshing themselves beside the brook.

"Yes," answered Claverhouse,—"my blackguards had little temptation either to desert, or to straggle farther than they were driven by their first panic. There is small friendship and scant courtesy between them and the boors of this country; every village they pass is likely to rise on them, and so the scoundrels are driven back to their colours by a wholesome terror of spits, pike-staves, hay-forks, and broomsticks.—But now let us talk about your plans and wants, and the means of corresponding with you. To tell you the truth, I doubt being able to make a long stand at Glasgow, even when I have joined my Lord Ross; for this transient and accidental success of the fanatics will raise the devil through all the western counties."

"They then discussed Major Bellenden's means of defence, and settled a plan of correspondence, in case a general insurrection took place, as was to be expected. Claverhouse renewed his offer to escort the ladies to a place of safety; but, all things considered, Major Bellenden thought they would be in equal safety at Tillietudlem.

The Colonel then took a polite leave of Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, assuring them, that, though he was reluctantly obliged to leave them for the present in dangerous circumstances, yet his earliest means should be turned to the redemption of his character as a good knight and true, and that they might speedily rely on hearing from or seeing him.

Full of doubt and apprehension, Lady Margaret was little able to reply to a speech so much in unison with her usual expressions and feelings, but contented herself with bidding Claverhouse farewell,

and thanking him for the succours which he had promised to leave them. Edith longed to inquire the fate of Henry Morton, but could find no pretext for doing so, and could only hope that it had made a subject of some part of the long private communication which her uncle had held with Claverhouse. On this subject, however, she was disappointed; for the old cavalier was so deeply immersed in the duties of his own office, that he had scarce said a single word to Claverhouse, excepting upon military matters, and most probably would have been equally forgetful, had the fate of his own son, instead of his friend's, lain in the balance.

Claverhouse now descended the bank on which the Castle is founded, in order to put his troops again in motion, and Major Bellenden accompanied him to receive the detachment who were to be left in the tower.

"I shall leave Inglis with you," said Claverhouse, "for, as I am situated, I cannot spare an officer of rank; it is all we can do by our joint efforts to keep the men together. But should any of our missing officers make their appearance, I authorize you to detain them; for my fellows can with difficulty be subjected to any other authority."

His troops being now drawn up, he picked out sixteen men by name, and committed them to the command of Corporal Inglis, whom he promoted to the rank of sergeant on the spot.

"And hark ye, gentlemen," was his concluding harangue,—"I leave you to defend the house of a lady, and under the command of her brother, Major Bellenden, a faithful servant to the king. You are to behave bravely, soberly, regularly, and obediently, and each of you shall be handsomely rewarded on my return to relieve the garrison. In case of mutiny, cowardice, neglect of duty, or the slightest excess in the family, the provost-marshal and cord—you know I keep my word for good and evil."

He touched his hat as he bade them farewell, and shook hands cordially with Major Bellenden.

"Adieu," he said, "my stout-hearted old friend! Good luck be with you, and better times to us both!"

The horsemen whom he commanded had been once more reduced to tolerable order by the exertions of Major Allan; and, though shorn of their splendour, and with their gilding all besmirched, made a much more regular and military appearance on leaving, for the second time, the tower of Tillietudlem, than when they returned to it after their rout.

Major Bellenden, now left to his own resources, sent out several videttes, both to obtain supplies of provisions, and especially of meal, and to get knowledge of the motions of the enemy. All the news he could collect on the second subject tended to prove that the insurgents meant to remain on the field of battle for that night. But they, also, had abroad their detachments and advanced guards, to collect supplies; and great was the doubt and distress of those who received contrary orders, in the name of the King and in that of the Kirk,—the one commanding them to send provisions to victual the Castle of Tillietudlem, and the other enjoining them to forward supplies to the

camp of the godly professors of true religion, now in arms for the cause of covenanted reformation, presently pitched at Drumclog, nigh to Loudon-hill. Each summons closed with a denunciation of fire and sword if it was neglected; for neither party could confide so far in the loyalty or zeal of those whom they addressed, as to hope they would part with their property upon other terms. So that the poor people knew not what hand to turn themselves to; and, to say truth, there were some who turned themselves to more than one.

"Thir kittle times will drive the wisest o' us daft," said Niel Blane, the prudent host of the Howff; "but I 'se aye keep a calm sough.—Jenny, what meal is in the girnel?"

"Four bows o' aitmeal, twa bows o' bear, and twa bows o' pease," was Jenny's reply.

"Aweel, hinny," continued Niel Blane, sighing deeply, "let Bauldy drive the pease and bear meal to the camp at Drumclog—he 's a whig, and was the auld gudewife's pleughman—the mashlum bannocks will suit their muirland stamachs weel. He maun say it 's the last unce o' meal in the house, or, if he scruples to tell a lie (as it 's no likely he will when it 's for the gude o' the house), he may wait till Duncan Glen, the auld drucken trooper, drives up the aitmeal to Tillietudlem, wi' my dutifu' service to my Leddy and the Major, and I haena as muckle left as will mak my parritch; and if Duncan manage right, I 'll gie him a tass o' whisky shall mak the blue low come out at his mouth."

"And what are we to eat ourselves then, father," asked Jenny, "when we hae sent awa the haill meal in the ark and the girnel?"

"We maun gaur wheat-flour serve us for a blink," said Niel, in a tone of resignation; "it 's no that ill food, though far frae being sae hearty or kindly to a Scotchman's stomach as the curney aitmeal is; the Englishers live aunsist upon 't: but, to be sure, the pock-puddings ken nae better."

While the prudent and peaceful endeavoured, like Niel Blane, to make fair weather with both parties, those who had more public (or party) spirit began to take arms on all sides. The royalists in the country were not numerous, but were respectable from their fortune and influence, being chiefly landed proprietors of ancient descent, who, with their brothers, cousins, and dependents to the ninth generation, as well as their domestic servants, formed a sort of militia, capable of defending their own peel-houses against detached bodies of the insurgents, of resisting their demand of supplies, and intercepting those which were sent to the presbyterian camp by others. The news that the Tower of Tillietudlem was to be defended against the insurgents, afforded great courage and support to these feudal volunteers, who considered it as a stronghold to which they might retreat, in case it should become impossible for them to maintain the desultory war which they were now about to wage.

On the other hand, the towns, the villages, the farm-houses, the properties of small heritors, sent forth numerous recruits to the presbyterian interest. These men had been the principal sufferers during the oppression of the time. Their minds were fretted, soured, and driven to desperation, by the various exactions and cruelties to which

they had been subjected: and, although by no means united among themselves, either concerning the purpose of this formidable insurrection, or the means by which that purpose was to be obtained, most of them considered it as a door opened by Providence to obtain the liberty of conscience of which they had been long deprived, and to shake themselves free of a tyranny, directed both against body and soul. Numbers of these men, therefore, took up arms; and, in the phrase of their time and party, prepared to cast in their lot with the victors of Loudon-hill.

CHAPTER XXI.

Ananias. I do not like the man: He is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan truly.
Tribulation. You must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did ill to upbraid him. *The Alchemist.*

We return to Henry Morton, whom we left on the field of battle. He was eating, by one of the watch-fires, his portion of the provisions which had been distributed to the army, and musing deeply on the path which he was next to pursue, when Burley suddenly came up to him, accompanied by the young minister whose exhortation after the victory had produced such a powerful effect.

"Henry Morton," said Balfour, abruptly, "the council of the army of the Covenant, confiding that the son of Silas Morton can never prove a lukewarm Laodicean, or an indifferent Gallio, in this great day, have nominated you to be a captain of their host, with the right of a vote in their council, and all authority fitting for an officer who is to command Christian men."

"Mr Balfour," replied Morton, without hesitation, "I feel this mark of confidence, and it is not surprising that a natural sense of the injuries of my country, not to mention those I have sustained in my own person, should make me sufficiently willing to draw my sword for liberty and freedom of conscience. But I will own to you, that I must be better satisfied concerning the principles on which you bottom your cause, ere I can agree to take a command amongst you."

"And can you doubt of our principles," answered Burley, "since we have stated them to be the reformation both of church and state, the rebuilding of the decayed sanctuary, the gathering of the dispersed saints, and the destruction of the man of sin?"

"I will own frankly, Mr Balfour," replied Morton, "much of this sort of language, which I observe is so powerful with others, is entirely lost on me. It is proper you should be aware of this before we commune further together." (The young clergyman here groaned deeply.) "I distress you, sir," said Morton; "but perhaps it is because you will not hear me out. I revere the Scriptures as deeply as you or any Christian can do. I look into them with humble hope of extracting a rule of conduct and a law of salvation. But I expect to find this by an examination of their general tenor, and of the spirit

which they uniformly breathe, and not by wresting particular passages from their context, or by the application of Scriptural phrases to circumstances and events with which they have often very slender relation."

The young divine seemed shocked and thunderstruck with this declaration, and was about to remonstrate.

"Hush, Ephraim!" said Burley; "remember he is but as a babe in swaddling clothes.—Listen to me, Morton. I will speak to thee in the worldly language of that carnal reason, which is, for the present, thy blind and imperfect guide. What is the object for which thou art content to draw thy sword? Is it not that the church and state should be reformed by the free voice of a free parliament, with such laws as shall hereafter prevent the executive government from spilling the blood, torturing and imprisoning the persons, exhausting the estates, and trampling upon the consciences of men, at their own wicked pleasure?"

"Most certainly," said Morton; "such I esteem legitimate causes of warfare, and for such I will fight while I can wield a sword."

"Nay, but," said Macbriar, "ye handle this matter too tenderly; nor will my conscience permit me to fard or daub over the causes of divine wrath"——

"Peace, Ephraim Macbriar!" again interrupted Burley.

"I will not peace," said the young man. "Is it not the cause of my Master who hath sent me? Is it not a profane and Erastian destroying of his authority, usurpation of his power, denial of his name, to place either King or Parliament in his place as the master and governor of his household, the adulterous husband of his spouse?"

"You speak well," said Burley, dragging him aside, "but not wisely. Your own ears have heard this night in council how this scattered remnant are broken and divided, and would ye now make a veil of separation between them?—would ye build a wall with unslaked mortar?—if a fox go up, it will breach it."

"I know," said the young clergyman, in reply, "that thou art faithful, honest, and zealous, even unto slaying; but, believe me, this worldly craft, this temporizing with sin and with infirmity, is in itself a falling away; and, I fear me, Heaven will not honour us to do much more for His glory, when we seek to carnal cunning and to a fleshly arm. The sanctified end must be wrought by sanctified means."

"I tell thee," answered Balfour, "thy zeal is too rigid in this matter; we cannot yet do without the help of the Laodiceans and the Erastians; we must endure for a space the indulged in the midst of the council—the sons of Zeruiah are yet too strong for us."

"I tell thee I like it not," said Macbriar. "God can work deliverance by a few as well as by a multitude. The host of the faithful that was broken upon Pentland-hills, paid but the fitting penalty of acknowledging the carnal interest of that tyrant and oppressor, Charles Stuart."

"Well, then," said Balfour, "thou knowest the healing resolution that the council have adopted—to make a comprehending declaration, that may suit the tender consciences of all who groan under the yoke of our present oppressors. Return to the council if thou wilt, and

get them to recall it, and send forth one upon narrower grounds. But abide not here to hinder my gaining over this youth, whom my soul travails for; his name alone will call forth hundreds to our banners."

"Do as thou wilt, then," said Macbriar; "but I will not assist to mislead the youth, nor bring him into jeopardy of life, unless upon such grounds as will ensure his eternal reward."

The more artful Balfour then dismissed the impatient preacher, and returned to his proselyte.

That we may be enabled to dispense with detailing at length the arguments by which he urged Morton to join the insurgents, we shall take this opportunity to give a brief sketch of the person by whom they were used, and the motives which he had for interesting himself so deeply in the conversion of young Morton to his cause.

John Balfour of Kinloch, or Burley (for he is designated both ways in the histories and proclamations of that melancholy period), was a gentleman of some fortune, and of good family, in the county of Fife, and had been a soldier from his youth upwards. In the younger part of his life he had been wild and licentious, but had early laid aside open profligacy, and embraced the strictest tenets of Calvinism. Unfortunately, habits of excess and intemperance were more easily rooted out of his dark, saturnine, and enterprising spirit, than the vices of revenge and ambition, which continued, notwithstanding his religious professions, to exercise no small sway over his mind. Daring in design, precipitate and violent in execution, and going to the very extremity of the most rigid recusancy, it was his ambition to place himself at the head of the presbyterian interest.

To attain this eminence among the whigs, he had been active in attending their conventicles, and more than once had commanded them when they appeared in arms, and beaten off the forces sent to disperse them. At length, the gratification of his own fierce enthusiasm, joined, as some say, with motives of private revenge, placed him at the head of that party who assassinated the Primate of Scotland, as the author of the sufferings of the presbyterians. The violent measures adopted by Government to revenge this deed, not on the perpetrators only, but on the whole professors of the religion to which they belonged, together with long previous sufferings, without any prospect of deliverance except by force of arms, occasioned the insurrection which, as we have already seen, commenced by the defeat of Claverhouse in the bloody skirmish of Loudon-hill.

But Burley, notwithstanding the share he had in the victory, was far from finding himself at the summit which his ambition aimed at. This was partly owing to the various opinions entertained among the insurgents concerning the murder of Archbishop Sharpe. The more violent among them did, indeed, approve of this act as a deed of justice, executed upon a persecutor of God's church through the immediate inspiration of the Deity; but the greater part of the presbyterians disowned the deed as a crime highly culpable, although they admitted that the Archbishop's punishment had by no means exceeded his deserts. The insurgents differed in another main point, which has been already touched upon. The more warm and extravagant fanatics condemned, as guilty of a pusillanimous abandon-

peace of the rights of the church, those privileges and [illegible] who were contented to [illegible] the prevailing party [illegible] the permission of the ruling powers. This step was [illegible] circumstances of real sufferers of God to the [illegible] tions of an earthly government, and therefore [illegible] than perhaps of piety.—Again, the same [illegible] party was [illegible] to allow the king's title to the throne, and to [illegible] acknowledge his authority, so long as it was [illegible] regard to the liberties of the subject, and to [illegible] the laws of the realm. But the views of the [illegible] under Richard Cameron, by the name of Cameronians] were [illegible] length of disowning the [illegible] and every [illegible] covenants with God and [illegible] Cameron. The seeds of discord were, therefore, thickly sown in this fruitful period; and Balfour, however [illegible] and [illegible] much attached to the more violent of those [illegible] we have noticed, was nothing loth [illegible] to the [illegible] cause, if they were [illegible] or during the crisis, when unity was of [illegible] Hence he disapproved, as we have seen, of the [illegible] and ardent zeal of Macbriar, and was extremely desirous to [illegible] the assistance of the moderate party of presbyterians in the [illegible] diate overthrow of the Government, with the hope of being hereafter able to dictate to them what should be substituted in its place.

He was, on this account, particularly anxious to secure the [illegible] sion of Henry Morton to the cause of the insurgents. The memory of his father was generally esteemed among the presbyterians; and as few persons of any decent quality had joined the insurgents, the young man's family and prospects were such as almost [illegible] his being chosen a leader. Through Morton's means, as being the son of his ancient comrade, Burley conceived he might exercise some influence over the more liberal part of the army, and ultimately, perhaps, ingratiate himself so far with them, as to be chosen commander-in-chief, which was the mark at which his ambition aimed. He had, therefore, without waiting till any other person took up the subject, exerted to the utmost the talents and dispassion of Morton, and easily obtained his elevation to the pitiful rank of a leader in this disunited and undisciplined army.

The arguments by which Balfour pressed Morton to accept of this dangerous promotion, as soon as he had gotten rid of his less weighty and accommodating companion Macbriar, were subtle and artful and urged. He did not affect either to deny or to disguise that the sentiments which he himself entertained concerning church government, were far from those of the preacher who had just left them; but he argued, that when the affairs of the nation were at such a desperate crisis, a minute difference of opinion should not prevent those who in general wished well to their oppressed country, from drawing their swords in its behalf. Many of the subjects of dissension—as for example, that concerning the indulgence itself—arose, he observed, out of circumstances which would cease to exist, provided their attempt to free the country should be successful, seeing that the presbytery, being in that case triumphant, would need to make

no such compromise with the Government; and, [illegible] with the abolition of the Indulgence, all discussion of its [illegible] be at once ended. He insisted much and strongly upon the [illegible] sity of taking advantage of this favourable crisis, while the [illegible] of their being joined by the three of the whole country, [illegible] upon the gross guilt which those would incur, who, seeing the [illegible] tress of the country, and the increasing tyranny with which it was governed, should, from fear or indifference, withhold their services from the good cause.

Morton wanted not these arguments to induce him to join in any insurrection, which might appear to have a feasible prospect of freedom to the country. He doubted, indeed, greatly, whether the present attempt was likely to be supported by the strength sufficient to ensure success, or by the wisdom and liberality of spirit necessary to make a good use of the advantages that might be gained. Upon the whole, however, considering the wrongs he had personally endured, and those which he had seen daily inflicted on his fellow-subjects—meditating also upon the precarious and dangerous situation in which he already stood with relation to the Government,—he considered himself, in every point of view, called upon to join the body of presbyterians already in arms.

But while he expressed to Burley his [illegible] in the [illegible] which had named him a leader among the insurgents, and a member of their council of war, it was not without a qualification.

"I am willing," he said, "to contribute everything within my limited power to effect the emancipation of my country. But do not mistake me. I disapprove, in the utmost degree, of the action in which this rising seems to have originated; and no arguments should induce me to join it, if it is to be carried on by such measures as that with which it has commenced."

Burley's blood rushed to his face, giving a ruddy and dark glow to his swarthy brow.

"You mean," he said, in a voice which he designed should be [illegible]—"You mean the death of [illegible]

"Frankly," answered Morton, "such is my meaning."

"You mistake, then," said Burley, "that the Archbishop, [illegible] of difficulty, does not raise up instruments to deliver his country from her oppressor? You are of opinion that the justice of [illegible] consists, not in the extent of the sufferer's crime or [illegible] merited punishment, or in the wholesome and salutary effect [illegible] that example is likely to produce upon other evil-doers, but that it rests solely in the robe of the judge, the height of the [illegible] and the voice of the doomster? Is not just punishment justly inflicted, whether on the scaffold or the moor? And where [illegible] judges from cowardice, or from having cast in their lot with [illegible] suffer them not only to pass at liberty through the [illegible] but to sit in the high places, and dye their garments in the blood of the saints—is it not well done in any brave spirits who shall draw their private swords in the public cause?"

"I have no wish to judge this individual action," replied Morton, "further than is necessary to make myself aware of my [illegible]

I therefore repeat, that the case you have supposed does not satisfy my judgment. That the Almighty, in his mysterious providence, may bring a bloody man to an end deservedly bloody, does not vindicate those who, without authority of any kind, take upon themselves to be the instruments of execution, and presume to call them the executors of divine vengeance."

"And were we not so?" said Burley, in a tone of fierce enthusiasm. "Were not we—was not every one who owned the interest of the Covenanted Church of Scotland, bound by that covenant to cut off the Judas who had sold the cause of God for fifty thousand merks a-year? Had we met him by the way as he came down from London, and there smitten him with the edge of the sword, we had done but the duty of men faithful to our cause, and to our oaths recorded in heaven. Was not the execution itself a proof of our warrant? Did not the Lord deliver him into our hands when we looked out but for one of his inferior tools of persecution? Did we not pray to be resolved how we should act, and was it not borne in on our hearts as if it had been written on them with the point of a diamond, 'Ye shall surely take him and slay him?'—Was not the tragedy full half an hour in acting ere the sacrifice was completed, and that in an open heath, and within the patrols of their garrisons—and yet who interrupted the great work?—What dog so much as bayed us during the pursuit, the taking, the slaying, and the dispersing? Then, who will say—who dare say, that a mightier arm than ours was not herein revealed?"

"You deceive yourself, Mr Balfour," said Morton; "such circumstances of facility of execution and escape have often attended the commission of the most enormous crimes.—But it is not mine to judge you. I have not forgotten that the way was opened to the former liberation of Scotland by an act of violence which no man can justify—the slaughter of Cumming by the hand of Robert Bruce; and therefore, condemning this action, as I do and must, I am not unwilling to suppose that you may have motives vindicating it in your own eyes, though not in mine, or in those of sober reason. I only now mention it, because I desire you to understand that I join a cause supported by men engaged in open war, which it is proposed to carry on according to the rules of civilized nations, without in any respect approving of the act of violence which gave immediate rise to it."

Balfour bit his lip, and with difficulty suppressed a violent answer. He perceived with disappointment, that, upon points of principle, his young brother-in-arms possessed a clearness of judgment, and a firmness of mind, which afforded but little hope of his being able to exert that degree of influence over him which he had expected to possess. After a moment's pause, however, he said, with coolness, "My conduct is open to men and angels. The deed was not done in a corner—I am here in arms to avow it, and care not where, or by whom, I am called on to do so—whether in the council, the field of battle, the place of execution, or the day of the last great trial. I will not now discuss it further with one who is yet on the other side of the veil. But if you will cast in your lot with us as a brother,

come with me to the council, who are still sitting, to arrange the future march of the army, and the means of improving our victory."

Morton arose and followed him in silence,—not greatly delighted with his associate, and better satisfied with the general justice of the cause which he had espoused, than either with the measures or the motives of many of those who were embarked in it.

CHAPTER XXII.

> And look how many Grecian tents do stand
> Hollow upon this plain—so many hollow factions.
>
> *Troilus and Cressida.*

In a hollow of the hill, about a quarter of a mile from the field of battle, was a shepherd's hut—a miserable cottage, which, as the only enclosed spot within a moderate distance, the leaders of the presbyterian army had chosen for their council-house. Towards this spot Burley guided Morton, who was surprised, as he approached it, at the multifarious confusion of sounds which issued from its precincts. The calm and anxious gravity which it might be supposed would have presided in councils held on such important subjects, and at a period so critical, seemed to have given place to discord wild, and loud uproar, which fell on the ear of their new ally as an evil augury of their future measures. As they approached the door, they found it open indeed, but choked up with the bodies and heads of countrymen, who, though no members of the council, felt no scruple in intruding themselves upon deliberations in which they were so deeply interested. By expostulation, by threats, and even by some degree of violence, Burley, the sternness of whose character maintained a sort of superiority over these disorderly forces, compelled the intruders to retire, and, introducing Morton into the cottage, secured the door behind them against impertinent curiosity. At a less agitating moment, the young man might have been entertained with the singular scene of which he now found himself an auditor and a spectator.

The precincts of the gloomy and ruinous hut were enlightened partly by some furze which blazed on the hearth, the smoke whereof, having no legal vent, eddied around, and formed over the heads of the assembled council a clouded canopy—as opaque as their metaphysical theology—through which, like stars through mist, were dimly seen to twinkle a few blinking candles, or rather rushes dipped in tallow, the property of the poor owner of the cottage, which were stuck to the walls by patches of wet clay. This broken and dusky light showed many a countenance elated with spiritual pride, or rendered dark by fierce enthusiasm; and some whose anxious, wandering, and uncertain looks, showed they felt themselves rashly embarked in a cause which they had neither courage nor conduct to bring to a good issue, yet knew not how to abandon, for very shame.

They were, indeed, a doubtful and disunited body. The most active of their number were those concerned with Burley in the death of the Primate, four or five of whom had found their way to Loudon-hill, together with other men of the same relentless and uncompromising zeal, who had in various ways given desperate and unpardonable offence to the Government.

With them were mingled their preachers, men who had spurned at the indulgence offered by Government, and preferred assembling their flocks in the wilderness, to worshipping in temples built by human hands, if their doing the latter should be construed to admit any right on the part of their rulers to interfere with the supremacy of the Kirk. The other class of councillors were such gentlemen of small fortune, and substantial farmers, as a sense of intolerable oppression had induced to take arms and join the insurgents. These also had their clergymen with them; and such divines, having many of them taken advantage of the indulgence, were prepared to resist the measures of their more violent brethren, who proposed a declaration in which they should give testimony against the warrants and instructions for indulgence as sinful and unlawful acts. This delicate question had been passed over in silence in the first draught of the manifestoes which they intended to publish of the reasons of their gathering in arms; but it had been stirred anew during Balfour's absence, and, to his great vexation, he now found that both parties had opened upon it in full cry.—Macbriar, Kettledrummle, and other teachers of the wanderers, being at the very springtide of polemical discussion with Peter Poundtext, the indulged pastor of Milnwood's parish, who, it seems, had e'en girded himself with a broadsword, but, ere he was called upon to fight for the good cause of presbytery in the field, was manfully defending his own dogmata in the council. It was the din of this conflict, maintained chiefly between Poundtext and Kettledrummle, together with the clamour of their adherents, which had saluted Morton's ears upon approaching the cottage. Indeed, as both the divines were men well gifted with words and lungs, and each fierce, ardent, and intolerant in defence of his own doctrine, prompt in the recollection of texts wherewith they battered each other without mercy, and deeply impressed with the importance of the subject of discussion, the noise of the debate betwixt them fell little short of that which might have attended an actual bodily conflict.

Burley, scandalized at the disunion raging in this virulent strife of tongues, interposed between the disputants, and, by some general remarks on the unseasonableness of discord, a soothing address to the vanity of each party, and the assertion of the authority which his services in that day's victory entitled him to assume, at length succeeded in prevailing upon them to adjourn farther discussion of the controversy. But although Kettledrummle and Poundtext were thus for the time silenced, they continued to eye each other like two dogs, who, having been separated by the authority of their masters while fighting, have retreated, each beneath the chair of his owner, still watching each other's motions, and indicating, by occasional growls, by the erected bristles of the back and ears, and by the red glance of

the eye, that their discord is unappeased, and that they only wait the first opportunity afforded by any general movement or commotion in the company, to fly once more at each other's throats.

Balfour took advantage of the momentary pause to present to the council Mr Henry Morton of Milnwood, as one touched with a sense of the evils of the times, and willing to peril goods and life in the precious cause for which his father, the renowned Silas Morton, had given in his time a soul-stirring testimony. Morton was instantly received with the right hand of fellowship by his ancient pastor, Poundtext, and by those among the insurgents who supported the more moderate principles. The others muttered something about Erastianism, and reminded each other in whispers, that Silas Morton, once a stout and worthy servant of the Covenant, had been a backslider in the day when the resolutioners had led the way in owning the authority of Charles Stuart, thereby making a gap whereat the present tyrant was afterwards brought in, to the oppression both of Kirk and country. They added, however, that, on this great day of calling, they would not refuse society with any who should put hand to the plough: and so Morton was installed in his office of leader and councillor, if not with the full approbation of his colleagues, at least without any formal or avowed dissent. They proceeded, on Burley's motion, to divide among themselves the command of the men who had assembled, and whose numbers were daily increasing. In this partition, the insurgents of Poundtext's parish and congregation were naturally placed under the command of Morton; an arrangement mutually agreeable to both parties, as he was recommended to their confidence, as well by his personal qualities as his having been born among them.

When this task was accomplished, it became necessary to determine what use was to be made of their victory. Morton's heart throbbed high when he heard the tower of Tillietudlem named as one of the most important positions to be seized upon. It commanded, as we have often noticed, the pass between the more wild and the more fertile country, and must furnish, it was plausibly urged, a stronghold and place of rendezvous to the cavaliers and malignants of the district, supposing the insurgents were to march onward and leave it uninvested. The measure was particularly urged as necessary by Poundtext and those of his immediate followers, whose habitations and families might be exposed to great severities, if this strong place were permitted to remain in possession of the royalists.

"I opine," said Poundtext,—for, like the other divines of the period, he had no hesitation in offering his advice upon military matters, of which he was profoundly ignorant—"I opine that we should take in and raze that stronghold of the woman Lady Margaret Bellenden, even though we should build a fort and raise a mount against it; for the race is a rebellious and a bloody race, and their hand has been heavy on the children of the Covenant, both in the former and the latter times. Their hook hath been in our noses, and their bridle betwixt our jaws."

"What are their means and men of defence?" said Burley. "The

place is strong; but I cannot conceive that two women can make it good against a host."

"There is also," said Poundtext, "Harrison the steward, and John Gudyill, even the lady's chief butler, who boasteth himself a man of war from his youth upward, and who spread the banner against the good cause with that man of Belial, James Grahame of Montrose."

"Pshaw!" returned Burley, scornfully—"a butler!"

"Also, there is that ancient malignant," replied Poundtext, "Miles Bellenden of Charnwood, whose hands have been dipped in the blood of the saints."

"If that," said Burley, "be Miles Bellenden, the brother of Sir Arthur, he is one whose sword will not turn back from battle; but he must now be stricken in years."

"There was word in the country as I rode along," said another of the council, "that so soon as they heard of the victory which has been given to us, they caused shut the gates of the tower, and called in men, and collected ammunition. They were ever a fierce and a malignant house."

"We will not, with my consent," said Burley, "engage in a siege which may consume time. We must rush forward, and follow our advantage by occupying Glasgow; for I do not fear that the troops we have this day beaten, even with the assistance of my Lord Ross's regiment, will judge it safe to await our coming."

"Howbeit," said Poundtext, "we may display a banner before the Tower, and blow a trumpet, and summon them to come forth. It may be that they will give over the place into our mercy, though they be a rebellious people. And we will summon the women to come forth of their stronghold, that is, Lady Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter, and Jenny Dennison, which is a girl of an ensnaring eye, and the other maids, and we will give them a safe-conduct, and send them in peace to the city, even to the town of Edinburgh. But John Gudyill, and Hugh Harrison, and Miles Bellenden, we will restrain with fetters of iron, even as they, in times bypast, have done to the martyred saints."

"Who talks of safe-conduct and of peace?" said a shrill, broken, and overstrained voice, from the crowd.

"Peace, brother Habakkuk," said Macbriar, in a soothing tone, to the speaker.

"I will not hold my peace," reiterated the strange and unnatural voice:—"is this a time to speak of peace, when the earth quakes, and the mountains are rent, and the rivers are changed into blood, and the two-edged sword is drawn from the sheath to drink gore as if it were water, and devour flesh as the fire devours dry stubble?"

While he spoke thus, the orator struggled forward to the inner part of the circle, and presented to Morton's wondering eyes a figure worthy of such a voice and such language. The rags of a dress which had once been black, added to the tattered fragments of a shepherd's plaid, composed a covering scarce fit for the purposes of decency, much less for those of warmth or comfort. A long beard, as white as snow, hung down on his breast, and mingled with bushy,

uncombed, grizzled hair, which hung in elf-locks around his wild and staring visage. The features seemed to be extenuated by penury and famine, until they hardly retained the likeness of a human aspect. The eyes, grey, wild, and wandering, evidently betokened a bewildered imagination. He held in his hand a rusty sword, clotted with blood, as were his long lean hands, which were garnished at the extremity with nails like eagle's claws.

"In the name of Heaven, who is he?" said Morton, in a whisper to Poundtext,—surprised, shocked, and even startled, at this ghastly apparition, which looked more like the resurrection of some cannibal priest, or druid red from his human sacrifice, than like an earthly mortal.

"It is Habakkuk Mucklewrath," answered Poundtext, in the same tone, "whom the enemy have long detained in captivity in forts and castles, until his understanding hath departed from him, and, as I fear, an evil demon hath possessed him. Nevertheless, our violent brethren will have it, that he speaketh of the spirit, and that they fructify by his pouring forth."

Here he was interrupted by Mucklewrath, who cried, in a voice that made the very beams of the roof quiver—"Who talks of peace and safe-conduct? who speaks of mercy to the bloody house of the malignants? I say, take the infants and dash them against the stones—take the daughters and the mothers of the house, and hurl them from the battlements of their trust, that the dogs may fatten on their blood as they did on that of Jezebel, the spouse of Ahab, and that their carcasses may be dung to the face of the field even in the portion of their fathers!"

"He speaks right," said more than one sullen voice from behind. "We will be honoured with little service in the great cause, if we already make fair weather with Heaven's enemies."

"This is utter abomination and daring impiety," said Morton, unable to contain his indignation. "What blessing can you expect in a cause, in which you listen to the mingled ravings of madness and atrocity?"

"Hush, young man!" said Kettledrummle, "and reserve thy censure for that for which thou canst render a reason. It is not for thee to judge into what vessels the spirit may be poured."

"We judge of the tree by the fruit," said Poundtext, "and allow not that to be of divine inspiration that contradicts the divine laws."

"You forget, brother Poundtext," said Macbriar, "that these are the latter days, when signs and wonders shall be multiplied."

Poundtext stood forward to reply; but, ere he could articulate a word, the insane preacher broke in with a scream that drowned all competition.

"Who talks of signs and wonders? Am not I Habakkuk Mucklewrath, whose name is changed to Magor-Missabib, because I am made a terror unto myself and unto all that are around me?—I heard it—When did I hear it?—was it not in the Tower of the Bass, that overhangeth the wide wild sea?—and it howled in the winds, and it roared in the billows, and it screamed, and it whistled, and it clanged, with the screams and the clang and the whistle of the sea-birds, as

they floated, and flew, and dropped, and dived, on the bosom of the waters. I saw it—Where did I see it?—was it not from the high peaks of Dumbarton, when I looked westward upon the Frith below, and northward on the wild Highland hills; when the clouds gathered and the tempest came, and the lightnings of heaven flashed in sheets as wide as the banners of an host?—What did I see?—Dead corpses and wounded horses, the rushing together of battle, and garments rolled in blood.—What heard I?—The voice that cried, Slay, slay!—smite—slay utterly—let not your eye have pity! slay utterly, old and young, the maiden, the child, and the woman whose head is grey—defile the house, and fill the courts with the slain!"

"We receive the command!" exclaimed more than one of the company. "Six days he hath not spoken nor broken bread, and now his tongue is unloosed. We receive the command:—as he hath said, so will we do."

Astonished, disgusted, and horror-struck at what he had seen and heard, Morton turned away from the circle and left the company. He was followed by Burley, who had his eyes on his motions.—"Whither are you going?" said the latter, taking him by the arm.

"Anywhere,—I care not whither; but here I will abide no longer."

"Art thou so soon weary, young man?" answered Burley. "Thy hand is but now put to the plough, and wouldst thou already abandon it? Is this thy adherence to the cause of thy father?"

"No cause," replied Morton, indignantly—"no cause can prosper, so conducted. One party declares for the ravings of a blood-thirsty madman; another leader is an old scholastic pedant; a third"—he stopped, and his companion continued the sentence—"Is a desperate homicide, thou wouldst say, like John Balfour of Burley?—I can hear thy misconstruction without resentment. Thou dost not consider, that it is not men of sober and self-seeking minds who arise in these days of wrath to execute judgment and to accomplish deliverance. Hadst thou but seen the armies of England, during her Parliament of 1640, whose ranks were filled with sectaries and enthusiasts, wilder than the anabaptists of Munster, thou wouldst have had more cause to marvel; and yet these men were unconquered on the field, and their hands wrought marvellous things for the liberties of the land."

"But their affairs," replied Morton, "were wisely conducted, and the violence of their zeal expended itself in their exhortations and sermons, without bringing divisions into their councils, or cruelty into their conduct. I have often heard my father say so, and protest, that he wondered at nothing so much as the contrast between the extravagance of their religious tenets, and the wisdom and moderation with which they conducted their civil and military affairs. But your councils seem all one wild chaos of confusion."

"Thou must have patience, Henry Morton," answered Balfour; "thou must not leave the cause of thy religion and country either for one wild word, or one extravagant action. Hear me. I have already persuaded the wiser of our friends, that the councillors are too numerous, and that we cannot expect that the Midianites shall, by so

large a number, be delivered into our hands. They have hearkened to my voice, and our assemblies will be shortly reduced within such a number as can consult and act together; and in them thou shalt have a free voice, as well as in ordering our affairs of war, and protecting those to whom mercy should be shown.—Art thou now satisfied?"

"It will give me pleasure, doubtless," answered Morton, "to be the means of softening the horrors of civil war; and I will not leave the post I have taken, unless I see measures adopted at which my conscience revolts. But to no bloody executions after quarter asked, or slaughter without trial, will I lend countenance or sanction; and you may depend on my opposing them, with both heart and hand, as constantly and resolutely, if attempted by our own followers, as when they are the work of the enemy."

Balfour waved his hand impatiently.

"Thou wilt find," he said, "that the stubborn and hard-hearted generation with whom we deal, must be chastised with scorpions ere their hearts be humbled, and ere they accept the punishment of their iniquity. The word is gone forth against them, 'I will bring a sword upon you that shall avenge the quarrel of my Covenant.' But what is done shall be done gravely, and with discretion, like that of the worthy James Melvin, who executed judgment on the tyrant and oppressor, Cardinal Beaton."

"I own to you," replied Morton, "that I feel still more abhorrent at cold-blooded and premeditated cruelty, than at that which is practised in the heat of zeal and resentment."

"Thou art yet but a youth," replied Balfour, "and hast not learned how light in the balance are a few drops of blood in comparison to the weight and importance of this great national testimony. But be not afraid,—thyself shall vote and judge in these matters; it may be we shall see little cause to strive together anent them."

With this concession Morton was compelled to be satisfied for the present; and Burley left him, advising him to lie down and get some rest, as the host would probably move in the morning.

"And you," answered Morton,—"do not you go to rest also?"

"No," said Burley; "my eyes must not yet know slumber. This is no work to be done lightly. I have yet to perfect the choosing of the committee of leaders, and I will call you betimes in the morning, to be present at their consultation."

He turned away, and left Morton to his repose.

The place in which he found himself was not ill adapted for the purpose, being a sheltered nook, beneath a large rock, well protected from the prevailing wind. A quantity of moss, with which the ground was overspread, made a couch soft enough for one who had suffered so much hardship and anxiety. Morton wrapped himself in the horseman's cloak which he had still retained, stretched himself on the ground, and had not long indulged in melancholy reflections on the state of the country and upon his own condition, ere he was relieved from them by deep and sound slumber.

The rest of the army slept on the ground, dispersed in groups, which chose their beds on the fields as they could best find shelter

and convenience. A few of the principal leaders held wakeful conference with Burley on the state of their affairs, and some watchmen were appointed, who kept themselves on the alert by chanting psalms, or listening to the exercises of the more gifted of their number.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Get with much ease—now merrily to horse.

Henry IV. Part I.

With the first peep of day Henry awoke, and found the faithful Cuddie standing beside him with a portmanteau in his hand.

"I hae been just putting your honour's things in readiness again ye were waking," said Cuddie, "as is my duty, seeing ye hae been sae gude as to tak me into your service."

"I take you into my service, Cuddie!" said Morton; "you must be dreaming."

"Na, na, sir," answered Cuddie; "didna I say, when I was tied on the horse yonder, that if ever ye got loose I would be your servant, and ye didna say na? and if that been binding, I kenna what is. Ye gae me nae siller, indeed, but ye had given me enough before at Milnwood."

"Well, Cuddie, if you insist on taking the chance of my unprosperous fortunes"——

"Oh ay, I'se warrant us a' prosper weel enough," answered Cuddie, cheerfully, "an anes my auld mither was weel yestren up. I hae been in the campaigning trade at an end that is easy enough to learn."

"Pillaging, I suppose?" said Morton, "for how else could you come by that portmanteau?"

"I wotna if it's pillaging, or how ye ca't," said Cuddie; "but it comes natural to a body, and it's a profitable trade. Our folk had tirled the deal dragoons as bare as bawbees before we were hose amaist. But when I saw the Whigs a' weel yokit by the lugs to Kettledrummle and the other chield, I set aff at the lang trot on my ain errand and your honour's. Sae I took up the syke a wee bit, away to the right, where I saw the marks o' many a horse-shoe, and sure enough I came to a place where there had been some clean leatherin', and a' the puir sheilds were lying there buskit wi' their claes just as they had put them on that morning—nae body had found out that pose o' carcasses—and wha suld be in the midst thereof (as my mither says) but our auld acquaintance, Sergeant Bothwell?"

"Ay! has that man fallen?" said Morton.

"Teugh has he," answered Cuddie; "and his een were open and his brow bent, and his teeth clenched thegither, like the jaws of a trap for foumarts when the spring's down—I was amaist feared to look at him: however, I thought to hae turn about wi' him, and sae I e'en riped his pouches, as he had dune mony an honester man's: and here's your ain siller again (or your uncle's, which is the same) that

he got at Milnwood that unlucky night that made us a' sodgers thegither."

"There can be no harm, Cuddie," said Morton, "in making use of this money, since we know how he came by it; but you must divide with me."

"Bide a wee, bide a wee," said Cuddie. "Weel, and there's a bit ring he had hinging in a black ribbon doun on his breast. I am thinking it has been a love-token, puir fallow—there 's naebody sae rough but they hae aye a kind heart to the lasses—and there 's a book wi' a wheen papers; and I got twa or three odd things, that I'll keep to mysell, forby."

"Upon my word, you have made a very successful foray for a beginner," said his new master.

"Haena I e'en now?" said Cuddie, with great exultation. "I tauld ye I wasna that dooms stupid, if it cam to lifting things.—And forby, I hae gotten twa gude horse. A feckless loon of a Straven weaver, that has left his loom and his bien house to sit skirling on a cauld hill-side, had catched twa dragoon naigs, and he could neither gar them hup nor wind, sae he took a good noble for them baith—I suld hae tried him wi' half the siller, but it 's an unco ill place to get change in—Ye 'll find the siller's missing out o' Bothwell's purse."

"You have made a most excellent and useful purchase, Cuddie; —but what is that portmanteau?"

"The pockmantle?" answered Cuddie; "it was Lord Evandale's yesterday, and it 's yours the day. I fand it ahint the bush o' broom yonder—Ilka dog has its day—Ye ken what the auld sang says,

'Take turn about, mither, quo' Tam o' the Linn.'

And, speaking o' that, I maun gang and see about my mither, puir auld body, if your honour hasna ony immediate commands."

"But, Cuddie," said Morton, "I really cannot take these things from you without some recompense."

"Hout fie, stir," answered Cuddie, "ye suld aye be taking,—for recompense, ye may think about that some other time—I hae seen gey weel to mysell wi' some things that fit me better. What could I do wi' Lord Evandale's braw claes? Sergeant Bothwell's will serve me weel eneugh."

Not being able to prevail on the self-constituted and disinterested follower to accept of anything for himself out of these warlike spoils, Morton resolved to take the first opportunity of returning Lord Evandale's property, supposing him yet to be alive; and, in the meanwhile, did not hesitate to avail himself of Cuddie's prize, so far as to appropriate some changes of linen, and other trifling articles amongst those of more value which the portmanteau contained.

He then hastily looked over the papers which were found in Bothwell's pocket-book. These were of a miscellaneous description. The roll of his troop, with the names of those absent on furlough, memorandums of tavern-bills, and lists of delinquents who might be made subjects of fine and persecution, first presented themselves, along with a copy of a warrant from the Privy Council to arrest certain persons of distinction therein named. In another pocket of the book were

one or two commissions which Bothwell had held at different times, and certificates of his services abroad, in which his courage and military talents were highly praised. But the most remarkable paper was an accurate account of his genealogy, with reference to many documents for establishment of its authenticity;—subjoined was a list of the ample possessions of the forfeited Earls of Bothwell, and a particular account of the proportions in which King James VI. had bestowed them on the courtiers and nobility, by whose descendants they were at present actually possessed: beneath this list was written, in red letters, in the hand of the deceased, *Haud Immemor*, *F.S.E.B.*, the initials probably intimating Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell. To these documents, which strongly painted the character and feelings of their deceased proprietor, were added some which showed him in a light greatly different from that in which we have hitherto presented him to the reader.

In a secret pocket of the book, which Morton did not discover without some trouble, were one or two letters, written in a beautiful female hand. They were dated about twenty years back, bore no address, and were subscribed only by initials. Without having time to peruse them accurately, Morton perceived that they contained the elegant yet fond expressions of female affection directed towards an object whose jealousy they endeavoured to soothe, and of whose hasty, suspicious, and impatient temper, the writer seemed gently to complain. The ink of these manuscripts had faded by time, and, notwithstanding the great care which had obviously been taken for their preservation, they were in one or two places chafed so as to be illegible.

"It matters not," (these words were written on the envelope of that which had suffered most)—"I have them by heart."

With these letters was a lock of hair wrapped in a copy of verses, written obviously with a feeling which atoned, in Morton's opinion, for the roughness of the poetry, and the conceits with which it abounded, according to the taste of the period:

Thy hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright,
As in that well-remember'd night,
When first thy mystic braid was wove,
And first my Agnes whisper'd love.
Since then, how often hast thou press'd
The torrid zone of this wild breast,
Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell
With the first sin which peopled hell!
A breast whose blood's a troubled ocean,
Each throb the earthquake's wild commotion!—
O, if such clime thou canst endure,
Yet keep thy hue unstained and pure,
What conquest o'er each erring thought
Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought!
I had not wander'd wild and wide,
With such an angel for my guide;
Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me,
If she had lived and lived to love me.
Not then this world's wild joys had been
To me one savage hunting-scene,

My sole delight the headlong race,
And frantic hurry of the chase,
To start, pursue, and bring to bay,
Rush in, drag down, and rend my prey,
Then from the carcass turn away;
Mine ireful mood had sweetness tamed,
And soothed each wound which pride inflamed;—
Yes, God and man might now approve me,
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me.

As he finished reading these lines, Morton could not forbear reflecting with compassion on the fate of this singular and most unhappy being, who, it appeared, while in the lowest state of degradation, and almost of contempt, had his recollections continually fixed on the high station to which his birth seemed to entitle him; and, while plunged in gross licentiousness, was in secret looking back with bitter remorse to the period of his youth, during which he had nourished a virtuous, though unfortunate attachment.

"Alas! what are we," said Morton, "that our best and most praiseworthy feelings can be thus debased and depraved—that honourable pride can sink into haughty and desperate indifference for general opinion, and the sorrow of blighted affection inhabit the same bosom which licence, revenge, and rapine have chosen for their citadel? But it is the same throughout; the liberal principles of one man sink into cold and unfeeling indifference; the religious zeal of another hurries him into frantic and savage enthusiasm. Our resolutions, our passions, are like the waves of the sea, and, without the aid of Him who formed the human breast, we cannot say to its tides, 'Thus far shall ye come, and no farther.'"

While he thus moralized, he raised his eyes, and observed that Burley stood before him.

"Already awake?" said that leader—"It is well, and shows zeal to tread the path before you. What papers are these?" he continued.

Morton gave him some brief account of Cuddie's successful marauding party, and handed him the pocket-book of Bothwell, with its contents. The Covenanting leader looked with some attention on such of the papers as related to military affairs or public business; but when he came to the verses, he threw them from him with contempt.

"I little thought," he said, "when, by the blessing of God, I poured my sword three times through the body of that arch son of Belial, and persecution, that a character so desperate and so dangerous could have stooped to an art as trifling as it is profane. But I see that Satan can blend the most different qualities in his well-beloved and chosen agents, and that the same hand which can wield a club or a slaughter-weapon against the godly in the valley of destruction, can touch a tinkling lute, or a gittern, to soothe the ears of the dancing daughters of perdition in their Vanity Fair."

"Your ideas of duty, then," said Morton, "exclude love of the fine arts, which have been supposed in general to purify and to elevate the mind?"

"To me, young man," answered Burley, "and to those who think

as I do, the pleasures of this world, under whatever name disguised, are vanity, as its grandeur and power are a snare. We have but one object on earth, and that is to build up the temple of the Lord."

"I have heard my father observe," replied Morton, "that many who assumed power in the name of Heaven, were as severe in its exercise, and as unwilling to part with it, as if they had been solely moved by the motives of worldly ambition—But of this another time. Have you succeeded in obtaining a committee of the council to be nominated?"

"I have," answered Burley. "The number is limited to six, of which you are one, and I come to call you to their deliberations."

Morton accompanied him to a sequestered grass-plot, where their colleagues awaited them. In this delegation of authority, the two principal factions which divided the tumultuary army had each taken care to send three of their own number. On the part of the Cameronians, were Burley, Macbriar, and Kettledrummle; and on that of the moderate party, Poundtext, Henry Morton, and a small proprietor called the Laird of Langcale. Thus the two parties were equally balanced by their representatives in the committee of management, although it seemed likely that those of the most violent opinions were, as is usual in such cases, to possess and exert the greater degree of energy. Their debate, however, was conducted more like men of this world than could have been expected from their conduct on the preceding evening. After maturely considering their means and situation, and the probable increase of their numbers, they agreed that they would keep their position for that day, in order to refresh their men, and give time to reinforcements to join them, and that, on the next morning, they would direct their march towards Tillietudlem, and summon that stronghold, as they expressed it, of malignancy. If it was not surrendered to their summons, they resolved to try the effect of a brisk assault; and, should that miscarry, it was settled that they should leave a part of their number to blockade the place, and reduce it, if possible, by famine, while their main body should march forward to drive Claverhouse and Lord Ross from the town of Glasgow. Such was the determination of the council of management; and thus Morton's first enterprise in active life was likely to be the attack of a castle belonging to the parent of his mistress, and defended by her relative, Major Bellenden, to whom he personally owed many obligations! He felt fully the embarrassment of his situation, yet consoled himself with the reflection, that his newly-acquired power in the insurgent army would give him, at all events, the means of extending to the inmates of Tillietudlem a protection which no other circumstance could have afforded them;—and he was not without hope that he might be able to mediate such an accommodation betwixt them and the presbyterian army, as should secure them a safe neutrality during the war which was about to ensue.

CHAPTER XXIV.

There came a knight from the field of slain,
His steed was drench'd in blood and rain.

FINLAY.

We must now return to the fortress of Tillietudlem and its inhabitants. The morning, being the first after the battle of Loudoun-hill, had dawned upon its battlements, and the defenders had already resumed the labours by which they proposed to render the place tenable, when the watchman, who was placed in a high turret called the Warder's Tower, gave the signal that a horseman was approaching. As he came nearer, his dress indicated an officer of the Life-Guards; and the slowness of his horse's pace, as well as the manner in which the rider stooped on the saddle-bow, plainly shewed that he was sick or wounded. The wicket was instantly opened to receive him, and Lord Evandale rode into the court-yard, so reduced by loss of blood, that he was unable to dismount without assistance. As he entered the hall, leaning upon a servant, the ladies shrieked with surprise and terror; for, pale as death, stained with blood, his regimentals soiled and torn, and his hair matted and disordered, he resembled rather a spectre than a human being. But their next exclamation was that of joy at his escape.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Lady Margaret, "that you are here, and have escaped the hands of the bloodthirsty murderers who have cut off so many of the king's loyal servants!"

"Thank God!" added Edith, "that you are here and in safety! We have dreaded the worst. But you are wounded, and I fear we have little the means of assisting you."

"My wounds are only sword-cuts," answered the young nobleman, as he reposed himself on a seat; "the pain is not worth mentioning, and I should not even feel exhausted but for the loss of blood.—But it was not my purpose to bring my weakness to add to your danger and distress, but to relieve them, if possible. What can I do for you?—Permit me," he added, addressing Lady Margaret—"permit me to think and act as your son, my dear madam—as your brother, Edith!"

He pronounced the last part of the sentence with some emphasis, as if he feared that the apprehension of his pretensions as a suitor might render his proffered services unacceptable to Miss Bellenden. She was not insensible to his delicacy, but there was no time for exchange of sentiments.

"We are preparing for our defence," said the old lady with great dignity;—"my brother has taken charge of our garrison, and, by the grace of God, we will give the rebels such a reception as they deserve."

"How gladly," said Evandale, "would I share in the defence of the Castle! But in my present state, I should be but a burden to you,—nay, something worse; for, the knowledge that an officer of the Life-Guards was in the Castle would be sufficient to make these rogues more desperately earnest to possess themselves of it.

our own defence?"

visit of his most sacred"——

" At Castle Bradwardine, indeed," said Lady Margaret, "or in the house of some other loyal gentleman?"

" Indeed!" said Lady Margaret Bellenden; " and was it possible of the tenets of her family?"

" I am sure it was," continued the young soldier; " for was hance of getting to this tower without danger."

" It was sadly done," said Miss Bellenden; " and I trust you are an opportunity of recalling your generosity."

" I am willing to my power of deliverance in all other Miss Bellenden; " but when I was within the reach of showing my he will shall not be wanting."

proved the most effectual.

" Your presence in the Castle will be more useful, I trust, ent disabled state."

" That," said Lord Evandale, " is an unanswerable argument, since

" For your sake, my lord," said the Major, " if my sister, Lady

Bellenden, will undertake to give battle to any feverish symptom, if such should appear, I will answer that my old campaigner, Gideon Pike, shall dress a flesh-wound with any of the incorporation of Barber-Surgeons. He had enough of practice in Montrose's time, for we had few regularly-bred army chirurgeons, as you may well suppose.—You agree to stay with us, then?"

"My reasons for leaving the Castle," said Lord Evandale, glancing a look towards Edith, "though they evidently seemed weighty, must needs give way to those which infer the power of serving you. May I presume, Major, to inquire into the means and plan of defence which you have prepared? or can I attend you to examine the works?"

It did not escape Miss Bellenden, that Lord Evandale seemed much exhausted both in body and mind. "I think, sir," she said, addressing the Major, "that since Lord Evandale condescends to become an officer of our garrison, you should begin by rendering him amenable to your authority, and ordering him to his apartment, that he may take some refreshment ere he enters on military discussions."

"Edith is right," said the old lady; "you must go instantly to bed, my lord, and take some febrifuge, which I will prepare with my own hand; and my lady-in-waiting, Mistress Martha Weddell, shall make some friar's-chicken, or something very light; I would not advise wine.—John Gudyill, let the housekeeper make ready the chamber of dais.—Lord Evandale must lie down instantly. Pike will take off the dressings, and examine the state of the wounds."

"These are melancholy preparations, madam," said Lord Evandale, as he returned thanks to Lady Margaret, and was about to leave the hall; "but I must submit to your ladyship's directions, and I trust that your skill will soon make me a more able defender of your Castle than I am at present. You must render my body serviceable as soon as you can, for you have no use for my head while you have Major Bellenden."

With these words he left the apartment.

"An excellent young man, and a modest," said the Major.

"None of that conceit," said Lady Margaret, "that often makes young folk suppose they know better how their complaints should be treated than people that have had experience."

"And so generous and handsome a young nobleman," said Jenny Dennison, who had entered during the latter part of this conversation, and was now left alone with her mistress in the hall,—the Major returning to his military cares, and Lady Margaret to her medical preparations.

Edith only answered these encomiums with a sigh; but, although silent, she felt and knew better than any one how much they were merited by the person on whom they were bestowed. Jenny, however, failed not to follow up her blow.

"After a', it's true that my leddy says—there's nae trusting a presbyterian; they are a' faithless man-sworn louns. Whae wad hae thought that young Milnwood and Cuddie Headrigg wad hae taen on wi' thae rebel blackguards?"

"What do you mean by such improbable nonsense, Jenny?" said her young mistress, very much displeased.

"I ken it 's no pleasing for you to hear, madam," answered Jenny, hardily, "and it 's as little pleasant for me to tell; but as gude ye suld ken a' about it sune as syne, for the haill Castle 's ringing wi 't."

"Ringing with what, Jenny? Have you a mind to drive me mad?" answered Edith, impatiently.

"Just that Henry Morton of Milnwood is out wi' the rebels, and ane o' their chief leaders."

"It is a falsehood!" said Edith—"a most base calumny! and you are very bold to dare to repeat it to me. Henry Morton is incapable of such treachery to his king and country—such cruelty to me—to—to all the innocent and defenceless victims, I mean, who must suffer in a civil war—I tell you he is utterly incapable of it, in every sense."

"Dear! dear! Miss Edith," replied Jenny, still constant to her text, "they maun be better acquainted wi' young men than I am, or ever wish to be, that can tell preceesely what they 're capable or no capable o'. But there has been Trooper Tam, and another chield, out in bonnets and grey plaids, like countrymen, to recon—recon-noitre—I think John Gudyill ca'd it; and they hae been amang the rebels, and brought back word that they had seen young Milnwood mounted on ane o' the dragoon horses that was taen at Loudon-hill, armed wi' swords and pistols, like wha but him, and hand and glove wi' the foremost o' them, and dreeling and commanding the men; and Cuddie at the heels o' him, in ane o' Sergeant Bothwell's laced waistcoats, and a cockit hat with a bab o' blue ribbands at it for the auld cause o' the Covenant (but Cuddie aye liked a blue ribband), and a ruffled sark, like ony lord o' the land—it sets the like o' him, indeed!"

"Jenny," said her young mistress, hastily, "it is impossible these men's report can be true; my uncle has heard nothing of it at this instant."

"Because Tam Halliday," answered the handmaiden, "came in just five minutes after Lord Evandale; and when he heard his lordship was in the Castle, he swore (the profane loon!) he would be d—d ere he would make the report, as he ca'd it, of his news to Major Bellenden, since there was an officer of his ain regiment in the garrison. Sae he wad have said naething till Lord Evandale wakened the next morning; only he tauld me about it" (here Jenny looked a little down), "just to vex me about Cuddie."

"Poh! you silly girl," said Edith, assuming some courage—"it is all a trick of that fellow to teaze you."

"Na, madam, it canna be that, for John Gudyill took the other dragoon (he 's an auld hard-favoured man, I wotna his name) into the cellar, and gae him a tass o' brandy to get the news out o' him, and he said just the same as Tam Halliday, word for word; and Mr Gudyill was in sic a rage, that he tauld it a' ower again to us, and says the haill rebellion is owing to the nonsense o' my Leddy and the Major, and Lord Evandale, that begged off young Milnwood and Cuddie yesterday morning, for that, if they had suffered, the country wad hae been quiet—and troth I am muckle o' that opinion mysell."

This last commentary Jenny added to her tale, in resentment of her mistress's extreme and obstinate incredulity. She was instantly alarmed, however, by the effect which her news produced upon her young lady—an effect rendered doubly violent by the High-church principles and prejudices in which Miss Beltenden had been educated. Her complexion became as pale as a corpse—her respiration so difficult, that it was on the point of altogether failing her—and her limbs so incapable of supporting her, that she sank, rather than sat, down upon one of the seats in the hall, and seemed on the eve of fainting. Jenny tried cold water, burnt feathers, cutting of laces, and all other remedies used in hysterical cases, but without any immediate effect.

"God forgie me! what have I done?" said the repentant fille-de-chambre. "I wish my tongue had been cuttit out!—Wha wad have thought o' her taking on that way, and a' for a young lad?—O, Miss Edith! dear Miss Edith! head your heart up about it—it's maybe no true for a' that I have said.—O, I wish my mouth had been bleistered! A'body tells me my tongue will do me a mischief some day. What if my Leddy comes? or the Major?—and she 's sitting in the throne, too, that nae body has sate in since that weary morning the King was here!—Oh! what will I do? O! what will become o' us?"

While Jenny Dennison thus lamented herself and her mistress, Edith slowly returned from the paroxysm into which she had been thrown by this unexpected intelligence.

"If he had been unfortunate," she said, "I never would have deserted him. I never did so, even when there was danger and disgrace in pleading his cause. If he had died, I would have mourned him—if he had been unfaithful, I would have forgiven him.—But a rebel to his King—a traitor to his country—the associate and colleague of cut-throats and common stabbers—the persecutor of all that is noble—the professed and blasphemous enemy of all that is sacred—I will tear him from my heart, if my life-blood should ebb in the effort!"

She wiped her eyes, and rose hastily from the great chair (or throne, as Lady Margaret used to call it), while the terrified damsel hastened to shake up the cushion, and efface the appearance of any one having occupied that sacred seat; although King Charles himself, considering the youth and beauty, as well as the affliction of the momentary usurper of his hallowed chair, would probably have thought very little of the profanation. She then hastened officiously to press her support on Edith, as she paced the hall, apparently in deep meditation.—"Tak my arm, madam; better just tak my arm sorrow maun hae its vent, and doubtless"—

"No, Jenny," said Edith, with firmness; "you have seen my weakness, and you shall see my strength."

"But ye leaned on me the other morning, Miss Edith, when ye were sae sair grieved."

"Misplaced and erring affection may require support, Jenny—duty can support itself. Yet I will do nothing rashly;—I will be aware of the reasons of his conduct—and then—cast him off for ever." was the firm and determined answer of her young lady.

Overawed by a manner of which she could neither conceive the motive, nor estimate the merit, Jenny muttered between her teeth

"Od, when the first flight's ower, Miss Edith taks it as easy as I do, and muckle easier, and I 'm sure I ne'er cared half sae muckle about Caddie Headrigg as she did about young Milnwood. I only think, it 's maybe as weel to hae a friend on baith sides; for if the whigs suld come to tak the Castle, as it 's like they may, when there 's sae little victual, and the dragoons wasting what 's o't,—oo, in that case, Milnwood and Caddie wad hae the upper hand, and their friendship wad be worth siller—I was thinking sae this morning or I heard the news."

With this consolatory reflection the damsel went about her usual occupations, leaving her mistress to school her mind as she best might, for eradicating the sentiments which she had hitherto entertained towards Henry Morton.

CHAPTER XXV.

once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more! *Henry V.*

On the evening of this day, all the information which they could procure led them to expect that the insurgent army would be with early dawn on their march against Tillietudlem. Lord Evandale's wounds had been examined by Pike, who reported them in a very promising state. They were numerous, but none of any consequence; and the loss of blood, as much perhaps as the boasted specific of Lady Margaret, had prevented any tendency to fever; so that, notwithstanding he felt some pain and great weakness, the patient maintained that he was able to creep about with the assistance of a stick. In these circumstances he refused to be confined to his apartment, both that he might encourage the soldiers by his presence, and suggest any necessary addition to the plan of defence, which the Major might be supposed to have arranged upon something of an antiquated fashion of warfare.—Lord Evandale was well qualified to give advice on such subjects, having served, during his early youth, both in France and in the Low Countries. There was little or no occasion, however, for altering the preparations already made; and excepting on the article of provisions, there seemed no reason to fear for the defence of so strong a place against such assailants as those by whom it was threatened.

With the peep of day, Lord Evandale and Major Bellenden were on the battlements again, viewing and re-viewing the state of their preparations, and anxiously expecting the approach of the enemy. I ought to observe, that the report of the spies had now been regularly made and received; but the Major treated the report that Morton was in arms against the Government with the most scornful incredulity.

"I know the lad better," was the only reply he deigned to make; —"the fellows have not dared to venture near enough, and have been deceived by some fanciful resemblance, or have picked up some story."

"I differ from you, Major," answered Lord Evandale; "I think

you will see that young gentleman at the head of the insurgents; and, though I shall be heartily sorry for it, I shall not be greatly surprised."

"You are as bad as Claverhouse," said the Major, "who contended yesterday morning down my very throat, that this young fellow, who is as high-spirited and gentleman-like a boy as I have ever known, wanted but an opportunity to place himself at the head of the rebels."

"And considering the usage which he has received, and the suspicions under which he lies," said Lord Evandale, "what other course is open to him? For my own part, I should hardly know whether he deserved most blame or pity."

"Blame, my lord!—Pity!" echoed the Major, astonished at hearing such sentiments; "he would deserve to be hanged, that's all; and, were he my own son, I should see him strung up with pleasure —Blame, indeed! But your lordship cannot think as you are pleased to speak?"

"I give you my honour, Major Bellenden, that I have been for some time of opinion, that our politicians and prelates have driven matters to a painful extremity in this country, and have alienated, by violence of various kinds, not only the lower classes, but all those in the upper ranks, whom strong party feeling, or a desire of court-interest, does not attach to their standard."

"I am no politician," answered the Major, "and I do not understand nice distinctions. My sword is the King's, and when he commands, I draw it in his cause."

"I trust," replied the young lord, "you will not find me more backward than yourself, though I heartily wish that the enemy were foreigners. It is, however, no time to debate that matter, for yonder they come, and we must defend ourselves as well as we can."

As Lord Evandale spoke, the van of the insurgents began to make their appearance on the road which crossed the top of the hill, and thence descended opposite to the Tower. They did not, however, move downwards, as if aware that, in doing so, their columns would be exposed to the fire of the artillery of the place. But their numbers, which at first seemed few, appeared presently so to deepen and concentrate themselves, that, judging of the masses which occupied the road behind the hill from the closeness of the front which they presented on the top of it, their force appeared very considerable. There was a pause of anxiety on both sides; and, while the unsteady ranks of the Covenanters were agitated, as if by pressure behind, or uncertainty as to their next movement, their arms, picturesque from their variety, glanced in the morning sun, whose beams were reflected from a grove of pikes, muskets, halberds, and battleaxes. The armed mass occupied, for a few minutes, this fluctuating position, until three or four horsemen, who seemed to be leaders, advanced from the front, and occupied the height a little nearer to the Castle. John Gudyill, who was not without some skill as an artilleryman, brought a gun to bear on this detached group

"I'll flee the falcon"—(so the small cannon was called)—"I'll flee

the falcon whene'er your honour gies command; my certie, she'll ruffle their feathers for them!"

The Major looked at Lord Evandale.

"Stay a moment," said the young nobleman;—"they send us a flag of truce."

In fact, one of the horsemen at that moment, dismounted, and, displaying a white cloth on a pike, moved forward towards the Tower, while the Major and Lord Evandale, descending from the battlement of the main fortress, advanced to meet him as far as the barricade, judging it unwise to admit him within the precincts which they designed to defend. At the same time that the ambassador set forth, the group of horsemen, as if they had anticipated the preparations of John Gudyill for their annoyance, withdrew from the advanced station which they had occupied, and fell back to the main body.

The envoy of the Covenanters, to judge by his mien and manner, seemed fully imbued with that spiritual pride which distinguished his sect. His features were drawn up to a contemptuous primness, and his half-shut eyes seemed to scorn to look upon the terrestrial objects around, while, at every solemn stride, his toes were pointed outwards with an air that appeared to despise the ground on which they trode. Lord Evandale could not suppress a smile at this singular figure.—"Did you ever," said he to Major Bellenden, "see such an absurd automaton? One would swear it moves upon springs —Can it speak, think you?"

"O, ay," said the Major; "that seems to be one of my old acquaintance, a genuine puritan of the right pharisaical leaven.—Stay—he coughs and hems; he is about to summon the Castle with the but-end of a sermon, instead of a parley on the trumpet."

The veteran, who in his day had had many an opportunity to become acquainted with the manners of these religionists, was not far mistaken in his conjecture; only that, instead of a prose exordium, the Laird of Langcale—for it was no less a personage—uplifted, with a stentorian voice, a verse of the twenty-fourth Psalm:

> "Ye gates, lift up your heads! ye doors,
> Doors that do last for aye,
> Be lifted up"——

"I told you so," said the Major to Evandale,—and then presented himself at the entrance of the barricade, demanding to know for what purpose or intent he made that doleful noise, like a hog in a high wind, beneath the gates of the Castle.

"I come," replied the ambassador, in a high and shrill voice, and without any of the usual salutations or deferences—"I come from the godly army of the Solemn League and Covenant, to speak with two carnal malignants, William Maxwell, called Lord Evandale, and Miles Bellenden of Charnwood."

"And what have you to say to Miles Bellenden and Lord Evandale?" answered the Major.

"Are you the parties?" said the Laird of Langcale, in the same sharp, conceited, disrespectful tone of voice.

"Even so, for fault of better," said the Major.

"Then there is the public summons," said the envoy, putting a

paper into Lord Evandale's hand, "and there is a private letter for Miles Bellenden from a godly youth, who is honoured with leading a part of our host. Read them quickly, and God give you grace to fructify by the contents, though it is muckle to be doubted."

The summons ran thus: "We, the named and constituted leaders of the gentlemen, ministers, and others, presently in arms for the cause of liberty and true religion, do warn and summon William Lord Evandale and Miles Bellenden of Charnwood, and others presently in arms, and keeping garrison in the Tower of Tillietudlem, to surrender the said Tower upon fair conditions of quarter, and licence to depart with bag and baggage, otherwise to suffer such extremity of fire and sword as belong by the laws of war to those who hold out an untenable post. And so may God defend his own good cause!"

This summons was signed by John Balfour of Burley, as quarter-master-general of the army of the Covenant, for himself, and in the name of the other leaders.

The letter to Major Bellenden was from Henry Morton. It was couched in the following language:

"I have taken a step, my venerable friend, which, among many painful consequences, will, I am afraid, incur your very decided disapprobation. But I have taken my resolution in honour and good faith, and with the full approval of my own conscience. I can no longer submit to have my own rights and those of my fellow-subjects trampled upon, our freedom violated, our persons insulted, and our blood spilt, without just cause or legal trial. Providence, through the violence of the oppressors themselves, seems now to have opened a way of deliverance from this intolerable tyranny, and I do not hold him deserving of the name and rights of a freeman, who, thinking as I do, shall withhold his arm from the cause of his country. But God, who knows my heart, be my witness, that I do not share the angry or violent passions of the oppressed and harassed sufferers with whom I am now acting. My most earnest and anxious desire is, to see this unnatural war brought to a speedy end, by the union of the good, wise, and moderate of all parties, and a peace restored, which, without injury to the King's constitutional rights, may substitute the authority of equal laws to that of military violence, and, permitting to all men to worship God according to their own consciences, may subdue fanatical enthusiasm by reason and mildness, instead of driving it to frenzy by persecution and intolerance.

"With these sentiments, you may conceive with what pain I appear in arms before the house of your venerable relative, which we understand you propose to hold out against us. Permit me to press upon you the assurance, that such a measure will only lead to the effusion of blood—that, if repulsed in the assault, we are yet strong enough to invest the place, and reduce it by hunger, being aware of your indifferent preparations to sustain a protracted siege. It would grieve me to the heart to think what would be the sufferings in such a case, and upon whom they would chiefly fall.

"Do not suppose, my respected friend, that I would propose to

you any terms which could compromise the high and honourable character which you have so deservedly won, and so long borne. If the regular soldiers (to whom I will ensure a safe retreat) are dismissed from the place, I trust no more will be required than your parole to remain neuter during this unhappy contest: and I will take care that Lady Margaret's property, as well as yours, shall be duly respected, and no garrison intruded upon you. I could say much in favour of this proposal: but I fear, as I must in the present instance appear criminal in your eyes, good arguments would lose their influence when coming from an unwelcome quarter. I will, therefore, break off with assuring you, that whatever your sentiments may be hereafter towards me, my sense of gratitude to you can never be diminished or erased; and it would be the happiest moment of my life that should give me more effectual means than mere words to assure you of it. Therefore, although in the first moment of resentment you may reject the proposal I make to you, let not that prevent you from resuming the topic, if future events should render it more acceptable; for whenever, or howsoever, I can be of service to you, it will always afford the greatest satisfaction to

"HENRY MORTON."

Having read this long letter with the most marked indignation, Major Bellenden put it into the hands of Lord Evandale.

"I would not have believed this," he said, "of Henry Morton, if half mankind had sworn it! The ungrateful rebellious traitor!—rebellious in cold blood, and without even the pretext of enthusiasm, that warms the liver of such a crack-brained fop as our friend the envoy there. But I should have remembered he was a presbyterian—I ought to have been aware that I was nursing a wolf-cub, whose diabolical nature would make him tear and snatch at me on the first opportunity. Were Saint Paul on earth again, and a presbyterian, he would be a rebel in three months—it is in the very blood of them."

"Well," said Lord Evandale, "I will be the last to recommend surrender; but if our provisions fail, and we receive no relief from Edinburgh or Glasgow, I think we ought to avail ourselves of this opening, to get the ladies, at least, safe out of the Castle."

"They will endure all, ere they would accept the protection of such a smooth-tongued hypocrite," answered the Major indignantly; —"I would renounce them for relatives were it otherwise. But let us dismiss the worthy ambassador.—"My friend," he said, turning to Cangeale, "tell your leaders, and the mob they have gathered yonder, that if they have not a particular opinion of the hardness of their own skulls, I would advise them to beware how they knock them against these old walls. And let them send no more flags of truce, or we will hang up the messenger in retaliation of the murder of Cornet Grahame."

With this answer the ambassador returned to those by whom he had been sent. He had no sooner reached the main body, than a murmur was heard amongst the multitude, and there was raised in front of their ranks an ample red flag, the borders of which were

edged with blue. As the signal of war and defiance spread out its large folds upon the morning wind, the ancient banner of Lady Margaret's family, together with the royal ensign, were immediately hoisted on the walls of the Tower, and at the same time, a round of artillery was discharged against the foremost ranks of the insurgents, by which they sustained some loss. Their leaders instantly withdrew them to the shelter of the brow of the hill.

"I think," said John Gudyill, while he busied himself in recharging his guns, "they hae fund the falcon's neb a bit ower hard for them—It's no for nought that the hawk whistles."

But as he uttered these words, the ridge was once more crowded with the ranks of the enemy. A general discharge of their fire-arms was directed against the defenders upon the battlements. Under cover of the smoke, a column of picked men rushed down the road with determined courage, and, sustaining with firmness a heavy fire from the garrison, they forced their way, in spite of opposition, to the first barricade by which the avenue was defended. They were led on by Balfour in person, who displayed courage equal to his enthusiasm; and, in spite of every opposition, forced the barricade, killing and wounding several of the defenders, and compelling the rest to retreat to their second position. The precautions, however, of Major Bellenden, rendered this success unavailing; for no sooner were the Covenanters in possession of the post, than a close and destructive fire was poured into it from the Castle, and from those stations which commanded it in the rear. Having no means of protecting themselves from this fire, or of returning it with effect against men who were under cover of their barricades and defences, the Covenanters were obliged to retreat; but not until they had with their axes destroyed the stockade, so as to render it impossible for the defenders to re-occupy it.

Balfour was the last man that retired. He even remained for a short space almost alone, with an axe in his hand, labouring like a pioneer amid the storm of balls, many of which were specially aimed against him. The retreat of the party he commanded was not effected without heavy loss, and served as a severe lesson concerning the local advantages possessed by the garrison.

The next attack of the Covenanters was made with more caution. A strong party of marksmen (many of them competitors at the game of the popinjay), under the command of Henry Morton, glided through the woods where they afforded them the best shelter, and, avoiding the open road, endeavoured, by forcing their way through the bushes and trees, and up the rocks which surrounded it on either side, to gain a position from which, without being exposed in an intolerable degree, they might annoy the flank of the second barricade, while it was menaced in front by a second attack from Burley. The besieged saw the danger of this movement, and endeavoured to impede the approach of the marksmen, by firing upon them at every point where they shewed themselves. The assailants, on the other hand, displayed great coolness, spirit, and judgment, in the manner in which they approached the defences. This was in a great measure to be ascribed to the steady and adroit manner in which they were con-

ducted by their youthful leader, who shewed as much skill in protecting his own followers as spirit in annoying the enemy.

He repeatedly enjoined his marksmen to direct their aim chiefly upon the red-coats, and to save the others engaged in the defence of the Castle; and, above all, to spare the life of the old Major, whose anxiety made him more than once expose himself in a manner, that, without such generosity on the part of the enemy, might have proved fatal. A dropping fire of musketry now glanced from every part of the precipitous mount on which the Castle was founded. From bush to bush—from crag to crag—from tree to tree, the marksmen continued to advance, availing themselves of branches and roots to assist their ascent, and contending at once with the disadvantages of the ground and the fire of the enemy. At length they got so high on the ascent, that several of them possessed an opportunity of firing into the barricade against the defenders, who then lay exposed to their aim, and Burley, profiting by the confusion of the moment, moved forward to the attack in front. His onset was made with the same desperation and fury as before, and met with less resistance, the defenders being alarmed at the progress which the sharpshooters had made in turning the flank of their position. Determined to improve his advantage, Burley, with his axe in his hand, pursued the party whom he had dislodged even to the third and last barricade, and entered it along with them.

"Kill! kill! down with the enemies of God and his people!—No quarter!—The Castle is ours!" were the cries by which he animated his friends; the most undaunted of whom followed him close, whilst the others, with axes, spades, and other implements, threw up earth, cut down trees, hastily labouring to establish such a defensive cover in the rear of the second barricade as might enable them to retain possession of it, in case the Castle was not carried by this coup-de-main.

Lord Evandale could no longer restrain his impatience. He charged with a few soldiers who had been kept in reserve in the court-yard of the Castle; and, although his arm was in a sling, encouraged them, by voice and gesture, to assist their companions who were engaged with Burley. The combat now assumed an air of desperation. The narrow road was crowded with the followers of Burley, who pressed forward to support their companions. The soldiers, animated by the voice and presence of Lord Evandale, fought with fury, their small numbers being in some measure compensated by their greater skill, and by their possessing the upper ground, which they defended desperately with pikes and halberts, as well as with the butts of the carabines and their broadswords. Those within the Castle endeavoured to assist their companions, whenever they could so level their guns as to fire upon the enemy without endangering their friends. The sharpshooters, dispersed around, were firing incessantly on each object that was exposed upon the battlement. The Castle was enveloped with smoke, and the rocks rang to the cries of the combatants. In the midst of this scene of confusion, a singular accident had nearly given the besiegers possession of the fortress.

Cuddie Headrigg, who had advanced among the marksmen, being

well acquainted with every rock and bush in the vicinity of the Castle, where he had so often gathered nuts with Jenny Dennison, was enabled, by such local knowledge, to advance farther, and with less danger than most of his companions, excepting some three or four who had followed him close. Now Cuddie, though a brave enough fellow upon the whole, was by no means fond of danger, either for its own sake, or for that of the glory which attends it. In his advance, therefore, he had not, as the phrase goes, taken the bull by the horns, or advanced in front of the enemy's fire. On the contrary, he had edged gradually away from the scene of action, and, turning his line of ascent rather to the left, had pursued it until it brought him under a front of the Castle different from that before which the parties were engaged, and to which the defenders had given no attention, trusting to the steepness of the precipice. There was, however, on this point, a certain window belonging to a certain pantry, and communicating with a certain yew-tree, which grew out of a steep cleft of the rock, being the very pass through which Goose Gibbie was smuggled out of the Castle in order to carry Edith's express to Charnwood, and which had probably, in its day, been used for other contraband purposes. Cuddie, resting upon the butt of his gun, and looking up at this window, observed to one of his companions,—"There's a place I ken weel; mony a time I hae helped Jenny Dennison out o' the winnock, forby creeping in whiles myself to get some daffin at e'en after the pleugh was loosed."

"And what's to hinder us to creep in just now," said the other, who was a smart enterprising young fellow.

"There's no muckle to hinder us, an that were a'," answered Cuddie; "but what were we to do neist?"

"We'll take the Castle," cried the other; "here are five or six o' us, and a' the sodgers are engaged at the gate."

"Come awa wi' you, then," said Cuddie; "but mind, deil a finger ye mann lay on Lady Margaret, or Miss Edith, or the auld Major, or, aboon a', on Jenny Dennison, or onybody but the sodgers—cut and quarter amang them as ye like, I carena."

"Ay, ay," said the other; "let us once in, and we will make our ain terms with them a'."

Gingerly, and as if treading upon eggs, Cuddie began to ascend the well-known pass, not very willingly: for, besides that he was something apprehensive of the reception he might meet with in the inside, his conscience insisted that he was making but a shabby requital for Lady Margaret's former favours and protection. He got up, however, into the yew-tree, followed by his companions, one after another. The window was small, and had been secured by stanchions of iron, but these had been long worn away by time, or forced out by the domestics to possess a free passage for their own occasional convenience. Entrance was therefore easy, providing there was no one in the pantry—a point which Cuddie endeavoured to discover before he made the final and perilous step. While his companions, therefore, were urging and threatening him behind, and he was hesitating and stretching his neck to look into the apartment, his head became visible to Jenny Dennison, who had

ensconced herself in said pantry as the safest place in which to wait the issue of the assault. No sooner as this object of terror caught her eye, she set up a hysteric scream, flew to the adjacent kitchen, and, in the desperate agony of fear, seized on a pot of kail-brose which she herself had long on the fire before the combat began, having promised to Tam Halliday to prepare his breakfast for him. Thus entrenched, she returned to the window of the pantry, and still exclaiming, "Murder! murder!—we are a' harried and ravished!—the deil's taen!—tak it away, ye!" she discharged the whole scalding contents of the pot, accompanied with a dismal yell, upon the person of the unfortunate Cuddie. However welcome the mess might have been, if Cuddie and it had become acquainted in a regular manner, the effects, as administered by Jenny, would probably have cured him of soldiering for ever, had he been looking upwards when it was thrown upon him. But, fortunately for our man of war, he had taken the alarm upon Jenny's first scream, and was in the act of looking round, expostulating with his comrades, who impeded the retreat which he was anxious to commence; so that the steel cap and buff coat which formerly belonged to Sergeant Bothwell, being garments of an excellent endurance, protected his person against the greater part of the scalding brose. Enough, however, reached him to annoy him severely, so that in the pain and surprise he jumped hastily out of the tree, oversetting his followers, to the manifest danger of their limbs, and, without listening to arguments, entreaties, or authority, made the best of his way by the most safe road to the main body of the army whereunto he belonged, and could neither by threats nor persuasion be prevailed upon to return to the attack.

As for Jenny, when she had thus conferred upon one admirer's outward man the viands which her fair hands had so lately been in the act of preparing for the stomach of another, she continued her song of alarm, running a screaming division upon all those crimes which the lawyers call the four pleas of the crown,—namely, murder, fire, rape, and robbery. These hideous exclamations gave so much alarm, and created such confusion within the Castle, that Major Bellenden and Lord Evandale judged it best to draw off from the conflict without the gates, and, abandoning to the enemy all the exterior defences of the avenue, confine themselves to the Castle itself, for fear of its being surprised on some unguarded point. Their retreat was unmolested; for the panic of Cuddie and his companions had occasioned nearly as much confusion on the side of the besiegers, as the screams of Jenny had caused to the defenders.

There was no attempt on either side to renew the action that day. The insurgents had suffered most severely: and, from the difficulty which they had experienced, in carrying the barricadoed positions without the precincts of the Castle, they could have but little hope of storming the place itself. On the other hand, the situation of the besieged was dispiriting and gloomy. In the skirmishing they had lost two or three men, and had several wounded: and though their loss was in proportion greatly less than that of the enemy, who had left twenty men dead on the place, yet their small number could

be resorted to as the means of [illegible]
for such an enterprise.

CHAPTER XXVI.

— The King hath drawn
The special head of all the land together.
Henry IV. Part II.

hearing of their colleagues, and to hold the following argument with him:

"Thou art unwise, Henry Morton, to desire to sacrifice this holy cause to thy friendship for an uncircumcised Philistine, or thy love for a Moabitish woman."

"I neither understand your meaning, Mr Balfour, nor relish your allusions," replied Morton, indignantly; "and I know no reason you have to bring so gross a charge, or to use such uncivil language."

"Confess, however, the truth," said Balfour, "and own that there are those within yon dark Tower, over whom thou wouldst rather be watching like a mother over her little ones, than thou wouldst bear the banner of the Church of Scotland over the necks of her enemies."

"If you mean, that I would willingly terminate this war without any bloody victory, and that I am more anxious to do this than to acquire any personal fame or power, you may be," replied Morton, "perfectly right."

"And not wholly wrong," answered Burley, "in deeming that thou wouldst not exclude from so general a pacification thy friends in the garrison of Tillietudlem."

"Certainly," replied Morton. "I am too much obliged to Major Bellenden, not to wish to be of service to him, as far as the interest of the cause I have espoused will permit. I never made a secret of my regard for him."

"I am aware of that," said Burley; "but, if thou hadst concealed it, I should, nevertheless, have found out thy riddle. Now, hearken to my words. This Miles Bellenden hath means to subsist his garrison for a month."

"This is not the case," answered Morton; "we know his stores are hardly equal to a week's consumption."

"Ay, but," continued Burley, "I have since had proof of the strongest nature, that such a report was spread in the garrison by that wily and grey-headed malignant, partly to prevail on the soldiers to submit to a diminution of their daily food, partly to detain us before the walls of his fortress until the sword should be whetted to smite and destroy us."

"And why was not the evidence of this laid before the council of war?" said Morton.

"To what purpose?" said Balfour. "Why need we undeceive Kettledrummle, Macbriar, Poundtext, and Langcale, upon such a point? Thyself must own, that whatever is told to them escapes to the host out of the mouth of the preachers at their next holding-forth. They are already discouraged by the thoughts of lying before the fort a week—what would be the consequence were they ordered to prepare for the leaguer of a month?"

"But why conceal it then from me? or why tell it me now? and, above all, what proofs have you got of the facts?" continued Morton.

"There are many proofs," replied Burley; and he put into his hands a number of requisitions sent forth by Major Bellenden, with receipts on the back to various proprietors, for cattle, corn,

meal, &c. to such an amount, that the sum-total seemed to exclude the possibility of the garrison being soon distressed for provisions. But Burley did not inform Morton of a fact which he himself knew full well, namely, that most of these provisions never reached the garrison, owing to the rapacity of the dragoons sent to collect them, who readily sold to one man what they took from another, and abused the Major's press for stores, pretty much as Sir John Falstaff did that of the King for men.

"And now," continued Balfour, observing that he had made the desired impression, "I have only to say, that I concealed this from thee no longer than it was concealed from myself, for I have only received these papers this morning; and I tell it unto thee now, that thou mayest go on thy way rejoicing, and work the great work willingly at Glasgow, being assured that no evil can befall thy friends in the malignant party, since their fort is abundantly victualled, and I possess not numbers sufficient to do more against them than to prevent their sallying forth."

"And why," continued Morton, who felt an inexpressible reluctance to acquiesce in Balfour's reasoning—"why not permit me to remain in the command of this smaller party, and march forward yourself to Glasgow? It is the more honourable charge."

"And therefore, young man," answered Burley, "have I laboured that it should be committed to the son of Silas Morton. I am waxing old, and this grey head has had enough of honour where it could be gathered by danger. I speak not of the frothy bubble which men call earthly fame, but the honour belonging to him that doth not the work negligently. But thy career is yet to run—thou hast to vindicate the high trust which has been bestowed on thee through my assurance that it was dearly well-merited. At Loudon-hill thou wert a captive, and at the last assault it was thy part to fight under cover, whilst I led the more open and dangerous attack: and, shouldst thou now remain before these walls, when there is active service elsewhere, trust me that men will say, that the son of Silas Morton hath fallen away from the paths of his father."

Stung by this last observation, to which, as a gentleman and soldier, he could offer no suitable reply, Morton hastily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement. Yet he was unable to divest himself of certain feelings of distrust which he involuntarily attached to the quarter from which he received this information.

"Mr Balfour," he said, "let us distinctly understand each other. You have thought it worth your while to bestow particular attention upon my private affairs and personal attachments;—be so good as to understand, that I am as constant to them as to my political principles. It is possible, that, during my absence, you may possess the power of soothing or of wounding those feelings. Be assured, that whatever may be the consequences to the issue of our present adventure, my eternal gratitude, or my persevering resentment, will attend the line of conduct you may adopt on such an occasion; and, however young and inexperienced I am, I have no doubt of finding friends to assist me in expressing my sentiments in either case."

"If there be a threat implied in that denunciation," replied Burley, coldly and haughtily, "it had better have been spared. I know how to value the regard of my friends, and despise from my soul the threats of my enemies. But I will not take occasion of offence. Whatever happens here in your absence shall be managed with as much deference to your wishes, as the duty I owe to a higher power can possibly permit."

With this qualified promise Morton was obliged to rest satisfied.

"Our defeat will relieve the garrison," said he, internally, "ere they can be reduced to surrender at discretion; and, in case of victory, I already see, from the numbers of the moderate party, that I shall have a voice as powerful as Burley's in determining the use which shall be made of it."

He therefore followed Balfour to the council, where they found Kettledrummle adding to his *lastly* a few words of practical application. When these were expended, Morton testified his willingness to accompany the main body of the army, which was destined to drive the regular troops from Glasgow. His companions in command were named, and the whole received a strengthening exhortation from the preachers who were present. Next morning, at break of day, the insurgent army broke up from their encampment, and marched towards Glasgow.

It is not our intention to detail at length incidents which may be found in the history of the period. It is sufficient to say, that Claverhouse and Lord Ross, learning the superior force which was directed against them, intrenched, or rather barricaded themselves in the centre of the city, where the town-house and old jail were situated, with the determination to stand the assault of the insurgents rather than to abandon the capital of the West of Scotland. The presbyterians made their attack in two bodies, one of which penetrated into the city in the line of the College and Cathedral-Church, while the other marched up the Gallowgate, or principal access from the south-east. Both divisions were led by men of resolution, and behaved with great spirit. But the advantages of military skill and situation were too great for their undisciplined valour.

Ross and Claverhouse had carefully disposed parties of their soldiers in houses, at the heads of the streets, and in the entrances of closes, as they are called, or lanes, besides those who were entrenched behind breast-works which reached across the streets. The assailants found their ranks thinned by a fire from invisible opponents, which they had no means of returning with effect. It was in vain that Morton and other leaders exposed their persons with the utmost gallantry, and endeavoured to bring their antagonists to a close action; their followers shrunk from them in every direction. And yet, though Henry Morton was one of the very last to retire, and exerted himself in bringing up the rear, maintaining order in the retreat, and checking every attempt which the enemy made to improve the advantage they had gained by the repulse, he had still the mortification to hear many of those in his ranks muttering to each other, that "this came of trusting to boiling-mason boys; and that, had honest faithful Burley led the attack, as he did that of the bar-

cades of Tillietudlem, the issue would have been as different as might be."

It was with burning resentment that Morton heard these reflections thrown out by the very men who had soonest exhibited signs of discouragement. The unjust reproach, however, had the effect of firing his emulation, and making him sensible that, engaged as he was in a perilous cause, it was absolutely necessary that he should conquer or die.

"I have no retreat," he said to himself. "All shall allow—even Major Bellenden—even Edith—that in courage, at least, the rebel Morton was not inferior to his father."

The condition of the army after the repulse was so undisciplined, and in such disorganization, that the leaders thought it prudent to draw off some miles from the city to gain time for reducing them once more into such order as they were capable of adopting. Recruits, in the meanwhile, came fast in, more moved by the extreme hardships of their own condition, and encouraged by the advantage obtained at Loudonhill, than deterred by the last unfortunate enterprise. Many of these attached themselves particularly to Morton's division. He had, however, the mortification to see that his unpopularity among the more intolerant part of the Covenanters increased rapidly. The prudence beyond his years, which he exhibited in improving the discipline and arrangement of his followers, they termed a trusting in the arm of flesh; and his avowed tolerance for those of religious sentiments and observances different from his own, obtained him, most unjustly, the nickname of Gallio, who cared for none of those things. What was worse than these misconceptions, the mob of the insurgents, always loudest in applause of those who push political or religious opinions to extremity, and disgusted with such as endeavour to reduce them to the yoke of discipline, preferred avowedly the more zealous leaders, in whose ranks enthusiasm in the cause supplied the want of good order and military subjection, to the restraints which Morton endeavoured to bring them under. In short, while bearing the principal burden of command—(for his colleagues willingly relinquished in his favour everything that was troublesome and obnoxious in the office of general) Morton found himself without that authority which alone could render his regulations effectual.[16]

Yet notwithstanding these obstacles, he had, during the course of a few days, laboured so hard to introduce some degree of discipline into the army, that he thought he might hazard a second attack upon Glasgow with every prospect of success.

It cannot be doubted that Morton's anxiety to measure himself with Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse, at whose hands he had sustained such injury, had its share in giving motive to his uncommon exertions. But Claverhouse disappointed his hopes: for, satisfied with having the advantage in repulsing the first attack upon Glasgow, he determined that he would not, with the handful of troops under his command, await a second assault from the insurgents, with more numerous and better disciplined forces than had supported their first enterprise. He therefore evacuated the place, and marched

at the head of his troops towards Edinburgh. The insurgents of course entered Glasgow without resistance, and without Morton having the opportunity, which he so deeply coveted, of again encountering Claverhouse personally. But, although he had not an opportunity of wiping away the disgrace which had befallen his division of the army of the Covenant, the retreat of Claverhouse, and the possession of Glasgow, tended greatly to animate the insurgent army, and to increase its numbers. The necessity of appointing new officers, of organizing new regiments and squadrons, of making them acquainted with at least the most necessary points of military discipline, were labours, which, by universal consent, seemed to be devolved upon Henry Morton, and which he the more readily undertook, because his father had made him acquainted with the theory of the military art, and because he plainly saw, that, unless he took this ungracious but absolutely necessary labour, it was vain to expect any other to engage in it.

In the meanwhile, fortune appeared to favour the enterprise of the insurgents more than the most sanguine durst have expected. The Privy Council of Scotland, astonished at the extent of resistance which their arbitrary measures had provoked, seemed stupified with terror, and incapable of taking active steps to subdue the resentment which these measures had excited. There were but very few troops in Scotland, and these they drew towards Edinburgh, as if to form an army for protection of the metropolis. The feudal array of the crown-vassals in the various counties was ordered to take the field, and render to the King the military service due for their fiefs. But the summons was very slackly obeyed. The quarrel was not generally popular among the gentry; and even those who were not unwilling themselves to have taken arms, were deterred by the repugnance of their wives, mothers, and sisters, to their engaging in such a cause.

Meanwhile, the inadequacy of the Scottish Government to provide for their own defence, or to put down a rebellion of which the commencement seemed so trifling, excited at the English court doubts at once of their capacity, and of the prudence of the severities they had exerted against the oppressed presbyterians. It was therefore resolved to nominate to the command of the army of Scotland the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who had by marriage a great interest, large estate, and a numerous following, as it was called, in the southern parts of that kingdom. The military skill which he had displayed on different occasions abroad, was supposed more than adequate to subdue the insurgents in the field; while it was expected that his mild temper, and the favourable disposition which he shewed to presbyterians in general, might soften men's minds, and tend to reconcile them to the Government. The Duke was therefore invested with a commission containing high powers for settling the distracted affairs of Scotland, and dispatched from London with strong succours, to take the principal military command in that country.

CHAPTER XXVII.

—— I am bound to Bothwell-hill,
Where I maun either do or die. *Old Ballad.*

There was now a pause in the military movements on both sides. The Government seemed contented to prevent the rebels advancing towards the capital, while the insurgents were intent upon augmenting and strengthening their forces. For this purpose they established a sort of encampment in the park belonging to the ducal residence at Hamilton, a central situation for receiving their recruits, and where they were secured from any sudden attack, by having the Clyde, a deep and rapid river, in front of their position, which is only passable by a long and narrow bridge near the castle and village of Bothwell.

Morton remained here for about a fortnight after the attack on Glasgow, actively engaged in his military duties. He had received more than one communication from Burley, but they only stated, in general, that the Castle of Tillietudlem continued to hold out. Impatient of suspence upon this most interesting subject, he at length intimated to his colleagues in command his desire, or rather his intention, for he saw no reason why he should not assume a liberty which was taken by every one else in this disorderly army, — to go to Milnwood for a day or two, to arrange some private affairs of consequence. The proposal was by no means approved of; for the military council of the insurgents were sufficiently sensible of the value of his services, to fear to lose them, and felt somewhat conscious of their own inability to supply his place. They could not, however, pretend to dictate to him laws more rigid than they submitted to themselves, and he was suffered to depart on his journey without any direct objection being stated. The Rev. Mr Poundtext took the same opportunity to pay a visit to his own residence in the neighbourhood of Milnwood, and favoured Morton with his company on the journey. As the country was chiefly friendly to their cause, and in possession of their detached parties, excepting here and there the stronghold of some old cavalierine Baron, they travelled without any other attendant than the faithful Cuddie.

It was near sunset when they reached Milnwood, where Poundtext bade adieu to his companions, and travelled forward alone to his own manse, which was situated half a mile's march beyond Tillietudlem. When Morton was left alone to his own reflections, with what a complication of feelings did he review the woods, banks, and fields, that had been familiar to him! His character, as well as his habits, thoughts, and occupations, had been entirely changed within the space of little more than a fortnight, and twenty days seemed to have done upon him the work of as many years. A mild, romantic, gentle-tempered youth, bred up in dependence, and stooping patiently to the caprices of a morbid and tyrannical relation, had suddenly, by the rod of oppression and the spur of injured feeling, been compelled to stand forth a leader of armed men, was earnestly engaged in affairs of a public nature, had friends to animate and enemies to contend

with, and felt his individual fate bound up in that of a national insurrection and revolution. It seemed as if he had at once experienced a transition from the romantic dreams of youth, to the labours and cares of active manhood. All that had formerly interested him was obliterated from his memory, excepting only his attachment to Edith; and even his love seemed to have assumed a character more manly and disinterested, as it had become mingled and contrasted with other duties and feelings. As he revolved the particulars of this sudden change, the circumstances in which it originated, and the possible consequences of his present career, the thrill of natural anxiety which passed along his mind was immediately banished by a glow of generous and high-spirited confidence.

"I shall fall young," he said, "if fall I must, my motives misconstrued, and my actions condemned, by those whose approbation is dearest to me. But the sword of liberty and patriotism is in my hand, and I will neither fall meanly nor unavenged. They may expose my body, and gibbet my limbs;—but other days will come, when the sentence of infamy will recoil against those who may pronounce it; and that Heaven, whose name is so often profaned during this unnatural war, will bear witness to the purity of the motives by which I have been guided."

Upon approaching Milnwood, Henry's knock upon the gate no longer intimated the conscious timidity of a stripling who has been out of bounds, but the confidence of a man in full possession of his own rights, and master of his own actions,—bold, free, and decided. The door was cautiously opened by his old acquaintance, Mrs Alison Wilson, who started back when she saw the steel cap and nodding plume of the martial visitor.—"Where is my uncle, Alison?" said Morton, smiling at her alarm.

"Lordsake, Mr Harry! is this you?" returned the old lady. "In troth ye garr'd my heart loup to my very mouth—But it canna be your ainsell, for ye look taller and mair manly-like than ye used to do."

"It is, however, my own self," said Henry, sighing and smiling at the same time. "I believe this dress may make me look taller, and these times, Ailie, make men out of boys."

"Sad times indeed!" echoed the old woman;—"and O that you suld be endangered wi' them! But wha can help it?—ye were ill enough guided, and, as I tell your uncle, if you tread on a worm it will turn."

"You were always my advocate, Ailie," said he (and the housekeeper no longer resented the familiar epithet), "and would let no one blame me but yourself, I am aware of that.—Where is my uncle?"

"In Edinburgh," replied Alison;—"the honest man thought it was best to gang and sit by the chimley when the reek rase. A vex'd man he's been, and a feared—But ye ken the Laird as weel as I do."

"I hope he has suffered nothing in health?" said Henry.

"Naething to speak of," answered the housekeeper, "nor in gudes neither. We fended as weel as we could; and, though the troopers of Tillietudlem took the red cow and auld Hackie (ye'll mind them

weel), yet they sauld us a gude bargain o' four they were driving to the Castle."

"Sold you a bargain!" said Morton—"how do you mean?"

"Ou, they cam out to gather marts for the garrison," answered the housekeeper; "but they just fell to their auld trade, and rade through the country couping and selling a' that they gat, like sae mony west-country drovers. My certie, Major Bellenden was laird o' the least share o' what they lifted, though it was taen in his name."

"Then," said Morton hastily, "the garrison must be straitened for provisions?"

"Stressed eneugh," replied Ailie—"there 's little doubt o' that."

A light instantly glanced on Morton's mind.

"Burley must have deceived me—craft as well as cruelty is permitted by his creed." Such was his inward thought: he said aloud, "I cannot stay, Mrs Wilson—I must go forward directly."

"But, oh! bide to eat a mouthfu'," entreated the affectionate housekeeper, "and I 'll mak it ready for you as I used to do afore thae sad days."

"It is impossible," answered Morton.—"Cuddie, get our horses ready."

"They 're just eating their corn," answered the attendant.

"Cuddie!" exclaimed Ailie; "what garr'd ye bring that ill-faur'd, unlucky loon alang wi' ye?—It was him and his randie mother began a' the mischief in this house."

"Tut, tut," replied Cuddie, "ye should forget and forgie, mistress. Mither 's in Glasgow wi' her tittie, and sall plague ye nae mair; and I 'm the Captain's wallie now, and I keep him tighter in thack and rape than ever ye did;—saw ye him ever sae weel put on as he is now?"

"In troth and that 's true," said the old housekeeper, looking with great complacency at her young master, whose mien she thought much improved by his dress. "I 'm sure ye ne'er had a laced cravat like that when ye were at Milnwood;—that 's nane o' my sewing."

"Na, na, mistress," replied Cuddie, "that 's a cast o' my hand—that 's ane o' Lord Evandale's braws."

"Lord Evandale!" answered the old lady; "that 's him that the whigs are gaun to hang the morn, as I hear say."

"The whigs about to hang Lord Evandale?" said Morton, in the greatest surprise.

"Ay, troth are they," said the housekeeper.—"Yesterday night he made a sally, as they ca 't—(my mother's name was Sally—I wonder they gie Christian folk's names to sic unchristian doings)—but he made an outbreak to get provisions, and his men were driven back and he was taen, an' the whig Captain Balfour garr'd set up a gallows, and swore (or said upon his conscience, for they winna swear), that if the garrison was not gi'en ower the morn by daybreak, he would hing up the young lord, poor thing, as high as Haman.—These are sair times!—but folk canna help them—sae do ye sit down and tak bread and cheese until better meat 's made ready. Ye suldna hae ken'd a word about it, an I had thought it was to spoil your dinner, hinny."

"Fed or unfed," exclaimed Morton, "saddle the horses instantly, Cuddie. We must not rest until we get before the Castle."

And, resisting all Ailie's entreaties, they instantly resumed their journey.

Morton failed not to halt at the dwelling of Poundtext, and summon him to attend him to the camp. That honest divine had just resumed for an instant his pacific habits, and was perusing an ancient theological treatise, with a pipe in his mouth, and a small jug of ale beside him, to assist his digestion of the argument. It was with bitter ill-will that he relinquished these comforts (which he called his studies) in order to recommence a hard ride upon a high-trotting horse. However, when he knew the matter in hand, he gave up, with a deep groan, the prospect of spending a quiet evening in his own little parlour; for he entirely agreed with Morton, that whatever interest Burley might have in rendering the breach between the presbyterians and the Government irreconcilable, by putting the young nobleman to death, it was by no means that of the moderate party to permit such an act of atrocity. And it is but doing justice to Mr Poundtext to add, that, like most of his own persuasion, he was decidedly adverse to any such acts of unnecessary violence: besides that his own present feelings induced him to listen with much complacence to the probability held out by Morton, of Lord Evandale's becoming a mediator for the establishment of peace upon fair and moderate terms. With this similarity of views, they hastened their journey, and arrived about eleven o'clock at night at a small hamlet adjacent to the Castle of Tillietudlem, where Burley had established his head-quarters.

They were challenged by the sentinel who made his melancholy walk at the entrance of the hamlet, and admitted upon declaring their names and authority in the army. Another soldier kept watch before a house, which they conjectured to be the place of Lord Evandale's confinement, for a gibbet, of such great height as to be visible from the battlements of the Castle, was erected before it, in melancholy confirmation of the truth of Mrs Wilson's report.(*) Morton instantly demanded to speak with Burley, and was directed to his quarters. They found him reading the Scriptures, with his arms lying beside him, as if ready for any sudden alarm. He started upon the entrance of his colleagues in office.

"What has brought ye hither?" said Burley, hastily. "Is there bad news from the army?"

"No," replied Morton; "but we understand that there are measures adopted here in which the safety of the army is deeply concerned —Lord Evandale is your prisoner?"

"The Lord," replied Burley, "hath delivered him into our hands."

"And you will avail yourself of that advantage, granted you by Heaven, to dishonour our cause in the eyes of all the world, by putting a prisoner to an ignominious death?"

"If the house of Tillietudlem be not surrendered by daybreak," replied Burley, "God do so to me and more also, if he shall not die that death to which his leader and patron, John Grahame of Claverhouse, hath put so many of God's saints."

"We are in arms," replied Morton, "to put down such cruelties . . . and not to imitate them, far less to avenge upon the innocent the . . . of the guilty. By what law can you justify the atrocity you would commit?"

"If thou art ignorant of it," replied Burley, "thy companion is well aware of the law which gave the men of Jericho to the sword of Joshua the son of Nun."

"But we," answered the divine, "live under a better dispensation, which instructs us to return good for evil, and to pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us."

"That is to say," said Burley, "that thou wilt join thy grey hairs to his green youth to counteract me in this matter?"

"We are," rejoined Poundtext, "two of those to whom, jointly with thyself, authority is delegated over this host, and we will not permit there to hurt a hair of the prisoner's head. It may please God to make him a means of healing these unhappy breaches in our Israel."

"I judged it would come to this," answered Burley, "when such as these were called into the council of the elders."

"Such as I?" answered Poundtext—"And who am I, that you should scorn me with such scorn?—Have I not kept the flock of this people safe from the wolves for thirty years? Ay, even while thou, John Balfour, went fighting in the ranks of uncircumcision, a Philistine of hardened brow and bloody hand—Who am I, say'st thou?"

"I will tell thee what thou art, since thou wouldst so fain know," said Burley. "Thou art one of those who would reap where thou hast not sowed, and divide the spoil while others fight the battle; thou art one of those that follow the gospel for the loaves and for the fishes, that live their own nurse better than the Church of God, and that would rather draw their stipends under prelatists or heathens, than have preaching with those noble spirits who have cast all behind them for the sake of the Covenant."

"And I will tell thee, John Balfour," returned Poundtext, deservedly incensed,—"I will tell thee what *thou* art. Thou art one of those, for whose Moody and merciless disposition a reproach is flung upon the whole church of this suffering kingdom, and for whose violence and blood-guiltiness, it is to be feared, this fair attempt to recover our civil and religious rights will never be honoured by Providence with the desired success."

"Gentlemen," said Morton, "cease this irritating and unavailing recrimination; and do you, Mr. Balfour, inform us, whether it is your purpose to oppose the liberation of Lord Evandale, which . . . seems to us a preliminable measure in the present position of our affairs?"

"You are here," answered Burley, "as two voices against one; but you will not refuse to tarry until the united council shall decide upon this matter?"

"This," said Morton, "we would not decline, if we could trust the . . . where we are to leave the prisoner. But you know well," he added, looking sternly at Burley, "that you have already deceived me in this matter."

"Go to," said Burley, disdainfully,—"thou art an idle inconsiderate boy, who, for the black eyebrows of a silly girl, would barter thy own faith and honour, and the cause of God and of thy country."

"Mr Balfour," said Morton, laying his hand on his sword, "this language requires satisfaction."

"And thou shalt have it, stripling, when and where thou darest," said Burley;—"I plight thee my good word on it."

Poundtext, in his turn, interfered to remind them of the madness of quarrelling, and effected with difficulty a sort of sullen reconciliation.

"Concerning the prisoner," said Burley, "deal with him as ye think fit. I wash my hands free from all consequences. He is my prisoner, made by my sword and spear, while you, Mr Morton, were playing the adjutant at drills and parades, and you, Mr Poundtext, were warping the Scriptures into Erastianism. Take him unto you, nevertheless, and dispose of him as ye think meet.—Dingwall,' he continued, calling a sort of aid-de-camp, who slept in the next apartment, "let the guard posted on the malignant Evandale give up their post to those whom Captain Morton shall appoint to relieve them.—The prisoner," he said, again addressing Poundtext and Morton, "is now at your disposal, gentlemen. But remember, that for all these things there will one day come a term of heavy accounting."

So saying, he turned abruptly into an inner apartment, without bidding them good evening.—His two visitors, after a moment's consideration, agreed it would be prudent to ensure the prisoner's personal safety, by placing over him an additional guard, chosen from their own parishioners. A band of them happened to be stationed in the hamlet, having been attached, for the time, to Burley's command, in order that the men might be gratified by remaining as long as possible near to their own homes. They were, in general, smart, active young fellows, and were usually called by their companions, the Marksmen of Milnwood. By Morton's desire, four of these lads readily undertook the task of sentinels, and he left with them Headrigg, on whose fidelity he could depend, with instructions to call him, if anything remarkable happened.

This arrangement being made, Morton and his colleague took possession, for the night, of such quarters as the over-crowded and miserable hamlet could afford them. They did not, however, separate for repose till they had drawn up a memorial of the grievances of the moderate presbyterians, which was summed up with a request of free toleration for their religion in future, and that they should be permitted to attend gospel ordinances as dispensed by their own clergymen, without oppression or molestation. Their petition proceeded to require that a free parliament should be called for settling the affairs of church and state, and for redressing the injuries sustained by the subject; and that all those who either now were, or had been, in arms, for obtaining these ends, should be indemnified. Morton could not but strongly hope that these terms, which comprehended all that was wanted, or wished for, by the moderate party [illegible] the insurgents, might, when they cleared of the violence of [illegible]n, find advo-

cates even among the royalists, as claiming only the ordinary rights of Scottish freemen.

He had the more confidence of a favourable reception, that the Duke of Monmouth, to whom Charles had intrusted the charge of subduing this rebellion, was a man of gentle, moderate, and accessible disposition, well known to be favourable to the presbyterians, and invested by the king with full powers to take measures for quieting the disturbances in Scotland. It seemed to Morton, that all that was necessary for influencing him in their favour was to find a fit and sufficiently respectable channel of communication, and such seemed to be opened through the medium of Lord Evandale. He resolved, therefore, to visit the prisoner early in the morning, in order to sound his dispositions to undertake the task of mediator; but an accident happened which led him to anticipate his purpose.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Gie ower your house, lady, he said,—
Gie ower your house to me. *Edom of Gordon.*

Morton had finished the revisal and the making out of a fair copy of the paper on which he and Poundtext had agreed to rest as a full statement of the grievances of their party, and the conditions on which the greater part of the insurgents would be contented to lay down their arms; and he was about to betake himself to repose, when there was a knocking at the door of his apartment.

"Enter," said Morton; and the round bullet head of Cuddie Headrigg was thrust into the room. "Come in," said Morton, "and tell me what you want. Is there any alarm?"

"Na, stir; but I hae brought ane to speak wi' you."

"Who is that, Cuddie?" inquired Morton.

"Ane o' your auld acquaintance," said Cuddie; and, opening the door more fully, he half led, half dragged in a woman, whose face was muffled in her plaid—"Come, come, ye needna be sae bashfu' before auld acquaintance, Jenny," said Cuddie, pulling down the veil, and discovering to his master the well-remembered countenance of Jenny Dennison. "Tell his honour, now—there's a braw lass—tell him what ye were wanting to say to Lord Evandale, mistress."

"What was I wanting to say," answered Jenny, "to his honour himsell the other morning, when I visited him in captivity, ye muckle hash?—D'ye think that folk dinna want to see their friends in adversity, ye dour crowdy-eater?"

This reply was made with Jenny's usual volubility; but her voice quivered, her cheek was thin and pale, the tears stood in her eyes, her hand trembled, her manner was flattered, and her whole presence bore marks of recent suffering and privation, as well as nervous and hysterical agitation.

"What is the matter, Jenny?" said Morton, kindly. "You know how much I owe you in many respects, and can hardly make a request that I will not grant, if in my power."

COVENANTER.

"Many thanks, Milnwood," said the weeping damsel; "but ye were aye a kind gentleman, though folk say ye hae become sair changed now."

"What do they say of me?" answered Morton.

"A'body says," replied Jenny, "that you and the whigs hae made a vow to ding King Charles aff the throne, and that neither he, nor his posteriors frae generation to generation, shall sit upon it ony mair; and John Gudyill threeps ye're to gie a' the church-organs to the pipers, and burn the Book o' Common-prayer by the hands of the common hangman, in revenge of the Covenant that was burnt when the King cam hame."

"My friends at Tillietudlem judge too hastily and too ill of me," answered Morton. "I wish to have free exercise of my own religion, without insulting any other; and as to your family, I only desire an opportunity to shew them I have the same friendship and kindness as ever."

"Bless your kind heart for saying sae!" said Jenny, bursting into a flood of tears: "and they never needed kindness or friendship mair, for they are famished for lack o' food."

"Good God!" replied Morton—"I have heard of scarcity, but not of famine! Is it possible? Have the ladies and the Major"——

"They hae suffered like the lave o' us," replied Jenny; "for they shared every bit and sup wi' the whole folk in the Castle—I'm sure my poor een see fifty colours wi' faintness, and my head's sae dizzy wi' the mirligoes, that I canna stand my lane."

The thinness of the poor girl's cheek, and the sharpness of her features, bore witness to the truth of what she said. Morton was greatly shocked.

"Sit down," he said, "for God's sake!" forcing her into the only chair the apartment afforded, while he himself strode up and down the room in horror and impatience. "I knew not of this," he exclaimed in broken ejaculations,—"I could not know of it. Cold-blooded, iron-hearted fanatic!—deceitful villain!—Cuddie, fetch refreshments—food—wine, if possible—whatever you can find."

"Whisky is gude eneugh for her," muttered Cuddie; "ane wadna hae thought that gude meal was sae scant amang them, when the quean threw sae muckle gude kail-brose scalding het about my lugs."

Faint and miserable as Jenny seemed to be, she could not hear the allusion to her exploit during the storm of the Castle, without bursting into a laugh which weakness soon converted into a hysterical giggle. Confounded at her state, and reflecting with horror on the distress which must have been in the Castle, Morton repeated his commands to Headrigg in a peremptory manner; and when he had departed, endeavoured to soothe his visitor.

"You come, I suppose, by the orders of your mistress, to visit Lord Evandale?—Tell me what she desires; her orders shall be my law."

Jenny appeared to reflect a moment, and then said, "Your honour is sae auld a friend, I must needs trust to you, and tell the truth"

"Be assured, Jenny," said Morton, observing that she hesitated,

"that you will best serve your mistress by dealing sincerely with me."

"Weel, then, ye maun ken we're starving, as I said before, and have been mair days than ane; and the Major has sworn that he expects relief daily, and that he will not give away the house to the enemy till we have eaten up his auld boots,—and they are unco thick in the soles, as ye may weel mind, forby being tough in the upper-leather. The dragoons, again, they think they will be forced to give up at last, and they canna bide hunger weel, after the life they led at free quarters for this while bygane; and since Lord Evandale's taen, there's nae guiding them: and Inglis says he'll gie up the garrison to the whigs, and the Major and the leddies into the bargain, if they will but let the troopers gang free themsells."

"Scoundrels!" said Morton; "why do they not make terms for all in the Castle?"

"They are fear'd for denial o' quarter to the rascals, having done sae muckle mischief through the country: and Burley has hanged ane or twa o' them already—sae they want to draw their ain necks out o' the collar at hazard o' honest folk's."

"And you were sent," continued Morton, "to carry to Lord Evandale the unpleasant news of the men's mutiny?"

"Just e'en sae," said Jenny; "Tam Halliday took the news, and tauld me a' about it, and got me out o' the Castle to tell Lord Evandale, if possibly I could win at him."

"But how can he help you?" said Morton; "he is a prisoner."

"Well a day, ay," answered the officer's friend; "but maybe he could mak fair terms for us, ye ken, for he could gie us some good advice, maybe, he might—and I'm sure he's dragoons to be civil—or"——

"True, maiden," said Morton, "you were to try if it were possible to set him at liberty?"

"If it were sae," answered Jenny, with spirit, "it wadna be the first time I hae done my best to serve a friend in extremity."

"True, Jenny," replied Morton, "I owe you much gratitude to forget it. But how comes Cuddie with the horses. I will go and do your errand to Lord Evandale, while you take some food and wine."

"It wilna be amiss ye should ken," said Cuddie to his master, "that this Jenny—this Mrs Dennison, was trying to cuittle favour wi' Tam Rand, the miller's man, to win into Lord Evandale's room without ony body kennin'. Sae I was thinking, the gipsy, that I was at her elbow."

"And an unco fright ye gae me when ye cam' skirt and took a grip o' me," said Jenny, giving him a sly twitch with her finger and her thumb—"if ye hadna been an auld acquaintance, ye daft gowk."——

Cuddie, somewhat reluctantly, attained a smile on his mistress, while Morton wrapped himself up in his cloak, took his sword under his arm, and went straight to the place of the young noblemen's confinement. He asked the sentinels if anything extraordinary had occurred.—"Nothing worth notice," they said, "excepting the lass that Cuddie took up, and two couriers that Captain Bellenden dispatched, one to the Reverend Ephraim Macbriar, another to Kettledrummle,"

—both of whom were beating the drum ecclesiastic in different towns between the position of Burley and the head-quarters of the main army near Hamilton.

"The purpose, I presume," said Morton, with an affectation of indifference, "was to call them hither."

"So I understand," answered the sentinel, who had spoke with the messengers.

"He is summoning a triumphant majority of the council," thought Morton to himself, "for the purpose of sanctioning whatever action of atrocity he may determine upon, and thwarting opposition by authority. I must be speedy, or I shall lose my opportunity."

When he entered the place of Lord Evandale's confinement, he found him ironed, and reclining on a flock bed in the wretched garret of a miserable cottage. He was either in a slumber, or in deep meditation, when Morton entered, and turned on him, when aroused, a countenance so much reduced by loss of blood, want of sleep, and scarcity of food, that no one could have recognised in it the gallant soldier who had behaved with so much spirit at the skirmish of Loudon-hill. He displayed some surprise at the sudden entrance of Morton.

"I am sorry to see you thus, my lord," said that youthful leader.

"I have heard you are an admirer of poetry," answered the prisoner: "in that case, Mr Morton, you may remember these lines,—

> 'Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Or iron bars a cage;
> A free and quiet mind can take
> These for a hermitage.'

But, were my imprisonment less endurable, I am given to expect to-morrow a total enfranchisement."

"By death?" said Morton.

"Surely," answered Lord Evandale; "I have no other prospect. Your comrade, Burley, has already dipped his hand in the blood of men whose meanness of rank and obscurity of extraction might have saved them. I cannot boast such a shield from his vengeance, and I expect to meet its extremity."

"But Major Bellenden," said Morton, "may surrender, in order to preserve your life."

"Never, while there is one man to defend the battlement, and that man has one crust to eat. I know his gallant resolution, and grieved should I be if he changed it for my sake."

Morton hastened to acquaint him with the mutiny among the dragoons, and their resolution to surrender the Castle, and put the ladies of the family, as well as the Major, into the hands of the enemy. Lord Evandale seemed at first surprised, and something incredulous, but immediately afterwards deeply affected.

"What is to be done?" he said—"How is this misfortune to be averted?"

"Hear me, my lord," said Morton. "I believe you may not be unwilling to bear the olive branch between our master the King, and that part of his subjects which is now in arms, not from choice, but necessity."

"You construe me but justly," said Lord Evandale; "but to what does this tend?"

"Permit me, my lord," continued Morton. "I will set you at liberty upon parole: nay, you may return to the Castle, and shall have a safe-conduct for the ladies, the Major, and all who leave it, on condition of its instant surrender. In contributing to bring this about, you will only submit to circumstances: for, with a mutiny in the garrison, and without provisions, it will be found impossible to defend the place twenty-four hours longer. Those, therefore, who refuse to accompany your lordship, must take their fate. You and your followers shall have a free pass to Edinburgh, or wherever the Duke of Monmouth may be. In return for your liberty, we hope that you will recommend to the notice of his Grace, as Lieutenant-General of Scotland, this humble petition and remonstrance, containing the grievances which have occasioned this insurrection, a redress of which being granted, I will answer with my head, that the great body of the insurgents will lay down their arms."

Lord Evandale read over the paper with attention.

"Mr Morton," he said, "in my simple judgment, I see little objection that can be made to the measures here recommended: nay, farther, I believe, in many respects, they may meet the private sentiments of the Duke of Monmouth: and yet, to deal frankly with you, I have no hopes of their being granted, unless, in the first place, you were to lay down your arms."

"The doing so," answered Morton, "would be virtually conceding that we had no right to take them up; and that, for one, I will never agree to."

"Perhaps it is hardly to be expected you should," said Lord Evandale; "and yet on that point I am certain the negotiations will be wrecked. I am willing, however, having frankly told you my opinion, to do all in my power to bring about a reconciliation."

"It is all we can wish or expect," replied Morton; "the issue is in God's hands, who disposes the hearts of princes.—You accept, then, the safe-conduct?"

"Certainly," answered Lord Evandale: "and if I do not enlarge upon the obligation incurred by your having saved my life a second time, believe that I do not feel it the less."

"And the garrison of Tillietudlem?" said Morton.

"Shall be withdrawn as you propose," answered the young nobleman. "I am sensible the Major will be unable to bring the mutineers to reason; and I tremble to think of the consequences, should the ladies and the brave old man be delivered up to this bloodthirsty ruffian, Burley."

"You are in that case free," said Morton. "Prepare to mount on horseback; a few men whom I can trust shall attend you till you are in safety from our parties."

Leaving Lord Evandale in great surprise and joy at this unexpected deliverance, Morton hastened to get a few chosen men under arms and on horseback, each rider holding the rein of a spare horse. Jenny, who, while she partook of her refreshment, had contrived to make up her breach with Cuddie, rode on the left hand of that valiant

cavalier. The tramp of their horses was soon heard under the window of Lord Evandale's prison. Two men, whom he did not know, entered the apartment, disencumbered him of his fetters, and, conducting him down stairs, mounted him in the centre of the detachment. They set out at a round trot towards Tillietudlem.

The moonlight was giving way to the dawn when they approached that ancient fortress, and its dark massive tower had just received the first pale colouring of the morning. The party halted at the Tower barrier, not venturing to approach nearer for fear of the fire of the place. Lord Evandale alone rode up to the gate, followed at a distance by Jenny Dennison. As they approached the gate, there was heard to arise in the court-yard a tumult, which accorded ill with the quiet serenity of a summer dawn. Cries and oaths were heard, a pistol-shot or two were discharged, and everything announced that the mutiny had broken out. At this crisis Lord Evandale arrived at the gate where Halliday was sentinel. On hearing Lord Evandale's voice, he instantly and gladly admitted him, and that nobleman arrived among the mutinous troopers like a man dropped from the clouds. They were in the act of putting their design into execution, of seizing the place into their own hands, and were about to disarm and overpower Major Bellenden and Harrison, and others of the Castle, who were offering the best resistance in their power.

The appearance of Lord Evandale changed the scene. He seized Inglis by the collar, and, upbraiding him with his villany, ordered two of his comrades to seize and bind him, assuring the others, that their only chance of impunity consisted in instant submission. He then ordered the men into their ranks. They obeyed. He commanded them to ground their arms. They hesitated; but the instinct of discipline, joined to their persuasion that the authority of their officer, so boldly exerted, must be supported by some forces without the gate, induced them to submit.

"Take away those arms," said Lord Evandale, to the people of the Castle; "they shall not be restored until these men know better how to use for which they are intrusted with them.—And now," he continued, addressing the mutineers, "begone!—Make the best use of your time, and of a truce of three hours, which the enemy are consented to allow you. Take the road to Edinburgh, and meet me at the House-of-Muir. I need not bid you beware of committing violence by the way; you will not, in your present condition, provoke resentment for your own sakes. Let your punctuality shew that you mean to atone for this morning's business."

The disarmed soldiers shrunk in silence from the presence of their officer, and, leaving the Castle, took the road to the place of rendezvous, making such haste as was inspired by the fear of meeting with some detached party of the insurgents, whom their present defenceless condition, and their former violence, might inspire with thoughts of revenge. Inglis, whom Evandale destined for punishment, remained in custody. Halliday was praised for his conduct, and assured of succeeding to the rank of the culprit. These arrangements being hastily made, Lord Evandale accosted the Major, before whose eyes the scene had seemed to pass like the change of a dream.

"My dear Major, we must give up the place."

"Is it even so?" said Major Bellenden. "I was in hopes you had brought reinforcements and supplies."

"Not a man—not a pound of meal," answered Lord Evandale.

"Yet I am blithe to see you," returned the honest Major; "we were informed yesterday that these psalm-singing rascals had a plot on your life, and I had mustered the scoundrelly dragoons ten minutes ago in order to beat up Burley's quarters and get you out of limbo, when the dog Inglis, instead of obeying me, broke out into open mutiny.—But what is to be done now?"

"I have myself no choice," said Lord Evandale: "I am a prisoner, released on parole, and bound for Edinburgh. You and the ladies must take the same route. I have, by the favour of a friend, a safe-conduct and horses for you and your retinue; for God's sake make haste. You cannot propose to hold out with seven or eight men, and without provisions. Enough has been done for honour, and enough to render the defence of the highest consequence to Government;—more were needless, as well as desperate. The English troops are arrived at Edinburgh, and will speedily move upon Hamilton—the possession of Tillietudlem by the rebels will be but temporary."

"If you think so, my lord," said the veteran, with a reluctant sigh, —"I know you only advise what is honourable. If, then, you really think the case inevitable, I must submit; for the mutiny of these scoundrels would render it impossible to man the walls.—Gudyill, let the women call up their mistresses, and all be ready to march.—But if I could believe that my remaining in these old walls till I was starved to a mummy, could do the King's cause the least service, old Miles Bellenden would not leave them while there was a spark of life in his body!"

The ladies, already alarmed by the mutiny, now heard the determination of the Major, in which they readily acquiesced, though not without some groans and sighs on the part of Lady Margaret, which referred, as usual, to the *dejuné* of his most sacred Majesty in the halls which were now to be abandoned to rebels. Hasty preparations were made for evacuating the Castle; and long ere the dawn was distinct enough for discovering objects with precision, the ladies, with Major Bellenden, Harrison, Gudyill, and the other domestics, were mounted on the led horses, and others which had been provided in the neighbourhood, and proceeded towards the north, still escorted by four of the insurgent horsemen. The rest of the party who had accompanied Lord Evandale from the hamlet, took possession of the deserted Castle, carefully forbearing all outrage or acts of plunder. And when the sun arose, the scarlet and blue colours of the Scottish Covenant floated from the Keep of Tillietudlem.

CHAPTER XXIX.

And, to my breast, a bodkin in her hand
Were worth a thousand daggers. MARLOW.

THE cavalcade which left the Castle of Tillietudlem halted for a few minutes at the small town of Bothwell, after passing the outposts of the insurgents, to take some slight refreshments which their attendants had provided, and which were really necessary to persons who had suffered considerably by want of proper nourishment. They then pressed forward upon the road towards Edinburgh, amid the lights of dawn which were now rising on the horizon. It might have been expected, during the course of the journey, that Lord Evandale would have been frequently by the side of Miss Edith Bellenden. Yet, after his first salutations had been exchanged, and every precaution solicitously adopted which could serve for her accommodation, he rode in the van of the party with Major Bellenden, and seemed to abandon the charge of immediate attendance upon his lovely niece to one of the insurgent cavaliers, whose dark military cloak, with the large flapped hat and feather, which drooped over his face, concealed at once his figure and his features. They rode side by side in silence for more than two miles, when the stranger addressed Miss Bellenden in a tremulous and suppressed voice.

"Miss Bellenden," he said, "must have friends wherever she is known: even among those whose conduct she now disapproves. Is there anything that such can do to shew their respect for her, and their regret for her sufferings?"

"Let them learn, for their own sakes," replied Edith, "to venerate the laws, and to spare innocent blood. Let them return to their allegiance, and I can forgive them all that I have suffered, were it ten times more."

"You think it impossible, then," rejoined the cavalier, "for any one to serve in our ranks, having the weal of his country sincerely at heart, and conceiving himself in the discharge of a patriotic duty?"

"It might be imprudent, while so absolutely in your power," replied Miss Bellenden, "to answer that question."

"Not in the present instance, I plight you the word of a soldier," replied the horseman.

"I have been taught candour from my birth," said Edith; "and, if I am to speak at all, I must utter my real sentiments. God only can judge the heart—men must estimate intentions by actions. Treason—murder by the sword and by gibbet—the oppression of a private family such as ours, who were only in arms for the defence of the established government, and of our own property—are actions which must needs sully all that have accession to them, by whatever specious terms they may be gilded over."

"The guilt of civil war," rejoined the horseman—"the miseries which it brings in its train, lie at the door of those who provoked it by illegal oppression, rather than of such as are driven to arms in order to assert their natural rights as freemen."

"That is assuming the question," replied Edith, "which ought to

be proved. Each party contends that they are right in point of principle, and therefore the guilt must lie with them who first drew the sword; as, in an affray, law holds those to be the criminals who are the first to have recourse to violence."

"Alas!" said the horseman, "were our vindication to rest there, how easy would it be to shew that we have suffered with a patience which almost seemed beyond the power of humanity, ere we were driven by oppression into open resistance!—But I perceive," he continued, sighing deeply, "that it is vain to plead before Miss Bellenden a cause which she has already prejudged, perhaps as much from her dislike of the persons as of the principles of those engaged in it."

"Pardon me," answered Edith. "I have stated with freedom my opinion of the principles of the insurgents: of their persons I knew nothing—excepting in one solitary instance."

"And that instance," said the horseman, "has influenced your opinion of the whole body?"

"Far from it," said Edith; "he is—at least I once thought him—one in whose scale few were fit to be weighed. He is—or he seemed—one of early talent, high faith, pure morality, and warm affections. Can I approve of a rebellion which has made such a man, formed to ornament, to enlighten, and to defend his country, the companion of gloomy and ignorant fanatics, or canting hypocrites,—the leader of brutal clowns,—the brother in arms to banditti and highway murderers? Should you meet such an one in your camp, tell him that Edith Bellenden has wept more over his fallen character, blighted prospects, and dishonoured name, than over the distresses of her own house, and that she has better endured that famine which has wasted her cheek and dimmed her eye, than the pang of heart which attended the reflection by and through whom these calamities were inflicted."

As she thus spoke, she turned upon her companion a countenance, whose faded cheek attested the reality of her sufferings, even while it glowed with the temporary animation which accompanied her language. The horseman was not insensible to the appeal: he raised his hand to his brow with the sudden motion of one who feels a pang shoot along his brain, passed it hastily over his face, and then pulled the shadowing hat still deeper on his forehead. The movement, and the feelings which it excited, did not escape Edith, nor did she remark them without emotion.

"And yet," she said, "should the person of whom I speak seem to you too deeply affected by the hard opinion of—of—an early friend, say to him, that sincere repentance is next to innocence:—that, though fallen from a height not easily recovered, and the author of much mischief, because gilded by his example, he may still atone in some measure for the evil he has done."

"And in what manner?" asked the cavalier, in the same suppressed and almost choked voice.

"By leading his efforts to restore the blessings of peace to his distracted countrymen, and to induce the deluded rebels to lay down their arms. By saving their blood, he may atone for that which has been already spilt;—and he that shall be most active in accomplish-

ing this great end, will best deserve the thanks of this age, and an honoured remembrance in the next."

"And in such a peace," said her companion, with a firm voice, "Miss Bellenden would not wish, I think, that the interests of the people were sacrificed unreservedly to those of the crown?"

"I am but a girl," was the young lady's reply; "and I scarce can speak on the subject without presumption. But, since I have gone so far, I will fairly add, I would wish to see a peace which should give rest to all parties, and secure the subjects from military rapine, which I detest as much as I do the means now adopted to resist it."

"Miss Bellenden," answered Henry Morton, raising his face, and speaking in his natural tone, "the person who has lost such a highly-valued place in your esteem, has yet too much spirit to plead his cause as a criminal; and, conscious that he can no longer claim a friend's interest in your bosom, he would be silent under your hard censure, were it not that he can refer to the honoured testimony of Lord Evandale, that his earnest wishes and most active exertions are, even now, directed to the accomplishment of such a peace as the most loyal cannot censure."

He bowed with dignity to Miss Bellenden, who, though her language intimated that she well knew to whom she had been speaking, probably had not expected that he would justify himself with so much animation. She returned his salute, confused and in silence. Morton then rode forward to the head of the party.

"Henry Morton!" exclaimed Major Bellenden, surprised at the sudden apparition.

"The same," answered Morton; "who is sorry that he labours under the harsh construction of Major Bellenden and his family. He commits to my Lord Evandale," he continued, turning towards the young nobleman, and bowing to him, "the charge of undeceiving his friends, both regarding the particulars of his conduct and the purity of his motives. Farewell, Major Bellenden—All happiness attend you and yours!—may we meet again in happier and better times!"

"Believe me," said Lord Evandale, "your confidence, Mr Morton, is not misplaced: I will endeavour to repay the great services I have received from you by doing my best to place your character on its proper footing with Major Bellenden, and all whose esteem you value."

"I expected no less from your generosity, my lord," said Morton.

He then called his followers, and rode off along the heath in the direction of Hamilton, their feathers waving and their steel caps glancing in the beams of the rising sun. Cuddie Headrigg alone remained an instant behind his companions to take an affectionate farewell of Jenny Dennison, who had contrived, during this short morning's ride, to re-establish her influence over his susceptible bosom. A straggling tree or two obscured, rather than concealed, their *tête-à-tête*, as they halted their horses to bid adieu.

"Fare ye weel, Jenny," said Cuddie, with a loud exertion of his lungs, intended perhaps to be a sigh, but rather resembling the into-

nation of a groan—"Ye'll think o' puir Cuddie sometimes—an honest lad that lo'es ye weel, Jenny; ye'll think o' him now and then?"

"Whiles—at brose-time," answered the malicious damsel, unable either to suppress the repartee, or the arch smile which attended it.

Cuddie took his revenge as rustic lovers are wont, and as Jenny probably expected—caught his mistress round the neck, kissed her cheeks and lips heartily, and then turned his horse and trotted after his master.

"Deil's in the fallow!" said Jenny, wiping her lips and adjusting her head-dress; "he has twice the spunk o' Tam Halliday, after a'.—Coming, my leddy, coming—Lord have a care o' us, I trust the auld leddy didna see us?"

"Jenny," said Lady Margaret, as the damsel came up, "was not that young man who commanded the party the same that was captain of the popinjay, and who was afterwards prisoner at Tillietudlem on the morning Claverhouse came there?"

Jenny happy that the query had no reference to her own little matters, looked at her young mistress, to discover, if possible, whether it was her cue to speak truth or not. Not being able to catch any hint to guide her, she followed her instinct as a lady's maid, and lied.—"I dinna believe it was him, my leddy," said Jenny, as confidently as if she had been saying her catechism; "he was a little black man, that."

"You must have been blind, Jenny," said the Major; "Henry Morton is tall and fair, and that youth is the very man."

"I had ither thing ado than be looking at him," said Jenny, tossing her head; "he may be as fair as a farthing candle, for me."

"Is it not," said Lady Margaret, "a blessed escape which we have made, out of the hands of so desperate and bloodthirsty a fanatic?"

"You are deceived, madam," said Lord Evandale: "Mr Morton merits such a title from no one, but least from us. That I am now alive, and that you are now on your safe retreat to your friends, instead of being prisoners to a real fanatical homicide, is solely and entirely owing to the prompt, active, and energetic humanity of this young gentleman."

He then went into a particular narrative of the events with which the reader is acquainted, dwelling upon the merits of Morton, and expatiating on the risk at which he had rendered them these important services, as if he had been a brother instead of a rival.—"I were worse than ungrateful," he said, "were I silent on the merits of the man who has twice saved my life."

"I would willingly think well of Henry Morton, my lord," replied Major Bellenden; "and I own he has behaved handsomely to your lordship and to us; but I cannot have the same allowances which it pleases your lordship to entertain for his present courses."

"You are to consider," replied Lord Evandale, "that he has been partly forced upon them by necessity; and I must add, that his principles, though differing in some degree from my own, are such as ought to command respect. Claverhouse, whose knowledge of men is not to be disputed, spoke justly of him as to his extraordinary

qualities—but with prejudice, and harshly, concerning his principles and motives."

"You have not been long in learning all his extraordinary qualities, my lord," answered Major Bellenden. "I, who have known him from boyhood, could, before this affair, have said much of his good principles and good-nature; but as to his high talents" ——

"They were probably hidden, Major," replied the generous Lord Evandale, "even from himself, until circumstances called them forth; and, if I have detected them, it was only because our intercourse and conversation turned on momentous and important subjects. He is now labouring to bring this rebellion to an end, and the terms he has proposed are so moderate, that they shall not want my hearty recommendation."

"And have you hopes," said Lady Margaret, "to accomplish a scheme so comprehensive?"

"I should have, madam, were every whig as moderate as Morton, and every loyalist as disinterested as Major Bellenden. But such is the fanaticism and violent irritation of both parties, that I fear nothing will end this civil war save the edge of the sword."

It may be readily supposed that Edith listened with the deepest interest to this conversation. While she regretted that she had expressed herself harshly and hastily to her lover, she felt a conscious and proud satisfaction that his character was, even in the judgment of his noble-minded rival, such as her own affection had once spoke it.

"Civil feuds and domestic prejudices," she said, "may render it necessary for me to tear his remembrance from my heart; but it is no small relief to know assuredly, that it is worthy of the place it has so long retained there."

While Edith was thus retracting her unjust resentment, her lover arrived at the camp of the insurgents near Hamilton, which he found in considerable confusion. Certain advices had arrived that the royal army, having been recruited from England by a large detachment of the King's Guards, were about to take the field. Fame magnified their numbers and their high state of equipment and discipline, and spread abroad other circumstances which dismayed the courage of the insurgents. What favour they might have expected from Monmouth, was likely to be intercepted by the influence of those associated with him in command. His Lieutenant-general was the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell, who, having practised the art of war in the then barbarous country of Russia, was as much feared for his cruelty and indifference to human life and human sufferings, as respected for his steady loyalty and undaunted valour. This man was second in command to Monmouth, and the horse were commanded by Claverhouse, burning with desire to revenge the death of his nephew, and his defeat at Drumclog. To these accounts was added the most formidable and terrific description of the train of artillery and the cavalry force with which the royal army took the field.(*)

Large bodies, composed of the Highland clans, having in language, religion, and manners, no connexion with the insurgents, had been summoned to join the royal army under their various chieftains; and

these Amorites, or Philistines, as the insurgents termed them, came like eagles to the slaughter. In fact, every person who could ride or run at the King's command, was summoned to arms, apparently with the purpose of forfeiting and fining such men of property whom their principles might deter from joining the royal standard, though prudence prevented them from joining that of the insurgent Presbyterians. In short, every rumour tended to increase the apprehension among the insurgents, that the King's vengeance had only been delayed in order that it might fall more certain and more heavy.

Morton endeavoured to fortify the minds of the common people by pointing out the probable exaggeration of these reports, and by reminding them of the strength of their own situation, with an unfordable river in front, only passable by a long and narrow bridge. He called to their remembrance their victory over Claverhouse when their numbers were few, and then much worse disciplined and appointed for battle than now; shewed them that the ground on which they lay afforded, by its undulation, and the thickets which intersected it, considerable protection against artillery, and even against cavalry, if stoutly defended; and that their safety, in fact, depended on their own spirit and resolution.

But while Morton thus endeavoured to keep up the courage of the army at large, he availed himself of those discouraging rumours to endeavour to impress on the minds of the leaders the necessity of proposing to the Government moderate terms of accommodation, while they were still formidable as commanding an unbroken and numerous army. He pointed out to them, that, in the present humour of their followers, it could hardly be expected that they would engage with advantage the well-appointed and regular force of the Duke of Monmouth; and that if they chanced, as was most likely, to be defeated and dispersed, the insurrection in which they had engaged, so far from being useful to the country, would be rendered the apology for oppressing it more severely.

Pressed by these arguments, and feeling it equally dangerous to remain together, or to dismiss their forces, most of the leaders readily agreed, that if such terms could be obtained as had been transmitted to the Duke of Monmouth by the hands of Lord Evandale, the purpose for which they had taken up arms would be, in a great measure, accomplished. They then entered into similar resolutions, and agreed to guarantee the petition and remonstrance which had been drawn up by Morton. On the contrary, there were still several leaders, and those men whose influence with the people exceeded that of persons of more apparent consequence, who regarded every proposal of treaty which did not proceed on the basis of the Solemn League and Covenant of 1640, as utterly null and void, impious, and unchristian. These men diffused their feelings among the multitude, who had little foresight, and nothing to lose, and persuaded many that the timid counsellors who recommended peace upon terms short of the dethronement of the royal family, and the declared independence of the Church with respect to the State, were cowardly labourers, who were about to withdraw their hands from the plough, and despicable trimmers, who sought only a specious pretext for deserting

their brethren in arms. These contradictory opinions were fiercely argued in each tent of the insurgent army, or rather in the huts or cabins which served in the place of tents. Violence in language often led to open quarrels and blows, and the divisions into which the army of sufferers was rent, served as too plain a presage of their future fate.

CHAPTER XXX.

The curse of growing factions and divisions
Still vex your councils. *Venice Preserved.*

The prudence of Morton found sufficient occupation in stemming the furious current of these contending parties, when, two days after his return to Hamilton, he was visited by his friend and colleague, the Reverend Mr Poundtext, flying, as he presently found, from the face of John Balfour of Burley, whom he left not a little incensed at the share he had taken in the liberation of Lord Evandale. When the worthy divine had somewhat recruited his spirits, after the hurry and fatigue of his journey, he proceeded to give Morton an account of what had passed in the vicinity of Tillietudlem after the memorable morning of his departure.

The night march of Morton had been accomplished with such dexterity, and the men were so faithful to their trust, that Burley received no intelligence of what had happened until the morning was far advanced. His first inquiry was, whether Macbriar and Kettledrummle had arrived, agreeably to the summons which he had dispatched at midnight. Macbriar had come, and Kettledrummle, though a heavy traveller, might, he was informed, be instantly expected. Burley then dispatched a messenger to Morton's quarters to summon him to an immediate council. The messenger returned with news that he had left the place. Poundtext was next summoned; but he thinking, as he said himself, that it was ill dealing with fractious folk, had withdrawn to his own quiet manse, preferring a dark ride, though he had been on horseback the whole preceding day, to a renewal in the morning of a controversy with Burley, whose ferocity overawed him when unsupported by the firmness of Morton. Burley's next inquiries were directed after Lord Evandale; and great was his rage when he learned that he had been conveyed away over night by a party of the marksmen of Milnwood, under the immediate command of Henry Morton himself.

"The villain!" exclaimed Burley, addressing himself to Macbriar;—"the base, mean-spirited traitor, to curry favour for himself with the Government, hath set at liberty the prisoner taken by my own right hand, through means of whom, I have little doubt, the possession of the place of strength which hath wrought us such trouble, might now have been in our hands!"

"But is it not in our hands?" said Macbriar, looking up towards the Keep of the Castle; "and are not these the colours of the Covenant that float over its walls?"

"A stratagem—a mere trick," said Burley—"an insult over our disappointment, intended to aggravate and embitter our spirits."

He was interrupted by the arrival of one of Morton's followers, sent to report to him the evacuation of the place, and its occupation by the insurgent forces. Burley was rather driven to fury than reconciled by the news of this success.

"I have watched," he said—"I have fought—I have plotted—I have striven for the reduction of this place—I have forborne to seek to head enterprises of higher command and of higher honour—I have narrowed their outgoings, and cut off the springs, and broken the staff of bread within their walls; and when the men were about to yield themselves to my hand, that their sons might be bondsmen, and their daughters a laughing-stock to our whole camp, cometh this youth, without a beard on his chin, and takes it on him to thrust his sickle into the harvest, and to rend the prey from the spoiler! Surely the labourer is worthy of his hire, and the city, with its captives, should be given to him that wins it?"

"Nay," said Macbriar, who was surprised at the degree of agitation which Balfour displayed, "chafe not thyself because of the ungodly. Heaven will use its own instruments; and who knows but this youth"——

"Hush! hush!" said Burley; "do not discredit thine own better judgment. It was thou that first badest me beware of this painted sepulchre—this lacquered piece of copper, that passed current with me for gold. It fares ill, even with the elect, when they neglect the guidance of such pious pastors as thou. But our carnal affections will mislead us—this ungrateful boy's father was mine ancient friend. They must be as earnest in their struggles as thou, Ephraim Macbriar, that would shake themselves clear of the clogs and chains of humanity."

This compliment touched the preacher in the most sensible part; and Burley deemed, therefore, he should find little difficulty in moulding his opinions to the support of his own views, more especially as they agreed exactly in their high-strained opinions of church government.

"Let us instantly," he said, "go up to the Tower; there is that among the records in yonder fortress, which, well used as I can use it, shall be worth to us a valiant leader and an hundred horsemen."

"But will such be the fitting aids of the children of the Covenant?" said the preacher. "We have already among us too many who hunger after lands, and silver and gold, rather than after the Word;—it is not by such that our deliverance shall be wrought out."

"Thou errest," said Burley; "we must work by means, and these worldly men shall be our instruments. At all events, the Moabitish woman shall be despoiled of her inheritance, and neither the malignant Evandale, nor the erastian Morton, shall possess yonder castle and lands, though they may seek in marriage the daughter thereof."

So saying, he led the way to Tillietudlem, where he seized upon the plate and other valuables for the use of the army, ransacked the charter-room, and other receptacles for family papers, and treated

with contempt the remonstrances of those who reminded him, that the terms granted to the garrison had guaranteed respect to private property.

Burley and Macbriar, having established themselves in their new acquisition, were joined by Kettledrummle in the course of the day, and also by the Laird of Langcale, whom that active divine had contrived to seduce, as Poundtext termed it, from the pure light in which he had been brought up. Thus united, they sent to the said Poundtext an invitation, or rather a summons, to attend a council at Tillietudlem. He remembered, however, that the door had an iron grate, and the Keep a dungeon, and resolved not to trust himself with his incensed colleagues. He therefore retreated, or rather fled to Hamilton, with the tidings, that Burley, Macbriar, and Kettledrummle, were coming to Hamilton as soon as they could collect a body of Cameronians sufficient to overawe the rest of the army.

"And ye see," concluded Poundtext, with a deep sigh, "that they will then possess a majority in the council; for Langcale, though he has always passed for one of the honest and rational party, cannot be suitably or preceesely termed either fish, or flesh, or gude red herring;—whoever has the stronger party has Langcale."

Thus concluded the heavy narrative of honest Poundtext, who sighed deeply, as he considered the danger in which he was placed betwixt unreasonable adversaries amongst themselves and the common enemy from without. Morton exhorted him to patience, temper, and composure; informed him of the good hope he had of negotiating for peace and indemnity through means of Lord Evandale, and made out to him a very fair prospect that he should again return to his own parchment-bound Calvin, his evening pipe of tobacco, and his noggin of inspiring ale, providing always he would afford his effectual support and concurrence to the measures which he (Morton) had taken for a general pacification.[15] Thus backed and comforted, Poundtext resolved magnanimously to await the coming of the Cameronians to the general rendezvous.

Burley and his confederates had drawn together a considerable body of these sectaries, amounting to a hundred horse and about fifteen hundred foot, clouded and severe in aspect, morose and jealous in communication, haughty of heart, and confident, as men who believed that the pale of salvation was open for them exclusively; while all other Christians, however slight were the shades of difference of doctrine from their own, were in fact little better than outcasts or reprobates. These men entered the presbyterian camp, rather as dubious and suspicious allies, or possibly antagonists, than as men who were heartily embarked in the same cause, and exposed to the same dangers, with their more moderate brethren in arms. Burley made no private visits to his colleagues, and held no communication with them on the subject of the public affairs, otherwise than by sending a dry invitation to them to attend a meeting of the general council for that evening.

On the arrival of Morton and Poundtext at the place of assembly, they found their brethren already seated. Slight greeting passed between them, and it was easy to see that no amicable conference was

intended by those who convoked the council. The first question was put by Macbriar, the sharp eagerness of whose zeal urged him to the van on all occasions. He desired to know by whose authority the malignant, called Lord Evandale, had been freed from the doom of death, justly denounced against him.

"By my authority, and Mr Morton's," replied Poundtext: who, besides being anxious to give his companion a good opinion of his courage, confided heartily in his support, and, moreover, had much less fear of encountering one of his own profession, and who confined himself to the weapons of theological controversy, in which Poundtext feared no man, than of entering into debate with the stern homicide Balfour.

"And who, brother," said Kettledrummle—"who gave you authority to interpose in such a high matter?"

"The tenor of our commission," answered Poundtext, "gives us authority to bind and to loose. If Lord Evandale was justly doomed to die by the voice of one of our number, he was of a surety lawfully redeemed from death by the warrant of two of us."

"Go to, go to," said Burley; "we know your motives; it was to send that silkworm—that gilded trinket—that embroidered trifle of a lord, to bear terms of peace to the tyrant."

"It was so," replied Morton, who saw his companion begin to flinch before the fierce eye of Balfour—"it was so; and what then?—Are we to plunge the nation in endless war, in order to pursue schemes which are equally wild, wicked, and unattainable?"

"Hear him!" said Balfour; "he blasphemeth."

"It is false," said Morton; "they blaspheme who pretend to expect miracles, and neglect the use of the human means with which Providence has blessed them. I repeat it—Our avowed object is the re-establishment of peace on fair and honourable terms of security to our religion and our liberty. We disclaim any desire to tyrannize over those of others."

The debate would now have run higher than ever, but they were interrupted by intelligence that the Duke of Monmouth had commenced his march towards the west, and was already advanced half way from Edinburgh. This news silenced their divisions for the moment, and it was agreed that the next day should be held as a fast of general humiliation for the sins of the land; that the Reverend Mr Poundtext should preach to the army in the morning, and Kettledrummle in the afternoon; that neither should touch upon any topics of schism or of division, but animate the soldiers to resist to the blood, like brethren in a good cause. This healing overture having been agreed to, the moderate party ventured upon another proposal, confiding that it would have the support of Langcale, who looked extremely blank at the news which they had just received, and might be supposed reconverted to moderate measures. It was to be presumed, they said, that since the King had not intrusted the command of his forces upon the present occasion to any of their active oppressors, but, on the contrary, had employed a nobleman distinguished by gentleness of temper, and a disposition favourable to their cause, there must be some better intention entertained towards them than they

had yet experienced. They contended, that it was not only prudent but necessary to ascertain, from a communication with the Duke of Monmouth, whether he was not charged with some secret instructions in their favour. This could only be learned by dispatching an envoy to his army.

"And who will undertake the task?" said Burley, evading a proposal too reasonable to be openly resisted—"who will go up to their camp, knowing that John Grahame of Claverhouse hath sworn to hang up whomsoever we shall despatch towards them, in revenge of the death of the young man his nephew?"

"Let that be no obstacle," said Morton—"I will with pleasure encounter any risk attached to the bearer of your errand."

"Let him go," said Balfour, apart to Macbriar; "our councils will be well rid of his presence."

The motion, therefore, received no contradiction even from those who were expected to have been most active in opposing it: and it was agreed that Henry Morton should go to the camp of the Duke of Monmouth, in order to discover upon what terms the insurgents would be admitted to treat with him. As soon as his errand was made known, several of the more moderate party joined in requesting him to make terms upon the footing of the petition intrusted to Lord Evandale's hands; for the approach of the King's army spread a general trepidation, by no means allayed by the high tone assumed by the Cameronians, which had so little to support it excepting their own headlong zeal. With these instructions, and with Cuddie as his attendant, Morton set forth towards the royal camp, at all the risks which attend those who assume the office of mediator during the heat of civil discord.

Morton had not proceeded six or seven miles, before he perceived that he was on the point of falling in with the van of the royal forces: and, as he ascended a height, saw all the roads in the neighbourhood occupied by armed men marching in great order towards Bothwellmuir, an open common, on which they proposed to encamp for that evening, at the distance of scarcely two miles from the Clyde, on the farther side of which river the army of the insurgents was encamped. He gave himself up to the first advanced-guard of cavalry which he met, as bearer of a flag of truce, and communicated his desire to obtain access to the Duke of Monmouth. The non-commissioned officer who commanded the party made his report to his superior, and he again to another in still higher command, and both immediately rode to the spot where Morton was detained.

"You are but losing your time, my friend, and risking your life," said one of them, addressing Morton; "the Duke of Monmouth will receive no terms from traitors with arms in their hands, and your cruelties have been such as to authorize retaliation of every kind. Better trot your nag back, and save his mettle to-day, that he may save your life to-morrow."

"I cannot think," said Morton, "that even if the Duke of Monmouth should consider us as criminals, he would condemn so large a body of his fellow-subjects without even hearing what they have to plead for themselves. On my part I fear nothing. I am conscious

of having consented to, or authorized, no cruelty, and the fear of suffering innocently for the crimes of others shall not deter me from executing my commission."

The two officers looked at each other.

"I have an idea," said the younger, "that this is the young man of whom Lord Evandale spoke."

"Is my Lord Evandale in the army?" said Morton.

"He is not," replied the officer; "we left him at Edinburgh, too much indisposed to take the field. Your name, sir, I presume, is Henry Morton?"

"It is, sir," answered Morton.

"We will not oppose your seeing the Duke, sir," said the officer, with more civility of manner; "but you may assure yourself it will be to no purpose; for, were his Grace disposed to favour your people, others are joined in commission with him who will hardly consent to his doing so."

"I shall be sorry to find it thus," said Morton; "but my duty requires that I should persevere in my desire to have an interview with him."

"Lumley," said the superior officer, "let the Duke know of Mr Morton's arrival, and remind his Grace that this is the person of whom Lord Evandale spoke so highly."

The officer returned with a message that the General could not see Mr Morton that evening, but would receive him betimes in the ensuing morning. He was detained in a neighbouring cottage all night, but treated with civility, and everything provided for his accommodation. Early on the next morning the officer he had first seen came to conduct him to his audience.

The army was drawn out, and in the act of forming column for march, or attack. The Duke was in the centre, nearly a mile from the place where Morton had passed the night. In riding towards the General, he had an opportunity of estimating the force which had been assembled for the suppression of the hasty and ill-concerted insurrection. There were three or four regiments of English, the flower of Charles's army—there were the Scottish Life-Guards, burning with desire to revenge their late defeat—other Scottish regiments of regulars were also assembled, and a large body of cavalry, consisting partly of gentlemen-volunteers, partly of the tenants of the crown who did military duty for their fiefs. Morton also observed several strong parties of Highlanders drawn from the points nearest to the Lowland frontiers,—a people, as already mentioned, particularly obnoxious to the western whigs, and who hated and despised them in the same proportion. These were assembled under their chiefs, and made part of this formidable array. A complete train of field-artillery accompanied these troops; and the whole had an air so imposing, that it seemed nothing short of an actual miracle could prevent the ill-equipped, ill-modelled, and tumultuary army of the insurgents, from being utterly destroyed. The officer who accompanied Morton endeavoured to gather from his looks the feelings with which this splendid and awful parade of military force had impressed him. But, true to the cause he had espoused, he laboured successfully to

prevent the anxiety which he felt from appearing in his countenance, and looked around him on the warlike display as on a sight which he expected, and to which he was indifferent.

"You see the entertainment prepared for you," said the officer.

"If I had no appetite for it," replied Morton, "I should not have been accompanying you at this moment. But I shall be better pleased with a more peaceful regale, for the sake of all parties."

As they spoke thus, they approached the commander-in-chief, who, surrounded by several officers, was seated upon a knoll commanding an extensive prospect of the distant country, and from which could be easily discovered the windings of the majestic Clyde, and the distant camp of the insurgents on the opposite bank. The officers of the royal army appeared to be surveying the ground, with the purpose of directing an immediate attack. When Captain Lundey, the officer who accompanied Morton, had whispered in Monmouth's ear his name and errand, the Duke made a signal for all around him to retire, excepting only two general officers of distinction. While they spoke together in whispers for a few minutes before Morton was permitted to advance, he had time to study the appearance of the persons with whom he was to treat.

It was impossible for any one to look upon the Duke of Monmouth without being captivated by his personal graces and accomplishments, of which the great High-Priest of all the Nine afterwards recorded—

> "What'er he did was done with so much ease,
> In him alone 'twas natural to please;
> His motions all accompanied with grace,
> And Paradise was open'd in his face."

Yet to a strict observer, the manly beauty of Monmouth's face was occasionally rendered less striking by an air of vacillation and uncertainty, which seemed to imply hesitation and doubt at moments when decisive resolution was most necessary.

Beside him stood Claverhouse, whom we have already fully described, and another general officer whose appearance was singularly striking. His dress was of the antique fashion of Charles the First's time, and composed of shamoy leather, curiously slashed, and covered with antique lace and garniture. His boots and spurs might be referred to the same distant period. He wore a breastplate, over which descended a grey beard of venerable length, which he cherished as a mark of mourning for Charles the First, having never shaved since that monarch was brought to the scaffold. His head was uncovered, and almost perfectly bald. His high and wrinkled forehead, piercing grey eyes, and marked features, evinced age unbroken by infirmity, and stern resolution unsoftened by humanity. Such is the outline, however feebly expressed, of the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell,(20) a man more feared and hated by the whigs than even Claverhouse himself, and who executed the same violences against them out of a detestation of their persons, or perhaps an innate severity of temper, which Grahame only resorted to on political accounts, as the best means of intimidating the followers of presbytery, and of destroying that sect entirely.

The presence of these two generals, one of whom he knew by per-

son, and the other by description, seemed to Morton decisive of the fate of his embassy. But, notwithstanding his youth and inexperience, and the unfavourable reception which his proposals seemed likely to meet with, he advanced boldly towards them upon receiving a signal to that purpose, determined that the cause of his country, and of those with whom he had taken up arms, should suffer nothing from being intrusted to him. Monmouth received him with the graceful courtesy which attended even his slightest actions; Dalzell regarded him with a stern, gloomy, and impatient frown; and Claverhouse, with a sarcastic smile and inclination of his head, seemed to claim him as an old acquaintance.

"You come, sir, from these unfortunate people, now assembled in arms," said the Duke of Monmouth, "and your name, I believe, is Morton: will you favour us with the purport of your errand?"

"It is contained, my lord," answered Morton, "in a paper, termed a Remonstrance and Supplication, which my Lord Evandale has placed, I presume, in your Grace's hands?"

"He has done so, sir," answered the Duke: "and I understand, from Lord Evandale, that Mr Morton has behaved in these unhappy matters with much temperance and generosity, for which I have to request his acceptance of my thanks."

Here Morton observed Dalzell shake his head indignantly, and whisper something into Claverhouse's ear, who smiled in return, and elevated his eyebrows, but in a degree so slight as scarce to be perceptible. The Duke, taking the petition from his pocket, proceeded, obviously struggling between the native gentleness of his own disposition, and perhaps his conviction that the petitioners demanded no more than their rights, and the desire, on the other hand, of enforcing the King's authority, and complying with the sterner opinions of the colleagues in office who had been assigned for the purpose of controlling as well as advising him.

"There are, Mr Morton, in this paper, proposals, as to the abstract propriety of which I must now waive delivering any opinion. Some of them appear to me reasonable and just; and although I have no express instructions from the King upon the subject, yet I assure you, Mr Morton, and I pledge my honour, that I will interpose in your behalf, and use my utmost influence to procure you satisfaction from his Majesty. But you must distinctly understand, that I can only treat with supplicants, not with rebels; and, as a preliminary to every act of favour on my side, I must insist upon your followers laying down their arms and dispersing themselves."

"To do so, my Lord Duke," replied Morton, undauntedly, "were to acknowledge ourselves the rebels that our enemies term us. Our swords are drawn for recovery of a birthright wrested from us; your Grace's moderation and good sense has admitted the general justice of our demand—a demand which would never have been listened to had it not been accompanied with the sound of the trumpet. We cannot, therefore, and dare not, lay down our arms, even on your Grace's assurance of indemnity, unless it were accompanied with some reasonable prospect of the redress of the wrongs which we complain of."

"Mr Morton," replied the Duke, "you are young, but you must have seen enough of the world to perceive, that requests, by no means dangerous or unreasonable in themselves, may become so by the way in which they are pressed and supported."

"We may reply, my lord," answered Morton, "that this disagreeable mode has not been resorted to until all others have failed."

"Mr Morton," said the Duke, "I must break this conference short. We are in readiness to commence the attack; yet I will suspend it for an hour, until you can communicate my answer to the insurgents. If they please to disperse their followers, lay down their arms, and send a peaceful deputation to me, I will consider myself bound in honour to do all I can to procure redress of their grievances; if not, let them stand on their guard and expect the consequences.—I think, gentlemen," he added, turning to his two colleagues, "this is the utmost length to which I can stretch my instructions in favour of these misguided persons?"

"By my faith," answered Dalzell, suddenly, "and it is a length to which my poor judgment durst not have stretched them, considering I had both the King and my conscience to answer to! But, doubtless, your Grace knows more of the King's private mind than we, who have only the letter of our instructions to look to."

Monmouth blushed deeply. "You hear," he said, addressing Morton, "General Dalzell blames me for the length which I am disposed to go in your favour."

"General Dalzell's sentiments, my lord," replied Morton, "are such as we expected from him; your Grace's such as we were prepared to hope you might please to entertain. Indeed I cannot help adding, that, in the case of the absolute submission upon which you are pleased to insist, it might still remain something less than doubtful how far, with such counsellors around the King, even your Grace's intercession might procure us effectual relief. But I will communicate to our leaders your Grace's answer to our supplication and, since we cannot obtain peace, we must bid war welcome as well as we may."

"Good morning, sir," said the Duke. "I suspend the movements of attack for one hour, and for one hour only. If you have an answer to return within that space of time, I will receive it here, and earnestly entreat it may be such as to save the effusion of blood."

At this moment another smile of deep meaning passed between Dalzell and Claverhouse. The Duke observed it, and repeated his words with great dignity.

"Yes, gentlemen, I said I trusted the answer might be such as would save the effusion of blood. I hope the sentiment neither needs your scorn, nor incurs your displeasure."

Dalzell returned the Duke's frown with a stern glance, but made no answer. Claverhouse, his lip just curled with an ironical smile, bowed, and said, "It was not for him to judge the propriety of his Grace's sentiments."

The Duke made a signal to Morton to withdraw. He obeyed; and, accompanied by his former escort, rode slowly through the army

to return to the camp of the non-conformists. As he passed the fine corps of Life-Guards, he found Claverhouse was already at their head. That officer no sooner saw Morton, than he advanced and addressed him with perfect politeness of manner.

"I think this is not the first time I have seen Mr Morton of Milnwood?"

"It is not Colonel Grahame's fault," said Morton, smiling sternly, "that he or any one else should be now incommoded by my presence."

"Allow me at least to say," replied Claverhouse, "that Mr Morton's present situation authorizes the opinion I have entertained of him, and that my proceedings at our last meeting only squared to my duty."

"To reconcile your actions to your duty, and your duty to your conscience, is your business, Colonel Grahame, not mine," said Morton, justly offended at being thus, in a manner, required to approve of the sentence under which he had so nearly suffered.

"Nay, but stay an instant," said Claverhouse. "Evandale insists that I have some wrongs to acquit myself of in your instance. I trust I shall always make some difference between a high-minded gentleman, who, though misguided, acts upon generous principles, and the crazy fanatical clowns yonder, with the bloodthirsty assassins who head them. Therefore, if they do not disperse upon your return, let me pray you instantly come over to our army and surrender yourself, for, be assured, they cannot stand our assault for half an hour. If you will be ruled and do this, be sure to enquire for me. Monmouth, strange as it may seem, cannot protect you. But I will not [illegible] both can and will; and I have promised to Evandale to do so if you will give me an opportunity."

"I should owe Lord Evandale my thanks," answered Morton coldly, "did not his solicitude imply an opinion that I might be prevailed on to desert those with whom I am engaged. For you, Colonel Grahame, if you will honour me with a different species of satisfaction, it is probable that, in an hour's time, you will find me at the west end of Bothwell Bridge with my sword in my hand."

"I shall be happy to meet you there," said Claverhouse, "but still more so should you think better on my first proposal."

They then saluted and parted.

"That is a pretty lad, Lundey," said Claverhouse, addressing himself to the other officer; "but he is a lost man—his blood be upon his head."

So saying, he addressed himself to the task of preparation for instant battle

CHAPTER XXXI.

> But hark! the tent has changed its voice,
> There's peace and rest nae langer. BURNS.
>
> The Lowdien Mallisha they
> Came with their coats of blew;
> Five hundred men from London came,
> Claid in a reddish hue. *Bothwell Lines.*

WHEN Morton had left the well-ordered outposts of the regular army, and arrived at those which were maintained by his own party, he could not but be peculiarly sensible of the difference of discipline, and entertain a proportional degree of fear for the consequences. The same discords which agitated the counsels of the insurgents, raged even among their meanest followers; and their picquets and patrols were more interested and occupied in disputing the true occasion and causes of wrath, and defining the limits of Erastian heresy, than in looking out for and observing the motions of their enemies, though within hearing of the royal drums and trumpets.

There was a guard, however, of the insurgent army, posted at the long and narrow bridge of Bothwell, over which the enemy must necessarily advance to the attack; but, like the others, they were divided and disheartened; and, entertaining the idea that they were posted on a desperate service, they even meditated withdrawing themselves to the main body. This would have been utter ruin; for on the defence or loss of this pass the fortune of the day was most likely to depend. All beyond the bridge was a plain open field, excepting a few thickets of no great depth, and, consequently, was ground on which the undisciplined forces of the insurgents, deficient as they were in cavalry, and totally unprovided with artillery, were altogether unlikely to withstand the shock of regular troops.

Morton therefore viewed the pass carefully, and formed the hope, that by occupying two or three houses on the left bank of the river, with the copse and thickets of alders and hazels that lined its side, and by blockading the passage itself, and shutting the gates of a portal, which, according to the old fashion, was built on the central arch of the bridge of Bothwell, it might be easily defended against a very superior force. He issued directions accordingly, and commanded the parapets of the bridge, on the farther side of the portal, to be thrown down, that they might afford no protection to the enemy when they should attempt the passage. Morton then conjured the party at this important post to be watchful and upon their guard, and promised them a speedy and strong reinforcement. He caused them to advance videttes beyond the river to watch the progress of the enemy, which outposts he directed should be withdrawn to the left bank as soon as they approached; finally, he charged them to send regular information to the main body of all that they should observe. Men under arms, and in a situation of danger, are usually sufficiently alert in appreciating the merit of their officers. Morton's intelligence and activity gained the confidence of these men, and with better hope and

heart than before, they began to fortify their position in the manner he recommended, and saw him depart with three loud cheers.

Morton now galloped hastily towards the main body of the insurgents, but was surprised and shocked at the scene of confusion and clamour which it exhibited, at the moment when good order and concord were of such essential consequence. Instead of being drawn up in line of battle, and listening to the commands of their officers, they were crowding together in a confused mass, that rolled and agitated itself like the waves of the sea, while a thousand tongues spoke, or rather vociferated, and not a single ear was found to listen. Scandalized at a scene so extraordinary, Morton endeavoured to make his way through the press, to learn, and if possible to remove, the cause of this so untimely disorder. While he is thus engaged, we shall make the reader acquainted with that which he was some time in discovering.

The insurgents had proceeded to hold their day of humiliation, which, agreeably to the practice of the puritans during the earlier civil war, they considered as the most effectual mode of solving all difficulties, and waiving all discussions. It was usual to name an ordinary week-day for this purpose, but on this occasion the Sabbath itself was adopted, owing to the pressure of the time and the vicinity of the enemy. A temporary pulpit, or tent, was erected in the middle of the encampment: which, according to the fixed arrangement, was first to be occupied by the Reverend Peter Poundtext, to whom the post of honour was assigned, as the eldest clergyman present. But as the worthy divine, with slow and stately steps, was advancing towards the rostrum which had been prepared for him, he was prevented by the unexpected apparition of Habakkuk Mucklewrath, the fierce preacher whose appearance had so much startled Morton at the last council of the insurgents after their victory at Loudon-hill. It is not known whether he was acting under the influence and instigation of the Cameronians, or whether he was merely compelled by his own agitated imagination, and the temptation of a vacant pulpit before him, to seize the opportunity of exhorting so respectable a congregation. It is only certain that he took occasion by the forelock, sprung into the pulpit, cast his eyes wildly round him, and, undismayed by the murmurs of many of the audience, opened the Bible, and forth as his text from the thirteenth chapter of Deuteronomy: "Certain men, the children of Belial, are gone out from among you, and have withdrawn the inhabitants of their city, saying, let us go and serve other gods, which you have not known;" and then rushed at once into the midst of his subject.

The harangue of Mucklewrath was as wild and extravagant as his intrusion was unauthorized and untimely; but it was provokingly coherent, in so far as it turned entirely upon the very subjects of discord, of which it had been agreed to adjourn the consideration until some more suitable opportunity. Not a single topic did he omit which had offence in it; and, after charging the moderate party with [illegible] with crouching to tyranny, with seeking to be at peace with [illegible] he applied to Morton, by name, the charge that he [illegible] of the men of Belial, who, in the words of his text

had gone out from amongst them, to withdraw the inhabitants of his city, and to go astray after false gods. To him, and all who followed him, or approved of his conduct, Mucklewrath denounced fury and vengeance, and exhorted those who would hold themselves pure and undefiled to come up from the midst of them.

"Fear not," he said, "because of the neighing of horses, or the glittering of breastplates. Seek not aid of the Egyptians because of the enemy, though they may be numerous as locusts, and fierce as dragons. Their trust is not as our trust, nor their rock as our rock; how else shall a thousand fly before one, and two put ten thousand to the flight? I dreamed it in the visions of the night, and the voice said, 'Habakkuk, take thy fan and purge the wheat from the chaff, that they be not both consumed with the fire of indignation and the rushing of fury.' Wherefore, I say, take this Henry Morton—this wretched Achan, who hath brought the accursed thing among ye, and made himself brethren in the camp of the enemy—take him and stone him with stones, and thereafter burn him with fire, that the wrath may depart from the children of the Covenant! He hath not taken a Babylonish garment, but he hath sold the garment of righteousness to the woman of Babylon—he hath not taken two hundred shekels of fine silver, but he hath bartered the truth, which is more precious than shekels of silver or wedges of gold."

At this furious charge, brought so unexpectedly against one of their most active commanders, the audience broke out into open tumult, some demanding that there should instantly be a new election of officers, into which office none should hereafter be admitted who had, in their phrase, touched of that which was accursed, or temporized more or less with the heresies and corruptions of the times. While such was the demand of the Cameronians, they vociferated loudly, that those who were not with them were against them.—that it was no time to relinquish the substantial part of the covenanted testimony of the Church, if they expected a blessing on their arms and their cause.—and that, in their eyes, a lukewarm Presbyterian was little better than a Prelatist, an anti-Covenanter, and a Nullifidian.

The parties accused repelled the charge of criminal compliance and defection from the truth with scorn and indignation, and charged their accusers with breach of faith, as well as with wrong-headed and extravagant zeal in introducing such divisions into an army, the joint strength of which could not, by the most sanguine, be judged more than sufficient to face their enemies. Poundtext, and one or two others, made some faint efforts to stem the increasing fury of the factions, exclaiming to those of the other party, in the words of the Patriarch,—"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between thy herdsmen and my herdsmen, for we be brethren." No pacific overture could possibly obtain audience. It was in vain that even Burley himself, when he saw the dissension proceed to such ruinous lengths, exerted his stern and deep voice, commanding silence and obedience to discipline. The spirit of insubordination had gone forth, and it seemed as if the exhortation of Habakkuk Mucklewrath had communicated a part of his phrenzy to all who heard him. The wiser, or more timid part of the assembly

were already withdrawing themselves from the field, and giving up their cause as lost. Others were moderating a harmonious call, as they somewhat improperly termed it, to new officers, and dismissing those formerly chosen, and that with a tumult and clamour worthy of the deficiency of good sense and good order implied in the whole transaction. It was at this moment when Morton arrived in the field and joined the army, in total confusion, and on the point of dissolving itself. His arrival occasioned loud exclamations of applause on the one side, and of imprecation on the other.—"What means this ruinous disorder at such a moment?" he exclaimed to Burley, who, exhausted with his vain exertions to restore order, was now leaning on his sword, and regarding the confusion with an eye of resolute despair.

"It means," he replied, "that God has delivered us into the hands of our enemies."

"Not so," answered Morton, with a voice and gesture which compelled many to listen; "it is not God who deserts us - it is we who desert him, and dishonour ourselves by disgracing and betraying the cause of freedom and religion.—Hear me!" he exclaimed, springing to the pulpit which Mucklewrath had been compelled to evacuate by actual exhaustion—"I bring from the enemy an offer to treat, if you incline to lay down your arms. I can assure you the means of making an honourable defence, if you are of more manly tempers. The time flies fast on. Let us resolve either for peace or war; and let it not be said of us in future days, that six thousand Scottish men in arms had neither courage to stand their ground and fight it out, nor prudence to treat for peace, nor even the coward's wisdom to retreat in good time and with safety. What signifies quarrelling on minute points of church-discipline, when the whole edifice is threatened with total destruction? O remember, my brethren, that the last and worst evil which God brought upon the people whom he had once chosen—the last and worse punishment of their blindness and hardness of heart, was the bloody dissensions which rent asunder their city, even when the enemy were thundering at its gates!"

Some of the audience testified their feeling of this exhortation, by loud exclamations of applause—others by hooting and exclaiming—"To your tents, O Israel!"

Morton, who beheld the columns of the enemy already beginning to appear on the right bank, and directing their march upon the bridge, raised his voice to its utmost pitch, and, pointing at the same time with his hand, exclaimed—"Silence your senseless clamours! Yonder is the enemy! On maintaining the bridge against him, depend our lives, as well as our hope to reclaim our laws and liberties. There shall at least one Scottishman die in their defence. Let any one who loves his country follow me!"

The multitude had turned their heads in the direction to which he pointed. The sight of the glittering files of the English Foot-Guards, supported by several squadrons of horse, of the cannon which the artillerymen were busily engaged in planting against the bridge, of the plaided clans who seemed to search for a ford, and of the long succession of troops which were destined to support the attack,

silenced at once their clamorous uproar, and struck them with as much consternation as if it were an unexpected apparition, and not the very thing which they ought to have been looking out for. They gazed on each other, and on their leaders, with looks resembling those that indicate the weakness of a patient when exhausted by a fit of frenzy. Yet when Morton, springing from the rostrum, directed his steps towards the bridge, he was followed by about an hundred of the young men who were particularly attached to his command.

Burley turned to Macbriar.—"Ephraim," he said, "it is Providence points us the way, through the worldly wisdom of this latitudinarian youth.—He that loves the light, let him follow Burley!"

"Tarry," replied Macbriar; "it is not by Henry Morton, or such as he, that our goings-out and our comings-in are to be meted; therefore tarry with us. I fear treachery to the host from this *nullifidian* Achan—Thou shalt not go with him—thou art our chariots and our horsemen."

"Hinder me not," replied Burley: "he hath well said that all is lost, if the enemy win the bridge—therefore let me not. Shall the children of this generation be called wiser or braver than the children of the sanctuary?—Array yourselves under your leaders—let us not lack supplies of men and ammunition: and accursed be he who turneth back from the work on this great day!"

Having thus spoken, he hastily marched towards the bridge, and was followed by about two hundred of the most gallant and zealous of his party. There was a deep and disheartened pause when Morton and Burley departed. The commanders availed themselves of it to display their lines in some sort of order, and exhorted those who were most exposed, to throw themselves upon their faces to avoid the cannonade which they might presently expect. The insurgents ceased to resist or to remonstrate; but the awe which had silenced their discords had dismayed their courage. They suffered themselves to be formed into ranks with the docility of a flock of sheep, but without possessing, for the time, more resolution or energy; for they experienced a sinking of the heart, imposed by the sudden and imminent approach of the danger which they had neglected to provide against while it was yet distant. They were, however, drawn out with some regularity; and as they still possessed the appearance of an army, their leaders had only to hope that some favourable circumstance would restore their spirits and courage.

Kettledrummle, Poundtext, Macbriar, and other preachers, busied themselves in their ranks, and prevailed on them to raise a psalm. But the superstitious among them observed, as an ill omen, that their song of praise and triumph sunk into "a quaver of consternation," and resembled rather a penitentiary stave sung on the scaffold of a condemned criminal, than the bold strain which had resounded along the wild heath of Loudon-hill, in anticipation of that day's victory. The melancholy melody soon received a ranch accompaniment; the royal soldiers shouted, the Highlanders yelled, the cannon began to fire on one side, and the musketry on both, and the bridge of Bothwell, with the banks adjacent, were involved in wreaths of smoke.

CHAPTER XXXII.

As e'er ye saw the rain doun fa',
Or yet the arrow from the bow,
Sae our Scots lads fell even down,
And they lay slain on every knowe.
Old Ballad.

Ere Morton or Burley had reached the post to be defended, the enemy had commenced an attack upon it with great spirit. The two regiments of Foot-Guards, formed into a close column, rushed forward to the river: one corps, deploying along the right bank, commenced a galling fire on the defenders of the pass, while the other pressed on to occupy the bridge. The insurgents sustained the attack with great constancy and courage: and while part of their number returned the fire across the river, the rest maintained a discharge of musketry upon the further end of the bridge itself, and every avenue by which the soldiers endeavoured to approach it. The latter suffered severely, but still gained ground, and the head of their column was already upon the bridge, when the arrival of Morton changed the scene: and his marksmen, commencing upon the pass a fire as well aimed as it was sustained and regular, compelled the assailants to retire with much loss. They were a second time brought up to the charge, and a second time repulsed with still greater loss, as Burley had now brought his party into action. The fire was continued with the utmost vehemence on both sides, and the issue of the action seemed very dubious.

Monmouth, mounted on a superb white charger, might be discovered on the top of the right bank of the river, urging, entreating, and animating the exertions of his soldiers. By his orders, the cannon, which had hitherto been employed in annoying the distant main body of the presbyterians, were now turned upon the defenders of the bridge. But these tremendous engines, being wrought much more slowly than in modern times, did not produce the effect of annoying or terrifying the enemy to the extent proposed. The insurgents, sheltered by the copsewood along the bank of the river, or stationed in the houses already mentioned, fought under cover, while the royalists, owing to the precautions of Morton, were entirely exposed. The defence was so protracted and obstinate, that the royal generals began to fear it might be ultimately successful. While Monmouth threw himself from his horse, and, rallying the Foot-Guards, brought them on to another close and desperate attack, he was warmly seconded by Dalzell, who, putting himself at the head of a body of Lennox Highlanders, rushed forward with their tremendous war-cry of Loch-sloy.[1] The ammunition of the defenders of the bridge began to fail at this important crisis: messages, commanding and imploring succours and supplies, were in vain dispatched, one after the other, to the main body of the presbyterian army, which remained

[1] The cry or slogan or war-cry of the Mac Farlanes, taken from a lake near the head of Loch Lomond, in the centre of their ancient possessions on the western banks of that beautiful inland sea.

inactively drawn up on the open fields in the rear. Fear, consternation, and misrule, had gone abroad among them, and while the post on which their safety depended required to be instantly and powerfully reinforced, there remained none either to command or to obey.

As the fire of the defenders of the bridge began to slacken, that of the assailants increased, and in its turn became more fatal. Animated by the example and exhortations of their generals, they obtained a footing upon the bridge itself, and began to remove the obstacles by which it was blockaded. The portal-gate was broke open, the beams, trunks of trees, and other materials of the barricade, pulled down and thrown into the river. This was not accomplished without opposition. Morton and Burley fought in the very front of their followers, and encouraged them with their pikes, halberds, and partisans, to encounter the bayonets of the Guards, and the broadswords of the Highlanders. But those behind the leaders began to shrink from the unequal combat, and fly singly, or in parties of two or three, towards the main body, until the remainder were, by the mere weight of the hostile column as much as by their weapons, fairly forced from the bridge. The passage being now open, the enemy began to pour over. But the bridge was long and narrow, which rendered the manœuvre slow as well as dangerous; and those who first passed had still to force the houses, from the windows of which the Covenanters continued to fire. Burley and Morton were near each other at this critical moment.

"There is yet time," said the former, "to bring down horse to attack them, ere they can get into order; and, with the aid of God, we may thus regain the bridge. Hasten thou to bring them down, while I make the defence good with this old and wearied body."

Morton saw the importance of the advice, and, throwing himself on the horse which Cuddie held in readiness for him behind the thicket, galloped towards a body of cavalry which chanced to be composed entirely of Cameronians. Ere he could speak his errand, or utter his orders, he was saluted by the execrations of the whole body.

"He flies!" they exclaimed—"the cowardly traitor flies like a hart from the hunters, and hath left valiant Burley in the midst of the slaughter."

"I do not fly," said Morton. "I come to lead you to the attack. Advance boldly, and we shall yet do well."

"Follow him not!—Follow him not!"—such were the tumultuous exclamations which resounded from the ranks;—"he hath sold you to the sword of the enemy!"

And while Morton argued, entreated, and commanded in vain, the moment was lost in which the advance might have been useful: and the outlet from the bridge, with all its defences, being in complete possession of the enemy, Burley and his remaining followers were driven back upon the main body, to whom the spectacle of their hurried and harassed retreat was far from restoring the confidence which they so much wanted.

In the meanwhile, the forces of the King crossed the bridge at their

leisure, and, securing the pass, formed in line of battle: while Claverhouse, who, like a hawk perched on a rock, and eyeing the time to pounce on its prey, had watched the event of the action from the opposite bank, now passed the bridge at the head of his cavalry, at full trot, and leading them in squadrons through the intervals and round the flanks of the royal infantry, formed them in line on the moor, and led them to the charge, advancing in front with one large body, while other two divisions threatened the flanks of the Covenanters. Their devoted army was now in that situation when the slightest demonstration towards an attack was certain to inspire panic. Their broken spirits and disheartened courage were unable to endure the charge of the cavalry, attended with all its terrible accompaniments of sight and sound,—the rush of the horses at full speed, the shaking of the earth under their feet, the glancing of the swords, the waving of the plumes, and the fierce shouts of the cavaliers. The front ranks hardly attempted one ill-directed and disorderly fire, and their rear were broken and flying in confusion ere the charge had been completed; and in less than five minutes the horsemen were mixed with them, cutting and hewing without mercy. The voice of Claverhouse was heard, even above the din of conflict, exclaiming to his soldiers —"Kill! Kill!—no quarter!—think on Richard Grahame!" The dragoons, many of whom had shared the disgrace of Loudon-hill, required no exhortations to vengeance as easy as it was complete. Their swords drank deep of slaughter among the unresisting fugitives. Screams for quarter were only answered by the shouts with which the pursuers accompanied their blows, and the whole field presented one general scene of confused slaughter, flight, and pursuit.

About twelve hundred of the insurgents who remained in a body a little apart from the rest, and out of the line of the charge of cavalry, threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion, upon the approach of the Duke of Monmouth at the head of the infantry. That mild-tempered nobleman instantly allowed them the quarter which they prayed for: and, galloping about through the field, exerted himself as much to stop the slaughter as he had done to obtain the victory. While busied in this humane task, he met with General Dalzell, who was encouraging the fierce Highlanders and royal volunteers to shew their zeal for King and country, by quenching the flame of the rebellion with the blood of the rebels.

"Sheathe your sword, I command you, General!" exclaimed the Duke, "and sound the retreat. Enough of blood has been shed; give quarter to the King's misguided subjects."

"I obey your Grace," said the old man, wiping his bloody sword and returning it to the scabbard: but I warn you, at the same time, that enough has *not* been done to intimidate these desperate rebels. Has not your Grace heard that Basil Olifant has collected several gentlemen and men of substance in the West, and is in the act of marching to join them?"

"Basil Olifant!" said the Duke: "who, or what is he?

"The next male heir to the last Earl of Torwood. He is disaffected to Government from his claim to the estate being set aside in favour

of Lady Margaret Bellenden: and I suppose the hope of getting the inheritance has set him in motion."

"Be his motives what they will," replied Monmouth, "he must soon disperse his followers, for this army is too much broken to rally again;—therefore, once more, I command that the pursuit be stopped."

"It is your Grace's province to command, and to be responsible for your commands," answered Dalzell, as he gave reluctant orders for checking the pursuit.

But the fiery and vindictive Grahame was already far out of hearing of the signal of retreat, and continued with his cavalry an unwearied and bloody pursuit, breaking, dispersing, and cutting to pieces all the insurgents whom they could come up with.

Burley and Morton were both hurried off the field by the confused tide of fugitives. They made some attempt to defend the streets of the town of Hamilton; but while labouring to induce the fliers to face about and stand to their weapons, Burley received a bullet which broke his sword-arm.

"May the hand be withered that shot the shot!" he exclaimed, as the sword which he was waving over his head fell powerless to his side. "I can fight no longer."[1]

Then turning his horse's head, he retreated out of the confusion. Morton also now saw that the continuing his unavailing efforts to rally the fliers could only end in his own death or captivity, and, followed by the faithful Cuddie, he extricated himself from the press, and, being well mounted, leaped his horse over one or two enclosures, and got into the open country.

From the first hill which they gained in their flight, they looked back, and beheld the whole country covered with their fugitive companions, and with the pursuing dragoons, whose wild shouts and halloo, as they did execution on the groups whom they overtook, mingled with the groans and screams of their victims, rose shrilly up the hill.

"It is impossible they can ever make head again," said Morton.

"The head's taen aff them, as clean as I wad bite it aff a sybo!" rejoined Cuddie. "Eh Lord! see how the broadswords are flashing! War's a fearsome thing. They'll be cumming that catches me at this wark again.—But, for God's sake, sir, let us mak for some strength!"

Morton saw the necessity of following the advice of his trusty squire. They resumed a rapid pace, and continued it without intermission, directing their course towards the wild and mountainous country, where they thought it likely some part of the fugitives might draw together, for the sake either of making defence, or of obtaining terms.

[1] This incident, and Burley's exclamation, are taken from the records.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

They require
Of Heaven the hearts of lions, breath of tigers,
Yea and the fierceness too. FLETCHER

EVENING had fallen; and, for the last two hours, they had seen none of their ill-fated companions, when Morton and his faithful attendant gained the moorland, and approached a large and solitary farm-house, situated in the entrance of a wild glen, far remote from any other habitation.

"Our horses," said Morton, "will carry us no farther without rest or food, and we must try to obtain them here, if possible."

So speaking, he led the way to the house. The place had every appearance of being inhabited. There was smoke issuing from the chimney in a considerable volume, and the marks of recent hoofs were visible around the door. They could even hear the murmuring of human voices within the house. But all the lower windows were closely secured; and when they knocked at the door, no answer was returned. After vainly calling and entreating admittance, they withdrew to the stable, or shed, in order to accommodate their horses, ere they used farther means of gaining admission. In this place they found ten or twelve horses, whose state of fatigue, as well as the military yet disordered appearance of their saddles and accoutrements, plainly indicated that their owners were fugitive insurgents in their own circumstances.

"This meeting bodes luck," said Cuddie: "and they hae walth o' beef, that's ae thing certain, for here's a raw hide that has been about the hurdles o' a stot not half an hour syne—it's warm yet."

Encouraged by these appearances, they returned again to the house, and, announcing themselves as men in the same predicament with the inmates, clamoured loudly for admittance.

"Whoever ye be," answered a stern voice from the window, after a long and obdurate silence, "disturb not those who mourn for the desolation and captivity of the land, and search out the causes of wrath and of defection, that the stumbling-blocks may be removed over which we have stumbled."

"They are wild western whigs," said Cuddie, in a whisper to his master: "I ken by their language. Fiend hae me if I like to venture on them!"

Morton, however, again called to the party within, and insisted on admittance: but finding his entreaties still disregarded, he opened one of the lower windows, and pushing asunder the shutters, which were but slightly secured, stepped into the large kitchen from which the voice had issued. Cuddie followed him, muttering betwixt his teeth, as he put his head within the window, "That he hoped there was nae scalding brose on the fire;" and master and servant both found themselves in the company of ten or twelve armed men, seated around the fire, on which refreshments were preparing, and busied apparently in their devotions.

In the gloomy countenances, illuminated by the fire-light, Mor-

tor had no difficulty in recognising several of those zealots who had most distinguished themselves by their intemperate opposition to all moderate measures, together with their noted pastor, the fanatical Ephraim Macbriar, and the maniac, Habakkuk Mucklewrath. The Cameronians neither stirred tongue nor hand to welcome their brethren in misfortune, but continued to listen to the low murmured exercise of Macbriar, as he prayed that the Almighty would lift up his hand from his people, and not make an end in the day of his anger. That they were conscious of the presence of the intruders only appeared from the sullen and indignant glances which they shot at them, from time to time, as their eyes encountered.

Morton, finding into what unfriendly society he had unwittingly intruded, began to think of retreating; but, on turning his head, observed with some alarm, that two strong men had silently placed themselves beside the window, through which they had entered. One of these ominous sentinels whispered to Cuddie, "Son of that precious woman, Mause Headrigg, do not cast thy lot farther with this child of treachery and perdition—Pass on thy way, and tarry not, for the avenger of blood is behind thee."

With this he pointed to the window, out of which Cuddie jumped without hesitation: for the intimation he had received plainly implied the personal danger he would otherwise incur.

"Winnocks are no lucky wi' me," was his first reflection when he was in the open air; his next was upon the probable fate of his master. "They'll kill him, the murdering loons, and think they're doing a gude turn! but I'se tak the back road for Hamilton, and see if I canna get some o' our ain folk to bring help in time of needcessity."

So saying, Cuddie hastened to the stable, and taking the best horse he could find instead of his own tired animal, he galloped off in the direction he proposed.

The noise of his horse's tread alarmed for an instant the devotion of the fanatics. As it died in the distance, Macbriar brought his exercise to a conclusion, and his audience raised themselves from the stooping posture, and louring downward look, with which they had listened to it, and all fixed their eyes sternly on Henry Morton.

"You bend strange countenances on me, gentlemen," said he, addressing them. "I am totally ignorant in what manner I can have deserved them."

"Out upon thee! out upon thee!" exclaimed Mucklewrath, starting up; "the word that thou hast spurned shall become a rock to crush and to bruise thee; the spear which thou wouldst have broken shall pierce thy side; we have prayed, and wrestled, and petitioned, for an offering to atone the sins of the congregation, and lo! the very head of the offence is delivered into our hand. He hath burst in like a thief through the window; he is a ram caught in the thicket, whose blood shall be a drink-offering to redeem vengeance from the church, and the place shall from henceforth be called Jehovah-Jireh, for the sacrifice is provided. Up then, and bind the victim with cords to the horns of the altar!"

There was a movement among the party; and deeply did Morton

regret at that moment the incautious haste with which he had ventured into their company. He was armed only with his sword, for he had left his pistols at the bow of his saddle; and, as the whigs were all provided with fire-arms, there was little or no chance of escaping from them by resistance. The interposition, however, of Macbriar protected him for the moment.

"Tarry yet a while, brethren!—let us not use the sword rashly, lest the load of innocent blood lie heavy on us.—Come," he said, addressing himself to Morton, "we will reckon with thee ere we avenge the cause thou hast betrayed.—Hast thou not," he continued, "made thy face as hard as flint against the truth in all the assemblies of the host?"

"He has—he has," murmured the deep voices of the assistants.

"He hath ever urged peace with the malignants," said one.

"And pleaded for the dark and dismal guilt of the Indulgence," said another.

"And would have surrendered the host into the hands of Monmouth," echoed a third; "and was the first to desert the honest and manly Burley, while he yet resisted at the pass. I saw him on the moor, with his horse bloody with spurring, long ere the firing had ceased at the bridge."

"Gentlemen," said Morton, "if you mean to bear me down by clamour, and take my life without hearing me, it is perhaps a thing in your power; but you will sin before God and man by the commission of such a murder."

"I say, hear the youth," said Macbriar; "for Heaven knows our bowels have yearned for him, that he might be brought to see the truth, and exert his gifts in its defence. But he is blinded by his carnal knowledge, and has spurned the light when it blazed before him."

Silence being obtained, Morton proceeded to assert the good faith which he had displayed in the treaty with Monmouth, and the active part he had borne in the subsequent action.

"I may not, gentlemen," he said, "be fully able to go the lengths you desire, in assigning to those of my own religion the means of proselyting over others; but none shall go further in asserting our own lawful freedom. And I must needs aver, that had others been of my mind in counsel, or disposed to stand by my side in battle, we should this evening, instead of being a defeated and discordant remnant, have sheathed our weapons in an useful and honourable peace, or brandished them triumphantly after a decisive victory."

"He hath spoken the word," said one of the assembly—"he hath avowed his carnal self-seeking and Erastianism;—let him die the death!"

"Peace yet again," said Macbriar, "for I will try him further.—Was it not by thy means that the malignant Evandale twice escaped from death and captivity? Was it not through thee that Miles Bellenden and his garrison of cut-throats were saved from the edge of the sword?"

"I am proud to say, that you have spoken the truth in both instances," replied Morton.

"Lo! you see!" said Macbriar—"again hath his mouth spoken it. —And didst thou not do this for the sake of a Midianitish woman, one of the spawn of prelacy, a toy with which the arch-enemy's trap is baited? Didst thou not do all this for the sake of Edith Bellenden?"

"You are incapable," answered Morton, boldly, "of appreciating my feelings towards that young lady; but all that I have done I would have done had she never existed."

"Thou art a hardy rebel to the truth," said another dark-brow'd man. "And didst thou not so act, that, by conveying away the aged woman, Margaret Bellenden, and her grand-daughter, thou mightest thwart the wise and godly project of John Balfour of Burley for bringing forth to battle Basil Olifant, who had agreed to take the field if he were ensured possession of these women's worldly endowments?"

"I never heard of such a scheme," said Morton, "and therefore I could not thwart it.—But does your religion permit you to take such uncreditable and immoral modes of recruiting?"

"Peace!" said Macbriar, somewhat disconcerted; "it is not for thee to instruct tender professors, or to construe Covenant obligations. For the rest, you have acknowledged enough of sin and sorrowful defection, to draw down defeat on a host, were it as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore. And it is our judgment, that we are not free to let you pass from us safe and in life, since Providence hath given you into our hands at the moment that we prayed with godly Joshua, saying, 'What shall we say when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies?'—Then camest thou, delivered to us as it were by lot, that thou mightest sustain the punishment of one that hath wrought folly in Israel. Therefore, mark my words. This is the Sabbath, and our hand shall not be on thee to spill thy blood upon this day; but, when the twelfth hour shall strike, it is a token that thy time on earth hath run! Wherefore improve thy span, for it flitteth fast away.—Seize on the prisoner, brethren, and take his weapon."

The command was so unexpectedly given, and so suddenly executed by those of the party who had gradually closed behind and around Morton, that he was overpowered, disarmed, and a horse-girth passed round his arms, before he could offer any effectual resistance. When this was accomplished, a dead and stern silence took place. The fanatics ranged themselves around a large oaken table, placing Morton amongst them bound and helpless, in such a manner as to be opposite to the clock which was to strike his knell. Food was placed before them, of which they offered their intended victim a share; but, it will readily be believed, he had little appetite. When this was removed, the party resumed their devotions. Macbriar, whose fierce zeal did not perhaps exclude some feelings of doubt and compunction, began to expostulate in prayer, as if to wring from the Deity a signal that the bloody sacrifice they proposed was an acceptable service. The eyes and ears of his hearers were anxiously strained, as if to gain some sight or sound which might be converted or wrested into a type of approbation, and ever and anon dark looks were turned on the dial-plate of the time-piece, to watch its progress towards the moment of execution.

Morton's eye frequently took the same course, with the sad reflection, that there appeared no possibility of his life being expanded beyond the narrow segment which the index had yet to travel on the circle until it arrived at the fatal hour.—Faith in his religion, with a constant unyielding principle of honour, and the sense of conscious innocence, enabled him to pass through this dreadful interval with less agitation than he himself could have expected, had the situation been prophesied to him. Yet there was a want of that eager and animating sense of right which supported him in similar circumstances, when in the power of Claverhouse. Then he was conscious, that, amid the spectators, were many who were lamenting his condition, and some who applauded his conduct. But now, among these pale-eyed and ferocious zealots, whose hardened brows were soon to be bent, not merely with indifference, but with triumph, upon his execution -without a friend to speak a kindly word, or give a look either of sympathy or encouragement—awaiting till the sword destined to slay him crept out of the scabbard gradually, and, as it were, by straw breadths, and condemned to drink the bitterness of death drop by drop,—it is no wonder that his feelings were less composed than they had been on any former occasion of danger. His destined executioners, as he gazed around them, seemed to alter their forms and features, like spectres in a feverish dream; their figures became larger, and their faces more disturbed; and, as an excited imagination predominated over the realities which his eyes received, he could have thought himself surrounded rather by a band of demons than of human beings: the walls seemed to drop with blood, and the light tick of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud, painful distinctness, as if each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ.

It was with pain that he felt his mind wavering, while on the brink between this and the future world. He made a strong effort to compose himself to devotional exercises, and unequal, during that fearful strife of nature, to arrange his own thoughts into suitable expressions, he had, instinctively, recourse to the petition for deliverance and for composure of spirit which is to be found in the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England.—Macbriar, whose family were of that persuasion, instantly recognised the words, which the unfortunate prisoner pronounced half aloud.

"There lacked but this," he said, his pale cheek kindling with resentment, "to root out my carnal reluctance to see his blood spilt. He is a prelatist, who has sought the camp under the disguise of an Erastian, and all, and more than all, that has been said of him must needs be verity. His blood be on his head, the deceiver!—let him go down to Tophet, with the ill-mumbled mass which he calls a prayer-book, in his right hand!"

"I take up my song against him!" exclaimed the maniac. "As the sun went back on the dial ten degrees for intimating the recovery of holy Hezekiah, so shall it now go forward, that the wicked may be taken away from among the people, and the Covenant established in its purity."

He sprang to a chair with an attitude of frenzy, in order to antici-

pate the fatal moment by putting the index forward: and several of the party began to make ready their slaughter-weapons for immediate execution, when Mucklewrath's hand was arrested by one of his companions.

"Hist!" he said—"I hear a distant noise."

"It is the rushing of the brook over the pebbles," said one.

"It is the sough of the wind among the bracken," said another.

"It is the galloping of horse," said Morton to himself, his sense of hearing rendered acute by the dreadful situation in which he stood—"God grant they may come as my deliverers!"

The noise approached rapidly, and became more and more distinct.

"It is horse!" cried Macbriar. "Look out and descry who they are."

"The enemy are upon us!" cried one who had opened the window, in obedience to his order.

A thick trampling and loud voices were heard immediately round the house. Some rose to resist, and some to escape; the doors and windows were forced at once, and the red coats of the troopers appeared in the apartment.

"Have at the bloody rebels!—Remember Cornet Grahame!" was shouted on every side.

The lights were struck down, but the dubious glare of the fire enabled them to continue the fray. Several pistol-shots were fired; the whig who stood next to Morton received a shot as he was rising, stumbled against the prisoner, whom he bore down with his weight, and lay stretched above him a dying man. This accident probably saved Morton from the damage he might otherwise have received in so close a struggle, where fire-arms were discharged and sword-blows given for upwards of five minutes.

"Is the prisoner safe?" exclaimed the well-known voice of Claverhouse; "look about for him, and dispatch the whig dog who is groaning there."

Both orders were executed. The groans of the wounded man were silenced by a thrust with a rapier, and Morton, disencumbered of his weight, was speedily raised and in the arms of the faithful Cuddie, who blubbered for joy when he found that the blood with which his master was covered had not flowed from his own veins. A whisper in Morton's ear, while his trusty follower relieved him from his bonds, explained the secret of the very timely appearance of the soldiers.

"I fell into Claverhouse's party when I was seeking for some o' our ain folk to help ye out o' the hands of the whigs, sae being 'tween the deil and the deep sea, I e'en thought it best to bring him a wi' me, for he'll be wearied wi' felling folk the night, and the morn's a new day, and Lord Evandale awes ye a day in ha'arst; and Monmouth gies quarter, the dragoons tell me, for the asking. Ne haud up your heart, an' I'se warrant we'll do a' weel enough yet."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name. *Anonymous.*

When the desperate affray had ceased, Claverhouse commanded his soldiers to remove the dead bodies, to refresh themselves and their horses, and prepare for passing the night at the farm-house, and for marching early in the ensuing morning. He then turned his attention to Morton, and there was politeness, and even kindness, in the manner in which he addressed him.

"You would have saved yourself risk from both sides, Mr Morton, if you had honoured my counsel yesterday morning with some attention—But I respect your motives. You are a prisoner-of-war at the disposal of the King and Council, but you shall be treated with no incivility; and I will be satisfied with your parole that you will not attempt an escape."

When Morton had passed his word to that effect, Claverhouse bowed civilly, and, turning away from him, called for his serjeant-major.

"How many prisoners, Halliday, and how many killed?"

"Three killed in the house, sir, two cut down in the court, and one in the garden—six in all; four prisoners."

"Armed or unarmed?" said Claverhouse.

"Three of them armed to the teeth," answered Halliday; "one without arms—he seems to be a preacher."

"Ay—the trumpeter to the long-ear'd rout, I suppose," replied Claverhouse, glancing slightly round upon his victims: "I will talk with him to-morrow. Take the other three down to the yard, draw out two files, and fire upon them; and, d'ye hear, make a memorandum in the orderly book of three rebels taken in arms and shot, with the date and name of the place. Drumshinnel, I think, they call it. Look after the preacher till to-morrow: as he was not armed, he must undergo a short examination. Or better, perhaps, take him before the Privy Council; I think they should relieve me of a share of this disgusting drudgery. Let Mr Morton be civilly used, and see that the men look well after their horses; and let my groom wash Wildblood's shoulder with some vinegar,—the saddle has touched him a little."

All these various orders,—for life and death, the securing of his prisoners, and the washing his charger's shoulder,—were given in the same unmoved and equable voice, of which no accent or tone intimated that the speaker considered one direction as of more importance than another.

The Cameronians, so lately about to be the willing agents of a bloody execution, were now themselves to undergo it. They seemed prepared alike for either extremity, nor did any of them shew the least sign of fear, when ordered to leave the room for the purpose of meeting instant death. Their severe enthusiasm sustained them in

that dreadful moment, and they departed with a firm look and in silence, excepting that one of them, as he left the apartment, looked Claverhouse full in the face, and pronounced, with a stern and steady voice, —"Mischief shall haunt the violent man!" to which Grahame only answered by a smile of contempt.

They had no sooner left the room than Claverhouse applied himself to some food, which one or two of his party had hastily provided and invited Morton to follow his example, observing, it had been a busy day for them both. Morton declined eating; for the sudden change of circumstances—the transition from the verge of the grave to a prospect of life, had occasioned a dizzy revulsion in his whole system. But the same confused sensation was accompanied by a burning thirst, and he expressed his wish to drink.

"I will pledge you, with all my heart," said Claverhouse; "for here is a black jack full of ale, and good it must be, if there be good in the country, for the whigs never miss to find it out.—My service to you, Mr Morton," he said, filling one horn of ale for himself, and handing another to his prisoner.

Morton raised it to his head, and was just about to drink, when the discharge of carabines beneath the window, followed by a deep and hollow groan, repeated twice or thrice, and more faint at each interval, announced the fate of the three men who had just left them. Morton shuddered, and set down the untasted cup.

"You are but young in these matters, Mr Morton," said Claverhouse, after he had very composedly finished his draught; "and I do not think the worse of you as a young soldier for appearing to feel them acutely. But habit, duty, and necessity, reconcile men to everything."

"I trust," said Morton, "they will never reconcile me to such scenes as these."

"You would hardly believe," said Claverhouse in reply, "that, in the beginning of my military career, I had as much aversion to seeing blood spilt as ever man felt—it seemed to me to be wrung from my own heart: and yet, if you trust one of those whig fellows, he will tell you I drink a warm cup of it every morning before I breakfast.[1] But in truth, Mr Morton, why should we care so much for death, light upon us or around us whenever it may? Men die daily—not a bell tolls the hour but it is the death-note of some one or other; and why hesitate to shorten the span of others, or take over-anxious care to prolong our own? It is all a lottery—When the hour of midnight came, you were to die—it has struck, you are alive and safe, and the lot has fallen on those fellows who were to murder you. It is not the expiring pang that is worth thinking of in an event that must happen one day, and may befall us on any given moment—it is the memory which the soldier leaves behind him, like the long train of light that follows the sunken sun—that is all which is worth caring for, which distinguishes the death of the brave or the ignoble. When I think of death, Mr Morton, as a thing worth thinking of, it is in

[1] The author is uncertain whether this was ever said of Claverhouse. But it was currently reported of Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg, another of the persecutors, that a cup of wine placed in his hand turned to clotted blood

the hope of pressing one day some well-fought and hard-won field of battle, and dying with the shout of victory in my ear—*that* would be worth dying for,—and more, it would be worth having lived for!"

At the moment when Grahame delivered these sentiments, his eye glancing with the martial enthusiasm which formed such a prominent feature in his character, a gory figure, which seemed to rise out of the floor of the apartment, stood upright before him, and presented the wild person and hideous features of the maniac so often mentioned. His face, where it was not covered with blood-streaks, was ghastly pale, for the hand of death was on him. He bent upon Claverhouse eyes, in which the grey light of insanity still twinkled, though just about to flit for ever, and exclaimed, with his usual wildness of ejaculation, "Wilt thou trust in thy bow and in thy spear, in thy steed and in thy banner? And shall not God visit thee for innocent blood?—Wilt thou glory in thy wisdom, and in thy courage, and in thy might? And shall not the Lord judge thee?—Behold the princes, for whom thou hast sold thy soul to the destroyer, shall be removed from their place, and banished to other lands, and their names shall be a desolation, and an astonishment, and a hissing, and a curse. And thou, who hast partaken of the wine-cup of fury, and hast been drunken and mad because thereof, the wish of thy heart shall be granted to thy loss, and the hope of thine own pride shall destroy thee. I summon thee, John Grahame, to appear before the tribunal of God, to answer for this innocent blood, and the seas besides which thou hast shed."

He drew his right hand across his bleeding face, and held it up to heaven as he uttered these words, which he spoke very loud, and then added more faintly, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge the blood of thy saints!"

As he uttered the last word, he fell backwards without an attempt to save himself, and was a dead man ere his head touched the floor.

Morton was much shocked at this extraordinary scene, and the prophecy of the dying man, which tallied so strangely with the wish which Claverhouse had just expressed: and he often thought of it afterwards when that wish seemed to be accomplished. Two of the dragoons who were in the apartment, hardened as they were, and accustomed to such scenes, shewed great consternation at the sudden apparition, the event, and the words which preceded it. Claverhouse alone was unmoved. At the first instant of Mucklewrath's appearance, he had put his hand to his pistol, but on seeing the situation of the wounded wretch, he immediately withdrew it, and listened with great composure to his dying exclamation.

When he dropped, Claverhouse asked, in an unconcerned tone of voice,—"How came the fellow here?—Speak, you staring fool!" he added, addressing the nearest dragoon, "unless you would have me think you such a poltroon as to fear a dying man."

The dragoon crossed himself, and replied with a faltering voice, "That the dead fellow had escaped their notice when they removed the other bodies, as he chanced to have fallen where a cloak or two had been flung aside, and covered him"

"Take him away now, then, you gaping idiot, and see that he does

not bite you, to put an old proverb to shame.—This is a new incident, Mr Morton, that dead men should rise and push us from our stools. I must see that my blackguards grind their swords sharper; they used not to do their work so slovenly.—But we have had a busy day: they are tired, and their blades blunted with their bloody work; and I suppose you, Mr Morton, as well as I, are well disposed for a few hours' repose."

So saying, he yawned, and taking a candle which a soldier had placed ready, saluted Morton courteously, and walked to the apartment which had been prepared for him.

Morton was also accommodated, for the evening, with a separate room. Being left alone, his first occupation was the returning thanks to Heaven for redeeming him from danger, even through the instrumentality of those who seemed his most dangerous enemies; he also prayed sincerely for the Divine assistance in guiding his course through times which held out so many dangers and so many errors. And having thus poured out his spirit in prayer before the Great Being who gave it, he betook himself to the repose which he so much required.

CHAPTER XXXV.

> The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
> The judges all ranged—a terrible show!
>
> *Beggar's Opera.*

So deep was the slumber which succeeded the agitation and embarrassment of the preceding day, that Morton hardly knew where he was when it was broken by the tramp of horses, the hoarse voice of men, and the wild sound of the trumpets blowing the réveillé. The sergeant-major immediately afterwards came to summon him, which he did in a very respectful manner, saying the General (for Claverhouse now held that rank) hoped for the pleasure of his company upon the road. In some situations an intimation is a command, and Morton considered that the present occasion was one of these. He waited upon Claverhouse as speedily as he could, found his own horse saddled for his use, and Cuddie in attendance. Both were deprived of their fire-arms, though they seemed, otherwise, rather to make part of the troop than of the prisoners; and Morton was permitted to retain his sword, the wearing which was, in those days, the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. Claverhouse seemed also to take pleasure in riding beside him, in conversing with him, and in confounding his ideas when he attempted to appreciate his real character.—The gentleness and urbanity of that officer's general manners, the high and chivalrous sentiments of military devotion which he occasionally expressed, his deep and accurate insight into the human bosom, demanded at once the approbation and the wonder of those who conversed with him; while, on the other hand, his cold indifference to military violence and cruelty seemed altogether inconsistent with the social, and even admirable qualities which he displayed. Morton could not help, in his heart, contrasting him with

Balfour of Burley; and so deeply did the idea impress him, that he dropped a hint of it as they rode together at some distance from the troop.

"You are right," said Claverhouse, with a smile—"you are very right. We are both fanatics; but there is some distinction between the fanaticism of honour and that of dark and sullen superstition."

"Yet you both shed blood without mercy or remorse," said Morton, who could not suppress his feelings.

"Surely," said Claverhouse, with the same composure; "but of what kind? There is a difference, I trust, between the blood of learned and reverend prelates and scholars, of gallant soldiers and noble gentlemen, and the red puddle that stagnates in the veins of psalm-singing mechanics, crack-brained demagogues, and sullen boors;—some distinction, in short, between spilling a flask of generous wine, and dashing down a can full of base muddy ale?"

"Your distinction is too nice for my comprehension," replied Morton. "God gives every spark of life—that of the peasant as well as of the prince; and those who destroy his work recklessly or causelessly, must answer in either case. What right, for example, have I to General Grahame's protection now, more than when I first met him?"

"And narrowly escaped the consequences, you would say?" answered Claverhouse. "Why, I will answer you frankly. Then I thought I had to do with the son of an old roundheaded rebel, and the nephew of a sordid presbyterian laird; now I know your points better, and there is that about you which I respect in an enemy as much as I like in a friend. I have learned a good deal concerning you since our first meeting, and I trust that you have found that my construction of the information has not been unfavourable to you."

"But yet," said Morton——

"But yet," interrupted Grahame, taking up the word, "you would say, you were the same when I first met you that you are now? True; but then, how could I know that? though, by the by, even my reluctance to suspend your execution may shew you how high your abilities stood in my estimation."

"Do you expect, General," said Morton, "that I ought to be particularly grateful for such a mark of your esteem?"

"Poh! poh! you are critical," returned Claverhouse. "I tell you I thought you a different sort of person. Did you ever read Froissart?"

"No," was Morton's answer.

"I have half a mind," said Claverhouse, "to contrive you should have six months' imprisonment in order to procure you that pleasure. His chapters inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetry itself. And the noble canon,—with what true chivalrous feeling he confines his beautiful expressions of sorrow to the death of the gallant and high-bred knight, of whom it was a pity to see the fall. Such was his loyalty to his king, pure faith to his religion, hardihood towards his enemy, and fidelity to his lady-love!—Ah, benedicite! how he will mourn over the fall of such a pearl of knighthood, be it on the side he happens to favour, or on the other. But,

truly, for sweeping from the face of the earth some [illegible] hundreds of villain churls, who are born but to plough it, the high-born and inquisitive historian has marvellous little sympathy—as little, or less, perhaps, than John Grahame of Claverhouse."

"There is one ploughman in your possession, General, for whom," said Morton, "in despite of the contempt in which you hold a profession which some philosophers have considered as useful as that of a soldier, I would humbly request your favour."

"You mean," said Claverhouse, looking at a memorandum book, "one Hatherick—Hedderick—or—or—Headrigg. Ay, Cuthbert, or Cuddie Headrigg—here I have him. O, never fear him, if he will be but tractable. The ladies of Tillietudlem made interest with me on his account some time ago. He is to marry their waiting-maid, I think. He will be allowed to slip off easy, unless his obstinacy spoils his good fortune."

"He has no ambition to be a martyr, I believe," said Morton.

"'Tis the better for him," said Claverhouse. "But, besides, although the fellow had more to answer for, I should stand his friend, for the sake of the blunderi..g gallantry which threw him into the midst of our ranks last night, when seeking assistance for you. I never desert any man who trusts me with such implicit confidence. But, to deal sincerely with you, he has been long in our eye. Here, Halliday; bring me up the black book."

The sergeant, having committed to his commander this ominous record of the disaffected, which was arranged in alphabetical order, Claverhouse, turning over the leaves as he rode on, began to read names as they occurred.

"Gumblegumption, a minister, aged 50, indulged, close, sly, and so forth—Pooh! pooh!—He—He—I have him here—Heathercat; outlawed—a preacher—a zealous Cameronian—keeps a conventicle among the Campsie hills—Tush!—O here is Headrigg—Cuthbert; his mother a bitter puritan—himself a simple fellow—like to be forward in action, but of no genius for plots—more for the hand than the head, and might be drawn to the right side, but for his attachment to"——(Here Claverhouse looked at Morton, and then shut the book and changed his tone.) "Faithful and true are words never thrown away upon me, Mr Morton. You may depend on the young man's safety."

"Does it not revolt a mind like yours," said Morton, "to follow a system which is to be supported by such minute inquiries after obscure individuals?"

"You do not suppose *we* take the trouble?" said the General, haughtily. "The curates, for their own sakes, willingly collect all these materials for their own regulation in each parish—they know best the black sheep of the flock. I have had your picture for three years."

"Indeed!" replied Morton. "Will you favour me by imparting it?

"Willingly," said Claverhouse; "it can signify little, for you can not avenge yourself on the curate, as you will probably leave Scotland for some time."

This was spoken in an indifferent tone. Morton felt an involun-

tary shudder at hearing words which implied a banishment from his native land;—but ere he answered, Claverhouse proceeded to read, "Henry Morton, son of Silas Morton, Colonel of horse for the Scottish Parliament, nephew and apparent heir of Morton of Milnwood—imperfectly educated, but with spirit beyond his years—excellent at all exercises—indifferent to forms of religion, but seems to incline to the presbyterian—has highflown and dangerous notions about liberty of thought and speech, and hovers between a latitudinarian and an enthusiast. Much admired and followed by the youth of his own age—modest, quiet, and unassuming in manner, but in his heart peculiarly bold and intractable. He is—— Here follow three red crosses, Mr Morton, which signify triply dangerous. You see how important a person you are.—But what does this fellow want?"

A horseman rode up as he spoke, and gave a letter. Claverhouse glanced it over, laughed scornfully, bade him tell his master to send his prisoners to Edinburgh, for there was no answer; and, as the man turned back, said contemptuously to Morton—"Here is an ally of yours deserted from you, or rather, I should say, an ally of your good friend Burley—Hear how he sets forth—'*Dear Sir*,' (I wonder when we were such intimates), 'may it please your Excellency to accept my humble congratulations on the victory'—hum—hum—'blessed his Majesty's army. I pray you to understand I have my people under arms to take and intercept all fugitives, and have already several prisoners,' and so forth. Subscribed Basil Olifant—You know the fellow by name, I suppose?"

"A relative of Lady Margaret Bellenden," replied Morton, "is he not?"

"Ay," replied Grahame, "and heir-male of her father's family, though a distant one, and moreover a suitor to the fair Edith, though discarded as an unworthy one: but, above all, a devoted admirer of the estate of Tillietudlem, and all thereunto belonging."

"He takes an ill mode of recommending himself," said Morton, suppressing his feelings, "to the family at Tillietudlem, by corresponding with our unhappy party."

"O, this precious Basil will turn cat in pan with any man!" replied Claverhouse. "He was displeased with the Government, because they would not overturn in his favour a settlement of the late Earl of Torwood, by which his Lordship gave his own estate to his own daughter: he was displeased with Lady Margaret, because she avowed no desire for his alliance, and with the pretty Edith, because she did not like his tall ungainly person. So he held a close correspondence with Burley, and raised his followers with the purpose of helping him, provided always he needed no help,—that is, if you had beat us yesterday. And now the rascal pretends he was all the while proposing the King's service, and, for aught I know, the Council will receive his pretext for current coin, for he knows how to make friends among them—and a dozen scores of poor vagabond fanatics will be shot, or hanged, while this cunning scoundrel lies hid under the double cloak of loyalty, well-lined with the fox-fur of hypocrisy."

With conversation on this and other matters they beguiled the way, Claverhouse all the while speaking with great frankness to Morton,

and treating him rather as a friend and companion than as a prisoner; so that, however uncertain of his fate, the hours he passed in the company of this remarkable man were so much lightened by the varied play of his imagination, and the depth of his knowledge of human nature, that since the period of his becoming a prisoner of war, which relieved him at once from the cares of his doubtful and dangerous station among the insurgents, and from the consequences of their suspicious resentment, his hours flowed on less anxiously than at any time since his having commenced actor in public life. He was now, with respect to his fortune, like a rider who has flung his reins on the horse's neck, and, while he abandoned himself to circumstances, was at least relieved from the task of attempting to direct them. In this mood he journeyed on, the number of his companions being continually augmented by detached parties of horse who came in from every quarter of the country, bringing with them, for the most part, the unfortunate persons who had fallen into their power. At length they approached Edinburgh.

"Our Council," said Claverhouse, "being resolved, I suppose, to testify by their present exultation the extent of their former terror, have decreed a kind of triumphal entry to us victors and our captives; but as I do not quite approve the taste of it, I am willing to avoid my own part in the show, and, at the same time, to save you from yours."

So saying, he gave up the command of the forces to Allan (now a Lieutenant-colonel), and, turning his horse into a by-lane, rode into the city privately, accompanied by Morton and two or three servants. When Claverhouse arrived at the quarters which he usually occupied in the Canongate, he assigned to his prisoner a small apartment, with an intimation that his parole confined him to it for the present.

After about a quarter of an hour spent in solitary musing on the strange vicissitudes of his late life, the attention of Morton was summoned to the window by a great noise in the street beneath. Trumpets, drums, and kettle-drums, contended in noise with the shouts of a numerous rabble, and apprized him that the royal cavalry were passing in the triumphal attitude which Claverhouse had mentioned. The magistrates of the city, attended by their guard of halberds, had met the victors with their welcome at the gate of the city, and now preceded them as a part of the procession. The next object was two heads borne upon pikes; and before each bloody head were carried the hands of the dismembered sufferers, which were, by the brutal mockery of those who bore them, often approached towards each other as if in the attitude of exhortation or prayer. These bloody trophies belonged to two preachers who had fallen at Bothwell Bridge. After them came a cart led by the executioner's assistant, in which were placed Macbriar and other two prisoners, who seemed of the same profession. They were bareheaded, and strongly bound, yet looked around them with an air rather of triumph than dismay, and appeared in no respect moved either by the fate of their companions, of which the bloody evidences were carried before them, or by dread of their own approaching execution, which these preliminaries so plainly indicated.

Behind these prisoners, thus held up to public infamy and derision,

came a body of horse, brandishing their broadswords, and filling the wide street with acclamations, which were answered by the tumultuous outcries and shouts of the rabble, who, in every considerable town, are too happy in being permitted to huzza for anything whatever which calls them together. In the rear of these troopers came the main body of the prisoners, at the head of whom were some of their leaders, who were treated with every circumstance of inventive mockery and insult. Several were placed on horseback with their faces to the animal's tail; others were chained to long bars of iron, which they were obliged to support in their hands, like the galley-slaves in Spain when travelling to the port where they are to be put on shipboard. The heads of others who had fallen were borne in triumph before the survivors, some on pikes and halberds, some in sacks, bearing the names of the slaughtered persons labelled on the outside. Such were the objects who headed the ghastly procession, who seemed as effectually doomed to death as if they were the *sanbenitos* of the condemned heretics in an *auto-da-fé*.[1]

Behind them came on the nameless crowd to the number of several hundreds, some retaining under their misfortunes a sense of confidence in the cause for which they suffered captivity, and were about to give a still more bloody testimony; others seemed pale, dispirited, dejected, questioning in their own minds their prudence in espousing a cause which Providence seemed to have disowned, and looking about for some avenue through which they might escape from the consequences of their rashness. Others there were who seemed incapable of forming an opinion on the subject, or of entertaining either hope, confidence, or fear, but who, foaming with thirst and fatigue, stumbled along like over-driven oxen, lost to everything but their present sense of wretchedness, and without having any distinct idea whether they were led to the shambles or to the pasture. These unfortunate men were guarded on each hand by troopers, and behind them came the main body of the cavalry, whose military music resounded back from the high houses on each side of the street, and mingled with their own songs of jubilee and triumph, and the wild shouts of the rabble.

Morton felt himself heart-sick while he gazed on the dismal spectacle, and recognized in the bloody heads, and still more miserable and agonized features of the living sufferers, faces which had been familiar to him during the brief insurrection. He sunk down in a chair in a bewildered and stupified state, from which he was awakened by the voice of Cuddie.

"Lord forgie us, sir!" said the poor fellow,—his teeth chattering like a pair of nut-crackers, his hair erect like boars' bristles, and his face as pale as that of a corpse—"Lord forgie us, sir! we maun instantly gang before the Council! O Lord! what made them send for a puir body like me, sae mony braw lords and gentles?—and there's my mither come on the lang tramp frae Glasgow, to see to gar me testify, as she ca's it, that is to say, confess and be hanged: but deil tak me if they mak sic a guse o' Cuddie, if I can do better. But here's Claverhouse himsell—the Lord preserve and forgie us, I say anes mair!"

"You must immediately attend the Council, Mr Morton," said Claverhouse, who entered while Cuddie spoke, "and your servant must go with you. You need be under no apprehension for the consequences to yourself personally. But I warn you that you will see something that will give you much pain, and from which I would willingly have saved you, if I had possessed the power. My carriage waits us—shall we go?"

It will be readily supposed that Morton did not venture to dispute this invitation, however unpleasant. He rose and accompanied Claverhouse.

"I must apprize you," said the latter, as he led the way down stairs, "that you will get off cheap; and so will your servant, provided he can keep his tongue quiet."

Cuddie caught these last words, to his exceeding joy.

"Deil a fear o' me," said he, "an my mither dinna pit her finger in the pie."

At that moment his shoulder was seized by old Mause, who had contrived to thrust herself forward into the lobby of the apartment.

"O, hinny, hinny!" said she to Cuddie, hanging upon his neck, "glad and proud, and sorry and humbled am I, a' in ane and the same instant, to see my bairn ganging to testify for the truth gloriously with his mouth in Council, as he did with his weapon in the field!"

"Whisht, whisht, mither!" cried Cuddie impatiently. "Od, ye daft wife, is this a time to speak o' thae things? I tell ye I'll testify naething either ae gate or another. I hae spoken to Mr Poundtext, and I'll tak the declaration, or whate'er they ca' it, and we're a' to win free off if we do that—he's gotten life for himsell and a' his folk, and that's a minister for my siller: I like nane o' your sermons that end in a psalm at the Grassmarket."[1]

"O Cuddie, man, laith wad I be they suld hurt ye," said old Mause, divided grievously between the safety of her son's soul and that of his body; "but mind, my bonny bairn, ye hae battled for the faith, and dinna let the dread o' losing creature-comforts withdraw ye frae the gude fight."

"Hout tout, mither," replied Cuddie, "I hae fought e'en ower muckle already, and, to speak plain, I'm wearied o' the trade. I hae swaggered wi' a' thae arms, and muskets, and pistols, buff-coats, and bandoliers, lang eneugh, and I like the pleugh-paidle a hantle better. I ken naething suld gar a man fight (that's to say, when he's no angry), by and out-taken the dread of being hanged or killed if he turns back."

"But, my dear Cuddie," continued the persevering Mause, "your bridal garment—Oh, hinny, dinna sully the marriage garment!"

"Awa, awa, mither," replied Cuddie; "dinna ye see the folks waiting for me?—Never fear me—I ken how to turn this far better than ye do—for ye're bleezing awa about marriage, and the job is how we are to win by hanging."

So saying, he extricated himself out of his mother's embraces, and

[1] Then the place of public execution.

requested the soldiers who took him in charge to conduct him to the place of examination without delay. He had been already preceded by Claverhouse and Morton.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

My native land, good night! LORD BYRON.

THE Privy Council of Scotland, in whom the practice since the union of the crowns vested great judicial powers, as well as the general superintendence of the executive department, was met in the ancient dark Gothic room adjoining to the House of Parliament in Edinburgh, when General Grahame entered and took his place amongst the members at the council-table.

"You have brought us a leash of game to-day, General," said a nobleman of high place amongst them. "Here is a craven to confess—a cock of the game to stand at bay—and what shall I call the third, General?"

"Without further metaphor, I will entreat your Grace to call him a person in whom I am specially interested," replied Claverhouse.

"And a whig into the bargain?" said the nobleman, lolling out a tongue which was at all times too big for his mouth, and accommodating his coarse features to a sneer, to which they seemed to be familiar.

"Yes, please your Grace, a whig: as your Grace was in 1641," replied Claverhouse, with his usual appearance of imperturbable civility.

"He has you there, I think, my Lord Duke," said one of the Privy Councillors.

"Ay, ay," returned the Duke, laughing; "there's no speaking to him since Drumclog. But come, bring in the prisoners; and do you, Mr Clerk, read the record."

The clerk read forth a bond, in which General Grahame of Claverhouse and Lord Evandale entered themselves securities, that Henry Morton, younger of Milnwood, should go abroad and remain in foreign parts, until his Majesty's pleasure was further known, in respect of the said Henry Morton's accession to the late rebellion, and that under penalty of life and limb to the said Henry Morton, and of ten thousand marks to each of his securities.

"Do you accept of the King's mercy upon these terms, Mr Morton?" said the Duke of Lauderdale, who presided in the Council.

"I have no other choice, my Lord," replied Morton.

"Then subscribe your name in the record."

Morton did so without reply, conscious that, in the circumstances of his case, it was impossible for him to have escaped more easily. Macbriar, who was at the same instant brought to the foot of the council-table, bound upon a chair, for his weakness prevented him from standing, beheld Morton in the act of what he accounted apostasy.—"He hath summed his defection by owning the carnal power

of the tyrant!" he exclaimed, with a deep groan—"A fallen star!—a fallen star!"

"Hold your peace, sir," said the Duke, "and keep your ain breath to cool your ain porridge—ye'll find them scalding hot, I promise you.—Call in the other fellow, who has some common sense. One sheep will leap the ditch, when another goes first."

Cuddie was introduced unbound, but under the guard of two halberdiers, and placed beside Macbriar at the foot of the table. The poor fellow cast a piteous look around him, in which were mingled awe for the great men in whose presence he stood, and compassion for his fellow-sufferers, with no small fear of the personal consequences which impended over himself. He made his clownish obeisances with a double portion of reverence, and then awaited the opening of the awful scene.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Brigg?" was the first question which was thundered in his ears.

Cuddie meditated a denial, but had sense enough, upon reflection, to discover that the truth would be too strong for him; so he replied, with true Caledonian indirectness of response, "I'll no say but it may be possible that I might hae been there."

"Answer directly, you knave—yes, or no?—You know you were there."

"It's no for me to contradict your Lordship's Grace's honour," said Cuddie.

"Once more, sir, were you there?—yes, or no?" said the Duke, impatiently.

"Dear stir," again replied Cuddie, "how can ane mind preceesely where they hae been a' the days o' their life?"

"Speak out, you scoundrel," said General Dalzell, "or I'll dash your teeth out with my dudgeon-haft!—Do you think we can stand here all day to be turning and dodging with you, like greyhounds after a hare?"(22)

"Aweel, then," said Cuddie, "since naething else will please ye, write down that I cannot deny but I was there."

"Well, sir," said the Duke, "and do you think that the rising upon that occasion was rebellion or not?"

"I'm no just free to gie my opinion, stir," said the cautious captive, "on what might cost my neck; but I doubt it will be very little better."

"Better than what?"

"Just than rebellion, as your honour ca's it," replied Cuddie.

"Well, sir, that's speaking to the purpose," replied his Grace. "And are you content to accept of the King's pardon for your guilt as a rebel, and to keep the church, and pray for the King?"

"Blithely, stir," answered the unscrupulous Cuddie; "and drink his health into the bargain, when the ale's gude."

"Egad!" said the Duke, "this is a hearty cock.—What brought you into such a scrape, mine honest friend?"

"Just ill example, stir," replied the prisoner, "and a daft auld jaud of a mither, wi' reverence to your Grace's honour."

"Why, God-a-mercy, my friend," replied the Duke, "take care

of bad advice another time; I think you are not likely to commit treason on your own score.—Make out his free pardon, and bring forward the rogue in the chair."

Macbriar was then moved forward to the post of examination.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Bridge?" was, in like manner, demanded of him.

"I was," answered the prisoner, in a bold and resolute tone.

"Were you armed?"

"I was not—I went in my calling as a preacher of God's word, to encourage them that drew the sword in His cause."

"In other words, to aid and abet the rebels?" said the Duke.

"Thou hast spoken it," replied the prisoner.

"Well, then," continued the interrogator, "let us know if you saw John Balfour of Burley among the party?—I presume you know him?"

"I bless God that I do know him," replied Macbriar; "he is a zealous and a sincere Christian."

"And when and where did you last see this pious personage?" was the query which immediately followed.

"I am here to answer for myself," said Macbriar, in the same dauntless manner, "and not to endanger others."

"We shall know," said Dalzell, "how to make you find your tongue."

"If you can make him fancy himself in a conventicle," answered Lauderdale, "he will find it without you.—Come, laddie, speak while the play is good—you're too young to bear the burden will be laid on you else."

"I defy you," retorted Macbriar. "This has not been the first of my imprisonments or of my sufferings; and, young as I may be, I have lived long enough to know how to die when I am called upon."

"Ay, but there are some things which must go before an easy death, if you continue obstinate," said Lauderdale, and rung a small silver bell which was placed before him on the table.

A dark crimson curtain, which covered a sort of niche, or Gothic recess in the wall, rose at the signal, and displayed the public executioner, a tall, grim, and hideous man, having an oaken table before him, on which lay thumb-screws, and an iron case, called the Scottish boot, used in those tyrannical days to torture accused persons. Morton, who was unprepared for this ghastly apparition, started when the curtain arose, but Macbriar's nerves were more firm. He gazed upon the horrible apparatus with much composure; and if a touch of nature called the blood from his cheek for a second, resolution sent it back to his brow with greater energy.

"Do you know who that man is?" said Lauderdale, in a low, stern voice, almost sinking into a whisper.

"He is, I suppose," replied Macbriar, "the infamous executioner of your bloodthirsty commands upon the persons of God's people. He and you are equally beneath my regard; and, I bless God, I no more fear what he can inflict than what you can command. Flesh and blood may shrink under the sufferings you can doom me to, and

poor frail nature may shed tears, or send forth cries; but I trust my soul is anchored firmly on the Rock of Ages."

"Do your duty," said the Duke to the executioner.

The fellow advanced, and asked, with a harsh and discordant voice, upon which of the prisoner's limbs he should first employ his engine.

"Let him choose for himself," said the Duke; "I should like to oblige him in anything that is reasonable."

"Since you leave it to me," said the prisoner, stretching forth his right leg, "take the best—I willingly bestow it in the cause for which I suffer."[1]

The executioner, with the help of his assistants, enclosed the leg and knee within the tight iron boot, or case, and then placing a wedge of the same metal between the knee and the edge of the machine, took a mallet in his hand, and stood waiting for farther orders. A well-dressed man, by profession a surgeon, placed himself by the other side of the prisoner's chair, bared the prisoner's arm, and applied his thumb to the pulse in order to regulate the torture according to the strength of the patient. When these preparations were made, the President of the Council repeated with the same stern voice the question, "When and where did you last see John Balfour of Burley?"

The prisoner, instead of replying to him, turned his eyes to heaven as if imploring divine strength, and muttered a few words, of which the last were distinctly audible, "Thou hast said thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power!"

The Duke of Lauderdale glanced his eye around the Council as if to collect their suffrages, and, judging from their mute signs, gave on his own part a nod to the executioner, whose mallet instantly descended on the wedge, and, forcing it between the knee and the iron boot, occasioned the most exquisite pain, as was evident from the flush which instantly took place on the brow and on the cheeks of the sufferer. The fellow then again raised his weapon, and stood prepared to give a second blow.

"Will you yet say," repeated the Duke of Lauderdale, "where and when you last parted from Balfour of Burley?"

"You have my answer," said the sufferer resolutely,—and the second blow fell. The third and fourth succeeded; but at the fifth, when a larger wedge had been introduced, the prisoner set up a scream of agony.

Morton, whose blood boiled within him at witnessing such cruelty, could bear no longer, and, although unarmed and himself in great danger, was springing forward, when Claverhouse, who observed his emotion, withheld him by force, laying one hand on his arm and the other on his mouth, while he whispered, "For God's sake, think where you are!"

This movement, fortunately for him, was observed by no other of the councillors, whose attention was engaged with the dreadful scene before them.

[1] This was the reply actually made by James Mitchell when subjected to the torture of the boot, for an attempt to assassinate Archbishop Sharpe.

"He is gone!" said the surgeon—"he has fainted, my Lords, and human nature can endure no more."

"Release him," said the Duke; and added, turning to Dalzell, "He will make an old proverb good, for he'll scarce ride to-day, though he has had his boots on. I suppose we must finish with him?"

"Ay, dispatch his sentence, and have done with him; we have plenty of drudgery behind."

Strong waters and essences were busily employed to recall the senses of the unfortunate captive; and, when his first faint gasps intimated a return of sensation, the Duke pronounced sentence of death upon him, as a traitor taken in the act of open rebellion, and adjudged him to be carried from the bar to the common place of execution, and there hanged by the neck; his head and hands to be stricken off after death, and disposed of according to the pleasure of the Council,[1] and all and sundry his moveable goods and gear escheat and inbrought to his Majesty's use.

"Doomster," he continued, "repeat the sentence to the prisoner."

The office of Doomster was in those days, and till a much later period, held by the executioner *in commendam* with his ordinary functions.[2] The duty consisted in reciting to the unhappy criminal the sentence of the law as pronounced by the judge, which acquired an additional and horrid emphasis from the recollection, that the hateful personage by whom it was uttered was to be the agent of the cruelties he denounced. Macbriar had scarce understood the purport of the words as first pronounced by the Lord President of the Council; but he was sufficiently recovered to listen and to reply to the sentence when uttered by the harsh and odious voice of the ruffian who was to execute it, and at the last awful words, "And this I pronounce for doom," he answered boldly—"My Lords, I thank you for the only favour I looked for, or would accept at your hands, namely, that you have sent the crushed and maimed carcass, which has this day sustained your cruelty, to this hasty end. It were indeed little to me whether I perish on the gallows or in the prison-house; but if death, following close on what I have this day suffered, had found me in my cell of darkness and bondage, many might have lost the sight how a Christian man can suffer in the good cause. For the rest, I forgive you, my Lords, for what you have appointed and I have sustained—And why should I not?—Ye send me to a happy exchange—to the company of angels and the spirits of the just, for that of frail dust and ashes—Ye send me from darkness into day—from mortality to immortality—and, in a word, from earth to heaven!—If the thanks, therefore, and pardon of a dying man can do you good, take them at my hand, and may your last moments be as happy as mine!"

[1] The pleasure of the Council respecting the relics of their victims was often as savage as the rest of their conduct. The heads of the preachers were frequently exposed on pikes between their two hands, the palms displayed as in the attitude of prayer. When the celebrated Richard Cameron's head was exposed in this manner, a spectator bore testimony to it as that of one who lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting.

[2] See a note on the subject of this office in the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

As he spoke thus, with a countenance radiant with joy and triumph, he was withdrawn by those who had brought him into the apartment, and executed within half an hour, dying with the same enthusiastic firmness which his whole life had evinced.

The Council broke up, and Morton found himself again in the carriage with General Grahame.

"Marvellous firmness and gallantry!" said Morton, as he reflected upon Macbriar's conduct: "what a pity it is that with such self-devotion and heroism should have been mingled the fiercer features of his sect!"

"You mean," said Claverhouse, "his resolution to condemn you to death?—To that he would have reconciled himself by a single text; for example, 'And Phinehas arose and executed judgment,' or something to the same purpose.—But wot ye where you are now bound, Mr Morton?"

"We are on the road to Leith, I observe," answered Morton. "Can I not be permitted to see my friends ere I leave my native land?"

"Your uncle," replied Grahame, "has been spoken to, and declines visiting you. The good gentleman is terrified, and not without some reason, that the crime of your treason may extend itself over his lands and tenements;—he sends you, however, his blessing, and a small sum of money. Lord Evandale continues extremely indisposed. Major Bellenden is at Tillietudlem, putting matters in order. The scoundrels have made great havoc there with Lady Margaret's muniments of antiquity, and have desecrated and destroyed what the good lady called the Throne of his most sacred Majesty. Is there any one else whom you would wish to see?"

Morton sighed deeply as he answered, "No—it would avail nothing.—But my preparations,—small as they are, some must be necessary."

"They are all ready for you," said the General. "Lord Evandale has anticipated all you wish. Here is a packet from him, with letters of recommendation for the court of the Stadtholder Prince of Orange, to which I have added one or two. I made my first campaigns under him, and first saw fire at the battle of Seneff.[1] There are also bills of exchange for your immediate wants, and more will be sent when you require it."

Morton heard all this and received the parcel with an astounded and confused look, so sudden was the execution of the sentence of banishment.

"And my servant?" he said.

"He shall be taken care of, and replaced, if it be practicable, in the service of Lady Margaret Bellenden; I think he will hardly neglect the parade of the feudal retainers, or go a-whigging a second time.—But here we are upon the quay, and the boat waits you."

It was even as Claverhouse said. A boat waited for Captain Morton, with the trunks and baggage belonging to his rank. Claverhouse shook him by the hand, and wished him good fortune, and a happy return to Scotland in quieter times.

[1] August 1674. Claverhouse greatly distinguished himself in this action, and was made Captain.

"I shall never forget," he said, "the gallantry of your behaviour to my friend Evandale, in circumstances when many men would have sought to rid him out of their way."

Another friendly pressure, and they parted. As Morton descended the pier to get into the boat, a hand placed in his a letter folded up in very small space. He looked round. The person who gave it seemed much muffled up; he pressed his finger upon his lip, and then disappeared among the crowd. The incident awakened Morton's curiosity; and when he found himself on board of a vessel bound for Rotterdam, and saw all his companions of the voyage busy making their own arrangements, he took an opportunity to open the billet thus mysteriously thrust upon him. It ran thus:—"Thy courage on the fatal day when Israel fled before his enemies, hath, in some measure, atoned for thy unhappy owning of the Erastian interest. These are not days for Ephraim to strive with Israel.—I know thy heart is with the daughter of the stranger.—But turn from thy folly; for in exile, and in flight, and even in death itself, shall my hand be heavy against that bloody and malignant house, and Providence hath given me the means of meting unto them with their own measure of ruin and confiscation. The resistance of their stronghold was the main cause of our being scattered at Bothwell Bridge, and I have bound it upon my soul to visit it upon them. Wherefore, think of her no more, but join with our brethren in banishment, whose hearts are still towards this miserable land to save and to relieve her. There is an honest remnant in Holland whose eyes are looking out for deliverance. Join thyself unto them, like the true son of the stout and worthy Silas Morton, and thou wilt have good acceptance among them for his sake and for thine own working. Shouldst thou be found worthy again to labour in the vineyard, thou wilt at all times hear of my in-comings and out-goings, by inquiring after Quintin Mackell of Irongray, at the house of that singular Christian woman, Bessie Maclure, near to the place called the Howff, where Niel Blane entertaineth guests. So much from him who hopes to hear again from thee in brotherhood, resisting unto blood, and striving against sin.—Meanwhile, possess thyself in patience. Keep thy sword girded, and thy lamp burning, as one that wakes in the night; for He who shall judge the Mount of Esau, and shall make false professors as straw, and malignants as stubble, will come in the fourth watch with garments dyed in blood, and the house of Jacob shall be for spoil, and the house of Joseph for fire. I am he that hath written it, whose hand hath been on the mighty in the waste field."

This extraordinary letter was subscribed J. B. of B.; but the signature of these initials was not necessary for pointing out to Morton that it could come from no other than Burley. It gave him new occasion to admire the indomitable spirit of this man, who, with art equal to his courage and obstinacy, was even now endeavouring to re-establish the web of conspiracy which had been so lately torn to pieces. But he felt no sort of desire, in the present moment, to sustain a correspondence which must be perilous, or to renew an association which in so many ways had been nearly fatal to him. The threats which Burley held out against the family of Bellenden, he considered as a

mere expression of his spleen on account of their defence of Tillietudlem; and nothing seemed less likely than that, at the very moment of their party being victorious, their fugitive and distressed adversary could exercise the least influence over their fortunes.

Morton, however, hesitated for an instant, whether he should not send the Major or Lord Evandale intimation of Burley's threats. Upon consideration, he thought he could not do so without betraying his confidential correspondence; for to warn them of his menaces would have served little purpose, unless he had given them a clew to prevent them, by apprehending his person; while, by doing so, he deemed he should commit an ungenerous breach of trust to remedy an evil which seemed almost imaginary. Upon mature consideration, therefore, he tore the letter, having first made a memorandum of the name and place where the writer was to be heard of, and threw the fragments into the sea.

While Morton was thus employed, the vessel was unmoored, and the white sails swelled out before a favourable north-west wind. The ship leaned her side to the gale, and went roaring through the waves, leaving a long and rippling furrow to track her course. The city and port from which he had sailed became undistinguishable in the distance; the hills by which they were surrounded melted finally into the blue sky, and Morton was separated for several years from the land of his nativity.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Whom does time gallop withal? *As You like It.*

It is fortunate for tale-tellers that they are not tied down like theatrical writers to the unities of time and place, but may conduct their personages to Athens and Thebes at their pleasure, and bring them back at their convenience. Time, to use Rosalind's simile, has hitherto paced with the hero of our tale; for betwixt Morton's first appearance as a competitor for the popinjay, and his final departure for Holland, hardly two months elapsed. Years, however, glided away ere we find it possible to resume the thread of our narrative, and Time must be held to have galloped over the interval. Craving, therefore, the privilege of my caste, I entreat the reader's attention to the continuation of the narrative, as it starts from a new era, being the year immediately subsequent to the British Revolution.

Scotland had just begun to repose from the convulsion occasioned by a change of dynasty, and, through the prudent tolerance of King William, had narrowly escaped the horrors of a protracted civil war. Agriculture began to revive; and men, whose minds had been disturbed by the violent political concussions, and the general change of government in church and state, had begun to recover their ordinary temper, and to give the usual attention to their own private affairs in lieu of discussing those of the public. The Highlanders alone resisted the newly-established order of things, and were in arms in a considerable body under the Viscount of Dundee, whom our readers have

hitherto known by the name of Grahame of Claverhouse. But the usual state of the Highlands was so unruly, that their being more or less disturbed was not supposed greatly to affect the general tranquility of the country, so long as their disorders were confined within their own frontiers. In the Lowlands, the Jacobites, now the undermost party, had ceased to expect any immediate advantage by open resistance, and were, in their turn, driven to hold private meetings, and form associations for mutual defence, which the Government termed treason, while *they* cried out persecution.

The triumphant whigs, while they re-established presbytery as the national religion, and assigned to the General Assemblies of the Kirk their natural influence, were very far from going the lengths which the Cameronians and the more extravagant portion of the non-conformists under Charles and James loudly demanded. They would listen to no proposal for re-establishing the Solemn League and Covenant; and those who had expected to find in King William a zealous Covenanted Monarch, were grievously disappointed when he intimated, with the phlegm peculiar to his country, his intention to tolerate all forms of religion which were consistent with the safety of the state. The principles of indulgence thus espoused and gloried in by the Government, gave great offence to the more violent party, who condemned them as diametrically contrary to Scripture: for which narrow-spirited doctrine they cited various texts, all, as it may well be supposed, detached from their context, and most of them derived from the charges given to the Jews in the Old Testament dispensation, to extirpate idolaters out of the promised land. They also murmured highly against the influence assumed by secular persons in exercising the rights of patronage, which they termed a rape upon the chastity of the Church. They censured and condemned as Erastian many of the measures by which Government after the Revolution shewed an inclination to interfere with the management of the Church, and they positively refused to take the oath of allegiance to King William and Queen Mary until they should, on their part, have sworn to the Solemn League and Covenant,—the Magna Charta, as they termed it, of the Presbyterian Church.

This party, therefore, remained grumbling and dissatisfied, and made repeated declarations against defections and causes of wrath, which, had they been prosecuted as in the two former reigns, would have led to the same consequence of open rebellion. But as the murmurers were allowed to hold their meetings uninterrupted, and to testify as much as they pleased against Socinianism, Erastianism, and all the compliances and defections of the time, their zeal, unfanned by persecution, died gradually away, their numbers became diminished, and they sunk into the scattered remnant of serious, scrupulous, and harmless enthusiasts, of whom Old Mortality, whose legends have afforded the ground-work of my tale, may be taken as no bad representative. But in the years which immediately succeeded the Revolution, the Cameronians continued a sect strong in numbers, and vehement in their political opinions, whom Government wished to discourage, while they prudently temporised with them. These men formed one violent party in the state; and the Episcopalian and

Jacobite interest, notwithstanding their ancient and national animosity, yet repeatedly endeavoured to intrigue among them, and avail themselves of their discontents, to obtain their assistance in recalling the Stuart family. The Revolutionary Government, in the meanwhile, was supported by the great bulk of the Lowland interest, who were chiefly disposed to a moderate presbytery, and formed in a great measure the party who, in the former oppressive reigns, were stigmatised by the Cameronians for having exercised that form of worship under the declaration of Indulgence issued by Charles II. Such was the state of parties in Scotland immediately subsequent to the Revolution.

It was on a delightful summer evening, that a stranger, well mounted, and having the appearance of a military man of rank, rode down a winding descent which terminated in view of the romantic ruins of Bothwell Castle and the river Clyde, which winds so beautifully between rocks and woods to sweep around the towers formerly built by Aymer de Valence. Bothwell Bridge was at a little distance, and also in sight. The opposite field, once the scene of slaughter and conflict, now lay as placid and quiet as the surface of a summer lake. The trees and bushes, which grew around in romantic variety of shade, were hardly seen to stir under the influence of the evening breeze. The very murmur of the river seemed to soften itself into unison with the stillness of the scene around.

The path through which the traveller descended was occasionally shaded by detached trees of great size, and elsewhere by the hedges and boughs of flourishing orchards, now laden with summer fruits.

The nearest object of consequence was a farm-house, or, it might be, the abode of a small proprietor, situated on the side of a sunny bank, which was covered by apple and pear trees. At the foot of the path which led up to this modest mansion was a small cottage, pretty much in the situation of a porter's lodge, though obviously not designed for such a purpose. The hut seemed comfortable, and more neatly arranged than is usual in Scotland. It had its little garden, where some fruit-trees and bushes were mingled with kitchen herbs; a cow and six sheep fed in a paddock hard by; the cock strutted and crowed, and summoned his family around him before the door; a heap of brushwood and turf, neatly made up, indicated that the winter fuel was provided; and the thin blue smoke which ascended from the straw-bound chimney, and winded slowly out from among the green trees, showed that the evening meal was in the act of being made ready. To complete the little scene of rural peace and comfort, a girl of about five years old was fetching water in a pitcher from a beautiful fountain of the purest transparency, which bubbled up at the root of a decayed old oak-tree, about twenty yards from the end of the cottage.

The stranger reined up his horse, and called to the little nymph, desiring to know the way to Fairy-Knowe. The child set down her water-pitcher, hardly understanding what was said to her, put her fair flaxen hair apart on her brows, and opened her round blue eyes with the wondering, "What's your wull?" which is usually a peasant's first answer, if it can be called one, to all questions whatever.

"I wish to know the way to Fairy-Knowe."

"Mammie, mammie," exclaimed the little rustic, running towards the door of the hut, "come out and speak to the gentleman."

Her mother appeared,—a handsome young country-woman, to whose features, originally sly and espiegle in expression, matrimony had given that decent matronly air which peculiarly marks the peasant's wife of Scotland. She had an infant in one arm, and with the other she smoothed down her apron, to which hung a chubby child of two years old. The elder girl, whom the traveller had first seen, fell back behind her mother as soon as she appeared, and kept that station, occasionally peeping out to look at the stranger.

"What was your pleasure, sir?" said the woman, with an air of respectful breeding, not quite common in her rank of life, but without anything resembling forwardness.

The stranger looked at her with great earnestness for a moment, and then replied, "I am seeking a place called Fairy-Knowe, and a man called Cuthbert Headrigg. You can probably direct me to him?"

"It's my gudeman, sir," said the young woman, with a smile of welcome. "Will you alight, sir, and come into our puir dwelling?—Cuddie! Cuddie!"—(a white-headed rogue of four years appeared at the door of the hut)—"rin awa, my bonny man, and tell your father a gentleman wants him—Or stay—Jenny, ye'll hae mair sense—rin ye awa and tell him; he's down at the Four-acres Park.—Winna ye light down and bide a blink, sir? Or would ye take a mouthfu' o' bread and cheese, or a drink o' ale, till our gudeman comes? It's gude ale, though I shouldna say sae that brews it; but ploughman-lads work hard, and maun hae something to keep their hearts abune by ordinar, sae I aye pit a gude gowpin o' maut to the browst."

As the stranger declined her courteous offers, Cuddie, the reader's old acquaintance, made his appearance in person. His countenance still presented the same mixture of apparent dullness with occasional sparkles, which indicated the craft so often found in the clouted shoe. He looked on the rider as on one whom he never had before seen; and, like his daughter and wife, opened the conversation with the regular query, "What's your wull wi' me, sir?"

"I have a curiosity to ask some questions about this country," said the traveller, "and I was directed to you as an intelligent man who can answer them."

"Nae doubt, sir," said Cuddie after a moment's hesitation—"But I would first like to ken what sort of questions they are. I hae had sae mony questions speered at me in my day, and in sic queer ways, that if ye ken'd a', ye wadna wonder at my jalousing a' thing about them. My mother gar'd me learn the Single Carritch, whilk was a great vex; then I behoved to learn about my godfathers and godmothers to please the auld leddy; and whiles I jumbled them thegither and pleased nane o' them; and when I cam to man's estate, cam another kind o' questioning in fashion, that I liked waur than Effectual Calling; and the 'did promise and vow' of the tane were yoked to the end o' the tother. Sae ye see, sir, I aye like to hear questions asked before I answer them."

"You have nothing to apprehend from mine, my good friend; they only relate to the state of the country."

"Country?" replied Cuddie. "Ou, the country's weel eneugh, an it werena that dour deevil, Claver'se (they ca' him Dundee now), that's stirring about yet in the Highlands, they say, wi' a' the Donalds, and Duncans, and Dugalds, that ever wore bottomless breeks, driving about wi' him, to set things asteer again, now we hae gotten them a' reasonably weel settled. But Mackay will pit him down, there's little doubt o' that; he'll gie him his fairing, I'll be caution for it."

"What makes you so positive of that, my friend?" asked the horseman.

"I heard it wi' my ain lugs," answered Cuddie, "foretauld to him by a man that had been three hours stane dead, and came back to this earth again just to tell him his mind. It was at a place they ca' Drumshinnel."

"Indeed?" said the stranger. "I can hardly believe you, my friend."

"Ye might ask my mither, then, if she were in life," said Cuddie; "it was her explained it a' to me, for I thought the man had only been wounded. At ony rate, he spake of the casting out of the Stuarts by their very names, and the vengeance that was brewing for Claver'se and his dragoons. They ca'd the man Habakkuk Mucklewrath; his brain was a wee ajee, but he was a braw preacher for a' that."

"You seem," said the stranger, "to live in a rich and peaceful country."

"It's no to compleen o', sir, an we get the crap weel in," quoth Cuddie; "but if ye had seen the blude rinnin' as fast on the tap o' that brigg yonder as ever the water ran below it, ye wadna hae thought it sae bonnie a spectacle."

"You mean the battle some years since? I was waiting upon Monmouth that morning, my good friend, and did see some part of the action," said the stranger.

"Then ye saw a bonny stour," said Cuddie, "that sall serve me for fighting a' the days o' my life.—I judged ye wad be a trooper, by your red scarlet lace-coat and your looped hat."

"And which side were you upon, my friend?" continued the inquisitive stranger.

"Aha, lad!" retorted Cuddie, with a knowing look, or what he designed for such—"there's nae use in telling that, unless I ken'd wha was asking me."

"I commend your prudence, but it is unnecessary; I know you acted on that occasion as servant to Henry Morton."

"Ay!" said Cuddie, in surprise, "how came ye by that secret? No that I need care a bodle about it, for the sun's on our side o' the hedge now. I wish my master were living to get a blink o't."

"And what became of him?" said the rider.

"He was lost in the vessel gaun to that weary Holland—clean lost, and a'body perished, and my poor master amang them—Neither man nor mouse was ever heard o' mair." Then Cuddie uttered a groan.

"You had some regard for him, then?" continued the stranger.

"How could I help it? His face was made of a fiddle, as they say, for a'body that looked on him liked him. And a braw soldier he was. O, an ye had but seen him down at the brigg there, fleeing about like a fleeing dragon to gar folk fight that had unco little will till't. There was he and that sour whigamore they ca'd Burley—if twa men could hae won a field, we wadna hae gotten our skins paid that day."

"You mention Burley—Do you know if he yet lives?"

"I kenna muckle about him. Folk say he was abroad, and our sufferers wad hold no communion wi' him, because o' his having murdered the archbishop. Sae he cam hame ten times dourer than ever, and broke aff wi' mony o' the presbyterians; and, at this last coming of the Prince of Orange, he could get nae countenance nor command for fear of his deevilish temper, and he hasna been heard of since; only some folk say, that pride and anger hae driven him clean wud."

"And—and," said the traveller, after considerable hesitation—"do you know anything of Lord Evandale?"

"Div I ken onything o' Lord Evandale! Div I no? Is not my young leddy up by yonder at the house, that's as gude as married to him?"

"And are they not married, then?" said the rider, hastily.

"No; only what they ca' betrothed—me and my wife were witnesses—it's no mony months bypast. It was a lang courtship—few folk ken'd the reason by Jenny and mysell. But will ye no light down? I downa bide to see ye sitting up there, and the clouds are casting up thick in the west ower Glasgow-ward, and maist skeily folk think that bodes rain."

In fact, a deep black cloud had already surmounted the setting sun; a few large drops of rain fell, and the murmurs of distant thunder were heard.

"The deil's in this man," said Cuddie to himself; "I wish he would either light aff or ride on, that he may quarter himsell in Hamilton or the shower begin."

But the rider sate motionless on his horse for two or three moments after his last question, like one exhausted by some uncommon effort. At length, recovering himself, as if with a sudden and painful effort, he asked Cuddie, "if Lady Margaret Bellenden still lived?"

"She does," replied Cuddie, "but in a very sma' way. They hae been a sad changed family since thae rough times began; they hae suffered eneugh first and last—and to lose the auld Tower, and a' the bonny barony, and the holms that I hae pleughed sae often, and the Mains, and my kaleyard, that I suld hae gotten back again, and a' for naething, as a body may say, but just the want o' some bits of sheep-skin that were lost in the confusion of the taking of Tillietudlem."

"I have heard something of this," said the stranger, deepening his voice, and averting his head. "I have some interest in the family, and would willingly help them if I could. Can you give me a bed in your house to-night, my friend?"

"It's but a corner of a place, sir," said Cuddie, "but we'se try, rather than ye suld ride on in the rain and thunner; for, to be free wi' ye, sir, I think ye seem no that ower weel."

"I am liable to a dizziness," said the stranger, "but it will soon wear off."

"I ken we can gie ye a decent supper, sir," said Cuddie, "and we'll see about a bed as weel as we can. We wad be laith a stranger suld lack what we have, though we are jimply provided for in beds rather; for Jenny has sae mony bairns (God bless them and her!) that troth I maun speak to Lord Evandale to gie us a bit eik, or outshot o' some sort, to the onstead."

"I shall be easily accommodated," said the stranger, as he entered the house.

"And ye may rely on your naig being weel sorted," said Cuddie; "I ken weel what belangs to suppering a horse, and this is a very gude ane."

Cuddie took the horse to the little cow-house, and called to his wife to attend in the meanwhile to the stranger's accommodation. The officer entered, and threw himself on a settle at some distance from the fire, and carefully turning his back to the little lattice window. Jenny (or Mrs Headrigg, if the reader pleases) requested him to lay aside the cloak, belt, and flapped hat, which he wore upon his journey, but he excused himself under pretence of feeling cold; and, to divert the time till Cuddie's return, he entered into some chat with the children, carefully avoiding, during the interval, the inquisitive glances of his landlady.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

> What tragic tears bedim the eye!
> What deaths we suffer ere we die!
> Our broken friendships we deplore,
> And loves of youth that are no more. LOGAN.

CUDDIE soon returned, assuring the stranger, with a cheerful voice, "that the horse was properly sappered up, and that the gudewife should make a bed up for him at the house, mair purpose-like and comfortable than the like o' them could gie him."

"Are the family at the house?" said the stranger, with an interrupted and broken voice.

"No, stir, they're awa wi' a' the servants;—they keep only twa now-a-days, and my gudewife there has the keys and the charge, though she's no a fee'd servant. She has been born and bred in the family, and has a' trust and management. If they were there, we behoved na to take sic freedom without their order; but when they are awa, they will be weel pleased we serve a stranger gentleman. Miss Bellenden wad help a' the haill warld, an her power was as gude as her will; and her grandmother, Leddy Margaret, has an unco respect for the gentry, and she's no ill to the poor bodies neither.—And now, wife, what for are ye no getting forrit wi' the sowens?"

"Never mind, lad," rejoined Jenny, "ye sall hae them in gude time; I ken weel that ye like your brose het."

Cuddie fidgetted, and laughed with a peculiar expression of intelligence at this repartee, which was followed by a dialogue of little consequence betwixt his wife and him, in which the stranger took no share. At length he suddenly interrupted them by the question—"Can you tell me when Lord Evandale's marriage takes place?"

"Very soon, we expect," answered Jenny, before it was possible for her husband to reply; "it wad hae been ower afore now, but for the death o' auld Major Bellenden."

"The excellent old man!" said the stranger; "I heard at Edinburgh he was no more. Was he long ill?"

"He couldna be said to haud up his head after his brother's wife and his niece were turned out o' their ain house; and he had himsell sair borrowing siller to stand the law—but it was in the latter end of King James's days—and Basil Olifant, who claimed the estate, turned a papist to please the managers, and then naething was to be refused him; sae the law gaed again the leddies at last, after they had fought a weary sort o' years about it; and, as I said before, the Major ne'er held up his head again. And then cam the pitting awa o' the Stuart line; and, though he had but little reason to like them, he couldna brook that, and it clean broke the heart o' him, and creditors cam to Charnwood and cleaned out a' that was there—he was never rich, the gude auld man, for he dow'd na see onybody want."

"He was indeed," said the stranger, with a faltering voice, "an admirable man—that is, I have heard that he was so.—So the ladies were left without fortune, as well as without a protector?"

"They will neither want the tane nor the tother while Lord Evandale lives," said Jenny. "He has been a true friend in their griefs —E'en to the house they live in is his lordship's; and never man, as my auld gudemother used to say, since the days of the patriarch Jacob, served sae lang and sae sair for a wife as gude Lord Evandale has dune."

"And why," said the stranger, with a voice that quivered with emotion, "why was he not sooner rewarded by the object of his attachment?"

"There was the lawsuit to be ended," said Jenny readily, "forby many other family arrangements."

"Na, but," said Cuddie, "there was another reason forby; for the young leddie"——

"Whist—haud your tongue, and sup your sowens," said his wife. "I see the gentleman 's far frae weel, and downa eat our coarse supper. I wad kill him a chicken in an instant."

"There is no occasion," said the stranger; "I shall want only a glass of water, and to be left alone."

"You'll gie yoursell the trouble then to follow me," said Jenny, lighting a small lantern, and I'll shew you the way."

Cuddie also proffered his assistance; but his wife reminded him, "That the bairns would be left to fight thegither, and coup ane anither into the fire;" so that he remained to take charge of the menage.

His wife led the way up a little winding path, which, after threading some thickets of sweetbrier and honeysuckle, conducted to the back-door of a small garden. Jenny undid the latch, and they passed through an old-fashioned flower-garden, with its clipped yew hedges and formal parterres, to a glass-sashed door, which she opened with a master-key, and lighting a candle, which she placed upon a small work-table, asked pardon for leaving him there for a few minutes until she prepared his apartment. She did not exceed five minutes in these preparations; but when she returned, was startled to find that the stranger had sunk forward with his head upon the table, in what she at first apprehended to be a swoon. As she advanced to him, however, she could discover by his short-drawn sobs that it was a paroxysm of mental agony. She prudently drew back until he raised his head, and then shewing herself, without seeming to have observed his agitation, informed him that his bed was prepared. The stranger gazed at her a moment, as if to collect the sense of her words. She repeated them, and only bending his head, as an indication that he understood her, he entered the apartment, the door of which she pointed out to him. It was a small bedchamber, used, as she informed him, by Lord Evandale when a guest at Fairy-Knowe, connecting, on one side, with a little china-cabinet which opened to the garden, and on the other with a saloon, from which it was only separated by a thin wainscot partition. Having wished the stranger better health and good rest, Jenny descended as speedily as she could to her own mansion.

"O Cuddie!" she exclaimed to her helpmate as she entered, "I doubt we're ruined folk!"

"How can that be? What 's the matter wi' ye?" returned the imperturbed Cuddie, who was one of those persons who do not easily take alarm at anything.

"Wha d'ye think yon gentleman is?—O, that ever ye suld hae asked him to light here!" exclaimed Jenny.

"Why, wha the muckle deil d'ye say he is? There 's nae law against harbouring and intercommunicating now," said Cuddie; "sae whig or tory, what need we care wha he be?"

"Ay, but it 's ane will ding Lord Evandale's marriage ajee yet, if it's no the better looked to," said Jenny; "it's Miss Edith's first joe, your ain auld maister, Cuddie."

"The deil, woman!" exclaimed Cuddie, starting up, "trow ye that I'm blind? I wad hae ken'd Mr Harry Morton amang a hunder."

"Ay, but, Cuddie lad," replied Jenny, "though ye are no blind, ye are no sae notice-taking as I am."

"Weel, what for needs ye cast that up to me just now? or what did you see about the man that was like our Maister Harry?"

"I will tell ye," said Jenny. "I jaloused his keeping his face frae us, and speaking wi' a made-like voice, sae I e'en tried him wi' some tales o' lang syne, and when I spake o' the brose, ye ken, he didna just laugh—he's ower grave for that now-a-days—but he gae a gledge wi' his ee that I ken'd he took up what I said. And a' his distress is about Miss Edith's marriage, and I ne'er saw a man mair taen down wi' true love in my days—I might say man or woman—only I mind

how ill Miss Edith was when she first gat word that him and you (ye muckle graceless loon) were coming against Tillietudlem wi' the rebels.—But what 's the matter wi' the man now?"

"What 's the matter wi' me, indeed!" said Cuddie, who was again hastily putting on some of the garments he had stripped himself of, "am I no gaun up this instant to see my maister?"

"Atweel, Cuddie, ye are gaun nae sic gate," said Jenny, coolly and resolutely.

"The deil's in the wife!" said Cuddie; "d'ye think I am to be John Tamson's man, and maistered by women a' the days o' my life?"

"And whase man wad ye be? And wha wad ye hae to maister ye but me, Cuddie, lad?" answered Jenny. "I'll gar ye comprehend in the making of a hay-band. Naebody kens that this young gentleman is living but ourselfs, and frae that he keeps himself up sae close, I am judging that he's purposing, if he fand Miss Edith either married, or just gaun to be married, he wad just slide awa easy, and gie them nae mair trouble. But if Miss Edith ken'd that he was living, and if she was standing before the very minister wi' Lord Evandale when it was tauld to her, I'se warrant she wad say No when she suld say Yes."

"Weel," replied Cuddie, "and what's my business wi' that? If Miss Edith likes her auld joe better than her new ane, what for suld she no be free to change her mind like other folk?—Ye ken, Jenny, Halliday aye threeps he had a promise frae yoursell."

"Halliday 's a liar, and ye're naething but a gomeril to hearken till him, Cuddie. And then for this leddy's choice,—lack-a-day! ye may be sure a' the gowd Mr Morton has is on the outside o' his coat, and how can he keep Leddy Margaret and the young leddy?"

"Isna there Milnwood?" said Cuddie. "Nae doubt, the auld laird left his housekeeper the life-rent, as he heard nought o' his nephew; but it 's but speaking the auld wife fair, and they may a' live brawly thegither, Leddy Margaret and a'."

"Hout tout, lad," replied Jenny, "ye ken them little to think leddies o' their rank wad set up house wi' auld Ailie Wilson, when they're maist ower proud to take favours frae Lord Evandale himsell. Na, na, they maun follow the camp, if she tak Morton."

"That wad sort ill wi' the auld leddy, to be sure," said Cuddie; "she wad hardly win ower a lang day in the baggage wain."

"Then sic a flyting as there wad be between them, a' about whig and tory," continued Jenny.

"To be sure," said Cuddie, "the auld leddy 's unco kittle in thae points."

"And then, Cuddie," continued his helpmate, who had reserved her strongest argument to the last, "if this marriage wi' Lord Evandale is broken off, what comes o' our ain bit free house, and the paleyard, and the cow's grass? I trow that baith us and thae bairns will be turned on the wide warld!"

Here Jenny began to whimper—Cuddie writhed himself this way and that way, the very picture of indecision. At length he broke

out, "Weel, woman, canna ye tell us what we suld do, without a' this din about it?"

"Just do naething at a'," said Jenny. "Never seem to ken onything about this gentleman, and for your life say a word that he suld hae been here, or up at the house!—An I had ken'd, I wad hae gien him my ain bed, and sleepit in the byre, or he had gane up by: but it canna be helpit now. The neist thing's to get him cannily awa the morn, and I judge he'll be in nae hurry to come back again."

"My puir maister!" said Cuddie; "and maun I no speak to him, then?"

"For your life, no," said Jenny: "ye're no obliged to ken him; and I wadna hae tauld ye, only I feared ye wad ken him in the morning."

"Aweel," said Cuddie, sighing heavily, "I'se awa to plough the outfield then; for, if I am no to speak to him, I wad rather be out o' the gate."

"Very right, my dear hinny," replied Jenny; "naebody has better sense than you when ye crack a bit wi' me ower your affairs, but ye suld ne'er do onything aff-hand out o' your ain head."

"Ane wad think it's true," quoth Cuddie; "for I hae aye had some carline or queean or another, to gar me gang their gate instead o' my ain. There was first my mither," he continued, as he undressed and tumbled himself into bed—"then there was Leddy Margaret didna let me ca' my soul my ain—then my mither and her quarrelled, and pu'ed me twa ways at anes, as if ilk ane had an end o' me, like Punch and the Deevil rugging about the Baker at the fair—and now I hae gotten a wife," he murmured in continuation, as he stowed the blankets around his person, "and she's like to tak the guiding o' me a' thegither."

"And amna I the best guide ye ever had in a' your life?" said Jenny, as she closed the conversation by assuming her place beside her husband, and extinguishing the candle.

Leaving this couple to their repose, we have next to inform the reader, that, early on the next morning, two ladies on horseback, attended by their servants, arrived at the house of Fairy-Knowe, whom, to Jenny's utter confusion, she instantly recognised as Miss Bellenden, and Lady Emily Hamilton, a sister of Lord Evandale.

"Had I no better gang to the house to put things to rights?" said Jenny, confounded with this unexpected apparition.

"We want nothing but the pass-key," said Miss Bellenden; "Gudyill will open the windows of the little parlour."

"The little parlour's locked, and the lock's spoiled," answered Jenny, who recollected the local sympathy between that apartment and the bed-chamber of her guest.

"In the red parlour, then," said Miss Bellenden, and rode up to the front of the house, but by an approach different from that through which Morton had been conducted.

"All will be out," thought Jenny, "unless I can get him smuggled out of the house the back way."

So saying, she sped up the bank in great tribulation and uncertainty.

"I had better hae said at ance there was a stranger there," was her next natural reflection. "But then they wad hae been for asking him to breakfast. O safe us! what will I do?—And there's Gudyill walking in the garden, too!" she exclaimed internally on approaching the wicket—"and I daurna gang in the back way till he's aff the coast. O sirs! what will become of us?"

In this state of perplexity she approached the *ci-devant* butler, with the purpose of decoying him out of the garden. But John Gudyill's temper was not improved by his decline in rank and increase in years. Like many peevish people, too, he seemed to have an intuitive perception as to what was most likely to teaze those whom he conversed with; and on the present occasion, all Jenny's efforts to remove him from the garden served only to root him in it as fast as if he had been one of the shrubs. Unluckily, also, he had commenced florist during his residence at Fairy-Knowe, and, leaving all other things to the charge of Lady Emily's servant, his first care was dedicated to the flowers, which he had taken under his special protection, and which he propped, dug, and watered, prosing all the while upon their respective merits to poor Jenny, who stood by him trembling, and almost crying, with anxiety, fear, and impatience.

Fate seemed determined to win a match against Jenny this unfortunate morning. As soon as the ladies entered the house, they observed that the door of the little parlour, the very apartment out of which she was desirous of excluding them on account of its contiguity to the room in which Morton slept, was not only unlocked, but absolutely ajar. Miss Bellenden was too much engaged with her own immediate subjects of reflection to take much notice of the circumstance, but, desiring the servant to open the window-shutters, walked into the room along with her friend.

"He is not yet come," she said. "What can your brother possibly mean?—why express so anxious a wish that we should meet him here? and why not come to Castle-Dinnan, as he proposed? I own, my dear Emily, that, even engaged as we are to each other, and with the sanction of your presence, I do not feel that I have done quite right in indulging him."

"Evandale was never capricious," answered his sister; "I am sure he will satisfy us with his reasons, and if he does not, I will help you to scold him."

"What I chiefly fear," said Edith, "is his having engaged in some of the plots of this fluctuating and unhappy time. I know his heart is with that dreadful Claverhouse and his army, and I believe he would have joined them ere now but for my uncle's death, which gave him so much additional trouble on our account. How singular, that one so rational and so deeply sensible of the errors of the exiled family, should be ready to risk all for their restoration!"

"What can I say?" answered Lady Emily: "it is a point of honour with Evandale. Our family have always been loyal—he served long in the Guards—the Viscount of Dundee was his commander and his friend for years—he is looked on with an evil eye by many of his own relations, who set down his inactivity to the score of want of spirit. You must be aware, my dear Edith, how often family

connexions, and early predilections, influence our actions more than abstract arguments. But I trust Evandale will continue quiet,—though, to tell you truth, I believe you are the only one who can keep him so."

"And how is it in my power?" said Miss Bellenden.

"You can furnish him with the Scriptural apology for not going forth with the host,—'he has married a wife, and therefore cannot come.'"

"I have promised," said Edith, in a faint voice; "But I trust I shall not be urged on the score of time."

"Nay," said Lady Emily, "I will leave Evandale (and here he comes) to plead his own cause."

"Stay, stay, for God's sake!" said Edith, endeavouring to detain her.

"Not I, not I," said the young lady, making her escape, "the third person makes a silly figure on such occasions. When you want me for breakfast, I will be found in the willow-walk by the river."

As she tripped out of the room, Lord Evandale entered—"Good-morrow, brother, and good-by till breakfast-time," said the lively young lady; "I trust you will give Miss Bellenden some good reasons for disturbing her rest so early in the morning."

And so saying, she left them together, without waiting a reply.

"And now, my lord," said Edith, "may I desire to know the meaning of your singular request to meet you here at so early an hour?"

She was about to add, that she hardly felt herself excusable in having complied with it; but, upon looking at the person whom she addressed, she was struck dumb by the singular and agitated expression of his countenance, and interrupted herself to exclaim—"For God's sake, what is the matter?"

"His Majesty's faithful subjects have gained a great and most decisive victory near Blair of Athole; but, alas! my gallant friend, Lord Dundee"——

"Has fallen?" said Edith, anticipating the rest of his tidings.

"True—most true—he has fallen in the arms of victory, and not a man remains of talents and influence sufficient to fill up his loss in King James's service. This, Edith, is no time for temporizing with our duty. I have given directions to raise my followers, and I must take leave of you this evening."

"Do not think of it, my lord," answered Edith: "your life is essential to your friends; do not throw it away in an adventure so rash. What can your single arm, and the few tenants or servants who might follow you, do against the force of almost all Scotland, the Highland clans only excepted?"

"Listen to me, Edith," said Lord Evandale. "I am not so rash as you may suppose me, nor are my present motives of such light importance as to affect only those personally dependent on myself. The Life-Guards, with whom I served so long, although new-modelled and new-officered by the Prince of Orange, retain a predilection for the cause of their rightful master; and"—(and here he

whispered as if he feared even the walls of the apartment had ears) —"when my foot is known to be in the stirrup, two regiments of cavalry have sworn to renounce the usurper's service, and fight under my orders. They delayed only till Dundee should descend into the lowlands;—but, since he is no more, which of his successors dare take that decisive step, unless encouraged by the troops declaring themselves! Meantime the zeal of the soldiers will die away. I must bring them to a decision while their hearts are glowing with the victory their old leader has obtained, and burning to avenge his untimely death."

"And will you, on the faith of such men as you know these soldiers to be," said Edith, "take a part of such dreadful moment?"

"I will," said Lord Evandale—"I must; my honour and loyalty are both pledged for it."

"And all for the sake," continued Miss Bellenden, "of a prince, whose measures, while he was on the throne, no one could condemn more than Lord Evandale?"

"Most true," replied Lord Evandale; "and as I resented, even during the plenitude of his power, his innovations on church and state, like a freeborn subject, I am determined I will assert his real rights when he is in adversity, like a loyal one. Let courtiers and sycophants flatter power and desert misfortune; I will neither do the one nor the other."

"And if you are determined to act what my feeble judgment must still term rashly, why give yourself the pain of this untimely meeting?"

"Were it not enough to answer," said Lord Evandale, "that, ere rushing on battle, I wished to bid adieu to my betrothed bride?—Surely it is judging coldly of my feelings, and shewing too plainly the indifference of your own, to question my motive for a request so natural."

"But why in this place, my lord?" said Edith,—"and why with such peculiar circumstances of mystery?"

"Because," he replied, putting a letter into her hand, "I have yet another request, which I dare hardly proffer, even when prefaced by these credentials."

In haste and terror Edith glanced over the letter, which was from her grandmother.

"My dearest childe," such was its tenor in style and spelling, "I never more deeply regretted the reumatizm, which disqualified me from riding on horseback, than at this present writing, when I would most have wished to be where this paper will soon be, that is at Fairy-knowe, with my poor dear Willie's only child. But it is the will of God I should not be with her, which I conclude to be the case, as much for the pain I now suffer, as because it hath now not given way either to cammomile poultices or to decoxion of wild mustard, wherewith I have often relieved others. Therefore, I must tell you, by writing instead of word of mouth, that, as my young Lord Evandale is called to the present campaign, both by his honour and his duty, he hath earnestly solicited me that the bonds of holy matrimony be knitted before his departure to the wars between you and him, in

implement of the indenture formerly entered into for that effeck, whereuntill, as I see no raisonable objexion, so I trust that you, who have been always a good and obedient childe, will not devize any which has less than raison. It is trew that the contrax of our house have heretofore been celebrated in a manner more befitting our Rank, and not in private, and with few witnesses, as a thing done in a corner. But it has been Heaven's own freewill, as well as those of the kingdom where we live, to take away from us our estate, and from the King his throne. Yet I trust He will yet restore the rightful heir to the throne, and turn his heart to the true Protestant Episcopal faith, which I have the better right to expect to see even with my old eyes, as I have beheld the royal family when they were struggling as sorely with masterful usurpers and rebels as they are now; that is to say, when his most sacred Majesty, Charles the Second of happy memory, honoured our poor house of Tillietudlem, by taking his *disjune* therein," &c. &c. &c.

We will not abuse the reader's patience by quoting more of Lady Margaret's prolix epistle. Suffice it to say, that it closed by laying her commands on her grandchild to consent to the solemnization of her marriage without loss of time.

"I never thought till this instant," said Edith, dropping the letter from her hand, "that Lord Evandale would have acted ungenerously."

"Ungenerously, Edith!" replied her lover. "And how can you apply such a term to my desire to call you mine, ere I part from you perhaps for ever?"

"Lord Evandale ought to have remembered," said Edith, "that when his perseverance, and, I must add, a due sense of his merit and of the obligations we owed him, wrung from me a slow consent that I would one day comply with his wishes, I made it my condition, that I should not be pressed to a hasty accomplishment of my promise; and now he avails himself of his interest with my only remaining relative, to hurry me with precipitate and even indelicate importunity. There is more selfishness than generosity, my lord, in such eager and urgent solicitation."

Lord Evandale, evidently much hurt, took two or three turns through the apartment ere he replied to this accusation; at length he spoke—"I should have escaped this painful charge, durst I at once have mentioned to Miss Bellenden my principal reason for urging this request. It is one which she will probably despise on her own account, but which ought to weigh with her for the sake of Lady Margaret. My death in battle must give my whole estate to my heirs of entail; my forfeiture as a traitor, by the usurping Government, may vest it in the Prince of Orange, or some Dutch favourite. In either case, my venerable friend and betrothed bride must remain unprotected and in poverty. Vested with the rights and provisions of Lady Evandale, Edith will find, in the power of supporting her aged parent, some consolation for having condescended to share the ills and fortunes of one who does not pretend to be worthy of her."

Edith was struck dumb by an argument which she had not expected,

and was compelled to acknowledge that Lord Evandale's suit was urged with delicacy as well as with consideration.

"And yet," she said, "such is the waywardness with which my heart reverts to former times, that I cannot" (she burst into tears) "suppress a degree of ominous reluctance at fulfilling my engagement upon such a brief summons."

"We have already fully considered this painful subject," said Lord Evandale; "and I hoped, my dear Edith, your own inquiries, as well as mine, had fully convinced you that these regrets were fruitless."

"Fruitless indeed!" said Edith, with a deep sigh, which, as if by an unexpected echo, was repeated from the adjoining apartment. Miss Bellenden started at the sound, and scarcely composed herself upon Lord Evandale's assurances, that she had heard but the echo of her own respiration.

"It sounded strangely distinct," she said, "and almost ominous; but my feelings are so harassed, that the slightest trifle agitates them."

Lord Evandale eagerly attempted to soothe her alarm, and reconcile her to a measure, which, however hasty, appeared to him the only means by which he could secure her independence. He urged his claim in virtue of the contract, her grandmother's wish and command, the propriety of insuring her comfort and independence, and touched lightly on his own long attachment, which he had evinced by so many and such various services. These Edith felt the more, the less they were insisted upon; and at length, as she had nothing to oppose to his ardour, excepting a causeless reluctance, which she herself was ashamed to oppose against so much generosity, she was compelled to rest upon the impossibility of having the ceremony performed upon such hasty notice, at such a time and place. But for all this Lord Evandale was prepared, and he explained, with joyful alacrity, that the former chaplain of his regiment was in attendance at the Lodge with a faithful domestic, once a non-commissioned officer in the same corps; that his sister was also possessed of the secret; and that Headrigg and his wife might be added to the list of witnesses, if agreeable to Miss Bellenden. As to the place, he had chosen it on very purpose. The marriage was to remain a secret, since Lord Evandale was to depart in disguise very soon after it was solemnized—a circumstance which, had their union been public, must have drawn upon him the attention of the Government, as being altogether unaccountable, unless from his being engaged in some dangerous design. Having hastily urged these motives and explained his arrangements, he ran, without waiting for an answer, to summon his sister to attend his bride, while he went in search of the other persons whose presence was necessary.

When Lady Emily arrived, she found her friend in an agony of tears, of which she was at some loss to comprehend the reason, being one of those damsels who think there is nothing either wonderful or terrible in matrimony, and joining with most who knew him in thinking, that it could not be rendered peculiarly alarming by Lord Evandale being the bridegroom. Influenced by these feelings, she

exhausted in succession all the usual arguments for courage, and all the expressions of sympathy and condolence ordinarily employed on such occasions. But when Lady Emily beheld her future sister-in-law deaf to all those ordinary topics of consolation—when she beheld tears follow fast and without intermission down cheeks as pale as marble—when she felt that the hand which she pressed in order to enforce her arguments turned cold within her grasp, and lay, like that of a corpse, insensible and unresponsive to her caresses, her feelings of sympathy gave way to those of hurt pride and pettish displeasure.

"I must own," she said, "that I am something at a loss to understand all this, Miss Bellenden. Months have passed since you agreed to marry my brother, and you have postponed the fulfilment of your engagement from one period to another, as if you had to avoid some dishonourable or highly disagreeable connexion. I think I can answer for Lord Evandale, that he will seek no woman's hand against her inclination; and, though his sister, I may boldly say that he does not need to urge any lady further than her inclinations carry her. You will forgive me, Miss Bellenden; but your present distress augurs ill for my brother's future happiness, and I must needs say that he does not merit all these expressions of dislike and dolour, and that they seem an odd return for an attachment which he has manifested so long, and in so many ways."

"You are right, Lady Emily," said Edith, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to resume her natural manner, though still betrayed by her faltering voice and the paleness of her cheeks—"you are quite right—Lord Evandale merits such usage from no one, least of all from her whom he has honoured with his regard. But if I have given way, for the last time, to a sudden and irresistible burst of feeling, it is my consolation, Lady Emily, that your brother knows the cause; that I have hid nothing from him, and that he at least is not apprehensive of finding in Edith Bellenden a wife undeserving of his affection. But still you are right, and I merit your censure for indulging for a moment fruitless regret and painful remembrances. It shall be so no longer: my lot is cast with Evandale, and with him I am resolved to bear it. Nothing shall in future occur to excite his complaints, or the resentment of his relations; no idle recollections of other days shall intervene to prevent the zealous and affectionate discharge of my duty; no vain illusions recall the memory of other days"——

As she spoke these words, she slowly raised her eyes, which had before been hidden by her hand, to the latticed window of her apartment, which was partly open, uttered a dismal shriek, and fainted. Lady Emily turned her eyes in the same direction, but saw only the shadow of a man, which seemed to disappear from the window, and, terrified more by the state of Edith than by the apparition she had herself witnessed, she uttered shriek upon shriek for assistance. Her brother soon arrived with the chaplain and Jenny Dennison, but strong and vigorous remedies were necessary ere they could recall Miss Bellenden to sense and motion. Even then her language was wild and incoherent.

"Press me no farther," she said to Lord Evandale; "it cannot be—Heaven and earth—the living and the dead, have leagued themselves against this ill-omened union. Take all I can give—my sisterly regard—my devoted friendship. I will love you as a sister, and serve you as a bondswoman, but never speak to me more of marriage."

The astonishment of Lord Evandale may easily be conceived.

"Emily," he said to his sister, "this is your doing—I was accursed when I thought of bringing you here—some of your confounded folly has driven her mad!"

"On my word, brother," answered Lady Emily, "you're sufficient to drive all the women in Scotland mad. Because your mistress seems much disposed to jilt you, you quarrel with your sister, who has been arguing in your cause, and had brought her to a quiet hearing, when, all of a sudden, a man looked in at a window, whom her crazed sensibility mistook either for you or some one else, and has treated us gratis with an excellent tragic scene."

"What man? What window?" said Lord Evandale, in impatient displeasure. "Miss Bellenden is incapable of trifling with me;—and yet what else could have"——

"Hush! hush!" said Jenny, whose interest lay particularly in shifting further inquiry; "for Heaven's sake, my lord, speak low, for my lady begins to recover."

Edith was no sooner somewhat restored to herself than she begged, in a feeble voice, to be left alone with Lord Evandale. All retreated,—Jenny with her usual air of officious simplicity—Lady Emily and the chaplain with that of awakened curiosity. No sooner had they left the apartment, than Edith beckoned Lord Evandale to sit beside her on the couch; her next motion was to take his hand, in spite of his surprised resistance, to her lips; her last was to sink from her seat and to clasp his knees.

"Forgive me, my lord!" she exclaimed—"forgive me!—I must deal most untruly by you, and break a solemn engagement. You have my friendship, my highest regard, my most sincere gratitude—You have more; you have my word and my faith—But O, forgive me, for the fault is not mine—you have not my love, and I cannot marry you without a sin!"

"You dream, my dearest Edith!" said Evandale, perplexed in the utmost degree,—"you let your imagination beguile you. This is but some delusion of an over-sensitive mind;—the person whom you preferred to me has been long in a better world, where your unavailing regret cannot follow him, or, if it could, would only diminish his happiness."

"You are mistaken, Lord Evandale," said Edith, solemnly. "I am not a sleep-walker, or a mad-woman. No—I could not have believed from any one what I have seen. But having seen him, I must believe mine own eyes."

"Seen *him!*—seen whom?" asked Lord Evandale, in great anxiety.

"Henry Morton," replied Edith, uttering these two words as if they were her last, and very nearly fainting when she had done so.

"Miss Bellenden," said Lord Evandale, "you treat me like a foo

or a child. If you repent your engagement to me," he continued, indignantly, "I am not a man to enforce it against your inclination; but deal with me as a man, and forbear this trifling."

He was about to go on, when he perceived, from her quivering eye and pallid cheek, that nothing less than imposture was intended, and that by whatever means her imagination had been so impressed, it was really disturbed by unaffected awe and terror. He changed his tone, and exerted all his eloquence in endeavouring to soothe and extract from her the secret cause of such terror.

"I saw him!" she repeated—"I saw Henry Morton stand at that window, and look into the apartment at the moment I was on the point of abjuring him for ever. His face was darker, thinner, and paler than it was wont to be; his dress was a horseman's cloak, and hat looped down over his face; his expression was like that he wore on that dreadful morning when he was examined by Claverhouse at Tillietudlem. Ask your sister, ask Lady Emily, if she did not see him as well as I.—I know what has called him up—he came to upbraid me, that, while my heart was with him in the deep and dead sea, I was about to give my hand to another. My lord, it is ended between you and me—be the consequences what they will, *she* cannot marry, whose union disturbs the repose of the dead."(53)

"Good heaven!" said Evandale, as he paced the room, half mad himself with surprise and vexation—"her fine understanding must be totally overthrown, and that by the effort which she has made to comply with my ill-timed, though well-meant request. Without rest and attention her health is ruined for ever."

At this moment the door opened, and Halliday, who had been Lord Evandale's principal personal attendant since they both left the Guards on the Revolution, stumbled into the room with a countenance as pale and ghastly as terror could paint it.

"What is the matter next, Halliday?" cried his master, starting up. "Any discovery of the"——

He had just recollection sufficient to stop short in the midst of the dangerous sentence.

"No, sir," said Halliday, "it is not that, nor anything like that; but I have seen a ghost!"

"A ghost! you eternal idiot!" said Lord Evandale, forced altogether out of his patience. "Has all mankind sworn to go mad in order to drive me so?—What ghost, you simpleton?"

"The ghost of Henry Morton, the whig captain at Bothwell Bridge," replied Halliday. "He passed by me like a fire-flaught when I was in the garden!"

"This is mid-summer madness," said Lord Evandale, "or there is some strange villany afloat.—Jenny, attend your lady to her chamber, while I endeavour to find a clew to all this."

But Lord Evandale's inquires were in vain. Jenny, who might have given (had she chosen) a very satisfactory explanation, had an interest to leave the matter in darkness; and interest was a matter which now weighed principally with Jenny, since the possession of an active and affectionate husband in her own proper right had altogether allayed her spirit of coquetry. She had made the best use of

the first moments of confusion hastily to remove all traces of any one having slept in the apartment adjoining to the parlour, and even to erase the mark of footsteps beneath the window through which she conjectured Morton's face had been seen, while attempting, ere he left the garden, to gain one look at her whom he had so long loved, and was now on the point of losing for ever. That he had passed Halliday in the garden was equally clear; and she learned from her elder boy, whom she had employed to have the stranger's horse saddled and ready for his departure, that he had rushed into the stable, thrown the child a broad gold piece, and, mounting his horse, had ridden with fearful rapidity down towards the Clyde. The secret was, therefore, in their own family, and Jenny was resolved it should remain so.

"For, to be sure," she said, "although her lady and Halliday ken'd Mr Morton by broad daylight, that was nae reason I suld own to kenning him in the gloaming and by candlelight, and him keeping his face frae Cuddie and me a' the time."

So she stood resolutely upon the negative when examined by Lord Evandale. As for Halliday, he could only say, that as he entered the garden-door, the supposed apparition met him walking swiftly, and with a visage on which anger and grief appeared to be contending.

"He knew him well," he said, "having been repeatedly guard upon him, and obliged to write down his marks of stature and visage in case of escape. And there were few faces like Mr Morton's." But what should make him haunt the country where he was neither hanged nor shot, he, the said Halliday, did not pretend to conceive.

Lady Emily confessed she had seen the face of a man at the window, but her evidence went no farther. John Gudyill deponed *nil novit in causa*. He had left his gardening to get his morning dram just at the time when the apparition had taken place. Lady Emily's servant was waiting orders in the kitchen, and there was not another being within a quarter of a mile of the house.

Lord Evandale returned, perplexed and dissatisfied in the highest degree at beholding a plan which he thought necessary not less for the protection of Edith in contingent circumstances, than for the assurance of his own happiness, and which he had brought so very near perfection, thus broken off without any apparent or rational cause. His knowledge of Edith's character set her beyond the suspicion of covering any capricious change of determination by a pretended vision. But he would have set the apparition down to the influence of an over-strained imagination, agitated by the circumstances in which she had so suddenly been placed, had it not been for the coinciding testimony of Halliday, who had no reason for thinking of Morton more than any other person, and knew nothing of Miss Bellenden's vision when he promulgated his own. On the other hand, it seemed in the highest degree improbable that Morton, so long and so vainly sought after, and who was, with such good reason, supposed to be lost when the Vryheid of Rotterdam went down with crew and passengers, should be alive and lurking in this country, where there was no longer any reason why he should not openly shew himself since the present Government favoured his party in politics. When

Lord Evandale reluctantly brought himself to communicate these doubts to the chaplain, in order to obtain his opinion, he could only obtain a long lecture on demonology, in which, after quoting Delrio, and Burthoog, and De L'Ancre, on the subject of apparitions, together with sundry civilians and common lawyers on the nature of testimony, the learned gentleman expressed his definite and determined opinion to be, either that there had been an actual apparition of the deceased Henry Morton's spirit, the possibility of which he was, as a divine and a philosopher, neither fully prepared to admit or to deny; or else, that the said Henry Morton, being still *in rerum naturâ*, had appeared in his proper person that morning; or, finally, that some strong *deceptio visus*, or striking similitude of person, had deceived the eyes of Miss Bellenden and of Thomas Halliday. Which of these was the most probable hypothesis, the Doctor declined to pronounce, but expressed himself ready to die in the opinion that one or other of them had occasioned that morning's disturbance.

Lord Evandale soon had additional cause for distressful anxiety. Miss Bellenden was declared to be dangerously ill.

"I will not leave this place," he exclaimed, "till she is pronounced to be in safety. I neither can nor ought to do so; for whatever may have been the immediate occasion of her illness, I gave the first cause for it by my unhappy solicitation."

He established himself, therefore, as a guest in the family, which the presence of his sister as well as of Lady Margaret Bellenden (who, in despite of her rheumatism, caused herself to be transported thither when she heard of her grand-daughter's illness), rendered a step equally natural and delicate. And thus he anxiously awaited, until, without injury to her health, Edith could sustain a final explanation ere his departure on his expedition.

"She shall never," said the generous young man, "look on her engagement with me as the means of fettering her to a union, the idea of which seems almost to unhinge her understanding."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

> Ah, happy hills!—ah, pleasing shades!
> Ah, fields beloved in vain!
> Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
> A stranger yet to pain.
>
> *Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College.*

It is not by corporal wants and infirmities only that men of the most distinguished talents are levelled, during their lifetime, with the common mass of mankind. There are periods of mental agitation when the firmest of mortals must be ranked with the weakest of his brethren; and when, in paying the general tax of humanity, his distresses are even aggravated by feeling that he transgresses, in the indulgence of his grief, the rules of religion and philosophy, by which he endeavours in general to regulate his passions and his

actions. It was during such a paroxysm that the unfortunate Morton left Fairy-Knowe. To know that his long-loved and still-beloved Edith, whose image had filled his mind for so many years, was on the point of marriage to his early rival, who had laid claim to her heart by so many services, as hardly left her a title to refuse his addresses, bitter as the intelligence was, yet came not as an unexpected blow.

During his residence abroad he had once written to Edith. It was to bid her farewell for ever, and to conjure her to forget him. He had requested her not to answer his letter, yet he half hoped, for many a day, that she might transgress his injunction. The letter never reached her to whom it was addressed, and Morton, ignorant of its miscarriage, could only conclude himself laid aside and forgotten, according to his own self-denying request. All that he had heard of their mutual relations since his return to Scotland, prepared him to expect that he could only look upon Miss Bellenden as the betrothed bride of Lord Evandale; and, even if freed from the burden of obligation to the latter, it would still have been inconsistent with Morton's generosity of disposition to disturb their arrangements, by attempting the assertion of a claim, proscribed by absence, never sanctioned by the consent of friends, and barred by a thousand circumstances of difficulty. Why, then, did he seek the cottage which their broken fortunes had now rendered the retreat of Lady Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter? He yielded, we are under the necessity of acknowledging, to the impulse of an inconsistent wish, which many might have felt in his situation.

Accident apprized him, while travelling towards his native district, that the ladies, near whose mansion he must necessarily pass, were absent: and learning that Cuddie and his wife acted as their principal domestics, he could not resist pausing at their cottage, to learn, if possible, the real progress which Lord Evandale had made in the affections of Miss Bellenden—alas! no longer his Edith. This rash experiment ended as we have related, and he parted from the house of Fairy-Knowe, conscious that he was still beloved by Edith, yet compelled, by faith and honour, to relinquish her for ever. With what feelings he must have listened to the dialogue between Lord Evandale and Edith, the greater part of which he involuntarily overheard, the reader must conceive, for we dare not attempt to describe them. An hundred times he was tempted to burst upon their interview, or to exclaim aloud, "Edith, I yet live!"—and as often the recollection of her plighted troth, and of the debt of gratitude which he owed Lord Evandale (to whose influence with Claverhouse he justly ascribed his escape from torture and from death), withheld him from a rashness which might indeed have involved all in further distress, but gave little prospect of forwarding his own happiness. He repressed forcibly these selfish emotions, though with an agony which thrilled his every nerve.

"No Edith!" was his internal oath, "never will I add a thorn to thy pillow—That which Heaven has ordained, let it be; and let me not add, by my selfish sorrows, one atom's weight to the burden thou hast to bear. I was dead to thee when thy resolution was

adopted; and never—never shalt thou know that Henry Morton still lives!"

As he formed this resolution, diffident of his own power to keep it, and seeking that firmness in flight which was every moment shaken by his continuing within hearing of Edith's voice, he hastily rushed from his apartment by the little closet and the sashed door which led to the garden.

But firmly as he thought his resolution was fixed, he could not leave the spot where the last tones of a voice so beloved still vibrated on his ear, without endeavouring to avail himself of the opportunity which the parlour window afforded, to steal one last glance at the lovely speaker. It was in this attempt, made while Edith seemed to have her eyes unalterably bent upon the ground, that Morton's presence was detected by her raising them suddenly. So soon as her wild scream made this known to the unfortunate object of a passion so constant, and which seemed so ill-fated, he hurried from the place as if pursued by the furies. He passed Halliday in the garden without recognising, or even being sensible that he had seen him, threw himself on his horse, and, by a sort of instinct rather than recollection, took the first by-road in preference to the public route to Hamilton.

In all probability this prevented Lord Evandale from learning that he was actually in existence; for the news that the Highlanders had obtained a decisive victory at Killiecrankie, had occasioned an accurate look-out to be kept, by order of the Government, on all the passes, for fear of some commotion among the Lowland Jacobites. They did not omit to post sentinels on Bothwell Bridge, and as these men had not seen any traveller pass westward in that direction, and as, besides, their comrades stationed in the village of Bothwell were equally positive that none had gone eastward, the apparition, in the existence of which Edith and Halliday were equally positive, became yet more mysterious in the judgment of Lord Evandale, who was finally inclined to settle in the belief, that the heated and disturbed imagination of Edith had summoned up the phantom she stated herself to have seen, and that Halliday had, in some unaccountable manner, been infected by the same superstition.

Meanwhile, the by-path which Morton pursued, with all the speed which his vigorous horse could exert, brought him in a very few seconds to the brink of the Clyde, at a spot marked with the feet of horses, who were conducted to it as a watering-place. The steed, urged as he was to the gallop, did not pause a single instant, but, throwing himself into the river, was soon beyond his depth. The plunge which the animal made as his feet quitted the ground, with the feeling that the cold water rose above his sword-belt, were the first incidents which recalled Morton, whose movements had been hitherto mechanical, to the necessity of taking measures for preserving himself and the noble animal which he bestrode. A perfect master of all manly exercises, the management of a horse in water was as familiar to him as when upon a meadow. He directed the animal's course somewhat down the stream towards a low plain, or holm, which seemed to promise an easy egress from the river In

the first and second attempt to get on shore, the horse was frustrated by the nature of the ground, and nearly fell backwards on his rider. The instinct of self-preservation seldom fails, even in the most desperate circumstances, to recall the human mind to some degree of equipoise, unless when altogether distracted by terror, and Morton was obliged to the danger in which he was placed for complete recovery of his self-possession. A third attempt, at a spot more carefully and judiciously selected, succeeded better than the former, and placed the horse and his rider in safety upon the farther and left-hand bank of the Clyde.

"But whither," said Morton, in the bitterness of his heart, "am I now to direct my course? or rather, what does it signify to which point of the compass a wretch so forlorn betakes himself? I would to God, could the wish be without a sin, that these dark waters had flowed over me, and drowned my recollection of that which was, and that which is!"

The sense of impatience, which the disturbed state of his feelings had occasioned, scarcely had vented itself in these violent expressions, ere he was struck with shame at having given way to such a paroxysm. He remembered how signally the life which he now held so lightly in the bitterness of his disappointment had been preserved through the almost incessant perils which had beset him since he entered upon his public career.

"I am a fool!" he said, "and worse than a fool, to set light by that existence which Heaven has so often preserved in the most marvellous manner! Something there yet remains for me in this world, were it only to bear my sorrows like a man, and to aid those who need my assistance. What have I seen—what have I heard, but the very conc'usion of that which I knew was to happen? They"—(he durst not utter their names even in soliloquy)—"they are embarrassed and in difficulties. She is stripped of her inheritance, and he seems rushing on some dangerous career, with which, but for the low voice in which he spoke, I might have become acquainted. Are there no means to aid or to warn them?"

As he pondered upon this topic, forcibly withdrawing his mind from his own disappointment, and compelling his attention to the affairs of Edith and her betrothed husband, the letter of Burley, long forgotten, suddenly rushed on his memory, like a ray of light darting through a mist.

"Their ruin must have been his work," was his internal conclusion. "If it can be repaired, it must be through his means, or by information obtained from him. I will search him out. Stern, crafty, and enthusiastic as he is, my plain and downright rectitude of purpose has more than once prevailed with him. I will seek him out, at least; and who knows what influence the information I may acquire from him may have on the fortunes of those, whom I shall never see more, and who will probably never learn that I am now suppressing my own grief, to add, if possible, to their happiness."

Animated by these hopes, though the foundation was but slight, he sought the nearest way to the high-road; and as all the tracks through the valley were known to him since he hunted through them

in youth, he had no other difficulty than that of surmounting one or two enclosures, ere he found himself on the road to the small burgh where the feast of the popinjay had been celebrated. He journeyed in a state of mind sad indeed and dejected, yet relieved from its earlier and more intolerable state of anguish; for virtuous resolution and manly disinterestedness seldom fail to restore tranquillity even where they cannot create happiness. He turned his thoughts with strong effort upon the means of discovering Burley, and the chance there was of extracting from him any knowledge which he might possess favourable to her in whose cause he interested himself, and at length formed the resolution of guiding himself by the circumstances in which he might discover the object of his quest, trusting, that, from Cuddie's account of a schism betwixt Burley and his brethren of the presbyterian persuasion, he might find him less rancorously disposed against Miss Bellenden, and inclined to exert the power which he asserted himself to possess over her fortunes, more favourably than heretofore.

Noontide had passed away, when our traveller found himself in the neighbourhood of his deceased uncle's habitation of Milnwood. It rose among glades and groves that were chequered with a thousand early recollections of joy and sorrow, and made upon Morton that mournful impression, soft and affecting, yet withal soothing, which the sensitive mind usually receives from a return to the haunts of childhood and early youth, after having experienced the vicissitudes and tempests of public life. A strong desire came upon him to visit the house itself.

"Old Alison," he thought, "will not know me, more than the honest couple whom I saw yesterday. I may indulge my curiosity, and proceed on my journey, without her having any knowledge of my existence. I think they said my uncle had bequeathed to her my family mansion. Well—be it so. I have enough to sorrow for, to enable me to dispense with lamenting such a disappointment as that; and yet methinks he has chosen an odd successor in my grumbling old dame, to a line of respectable, if not distinguished, ancestry. Let it be as it may, I will visit the old mansion at least once more."

The house of Milnwood, even in its best days, had nothing cheerful about it, but its gloom appeared to be doubled under the auspices of the old housekeeper. Everything, indeed, was in repair; there were no slates deficient upon the steep grey roof, and no panes broken in the narrow windows. But the grass in the court-yard looked as if the foot of man had not been there for years; the doors were carefully locked, and that which admitted to the hall seemed to have been shut for a length of time, since the spiders had fairly drawn their webs over the door-way and the staples. Living sight or sound there was none, until, after much knocking, Morton heard the little window, through which it was usual to reconnoitre visitors, open with much caution. The face of Alison, puckered with some score of wrinkles, in addition to those with which it was furrowed when Morton left Scotland, now presented itself, enveloped in a *toy*, from under the protection of which some of her grey tresses

had escaped in a manner more picturesque than beautiful, while her shrill tremulous voice demanded the cause of the knocking.

"I wish to speak an instant with one Alison Wilson, who resides here," said Henry.

"She's no at hame the day," answered Mrs Wilson, *in propria persona*, the state of whose head-dress, perhaps, inspired her with this direct mode of denying herself; "and ye are but a mislear'd person to speer for her in sic a manner. Ye might hae had an M under your belt for *Mistress* Wilson of Milnwood."

"I beg pardon," said Morton, internally smiling at finding in old Ailie the same jealousy of disrespect which she used to exhibit upon former occasions—"I beg pardon;—I am but a stranger in this country, and have been so long abroad that I have almost forgotten my own language."

"Did ye come frae foreign parts?" said Ailie; "then maybe ye may hae heard of a young gentleman of this country that they ca' Henry Morton!"

"I have heard," said Morton, "of such a name in Germany."

"Then bide a wee bit where ye are, friend—or stay—gang round by the back o' the house, and ye'll find a laigh door: it's on the latch, for it's never barred till sunset. Ye'll open't—and tak care ye dinna fa' ower the tub, for the entry's dark—and then ye'll turn to the right, and then ye'll haud straught forward, and then ye'll turn to the right again, and ye'll tak heed o' the cellar stairs, and then ye'll be at the door o' the little kitchen—it's a' the kitchen that's at Milnwood now—and I'll come down t' ye, and whate'er ye wad say to Mistress Wilson ye may very safely tell it to me."

A stranger might have had some difficulty, notwithstanding the minuteness of the directions supplied by Ailie, to pilot himself in safety through the dark labyrinth of passages that led from the back-door to the little kitchen; but Henry was too well acquainted with the navigation of these straits to experience danger, either from the Scylla which lurked on one side in shape of a bucking tub, or the Charybdis which yawned on the other in the profundity of a winding cellar-stair. His only impediment arose from the snarling and vehement barking of a small cocking spaniel, once his own property, but which, unlike to the faithful Argus, saw his master return from his wanderings without any symptom of recognition.

"The little dogs and all!" said Morton to himself, on being disowned by his former favourite—"I am so changed, that no breathing creature that I have known and loved will now acknowledge me!"

At this moment he had reached the kitchen, and soon after the tread of Alison's high heels, and the pat of the crutch-handled cane, which served at once to prop and to guide her footsteps, were heard upon the stairs, an annunciation which continued for some time ere she fairly reached the kitchen.

Morton had, therefore, time to survey the slender preparation for housekeeping which were now sufficient in the house of his ancestors. The fire, though coals are plenty in that neighbourhood, was husbanded with the closest attention to economy of fuel, and the small pipkin, in which was preparing the dinner of the old woman

and her maid-of-all-work, a girl of twelve years old, intimated, by its thin and watery vapour, that Ailie had not mended her cheer with her improved fortune.

When she entered, the head which nodded with self-importance—the features in which an irritable peevishness, acquired by habit and indulgence, strove with a temper naturally affectionate and good-natured—the coif—the apron—the blue checked gown, were all those of old Ailie; but laced pinners, hastily put on to meet the stranger, with some other trifling articles of decoration, marked the difference between Mrs Wilson, liferentrix of Milnwood, and the housekeeper of the late proprietor.

"What were ye pleased to want wi' Mrs Wilson, sir?—I am Mrs Wilson," was her first address: for the five minutes time which she had gained for the business of the toilette, entitled her, she conceived, to assume the full merit of her illustrious name, and shine forth on her guest in unchastened splendour. Morton's sensations, confounded between the past and present, fairly confused him so much, that he would have had difficulty in answering her, even if he had known well what to say. But as he had not determined what character he was to adopt while concealing that which was properly his own, he had an additional reason for remaining silent. Mrs Wilson, in perplexity, and with some apprehension, repeated her question.

"What were ye pleased to want wi' me, sir?—Ye said ye ken'd Mr Harry Morton?"

"Pardon me, madam," answered Henry; "it was of one Silas Morton I spoke."

The old woman's countenance fell.

"It was his father, then, ye kent o', the brother o' the late Milnwood? Ye canna mind him abroad, I wad think;—he was come hame afore ye were born. I thought ye had brought me news of poor Maister Harry."

"It was from my father I learned to know Colonel Morton," said Henry;—"of the son I know little or nothing; rumour says he died abroad on his passage to Holland."

"That's ower like to be true," said the old woman, with a sigh, "and mony a tear it's cost my auld een. His uncle, poor gentleman, just sough'd awa wi' it in his mouth. He had been gieing me preeeeze directions anent the bread, and the wine, and the brandy, at his burial, and how often it was to be handed round the company—(for, dead or alive, he was a prudent, frugal, pains-taking man), and then he said, said he, 'Ailie' (he aye ca'd me Ailie—we were auld acquaintance)—'Ailie, take ye care and haud the gear weel thegither; for the name of Morton of Milnwood's gane out like the last sough of an auld sang.' And sae he fell out o' ae dwam into mother, and ne'er spak a word mair, unless it were something we cou'dna mak out, about a dipped candle being gude eneugh to see to dee wi';—he cou'd ne'er bide to see a moulded ane, and there was ane, by ill luck, on the table."

While Mrs Wilson was thus detailing the last moments of the old miser, Morton was pressingly engaged in diverting the assiduous

curiosity of the dog, which, recovered from his first surprise, and combining former recollections, had, after much snuffing and examination, begun a course of capering and jumping upon the stranger which threatened every instant to betray him. At length, in the urgency of his impatience, Morton could not forbear exclaiming, in a tone of hasty impatience, "Down, Elphin! down, sir!"

"Ye ken our dog's name," said the old lady, struck with great and sudden surprise—"ye ken our dog's name, and it's no a common ane. And the creature kens you, too," she continued, in a more agitated and shriller tone—"God guide us! it's my ain bairn!"

So saying, the poor old woman threw herself around Morton's neck, clung to him, kissed him as if he had been actually her child, and wept for joy. There was no parrying the discovery, if he could have had the heart to attempt any further disguise. He returned the embrace with the most grateful warmth, and answered—

"I do indeed live, dear Ailie, to thank you for all your kindness, past and present, and to rejoice that there is at least one friend to welcome me to my native country."

"Friends!" exclaimed Ailie—"ye'll hae mony friends—ye'll hae mony friends; for ye will hae gear, hinny—ye will hae gear. Heaven tak ye a gude guide o't! But, eh, sirs!" she continued, pushing him back from her with her trembling hand and shrivelled arm, and gazing in his face, as if to read, at more convenient distance, the ravages which sorrow rather than time had made on his face—"Eh, sirs! ye're sair altered, hinny; your face is turned pale, and your een are sunken, and your bonny red and white cheeks are turned a' dark and sun-burnt. O, weary on the wars! mony's the comely face they destroy. And when came ye here, hinny? and where hae ye been? and what hae ye been doing? and what for did ye na write to us? and how cam ye to pass yoursell for dead?—and what for did ye come creepin' to your ain house as if ye had been an unco body, to gie poor auld Ailie sic a start?" she concluded, smiling through her tears.

It was some time ere Morton could overcome his own emotion so as to give the kind old woman the information which we shall communicate to our readers in the next Chapter.

CHAPTER XL.

> ——— Aumerle that was,
> But that is gone for being Richard's friend;
> And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.
>
> *Richard II.*

The scene of explanation was hastily removed from the little kitchen to Mrs Wilson's own matted room; the very same which she had occupied as housekeeper, and which she continued to retain. "It was," she said, "better secured against sifting winds than the hall, which she had found dangerous to her rheumatisms, and it was more fitting for her use than the late Milnwood's apartment, honest man,

which gave her sad thoughts;" and as for the great oak parlour, it was never opened but to be aired, washed, and dusted, according to the invariable practice of the family, unless upon their most solemn festivals. In the matted room, therefore, they were settled, surrounded by pickle-pots and conserves of all kinds, which the *ci-devant* housekeeper continued to compound, out of mere habit, although neither she herself, nor any one else, ever partook of the comfits which she so regularly prepared.

Morton, adapting his narrative to the comprehension of his auditor, informed her briefly of the wreck of the vessel, and the loss of all hands, excepting two or three common seamen, who had early secured the skiff, and were just putting off from the vessel when he leaped from the deck into their boat, and unexpectedly, as well as contrary to their inclination, made himself partner of their voyage and of their safety. Landed at Flushing, he was fortunate enough to meet with an old officer who had been in service with his father. By his advice, he shunned going immediately to the Hague, but forwarded his letters to the court of the Stadtholder.

"Our Prince," said the veteran, "must as yet keep terms with his father-in-law, and with your King Charles; and to approach him in the character of a Scottish malecontent would render it imprudent for him to distinguish you by his favour. Wait, therefore, his orders, without forcing yourself on his notice; observe the strictest prudence and retirement; assume for the present a different name; shun the company of the British exiles; and, depend upon it, you will not repent your prudence."

The old friend of Silas Morton argued justly. After a considerable time had elapsed, the Prince of Orange, in a progress through the United States, came to the town where Morton, impatient at his situation and the incognito which he was obliged to observe, still continued, nevertheless, to be a resident. He had an hour of private interview assigned, in which the Prince expressed himself highly pleased with his intelligence, his prudence, and the liberal view which he seemed to take of the factions of his native country, their motives and their purposes.

"I would gladly," said William, "attach you to my own person, but that cannot be without giving offence in England. But I will do as much for you, as well out of respect for the sentiments you have expressed, as for the recommendations you have brought me. Here is a commission in a Swiss regiment at present in garrison in a distant province, where you will meet few or none of your countrymen. Continue to be Captain Melville, and let the name of Morton sleep till better days."

"Thus began my fortune," continued Morton; "and my services have, on various occasions, been distinguished by his Royal Highness, until the moment that brought him to Britain as our political deliverer. His commands must excuse my silence to my few friends in Scotland; and I wonder not at the report of my death, considering the wreck of the vessel, and that I found no occasion to use the letters of exchange with which I was furnished by the liberality of some

of them—a circumstance which must have confirmed the belief that I had perished."

"But, dear hinny," asked Mrs Wilson, "did ye find nae Scotch body at the Prince of Oranger's court that ken'd ye? I wad hae thought Morton o' Milnwood was ken'd a' through the country."

"I was purposely engaged in distant service," said Morton, "until a period when few, without as deep and kind a motive of interest as yours, Ailie, would have known the stripling Morton in Major-General Melville."

"Malville was your mother's name," said Mrs Wilson; "but Morton sounds far bonnier in my auld lugs. And when ye tak up the lairdship, ye maun tak the auld name and designation again."

"I am like to be in no haste to do either the one or the other, Ailie, for I have some reasons for the present to conceal my being alive from every one but you; and as for the lairdship of Milnwood, it is in as good hands."

"As gude hands, hinny!" re-echoed Ailie: "I'm hopefu' you are no meaning mine? The rents and the lands are but a sair fash to me. And I'm ower failed to tak a helpmate, though Wylie Mactrickit the writer was very pressing, and spak very civilly; but I'm ower auld a cat to draw that strae before me—he canna whilliwhaw me as he's dune mony a ane. And then I thought aye ye wad come back, and I would get my pickle meal and my soup milk, and keep a' things right about ye as I used to do in your puir uncle's time, and it wad be just pleasure eneugh for me to see ye thrive and guide the gear canny. Ye'll hae learned that in Holland, I'se warrant, for they're thrifty folk there, as I hear tell.—But ye'll be for keeping rather a mair house than puir auld Milnwood that's gane; and, indeed, I would approve o' your eating butcher-meat maybe as often as three times a-week—it keeps the wind out o' the stamack."

"We will talk of all this another time," said Morton, surprised at the generosity upon a large scale, which mingled in Ailie's thoughts and actions with habitual and sordid parsimony, and at the odd contrast between her love of saving and indifference to self-acquisition. "You must know," he continued, "that I am in this country only for a few days on some special business of importance to the Government, and therefore, Ailie, not a word of having seen me. At some other time I will acquaint you fully with my motives and intentions."

"E'en be it sae, my joe," replied Ailie:—"I can keep a secret like my neighbours; and weel auld Milnwood ken'd it, honest man, for he tauld me where he keepit his gear, and that's what maist folk like to hae as private as possibly may be.—But come awa wi' me, hinny, till I shew ye the oak-parlour how grandly it's keepit, just as if ye had been expected hame every day—I loot nacbody sort it but my ain hands. It was a kind o' divertisement to me, though whiles the tear wan into my ee, and I said to mysell, what needs I fash wi' grates, and carpets, and cushions, and the muckle brass candlesticks ony mair? for they'll ne'er come hame that aught it rightfully."

With these words she hauled him away to this *sanctum sanctorum*, the scrubbing and cleaning whereof was her daily employment, as its high state of good order constituted the very pride of her heart,

Morton, as he followed her into the room, underwent a rebuke for not "dighting his shune," which shewed that Ailie had not relinquished her habits of authority. On entering the oak-parlour, he could not but recollect the feelings of solemn awe with which, when a boy, he had been affected at his occasional and rare admission to an apartment, which he then supposed had not its equal save in the halls of princes. It may be readily supposed, that the worked-worsted chairs, with their short ebony legs and long upright backs, had lost much of their influence over his mind; that the large brass and irons seemed diminished in splendour; that the green worsted tapestry appeared no masterpiece of the Arras loom; and that the room looked, on the whole, dark, gloomy, and disconsolate. Yet there were two objects, "The counterfeit presentment of two brothers," which, dissimilar as those described by Hamlet, affected his mind with a variety of sensations. One full-length portrait represented his father, in complete armour, with a countenance indicating his masculine and determined character; and the other set forth his uncle, in velvet and brocade, looking as if he were ashamed of his own finery, though entirely indebted for it to the liberality of the painter.

"It was an idle fancy," Ailie said, "to dress the honest auld man in thae expensive fal-lals that he ne'er wore in his life, instead o' his douce Raploch grey, and his band wi' the narrow edging."

In private, Morton could not help being much of her opinion; for anything approaching to the dress of a gentleman sate as ill on the ungainly person of his relative, as an open or generous expression would have done on his mean and money-making features. He now extricated himself from Ailie to visit some of his haunts in the neighbouring wood, while her own hands made an addition to the dinner she was preparing,—an incident no otherwise remarkable than as it cost the life of a fowl, which, for any event of less importance than the arrival of Henry Morton, might have cackled on to a good old age, ere Ailie could have been guilty of the extravagance of killing and dressing it. The meal was seasoned by talk of old times, and by the plans which Ailie laid out for futurity, in which she assigned her young master all the prudential habits of her old one, and planned out the dexterity with which she was to exercise her duty as governante. Morton let the old woman enjoy her day-dreams and castle-building during moments of such pleasure, and deferred, till some fitter occasion, the communication of his purpose again to return and spend his life upon the Continent.

His next care was to lay aside his military dress, which he considered likely to render more difficult his researches after Burley. He exchanged it for a grey doublet and cloak, formerly his usual attire at Milnwood, and which Mrs Wilson produced from a chest of walnut-tree, wherein she had laid them aside, without forgetting carefully to brush and air them from time to time. Morton retained his sword and fire-arms, without which few persons travelled in those unsettled times. When he appeared in his new attire, Mrs Wilson was first thankful "that they fitted him sae decently, since, though he was nae fatter, yet he looked mair manly than when he was taen frae Milnwood."

Next she enlarged on the advantage of saving old clothes to be what she called "beet-masters to the new," and was far advanced in the history of a velvet cloak belonging to the late Milnwood, which had first been converted to a velvet doublet, and then into a pair of breeches, and appeared each time as good as new, when Morton interrupted her account of its transmigration to bid her good-by.

He gave, indeed, a sufficient shock to her feelings, by expressing the necessity he was under of proceeding on his journey that evening.

"And where are ye gaun?—and what wad ye do that for?—and whar wad ye sleep but in your ain house, after ye hae been sae mony years frae hame?"

"I feel all the unkindness of it, Ailie, but it must be so; and that was the reason that I attempted to conceal myself from you, as I suspected you would not let me part from you so easily."

"But whar are ye gaun, then?" said Ailie, once more. "Saw e'er mortal een the like o' you, just to come ae moment, and flee awa like an arrow out of a bow the neist?"

"I must go down," replied Morton, "to Niel Blane the Piper's Howff; he can give me a bed, I suppose?"

"A bed?—I'se warrant can he," replied Ailie, "and gar ye pay weel for't into the bargain. Laddie, I daresay ye hae lost your wits in thae foreign parts, to gang and gie siller for a supper and a bed, and naught hae baith for naething, and thanks t'ye for accepting them."

"I assure you, Ailie," said Morton, desirous to silence her remonstrances, "that this is a business of great importance, in which I may be a great gainer, and cannot possibly be a loser."

"I dinna see how that can be, if you begin by gieing maybe the feck o' twal shillings Scots for your supper; but young folks are aye venturesome, and think to get siller that way. My puir auld master took a surer gate, and never parted wi' it when he had ance gotten't."

Persevering in his desperate resolution, Morton took leave of Ailie, and mounted his horse to proceed to the little town, after exacting a solemn promise that she would conceal his return until she again saw or heard from him.

"I am not very extravagant," was his natural reflection, as he trotted slowly towards the town;—"but were Ailie and I to set up house together, as she proposes, I think my profusion would break the good old creature's heart before a week were out."

CHAPTER XLI.

——— Where's the jolly host
You told me of? 'T has been my custom ever
To parley with mine host. *Lover's Progress.*

MORTON reached the borough town without meeting with any remarkable adventure, and alighted at the little inn. It had occurred to him more than once, while upon his journey, that his resumption

of the dress which he had worn while a youth, although favourable to his views in other respects, might render it more difficult for him to remain *incognito*. But a few years of campaigns and wandering had so changed his appearance, that he had great confidence that in the grown man, whose brows exhibited the traces of resolution and considerate thought, none would recognise the raw and bashful stripling who won the game of the popinjay. The only chance was, that here and there some whig, whom he had led to battle, might remember the Captain of the Milnwood Marksmen; but the risk, if there was any, could not be guarded against.

The Howff seemed full and frequented as if possessed of all its old celebrity. The person and demeanour of Niel Blane, more fat and less civil than of yore, intimated that he had increased as well in purse as in corpulence; for in Scotland, a landlord's complaisance for his guests decreases in exact proportion to his rise in the world. His daughter had acquired the air of a dexterous bar-maid, undisturbed by the circumstances of love and war, so apt to perplex her in the exercise of her vocation. Both shewed Morton the degree of attention which could have been expected by a stranger travelling without attendants, at a time when they were particularly the badges of distinction. He took upon himself exactly the character his appearance presented,—went to the stable and saw his horse accommodated,—then returned to the house, and seating himself in the public room (for to request one to himself, would, in those days, have been thought an overweening degree of conceit), he found himself in the very apartment in which he had some years before celebrated his victory at the game of the popinjay, a jocular preferment which led to so many serious consequences.

He felt himself, as may well be supposed, a much-changed man since that festivity; and yet, to look around him, the groups assembled in the Howff seemed not dissimilar to those which the same scene had formerly presented. Two or three burghers husbanded their "dribblets o' brandy;" two or three dragoons lounged over their muddy ale, and cursed the inactive times that allowed them no better cheer. Their Cornet did not, indeed, play at backgammon with the curate in his cassock, but he drank a little modicum of *aqua mirabilis* with the grey-cloaked presbyterian minister. The scene was another, and yet the same, differing only in persons, but corresponding in general character.

"Let the tide of the world wax or wane as it will," Morton thought, as he looked around him, "enough will be found to fill the places which chance renders vacant; and, in the usual occupations and amusements of life, human beings will succeed each other, as leaves upon the same tree, with the same individual difference and the same general resemblance."

After pausing a few minutes, Morton, whose experience had taught him the readiest mode of securing attention, ordered a pint of claret, and, as the smiling landlord appeared with the pewter measure foaming fresh from the tap (for bottling wine was not then in fashion), he asked him to sit down and take a share of the good cheer. This invitation was peculiarly acceptable to Niel Blane, who if he did not

positively expect it from every guest not provided with better company, yet received it from many, and was not a whit abashed or surprised at the summons. He sat down, along with his guest, in a secluded nook near the chimney; and while he received encouragement to drink by far the greater share of the liquor before them, he entered at length, as a part of his expected functions, upon the news of the country, the births, deaths, and marriages—the change of property—the downfall of old families, and the rise of new. But politics, now the fertile source of eloquence, mine host did not care to mingle in his theme; and it was only in answer to a question of Morton, that he replied with an air of indifference, "Um! ay! we aye hae sodgers amang us, mair or less. There's a wheen German horse down at Glasgow yonder; they ca' their commander Wittybody, or some sic name, though he's as grave and grewsome an auld Dutchman as e'er I saw."

"Wittenbold, perhaps?" said Morton; "an old man, with grey hair and short black moustaches—speaks seldom?"

"And smokes for ever," replied Niel Blane. "I see your honour kens the man. He may be a very gude man too, for aught I see, that is, considering he is a sodger and a Dutchman; but if he were ten generals, and as mony Wittybodies, he has nae skill in the pipes; he gar'd me stop in the middle of Torphichen's Rant, the best piece o' music that ever bag gae wind to."

"But these fellows," said Morton, glancing his eye towards the soldiers that were in the apartment, "are not of his corps?"

"Na, na, these are Scotch dragoons," said mine host—"our ain auld caterpillars; these were Claver'se's lads a while syne, and wad be again, maybe, if he had the lang ten in his hand."

"Is there not a report of his death?" inquired Morton.

"Troth is there," said the landlord; "your honour is right—there is sic a fleeing rumour; but, in my puir opinion, it's lang or the deil die. I wad lae the folks here look to themsells. If he makes an outbreak, he'll be doun frae the hielands or I could drink this glass—and whare are they then? A' thae heil-rakers o' dragoons wad be at his whistle in a moment. Nae doubt they're Willie's men e'en now, as they were James's a while syne; and reason good—they fight for their pay; what else hae they to fight for? They hae neither lands nor houses, I trow. There's ae gude thing o' the change, or the Revolution, as they ca' it,—folks may speak out afore they birkies now, and nae fear o' being hauled awa to the guard-house, or having the thumikins screwed on your finger ends, just as I wad drive the screw through a cork."

There was a little pause, when Morton, feeling confident in the progress he had made in mine host's familiarity, asked, though with the hesitation proper to one who puts a question on the answer to which rests something of importance, "Whether Blane knew a woman in that neighbourhood, called Elizabeth Maclure?"

"Whether I ken Bessie Maclure!" answered the landlord, with a landlord's laugh—"How can I *but* ken my ain wife's (haly be her rest!) -my ain wife's first gudeman's sister, Bessie Maclure! An honest wife she is, but sair she's been trysted wi' misfortunes—the

loss o' twa decent lads o' sons, in the time o' the persecution, as they ca' it now-a-days; and douccly and decently she has borne her burden, blaming nane, and condemning nane. If there's an honest woman in the world, it's Bessie Maclure. And to lose her twa sons, as I was saying, and to hae dragoons clinked down on her for a month bypast—for, be whig or tory uppermost, they aye quarter thae loons on victuallers—to lose, as I was saying"——

"This woman keeps an inn, then?" interrupted Morton.

"A public, in a puir way," replied Blane, looking round at his own superior accommodations—"a sour browst o' sma' ale that she sells to folk that are ower drouthy wi' travel to be nice; but naething to ca' a stirring trade or a thriving change-house."

"Can you get me a guide there?" said Morton.

"Your honour will rest here a' the night?—ye'll hardly get accommodation at Bessie's," said Niel, whose regard for his deceased wife's relative by no means extended to sending company from his own house to hers.

"There is a friend," answered Morton, "whom I am to meet with there, and I only called here to take a stirrup-cup and inquire the way."

"Your honour had better," answered the landlord, with the perseverance of his calling, "send some ane to warn your friend to come on here."

"I tell you, landlord," answered Morton, impatiently, "that will not serve my purpose; I must go straight to this woman Maclure's house, and I desire you to find me a guide."

"Aweel, sir, ye'll choose for yoursell, to be sure," said Niel Blane, somewhat disconcerted; "but deil a guide ye'll need, if ye gae down the water for twa mile or sae, as gin ye were bound for Milnwood-house, and then tak the first broken disjasked-looking road that makes for the hills—ye'll ken't by a broken ash-tree that stands at the side o' a burn just where the roads meet: and then travel out the path—ye canna miss Widow Maclure's public, for deil another house or hauld is on the road for ten lang Scots miles, and that's worth twenty English. I am sorry your honour would think o' gaun out o' my house the night. But my wife's gude-sister is a decent woman, and it's no lost that a friend gets."

Morton accordingly paid his reckoning and departed. The sunset of the summer day placed him at the ash-tree, where the path led up towards the moors.

"Here," he said to himself, "my misfortunes commenced: for just here, when Burley and I were about to separate on the first night we ever met, he was alarmed by the intelligence, that the passes were secured by soldiers lying in wait for him. Beneath that very ash sate the old woman who apprized him of his danger. How strange that my whole fortunes should have become inseparably interwoven with that man's, without anything more on my part, than the discharge of an ordinary duty of humanity! Would to heaven it were possible I could find my humble quiet and tranquillity of mind, upon the spot where I lost them!"

Thus arranging his reflections betwixt speech and thought, he turned his horse's head up the path.

Evening lowered around him as he advanced up the narrow dell which had once been a wood, but was now a ravine divested of trees, unless where a few, from their inaccessible situation on the edge of precipitous banks, or clinging among rocks and huge stones, defied the invasion of men and of cattle, like the scattered tribes of a conquered country, driven to take refuge in the barren strength of its mountains. These too, wasted and decayed, seemed rather to exist than to flourish, and only served to indicate what the landscape had once been. But the stream brawled down among them in all its freshness and vivacity, giving the life and animation which a mountain rivulet alone can confer on the barest and most savage scenes, and which the inhabitants of such a country miss when gazing even upon the tranquil winding of a majestic stream through plains of fertility, and beside palaces of splendour. The track of the road followed the course of the brook, which was now visible, and now only to be distinguished by its brawling heard among the stones, or in the clefts of the rock, that occasionally interrupted its course.

"Murmurer that thou art," said Morton, in the enthusiasm of his reverie, "why chafe with the rocks that stop thy course for a moment? There is a sea to receive thee in its bosom: and there is an eternity for man when his fretful and hasty course through the vale of time shall be ceased and over. What thy petty fuming is to the deep and vast billows of a shoreless ocean, are our cares, hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows, to the objects which must occupy us through the awful and boundless succession of ages!"

Thus moralizing, our traveller passed on till the dell opened, and the banks, receding from the brook, left a little green vale, exhibiting a croft, or small field, on which some corn was growing, and a cottage, whose walls were not above five feet high, and whose thatched roof, green with moisture, age, house-leek, and grass, had in some places suffered damage from the encroachment of two cows, whose appetite this appearance of verdure had diverted from their more legitimate posture. An ill-spelt and worse-written inscription intimated to the traveller that he might here find refreshment for man and horse:—no unacceptable intimation, rude as the hut appeared to be, considering the wild path he had trod in approaching it, and the high and waste mountains which rose in desolate dignity behind this humble asylum.

"It must indeed have been," thought Morton, "in some such spot as this, that Burley was likely to find a congenial confidant."

As he approached, he observed the good dame of the house herself, seated by the door; she had hitherto been concealed from him by a huge alder bush.

"Good evening, mother," said the traveller.—"Your name is Mistress Maclure?"

"Elizabeth Maclure, sir, a poor widow," was the reply.

"Can you lodge a stranger for a night?"

"I can, sir, if he will be pleased with the widow's cake and the widow's cruize."

"I have been a soldier, good dame," answered Morton, "and nothing can come amiss to me in the way of entertainment."

"A sodger, sir?" said the old woman with a sigh. "God send ye a better trade!"

"It is believed to be an honourable profession, my good dame. I hope you do not think the worse of me for having belonged to it?"

"I judge no one, sir," replied the woman, "and your voice sounds like that of a civil gentleman; but I hae witnessed sae muckle ill wi' sodgering in this puir land, that I am e'en content that I can see nae mair o't wi' these sightless organs."

As she spoke thus, Morton observed that she was blind.

"Shall I not be troublesome to you, my good dame?" said he, compassionately; "your infirmity seems ill calculated for your profession."

"Na, sir," answered the old woman; "I can gang about the house readily eneugh; and I hae a bit lassie to help me, and the dragoon lads will look after your horse when they come hame frae their patrol, for a sma' matter; they are civiller now than lang syne."

Upon these assurances Morton alighted.

"Peggy, my bonny bird," continued the hostess, addressing a little girl of twelve years old, who had by this time appeared, "tak the gentleman's horse to the stable, and slack his girths, and tak aff the bridle, and shake down a lock o' hay before him, till the dragoons come back.—Come this way, sir," she continued; "ye'll find my house clean, though it's a puir ane."

Morton followed her into the cottage accordingly.

CHAPTER XLII.

> Then out and spake the auld mother,
> And fast her tears did fa'—
> Ye wadna be warn'd, my son Johnie,
> Frae the hunting to bide awa!" *Old Ballad.*

When he entered the cottage, Morton perceived that the old hostess had spoken truth. The inside of the hut belied its outward appearance, and was neat, and even comfortable, especially the inner apartment, in which the hostess informed her guest that he was to sup and sleep. Refreshments were placed before him, such as the little inn afforded; and, though he had small occasion for them, he accepted the offer, as the means of maintaining some discourse with the landlady. Notwithstanding her blindness, she was assiduous in her attendance, and seemed, by a sort of instinct, to find her way to what she wanted.

"Have you no one but this pretty little girl to assist you in waiting on your guests?" was the natural question.

"None, sir," replied his old hostess; "I dwell alone, like the widow of Zarephath. Few guests come to this puir place; and I haena custom eneugh to hire servants. I had anes twa fine sons that lookit after a' thing.—But God gives and takes away—His name be praised!" she continued, turning her clouded eyes towards Heaven—"I was

anes better off, that is, warldly speaking, even since I lost them; but that was before this last change."

"Indeed!" said Morton; "and yet you are a presbyterian, my good mother?"

"I am, sir—praised be the light that shewed me the right way!" replied the landlady.

"Then, I should have thought," continued the guest, "the Revolution would have brought you nothing but good."

"If," said the old woman, "it has brought the land gude, and freedom of worship to tender consciences, it's little matter what it has brought to a puir blind worm like me."

"Still," replied Morton, "I cannot see how it could possibly injure you."

"It's a lang story, sir," answered his hostess, with a sigh.—"But ae night, sax weeks or thereby afore Bothwell Brigg, a young gentleman stopped at this puir cottage, stiff and bloody with wounds, pale and dune out wi' riding, and his horse sae weary he couldna drag ae foot after the other, and his foes were close alint him, and he was ane o' our enemies.—What could I do, sir?—You that's a sodger will think me but a silly auld wife—but I fed him, and relieved him, and keepit him hidden till the pursuit was ower."

"And who," said Morton, "dares disapprove of your having done so?"

"I kenna," answered the blind woman—"I gat ill-will about it amang some o' our ain folk. They said I should hae been to him what Jael was to Sisera—But weel I wot I had nae divine command to shed blood, and to save it was baith like a woman and a Christian. And then they said I wanted natural affection, to relieve ane that belanged to the band that murdered my twa sons."

"That murdered your two sons?"

"Ay, sir; though maybe ye'll gie their deaths another name. The tane fell wi' sword in hand, fighting for a broken national Covenant; the tother—O, they took him and shot him dead on the green before his mother's face!—My auld een dazzled when the shots were looten off, and, to my thought, they waxed weaker and weaker ever since that weary day—and sorrow, and heart-break, and tears that would not be dried, might help on the disorder. But, alas! betraying Lord Evandale's young blood to his enemies' sword wad ne'er hae brought my Ninian and Johnie alive again."

"Lord Evandale!" said Morton, in surprise;—"was it Lord Evandale whose life you saved?"

"In troth, even his," she replied. "And kind he was to me after, and gae me a cow and calf, malt, meal, and siller, and nane durst steer me when he was in power. But we live on an outside bit of Tillietudlem land, and the estate was sair plea'd between Leddy Margaret Bellenden and the present Laird, Basil Olifant, and Lord Evandale backed the auld leddy for love o' her daughter Miss Edith, as the country said, ane o' the best and bonniest lasses in Scotland. But they bel wed to gie way, and Basil gat the castle and land, and on the back o' that came the Revolution, and wha to turn coat faster than the laird? for he said he had been a true whig a' the time, and turned papist only

for fashion's sake. And then he got favour, and Lord Evandale's head was under water; for he was ower proud and manfu' to bend to every blast o' wind, though mony a ane may ken as weel as me, that he his ain principles as they might, he was nae ill friend to our folk when he could protect us, and far kinder than Basil Olifant, that aye keepit the coble head doun the stream. But he was set by and ill looked on, and his word ne'er asked; and then Basil, wha's a revengeful man, set himsell to vex him in a' shapes, and especially by oppressing and despoiling the auld blind widow, Bessie Maclure, that saved Lord Evandale's life, and that he was sae kind to. But he's mistaen, if that's his end; for it will be lang or Lord Evandale hears a word frae me about the selling my kye for rent or e'er it was due, or the putting the dragoons on me when the country's quiet, or onything else that will vex him—I can bear my ain burden patiently, and warld's loss is the least part o't."

Astonished and interested at this picture of patient, grateful, and high-minded resignation, Morton could not help bestowing an execration upon the poor-spirited rascal who had taken such a dastardly course of vengeance.

"Dinna curse him, sir," said the old woman; "I have heard a good man say, that a curse was like a stone flung up to the heavens, and maist like to return on the head that sent it. But if ye ken Lord Evandale, bid him look to himsell, for I hear strange words pass atween the sodgers that are lying here, and his name is often mentioned; and the tane o' them has been twice up at Tillietudlem. He's a kind of favourite wi' the Laird, though he was in former times ane o' the maist cruel oppressors ever rade through a country (outtaken Sergeant Bothwell)—they ca' him Inglis."(24)

"I have the deepest interest in Lord Evandale's safety," said Morton; "and you may depend on my finding some mode to apprize him of these suspicious circumstances;—and, in return, my good friend, will you indulge me with another question? Do you know anything of Quintin Mackell of Irongray?"

"Do I know *whom?*" echoed the blind woman, in a tone of great surprise and alarm.

"Quintin Mackell of Irongray," repeated Morton;—"is there anything so alarming in the sound of that name?"

"Na, na," answered the woman, with hesitation, "but to hear him asked after by a stranger and a sodger—Gude protect us! what mischief is to come next?"

"None by my means, I assure you," said Morton; "the subject of my inquiry has nothing to fear from me, if, as I suppose, this Quintin Mackell is the same with John Bal"——

"Do not mention his name," said the widow, pressing his lips with her fingers. "I see you have his secret and his pass-word, and I'll be free wi' you. But, for God's sake, speak loud and low. In the name of Heaven, I trust ye seek him not to his hurt!—Ye said ye were a sodger?"

"I said truly; but one he has nothing to fear from. I commanded a party at Bothwell Bridge."

"Indeed?" said the woman. "And verily there is something in

your voice I can trust. Ye speak prompt and readily, and like an honest man."

"I trust I am so," said Morton.

"But nae displeasure to you, sir; in thae waefu' times," continued Mrs Maclure, "the hand of brother is against brother, and he fears as mickle ahnaist frae this Government as e'er he did frae the auld persecutors."

"Indeed?" said Morton, in a tone of inquiry; "I was not aware of that. But I am only just now returned from abroad."

"I'll tell ye," said the blind woman, first assuming an attitude of listening, that shewed how effectually her powers of collecting intelligence had been transferred from the eye to the ear; for, instead of casting a glance of circumspection around, she stooped her face, and turned her head slowly around, in such a manner as to ensure that there was not the slightest sound stirring in the neighbourhood, and then continued—"I'll tell ye. Ye ken how he has laboured to raise up again the Covenant, burned, broken and buried in the hard hearts and selfish devices of this stubborn people. Now, when he went to Holland, far from the countenance and thanks of the great, and the comfortable fellowship of the godly, both whilk he was in right to expect, the Prince of Orange wad shew him no favour, and the ministers no godly communion. This was hard to bide for ane that had suffered and done mickle—ower mickle, it may be—but why suld I be a judge? He came back to me and to the auld place o' refuge that had often received him in his distresses, mair especially before the great day of victory at Drumclog, for I sall ne'er forget how he was bending hither, of a' nights in the year, on that e'ening after the play when young Milnwood wan the popinjay; but I warned him off for that time."

"What!" exclaimed Morton, "it was you that sat in your red cloak by the high-road, and told him there was a lion in the path?"

"In the name of Heaven! wha are ye?" said the old woman, breaking off her narrative in astonishment. "But be ye wha ye may," she continued, resuming it with tranquillity, "ye can ken naething waur o' me than that I hae been willing to save the life o' friend and foe."

"I know no ill of you, Mrs Maclure, and I mean no ill by you—I only wished to shew you that I know so much of this person's affairs, that I might be safely entrusted with the rest. Proceed, if you please, in your narrative."

"There is a strange command in your voice," said the blind woman, "though its tones are sweet. I have little mair to say. The Stuarts hae been dethroned, and William and Mary reign in their stead,—but nae mair word of the Covenant than if it were a dead letter. They hae taen the indulged clergy, and an Erastian General Assembly of the ance pure and triumphant Kirk of Scotland, even into their very arms and bosoms. Our faithfu' champions o' the testimony agree e'en waur wi' this than wi' the open tyranny and apostasy of the persecuting times; for souls are hardened and deadened, and the mouths of fasting multitudes are crammed wi' fizzinless bran instead of the sweet word in season; and mony a hungry, starving

reature, when he sits down on a Sunday forenoon to get something hat might warm him to the great work, has a dry clatter o' morality riven about his lugs, and"——

"In short," said Morton, desirous to stop a discussion which the ood old woman, as enthusiastically attached to her religious pro-ession as to the duties of humanity, might probably have indulged onger—"In short, you are not disposed to acquiesce in this new overnment, and Burley is of the same opinion?"

"Many of our brethren, sir, are of belief we fought for the Cove-ant, and fasted, and prayed, and suffered for that grand national eague, and now we are like neither to see nor hear tell of that which re suffered, and fought, and fasted, and prayed for. And anes it was nought something might be made by bringing back the auld family n a new bargain and a new bottom, as, after a', when King James ent awa, I understand the great quarrel of the English against him as in behalf of seven unhallowed prelates; and sae, though ae part f our people were free to join wi' the present model, and levied an rmed regiment under the Yerl of Angus; yet our honest friend, nd others that stude up for purity of doctrine and freedom of con-cience, were determined to hear the breath o' the Jacobites before ney took part again them, fearing to fa' to the ground like a wall uilt with unslaked mortar, or from sitting between twa stools."

"They chose an odd quarter," said Morton, "from which to ex-ect freedom of conscience and purity of doctrine."

"O, dear sir!" said the landlady, "the natural day-spring rises in ne east, but the spiritual day-spring may rise in the north, for what e blinded mortals ken."

"And Burley went to the north to seek it?" replied the guest.

"Truly, ay, sir; and he saw Claver'se himsell, that they ca' Dundee ow."

"What!" exclaimed Morton, in amazement; "I would have sworn at meeting would have been the last of one of their lives."

"Na, na, sir;—in troubled times, as I understand," said Mrs Mac-re, "there's sudden changes—Montgomery, and Ferguson, and ony ane mair that were King James's greatest faes, are on his side ow. Claver'se spake our friend fair, and sent him to consult with ord Evandale. But then there was a break-off, for Lord Evandale adna look at, hear, or speak wi' him; and now he's anes wud and e waur, and roars for revenge again Lord Evandale, and will hear ought of onything but burn and slay—and, O, thae starts o' passion they unsettle his mind, and gie the enemy sair advantages."

"The enemy!" said Morton—"What enemy?"

"What enemy?" Are ye acquainted familiarly wi' John Balfour o urley, and dinna ken that he has had sair and frequent combats to stain against the Evil One? Did ye ever see him alone but the ble was in his hand, and the drawn sword on his knee? did ye never eep in the same room wi' him, and hear him strive in his dreams th the delusions of Satan? O, ye ken little o' him, if ye have seen n only in fair daylight, for nae man can put the face upon his dole-visits and strifes that he can do. I hae seen him, after sic a strife agony, tremble, that an infant might hae held him, while the hair

on his brow was drapping as fast as ever my puir thatched roof did in a heavy rain."

As she spoke, Morton began to recollect the appearance of Burley during his sleep in the hay-loft at Milnwood, the report of Cuddie that his senses had become impaired, and some whispers current among the Cameronians, who boasted frequently of Burley's soul-exercises, and his strifes with the foul fiend: which several circumstances led him to conclude that this man himself was a victim to those delusions, though his mind, naturally acute and forcible, not only disguised his superstition from those in whose opinion it might have discredited his judgment, but by exerting such a force as is said to be proper to those afflicted with epilepsy, could postpone the fits which it occasioned until he was either freed from superintendence, or surrounded by such as held him more highly on account of these visitations. It was natural to suppose, and could easily be inferred from the narrative of Mrs Maclure, that disappointed ambition, wrecked hopes, and the downfall of the party which he had served with such desperate fidelity, were likely to aggravate enthusiasm into temporary insanity. It was, indeed, no uncommon circumstance in those singular times, that men like Sir Harry Vane, Harrison, Overton, and others, themselves slaves to the wildest and most enthusiastic dreams, could, when mingling with the world, conduct themselves not only with good sense in difficulties, and courage in dangers, but with the most acute sagacity and determined valour. The subsequent part of Mrs Maclure's information confirmed Morton in these impressions.

"In the grey of the morning," she said, "my little Peggy sall shew ye the gate to him before the sodgers are up. But ye maun let his hour of danger, as he ca's it, be ower, afore ye venture on him in his place of refuge. Peggy will tell ye when to venture in. She kens his ways weel, for whiles she carries him some little helps that he canna do without to sustain life."

"And in what retreat, then," said Morton, "has this unfortunate person found refuge?"

"An awsome place," answered the blind woman, "as ever living creature took refuge in. They ca' it the Black Linn of Linklater; it 's a doleful place, but he loves it abune a' others, because he has sae often been in safe hiding there; and it 's my belief he prefers it to a tapestried chamber and a down bed. But ye 'll see 't. I hae seen it mysell mony a day syne. I was a daft hempie lassie then, and little thought what was to come o't. Wad ye choose onything, sir, ere ye betake yourself to your rest, for ye maun stir wi' the first dawn o' the grey light?"

"Nothing more, my good mother," said Morton; and they parted for the evening.

Morton recommended himself to heaven, threw himself on the bed, heard, between sleeping and waking, the trampling of the dragoon horses at the riders' return from their patrol, and then slept soundly after such painful agitation.

CHAPTER XLIII.

> The darksome cave they enter, where they found
> The accursed man, low sitting on the ground,
> Musing full sadly in his sullen mind. SPENSER.

As the morning began to appear on the mountains, a gentle knock was heard at the door of the humble apartment in which Morton slept, and a girlish treble voice asked him from without, "If he wad please gang to the Linn or the folk raise?"

He arose upon the invitation, and dressing himself hastily, went forth and joined his little guide. The mountain maid tript lightly before him, through the grey haze, over hill and moor. It was a wild and varied walk, unmarked by any regular or distinguishable track, and keeping, upon the whole, the direction of the ascent of the brook, though without tracing its windings. The landscape, as they advanced, became waster and more wild, until nothing but heath and rock encumbered the side of the valley.

"Is the place still distant?" said Morton.

"Nearly a mile off," answered the girl. "We 'll be there belive."

"And do you often go this wild journey, my little maid?"

"When grannie sends me wi' milk and meal to the Linn," answered the child.

"And are you not afraid to travel so wild a road alone?"

"Hout na, sir," replied the guide; "nae living creature would touch sic a bit thing as I am, and grannie says we need never fear anything else when we are doing a gude turn."

"Strong in innocence as in triple mail!" said Morton to himself, and followed her steps in silence.

They soon came to a decayed thicket, where brambles and thorns supplied the room of the oak and birches of which it had once consisted. Here the guide turned short off the open heath, and by a sheep-track, conducted Morton to the brook. A hoarse and sullen roar had in part prepared him for the scene which presented itself, yet it was not to be viewed without surprise, and even terror. When he emerged from the devious path which conducted him through the thicket, he found himself placed on a ledge of flat rock, projecting over one side of a chasm not less than a hundred feet deep, where the dark mountain-stream made a decided and rapid shoot over the precipice, and was swallowed up by a deep, black, yawning gulf. The eye in vain strove to see the bottom of the fall; it could catch but one sheet of foaming uproar and sheer descent, until the view was obstructed by the projecting crags which enclosed the bottom of the waterfall, and hid from sight the dark pool which received its tortured waters. Far beneath, at the distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile, the eye caught the winding of the stream as it emerged into a more open course. But, for that distance, they were lost to sight as much as if a cavern had been arched over them; and indeed the steep and projecting ledges of rock through which they wound their way in darkness, were very nearly closing and over-roofing their course.

While Morton gazed at this scene of tumult, which seemed, by the

surrounding thickets and the clefts into which the water descended, to seek to hide itself from every eye, his little attendant, as she stood beside him on the platform of rock which commanded the best view of the fall, pulled him by the sleeve, and said, in a tone which he could not hear without stooping his ear near the speaker, "Hear till him! Eh! hear till him!"

Morton listened more attentively, and out of the very abyss into which the brook fell, and amidst the tumultuary sounds of the cataract, thought he could distinguish shouts, screams, and even articulate words, as if the tortured demon of the stream had been mingling his complaints with the roar of his broken waters.

"This is the way," said the little girl; "follow me, gin ye please, sir, but tak tent to your feet;" and, with the daring agility which custom had rendered easy, she vanished from the platform on which she stood, and by notches and slight projections in the rock, scrambled down its face into the chasm which it overhung. Steady, bold, and active, Morton hesitated not to follow her; but the necessary attention to secure his hold and footing in a descent where both foot and hand were needful for security, prevented him from looking around him, till, having descended nigh twenty feet, and being sixty or seventy above the pool which received the fall, his guide made a pause, and he again found himself by her side in a situation that appeared equally romantic and precarious. They were nearly opposite to the waterfall, and in point of level situated at about one-quarter's depth from the point of the cliff over which it thundered, and three-fourths of the height above the dark, deep, and restless pool which received its fall. Both these tremendous points,—the first shoot, namely, of the yet unbroken stream, and the deep and sombre abyss into which it was emptied,—were full before him, as well as the whole continuous stream of billowy froth, which, dashing from the one, was eddying and boiling in the other. They were so near this grand phenomenon that they were covered with its spray, and well-nigh deafened by the incessant roar. But crossing in the very front of the fall, and at scarce three yards distance from the cataract, an old oak-tree, flung across the chasm in a manner that seemed accidental, formed a bridge of fearfully narrow dimensions and uncertain footing. The upper end of the tree rested on the platform on which they stood—the lower or uprooted extremity extended behind a projection on the opposite side, and was secured, Morton's eye could not discover where. From behind the same projection glimmered a strong red light, which, glancing in the waves of the falling water, and tinging them partially with crimson, had a strange preternatural and sinister effect when contrasted with the beams of the rising sun, which glanced on the first broken waves of the fall, though even its meridian splendour could not gain the third of its full depth. When he had looked around him for a moment, the girl again pulled his sleeve, and pointing to the oak and the projecting point beyond it (for hearing speech was now out of the question), indicated that there lay his farther passage.

Morton gazed at her with surprise; for although he well knew that the persecuted Presbyterians had in the preceding reigns sought

refuge among dells and thickets, caves and cataracts—in spots the most extraordinary and secluded—although he had heard of the champions of the Covenant, who had long abidden beside Dobs-linn on the wild heights of Polmoodie, and others who had been concealed in the yet more terrific cavern called Creehope-linn, in the parish of Closeburn,(*5)—yet his imagination had never exactly figured out the horrors of such a residence, and he was surprised how the strange and romantic scene which he now saw had remained concealed from him, while a curious investigator of such natural phenomena. But he readily conceived, that, lying in a remote and wild district, and being destined as a place of concealment to the persecuted preachers and professors of non-conformity, the secret of its existence was carefully preserved by the few shepherds to whom it might be known.

As breaking from these meditations, he began to consider how he should traverse the doubtful and terrific bridge, which, skirted by the cascade, and rendered wet and slippery by its constant drizzle, traversed the chasm above sixty feet from the bottom of the fall, his guide, as if to give him courage, tript over and back without the least hesitation. Envying for a moment the little bare feet which caught a safer hold of the rugged side of the oak than he could pretend to with his heavy boots, Morton nevertheless resolved to attempt the passage, and, fixing his eye firm on a stationary object on the other side, without allowing his head to become giddy, or his attention to be distracted by the flash, the foam, and the roar of the waters around him, he strode steadily and safely along the uncertain bridge, and reached the mouth of a small cavern on the farther side of the torrent. Here he paused; for a light, proceeding from a fire of red-hot charcoal, permitted him to see the interior of the cave, and enabled him to contemplate the appearance of its inhabitant, by whom he himself could not be so readily distinguished, being concealed by the shadow of the rock. What he observed would by no means have encouraged a less determined man to proceed with the task which he had undertaken.

Burley, only altered from what he had been formerly by the addition of a grisly beard, stood in the midst of the cave, with his clasped Bible in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other. His figure, dimly ruddied by the light of the red charcoal, seemed that of a fiend in the lurid atmosphere of Pandemonium, and his gestures and words, as far as they could be heard, seemed equally violent and irregular. All alone, and in a place of almost unapproachable seclusion, his demeanour was that of a man who strives for life and death with a mortal enemy. "Ha! ha!—there—there!" he exclaimed, accompanying each word with a thrust, urged with his whole force against the impassible and empty air—"Did I not tell thee so?—I have resisted, and thou fleest from me!—Coward as thou art—come in all thy terrors—come with mine own evil deeds, which render thee most terrible of all—there is enough betwixt the boards of this book to rescue me!—What mutterest thou of grey hairs?—It was well done to slay him—the more ripe the corn, the readier for the sickle.—Art gone? art gone?—I have ever known thee but a coward—ha! ha! ha!"

With these wild exclamations he sunk the point of his sword, and remained standing still in the same posture, like a maniac whose fit is over.

"The dangerous time is by now," said the little girl who had followed; "it seldom lasts beyond the time that the sun's ower the hill; ye may gang in and speak wi' him now. I'll wait for you at the other side of the linn; he canna bide to see twa folk at anes."

Slowly and cautiously, and keeping constantly upon his guard, Morton presented himself to the view of his old associate in command.

"What! comest thou again when thine hour is over?" was his first exclamation; and flourishing his sword aloft, his countenance assumed an expression in which ghastly terror seemed mingled with the rage of a demoniac.

"I am come, Mr Balfour," said Morton, in a steady and composed tone, "to renew an acquaintance which has been broken off since the fight of Bothwell Bridge."

As soon as Burley became aware that Morton was before him in person—an idea which he caught with marvellous celerity—he at once exerted that mastership over his heated and enthusiastic imagination, the power of enforcing which was a most striking part of his extraordinary character. He sunk his sword-point at once, and as he stole it composedly into the scabbard, he muttered something of the damp and cold which sent an old soldier to his fencing exercise, to prevent his blood from chilling. This done, he proceeded in the cold determined manner which was peculiar to his ordinary discourse.

"Thou hast tarried long, Henry Morton, and hast not come to the vintage before the twelfth hour has struck. Art thou yet willing to take the right hand of fellowship, and be one with those who look not to thrones or dynasties, but to the rule of Scripture, for their directions?"

"I am surprised," said Morton, evading the direct answer to his question, "that you should have known me after so many years."

"The features of those who ought to act with me are engraved on my heart," answered Burley; "and few but Silas Morton's son durst have followed me into this my castle of retreat. Seest thou that drawbridge of Nature's own construction?" he added, pointing to the prostrate oak-tree—"one spurn of my foot, and it is overwhelmed in the abyss below, bidding foemen on the farther side stand at defiance, and leaving enemies on this at the mercy of one who never yet met his equal in single fight."

"Of such defences," said Morton, "I should have thought you would now have had little need."

"Little need?" said Burley, impatiently—"What! little need, when incarnate fiends are combined against me on earth, and Sathan himself? But it matters not," added he, checking himself—"Enough that I like my place of refuge—my cave of Adullam, and would not change its rude ribs of limestone rock for the fair chambers of the castle of the Earls of Torwood, with their broad bounds and baronry. Thou, unless the foolish fever-fit be over, mayst think differently."

"It was of those very possessions I came to speak," said Morton;

"and I doubt not to find Mr Balfour the same rational and reflecting person which I knew him to be in times when zeal disunited brethren."

"Ay?" said Burley—"indeed?—Is such truly your hope?—wilt thou express it more plainly?"

"In a word, then," said Morton, "you have exercised, by means at which I can guess, a secret but most prejudicial influence over the fortunes of Lady Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter, and in favour of that base, oppressive apostate, Basil Olifant, whom the law, deceived by thy operations, has placed in possession of their lawful property."

"Sayest thou?" said Balfour.

"I do say so," replied Morton; "and face to face you will not deny what you have vouched by your handwriting."

"And suppose I deny it not?" said Balfour,—"and suppose that thy eloquence were found equal to persuade me to retrace the steps I have taken on matured resolve, what will be thy meed? Dost thou still hope to possess the fair-haired girl, with her wide and rich inheritance?"

"I have no such hope," answered Morton, calmly.

"And for whom, then, hast thou ventured to do this great thing, to seek to rend the prey from the valiant, to bring forth food from the den of the lion, and to extract sweetness from the maw of the devourer?—For whose sake hast thou undertaken to read this riddle, more hard than Samson's?"

"For Lord Evandale's, and that of his bride," replied Morton, firmly. "Think better of mankind, Mr Balfour, and believe there are some who are willing to sacrifice their happiness to that of others."

"Then, as my soul liveth," replied Balfour, "thou art, to wear beard, and back a horse, and draw a sword, the tamest and most gallless puppet that ever sustained injury unavenged. What! thou wouldst help that accursed Evandale to the arms of the woman that thou lovest?—thou wouldst endow them with wealth and with heritages, and thou think'st that there lives another man, offended even more deeply than thou, yet equally cold-livered and mean-spirited, crawling upon the face of the earth, and hast dared to suppose that one other to be John Balfour?"

"For my own feelings," said Morton, composedly, "I am answerable to none but Heaven—To you, Mr Balfour, I should suppose it of little consequence whether Basil Olifant or Lord Evandale possess these estates."

"Thou art deceived," said Burley. "Both are indeed in outer darkness, and strangers to the light, as he whose eyes have never been opened to the day;—but this Basil Olifant is a Nabal—a Demas a base churl, whose wealth and power are at the disposal of him who can threaten to deprive him of them. He became a professor because he was deprived of these lands of Tillietudlem—he turned a papist to obtain possession of them—he called himself an Erastian, that he might not again lose them, and he will become what I list while I have in my power the document that may deprive him of them. These lands are a bit between his jaws and a hook in his

nostrils, and the rein and the line are in my hands to guide them as I think meet; and his they shall therefore be, unless I had assurance of bestowing them on a sure and sincere friend. But Lord Evandale is a malignant, of heart like flint, and brow like adamant: the goods of the world fall on him like leaves on the frost-bound earth, and unmoved he will see them whirled off by the first wind. The heathen virtues of such as he are more dangerous to us than the sordid cupidity of those who, governed by their interest, must follow where it leads, and who, therefore, themselves the slaves of avarice, may be compelled to work in the vineyard, were it but to earn the wages of sin."

"This might have been all well some years since," replied Morton; "and I could understand your arguments, although I could never acquiesce in its justice. But at this crisis it seems useless to you to persevere in keeping up an influence which can no longer be directed to an useful purpose. The land has peace, liberty, and freedom of conscience—and what would you more?"

"More!" exclaimed Burley, again unsheathing his sword, with a vivacity which nearly made Morton start. "Look at the notches upon that weapon; they are three in number, are they not?"

"It seems so," answered Morton; "but what of that?"

"The fragment of steel that parted from this first gap, rested on the skull of the perjured traitor who first introduced Episcopacy into Scotland;—this second notch was made in the rib-bone of an impious villain, the boldest and best soldier that upheld the prelatic cause at Drumclog;—this third was broken on the steel head-piece of the captain who defended the Chapel of Holyrood when the people rose at the Revolution—I cleft him to the teeth through steel and bone. It has done great deeds this little weapon, and each of these blows was a deliverance to the church. This sword," he said, again sheathing it, "has yet more to do—to weed out this base and pestilential heresy of Erastianism—to vindicate the true liberty of the Kirk in her purity—to restore the Covenant in its glory,—then let it moulder and rust beside the bones of its master."[26]

"You have neither men nor means, Mr Balfour, to disturb the Government as now settled," argued Morton; "the people are in general satisfied, excepting only the gentlemen of the Jacobite interest: and surely you would not join with those who would only use you for their own purposes?"

"It is they," answered Burley, "that should serve ours. I went to the camp of the malignant Claverse, as the future King of Israel sought the land of the Philistines: I arranged with him a rising, and, but for the villain Evandale, the Erastians ere now had been driven from the west—I could slay him," he added, with a vindictive scowl, "were he grasping the horns of the altar!" He then proceeded in a calmer tone: "if thou, son of mine ancient comrade, wert suitor for thyself to this Edith Bellenden, and wert willing to put thy hand to the great work with zeal equal to thy courage, think not I would prefer the friendship of Basil Olifant to thine; thou shouldst then have the means that this document" (he produced a parchment:) "affords, to place her in possession of the lands of her fathers. This

have I longed to say to thee ever since I saw thee fight the good fight so strongly at the fatal Bridge. The maiden loved thee, and thou her."

Morton replied firmly—"I will not dissemble with you, Mr Balfour, even to gain a good end. I came in hopes to persuade you to do a deed of justice to others, not to gain any selfish end of my own. I have failed—I grieve for your sake, more than for the loss which others will sustain by your injustice."

"You refuse my proffer, then?" said Burley, with kindling eyes.

"I do," said Morton. "Would you be really, as you are desirous to be thought, a man of honour and conscience, you would, regardless of all other considerations, restore that parchment to Lord Evandale, to be used for the advantage of the lawful heir."

"Sooner shall it perish!" said Balfour; and casting the deed into the heap of red charcoal beside him, pressed it down with the heel of his boot.

While it smoked, shrivelled, and crackled in the flames, Morton sprung forward to snatch it, and Burley catching hold of him, a struggle ensued. Both were strong men, but although Morton was much the more active and younger of the two, yet Balfour was the most powerful, and effectually prevented him from rescuing the deed until it was fairly reduced to a cinder. They then quitted hold of each other, and the enthusiast, rendered fiercer by the contest, glared on Morton with an eye expressive of frantic revenge.

"Thou hast my secret," he exclaimed; "thou must be mine or die!"

"I contemn your threats," said Morton; "I pity you, and leave you."

But, as he turned to retire, Burley stept before him, pushed the oak-trunk from its resting-place, and as it fell thundering and crashing into the abyss beneath, drew his sword, and cried out, with a voice that rivalled the roar of the cataract and the thunder of the falling oak,—"Now thou art at bay!—fight—yield, or die!" and standing in the mouth of the cavern, he flourished his naked sword.

"I will not fight with the man that preserved my father's life," said Morton; "I have not yet learned to say the words, I yield; and my life I will rescue as I best can."

So speaking, and ere Balfour was aware of his purpose, he sprung past him, and exerting that youthful agility of which he possessed an uncommon share, leaped clear across the fearful chasm which divided the mouth of the cave from the projecting rock on the opposite side, and stood there safe and free from his incensed enemy. He immediately ascended the ravine, and, as he turned, saw Burley stand for an instant aghast with astonishment, and then, with the frenzy of disappointed rage, rush into the interior of his cavern.

It was not difficult for him to perceive that this unhappy man's mind had been so long agitated by desperate schemes and sudden disappointments, that it had lost its equipoise, and that there was now in his conduct a shade of lunacy, not the less striking, from the vigour and craft with which he pursued his wild designs. Morton soon joined his guide, who had been terrified by the fall of the oak. This he represented as accidental; and she assured him in

return, that the inhabitant of the cave would experience no inconvenience from it, being always provided with materials to construct another bridge.

The adventures of the morning were not yet ended. As they approached the hut, the little girl made an exclamation of surprise at seeing her grandmother groping her way towards them, at a greater distance from her home than she could have been supposed capable of travelling.

"Oh, sir, sir!" said the old woman, when she heard them approach, "gin e'er ye loved Lord Evandale, help now, or never! God be praised that left my hearing when he took my poor eye-sight!—Come this way—this way; and O! tread lightly.—Peggy, hinny, gang saddle the gentleman's horse, and lead him cannily ahint the thorny shaw and bide him there."

She conducted him to a small window, through which, himself unobserved, he could see two dragoons seated at their morning draught of ale, and conversing earnestly together.

"The more I think of it," said the one, "the less I like it. Inglis. Evandale was a good officer, and the soldier's friend; and though we were punished for the mutiny at Tillietudlem, yet, by ——, Frank, you must own we deserved it."

"D——n seize me, if I forgive him for it, though!" replied the other; "and I think I can sit in his skirts now."

"Why, man, you should forget and forgive—Better take the start with him along with the rest, and join the ranting Highlanders. We have all eat King James's bread."

"Thou art an ass. The start, as you call it, will never happen; the day's put off. Halliday's seen a ghost, or Miss Bellenden's fallen sick of the pip, or some blasted nonsense or another; the thing will never keep two days longer, and the first bird that sings out will get the reward."

"That's true, too," answered his comrade; "and will this fellow—this Basil Olifant, pay handsomely?"

"Like a prince, man," said Inglis. "Evandale is the man on earth whom he hates worst; and he fears him, besides, about some law business, and were he once rubbed out of the way, all, he thinks, will be his own."

"But shall we have warrants and force enough?" said the other fellow. "Few people here will stir against my lord, and we may find him with some of our own fellows at his back."

"Thou'rt a cowardly fool, Dick," returned Inglis; "he is living quietly down at Fairy-Knowe to avoid suspicion. Olifant is a magistrate, and will have some of his own people that he can trust along with him. There are us two, and the Laird says he can get a desperate fighting whig fellow called Quintin Mackell, that has an old grudge at Evandale."

"Well, well, you are my officer, you know," said the private, with true military conscience, "and if anything is wrong"——

"I'll take the blame," said Inglis. "Come, another pot of ale, and let us to Tillietudlem.—Here, blind Bess! why, where the devil has the old hag crept to?"

"Delay them as long as you can," whispered Morton, as he thrust his purse into the hostess's hand: "all depends on gaining time."

Then, walking swiftly to the place where the girl held his horse ready, "To Fairy-Knowe?—No; alone I could not protect them—I must instantly to Glasgow. Wittenbold, the commandant there, will readily give me the support of a troop, and procure me the countenance of the civil power. I must drop a caution as I pass.—Come, Moorkopf," he said, addressing his horse as he mounted him—"this day must try your breath and speed."

CHAPTER XLIV.

> Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
> Though less and less of Emily he saw;
> So, speechless for a little space he lay,
> Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul away.
>
> *Palamon and Arcite.*

The indisposition of Edith confined her to bed during the eventful day on which she had received such an unexpected shock from the sudden apparition of Morton. Next morning, however, she was reported to be so much better, that Lord Evandale resumed his purpose of leaving Fairy-Knowe. At a late hour in the forenoon, Lady Emily entered the apartment of Edith with a peculiar gravity of manner. Having received and paid the compliments of the day, she observed it would be a sad one for her, though it would relieve Miss Bellenden of an encumbrance—"My brother leaves us to-day, Miss Bellenden."

"Leaves us!" exclaimed Edith in surprise; "for his own house, I trust?"

"I have reason to think he meditates a more distant journey," answered Lady Emily; "he has little to detain him in this country."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Edith, "why was I born to become the wreck of all that is manly and noble! What can be done to stop him from running headlong on ruin? I will come down instantly—Say that I implore he will not depart until I speak with him."

"It will be in vain, Miss Bellenden; but I will execute your commission:" and she left the room as formally as she had entered it, and informed her brother, Miss Bellenden was so much recovered as to propose coming down stairs ere he went away. "I suppose," she added, pettishly, "the prospect of being speedily released from our company has wrought a cure on her shattered nerves."

"Sister," said Lord Evandale, "you are unjust, if not envious."

"Unjust I may be, Evandale, but I should not have dreamt," glancing her eye at a mirror, "of being thought envious without better cause.—But let us go to the old lady; she is making a feast in the other room, which might have dined all your troop when you had one."

Lord Evandale accompanied her in silence to the parlour, for he knew it was in vain to contend with her prepossessions and offended

ride. They found the table covered with refreshments, arranged under the careful inspection of Lady Margaret.

"Ye could hardly weel be said to breakfast this morning, my Lord Evandale, and ye maun e'en partake of a small collation before ye ride, such as this poor house, whose inmates are so much indebted to you, can provide in their present circumstances. For my ain part, I like to see young folk take some refection before they ride out upon their sports or their affairs, and I said as much to his most sacred Majesty when he breakfasted at Tillietudlem in the year of grace sixteen hundred and fifty-one; and his most sacred Majesty was pleased to reply, drinking to my health at the same time in a flagon of Rhenish wine, 'Lady Margaret, ye speak like a Highland oracle.' These were his Majesty's very words; so that your Lordship may judge whether I have not good authority to press young folk to partake of their vivers."

It may be well supposed that much of the good lady's speech failed Lord Evandale's ears, which were then employed in listening for the light step of Edith. His absence of mind on this occasion, however natural, cost him very dear. While Lady Margaret was playing the kind hostess, a part she delighted and excelled in, she was interrupted by John Gudyill, who, in the natural phrase for announcing an inferior to the mistress of a family, said, "There was ane wanting to speak to her leddyship."

"Ane! what ane? Has he nae name? Ye speak as if I kept a shop, and was to come at everybody's whistle."

"Yes, he has a name," answered John, "but your leddyship likes ill to hear 't."

"What is it, you fool?"

"It's Calf-Gibbie, my leddy," said John, in a tone rather above the pitch of decorous respect, on which he occasionally trespassed, confiding in his merit as an ancient servant of the family, and a faithful follower of their humble fortunes—"It 's Calf-Gibbie, an your leddyship will hae 't, that keeps Edie Henshaw's kye down yonder at the Brigg-end—that 's him that was Guse-Gibbie at Tillietudlem, and gaed to the wappinshaw, and that"——

"Hold your peace, John," said the old lady, rising in dignity; "you are very insolent to think I wad speak wi' a person like that. Let him tell his business to you or Mrs Headrigg."

"He 'll no hear o' that, my leddy: he says, them that sent him bade him gie the thing to your leddyship's ain hand direct, or to Lord Evandale's, he wot's na whilk. But to say the truth, he 's far frae fresh, and he 's but an idiot an he were."

"Then turn him out," said Lady Margaret, "and tell him to come back to-morrow when he is sober. I suppose he comes to crave some benevolence, as an ancient follower o' the house."

"Like eneugh, my leddy, for he 's a' in rags, poor creature."

Gudyill made another attempt to get at Gibbie's commission, which was indeed of the last importance, being a few lines from Morton to Lord Evandale, acquainting him with the danger in which he stood from the practices of Olifant, and exhorting him either to instant flight, or else to come to Glasgow and surrender himself, where he

could assure him of protection. This billet, hastily written, he intrusted to Gibbie, whom he saw feeding his herd beside the bridge, and backed with a couple of dollars his desire that it might instantly be delivered into the hand to which it was addressed.

But it was decreed that Goose Gibbie's intermediation, whether as an emissary or as a man-at-arms, should be unfortunate to the family of Tillietudlem. He unluckily tarried so long at the alehouse, to prove if his employer's coin was good, that, when he appeared at Fairy-Knowe, the little sense which nature had given him was effectually drowned in ale and brandy, and instead of asking for Lord Evandale, he demanded to speak with Lady Margaret, whose name was more familiar to his ear. Being refused admittance to her presence, he staggered away with the letter undelivered, perversely faithful to Morton's instructions in the only point in which it would have been well had he departed from them.

A few minutes after he was gone, Edith entered the apartment. Lord Evandale and she met with mutual embarrassment, which Lady Margaret, who only knew in general that their union had been postponed by her grand-daughter's indisposition, set down to the bashfulness of a bride and bridegroom, and, to place them at ease, began to talk to Lady Emily on indifferent topics. At this moment, Edith, with a countenance as pale as death, muttered, rather than whispered, to Lord Evandale, a request to speak with him. He offered his arm, and supported her into the small anteroom, which, as we have noticed before, opened from the parlour. He placed her in a chair, and, taking one himself, awaited the opening of the conversation.

"I am distressed, my lord," were the first words she was able to articulate, and those with difficulty; "I scarce know what I would say, nor how to speak it."

"If I have any share in occasioning your uneasiness," said Lord Evandale, mildly, "you will soon, Edith, be released from it."

"You are determined, then, my lord," she replied, "to run this desperate course with desperate men, in spite of your own better reason—in spite of your friends' entreaties—in spite of the almost inevitable ruin which yawns before you?"

"Forgive me, Miss Bellenden; even your solicitude on my account must not detain me when my honour calls. My horses stand ready saddled, my servants are prepared, the signal for rising will be given so soon as I reach Kilsyth—If it is my fate that calls me, I will not shun meeting it. It will be something," he said, taking her hand, "to die deserving your compassion, since I cannot gain your love."

"O, my lord, remain!" said Edith, in a tone which went to his heart; "time may explain the strange circumstance which has shocked me so much; my agitated nerves may recover their tranquillity. O, do not rush on death and ruin! remain to be our prop and stay, and hope everything from time!"

"It is too late, Edith," answered Lord Evandale: "and I were most ungenerous could I practise on the warmth and kindliness of your feelings towards me. I know you cannot love me; nervous distress, so strong as to conjure up the appearance of the dead or absent, indicates a predilection too powerful to give way to friend-

ship and gratitude alone. But were it otherwise, the die is now cast."

As he spoke thus, Cuddie burst into the room, terror and haste in his countenance. "O, my lord, hide yourself!—they hae beset the outlets o' the house," was his first exclamation.

"They? Who?" said Lord Evandale.

"A party of horse, headed by Basil Olifant," answered Cuddie.

"O, hide yourself, my lord!" echoed Edith, in an agony of terror.

"I will not, by Heaven!" answered Lord Evandale. "What right has the villain to assail me, or stop my passage? I will make my way, were he backed by a regiment! Tell Halliday and Hunter to get out the horses.—And now, farewell, Edith!" He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly; then bursting from his sister, who, with Lady Margaret, endeavoured to detain him, rushed out and mounted his horse.

All was in confusion—the women shrieked, and hurried in consternation to the front windows of the house, from which they could see a small party of horsemen, of whom two only seemed soldiers. They were on the open ground before Cuddie's cottage, at the bottom of the descent from the house, and shewed caution in approaching it, as if uncertain of the strength within.

"He may escape! he may escape!" said Edith; "O, would he but take the by-road!"

But Lord Evandale, determined to face a danger which his high spirit undervalued, commanded his servants to follow him, and rode composedly down the avenue. Old Gudyill ran to arm himself, and Cuddie snatched down a gun which was kept for the protection of the house, and, although on foot, followed Lord Evandale. It was in vain his wife, who had hurried up on the alarm, hung by his skirts, threatening him with death by the sword or halter, for meddling with other folk's matters.

"Hand your peace, ye b——!" said Cuddie, "and that's braid Scotch, or I wotna what is; is it ither folk's matters to see Lord Evandale murdered before my face?" and down the avenue he marched. But considering on the way that he composed the whole infantry, as John Gudyill had not appeared, he took his vantage ground behind the hedge, hammered his flint, cocked his piece, and, taking a long aim at Laird Basil, as he was called, stood prompt for action.

As soon as Lord Evandale appeared, Olifant's party spread themselves a little, as if preparing to enclose him. Their leader stood fast, supported by three men, two of whom were dragoons, the third in dress and appearance a countryman, all well armed. But the strong figure, stern features, and resolved manner of the third attendant, made him seem the most formidable of the party; and whoever had before seen him, could have no difficulty in recognising Balfour of Burley.

"Follow me," said Lord Evandale to his servants, "and if we are forcibly opposed, do as I do." He advanced at a hand gallop towards Olifant, and was in the act of demanding why he had thus beset the road, when Olifant called out, "Shoot the traitor!" and the whole

four fired their carabines upon the unfortunate nobleman. He reeled in the saddle, advanced his hand to the holster, and drew a pistol, but, unable to discharge it, fell from his horse mortally wounded His servants had presented their carabines. Hunter fired at random; but Halliday, who was an intrepid fellow, took aim at Inglis, and shot him dead on the spot. At the same instant, a shot, from behind the hedge, still more effectually avenged Lord Evandale, for the ball took place in the very midst of Basil Olifant's forehead, and stretched him lifeless on the ground. His followers, astonished at the execution done in so short a time, seemed rather disposed to stand inactive, when Burley, whose blood was up with the contest, exclaimed, "Down with the Midianites!" and attacked Halliday sword in hand. At this instant the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard, and a party of horse, rapidly advancing on the road from Glasgow, appeared on the fatal field. They were foreign dragoons, led by the Dutch commandant Wittenbold, accompanied by Morton and a civil magistrate.

A hasty call to surrender, in the name of God and King William, was obeyed by all except Burley, who turned his horse and attempted to escape. Several soldiers pursued him by command of their officer, but, being well mounted, only the two headmost seemed likely to gain on him. He turned deliberately twice, and discharging first one of his pistols, and then the other, rid himself of the one pursuer by mortally wounding him, and of the other by shooting his horse, and then continued his flight to Bothwell Bridge, where, for his misfortune, he found the gates shut and guarded. Turning from thence, he made for a place where the river seemed passable, and plunged into the stream, the bullets from the pistols and carabines of his pursuers whizzing around him. Two balls took effect when he was past the middle of the stream, and he felt himself dangerously wounded. He reined his horse round in the midst of the river, and returned towards the bank he had left, waving his hand, as if with the purpose of intimating that he surrendered. The troopers ceased firing at him accordingly, and awaited his return, two of them riding a little way into the river to seize and disarm him. But it presently appeared that his purpose was revenge, not safety. As he approached the two soldiers, he collected his remaining strength, and discharged a blow on the head of one, which tumbled him from his horse. The other dragoon, a strong muscular man, had in the meanwhile laid hands on him. Burley, in requital, grasped his throat, as a dying tiger seizes his prey, and both, losing the saddle in the struggle, came headlong into the river, and were swept down the stream. Their course might be traced by the blood which bubbled up to the surface. They were twice seen to rise, the Dutchman striving to swim, and Burley clinging to him in a manner that shewed his desire that both should perish. Their corpses were taken out about a quarter of a mile down the river. As Balfour's grasp could not have been unclenched without cutting off his hands, both were thrown into a hasty grave, still marked by a rude stone, and a ruder epitaph.'(27)

' Gentle reader, I did request of mine honest friend Peter Proudfoot, travelling merchant, known to many of this land for his faithful and just dealings, as well in muslins

While the soul of this stern enthusiast flitted to its account, that of the brave and generous Lord Evandale was also released. Morton had flung himself from his horse upon perceiving his situation, to render his dying friend all the aid in his power. He knew him, for he pressed his hand, and, being unable to speak, intimated by signs his wish to be conveyed to the house. This was done with all the care possible, and he was soon surrounded by his lamenting friends. But the clamorous grief of Lady Emily was far exceeded in intensity by the silent agony of Edith. Unconscious even of the presence of Morton, she hung over the dying man; nor was she aware that Fate, who was removing one faithful lover, had restored another as if from the grave, until Lord Evandale, taking their hands in his, pressed them both affectionately, united them together, raised his face, as if to pray for a blessing on them, and sunk back and expired in the next moment.

CONCLUSION.

I had determined to waive the task of a concluding chapter, leaving to the reader's imagination the arrangements which must necessarily take place after Lord Evandale's death. But as I was aware that precedents are wanting for a practice, which might be found convenient both to readers and compilers, I confess myself to have been in a considerable dilemma, when fortunately I was honoured with an invitation to drink tea with Miss Martha Buskbody, a young lady who has carried on the profession of mantua-making at Gandercleugh and in the neighbourhood, with great success, for about forty years. Knowing her taste for narratives of this description, I requested her to look over the loose sheets the morning before I waited on her, and enlighten me by the experience which she must have acquired in reading through the whole stock of three circulating libraries in Gandercleugh and the two next market towns. When, with a palpitating heart, I appeared before her in the evening, I found her much disposed to be complimentary.

and [illegible] was, [illegible] his next [illegible] that [illegible] copy of the [illegible]. [illegible] I see no ground to discredit, it runneth thus:—

"Here lyes ane saint to prelates surly,
Being John Balfour, sometime of Burley,
Who stirred up to vengeance take,
For Solemn League and Covenant's sake,
Upon the Magus-Moor in Fife,
Did tak James Sharpe the apostate's life;
By Dutchman's hands was hacked and shot,
Then drowned in Clyde near this saam spot."

"I have not been more affected," said she, wiping the glasses of her spectacles, "by any novel excepting the Tale of Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy, which is indeed pathos itself; but your plan of omitting a formal conclusion will never do. You may be as harrowing to our nerves as you will in the course of your story, but, unless you had the genius of the author of Julia de Roubigné, never let the end be altogether overclouded. Let us see a glimpse of sunshine in the last chapter; it is quite essential."

"Nothing would be more easy for me, madam, than to comply with your injunctions: for, in truth, the parties in whom you have had the goodness to be interested did live long and happily, and begot sons and daughters."

"It is unnecessary, sir," she said, with a slight nod of reprimand, "to be particular concerning their matrimonial comforts. But what is your objection to let us have, in a general way, a glimpse of their future felicity?"

"Really, madam," said I, "you must be aware that every volume of a narrative turns less and less interesting as the author draws to a conclusion; just like your tea, which, though excellent hyson, is necessarily weaker and more insipid in the last cup. Now, as I think the one is by no means improved by the luscious lump of half-dissolved sugar usually found at the bottom of it, so I am of opinion that a history, growing already vapid, is but dully crutched up by a detail of circumstances which every reader must have anticipated, even though the author exhaust on them every flowery epithet in the language."

"This will not do, Mr Pattieson," continued the lady. "You have, as I may say, basted up your first story very hastily and clumsily at the conclusion; and, in my trade, I would have cuffed the youngest apprentice who had put such a horrid and bungled spot of work out of her hand. And if you do not redeem this gross error by telling us all about the marriage of Morton and Edith, and what became of the other personages of the story, from Lady Margaret down to Goose-Gibbie, I apprize you, that you will not be held to have accomplished your task handsomely."

"Well, madam," I replied, "my materials are so ample, that I think I can satisfy your curiosity, unless it descend to very minute circumstances indeed."

"First, then," said she, "for that is most essential,—Did Lady Margaret get back her fortune and her castle?"

"She did, madam, and in the easiest way imaginable,—as heir, namely, to her worthy cousin, Basil Olifant, who died without a will: and thus, by his death, not only restored, but even augmented, the fortune of her, whom, during his life, he had pursued with the most inveterate malice. John Gudyill, reinstated in his dignity, was more important than ever; and Cuddie, with rapturous delight, entered upon the cultivation of the mains of Tillietudlem, and the occupation of his original cottage. But, with the shrewd caution of his character, he was never heard to boast of having fired the lucky shot which repossessed his lady and himself in their original habitations. 'After a',' he said to Jenny, who was his only confidant, 'auld Basil Olifant was my leddy's cousin, and a grand gentleman; and though he was

acting again the law, as I understand, for he ne'er shewed ony warrant, or required Lord Evandale to surrender, and though I mind killing him nae mair than I wad do a muircock, yet it's just as weel to keep a calm sough about it.' He not only did so, but ingeniously enough countenanced a report that old Gudyill had done the deed, which was worth many a gill of brandy to him from the old butler, who, far different in disposition from Cuddie, was much more inclined to exaggerate than suppress his exploits of manhood.—The blind widow was provided for in the most comfortable manner, as well as the little guide to the Linn; and"——

"But what is all this to the marriage—the marriage of the principal personages?" interrupted Miss Buskbody, impatiently tapping her snuff-box.

"The marriage of Morton and Miss Bellenden was delayed for several months, as both went into deep mourning on account of Lord Evandale's death. They were then wedded."

"I hope, not without Lady Margaret's consent, sir?" said my fair critic. "I love books which teach a proper deference in young persons to their parents. In a novel, the young people may fall in love without their countenance, because it is essential to the necessary intricacy of the story; but they must always have the benefit of their consent at last. Even old Delville received Cecilia, though the daughter of a man of low birth."

"And even so, madam," replied I, "Lady Margaret was prevailed on to countenance Morton, although the old Covenanter, his father, stuck sorely with her for some time. Edith was her only hope, and she wished to see her happy. Morton, or Melville Morton, as he was more generally called, stood so high in the reputation of the world, and was in every other respect such an eligible match, that she put her prejudice aside, and consoled herself with the recollection, that marriage went by destiny, as was observed to her, she said, by his most sacred Majesty, Charles the Second of happy memory, when she shewed him the portrait of her grandfather Fergus, third Earl of Torwood, the handsomest man of his time, and that of Countess Jane, his second lady, who had a hump-back and only one eye. This was his Majesty's observation, she said, on one remarkable morning when he deigned to take his *disjune*"——

"Nay," said Miss Buskbody, again interrupting me, "if she brought such authority to countenance her acquiescing in a mis-alliance, there was no more to be said.—And what became of old Mrs What's-her-name, the housekeeper?"

"Mrs Wilson, madam?" answered I. "She was perhaps the happiest of the party; for once a-year, and not oftener, Mr and Mrs Melville Morton dined in the great wainscotted-chamber in solemn state,—the hangings being all displayed, the carpet laid down, and the huge brass-candlestick set on the table, stuck round with leaves of laurel. The preparing the room for this yearly festival employed her mind for six months before it came about, and the putting matters to rights occupied old Alison the other six; so that a single day of rejoicing found her business for all the year round."

"And Niel Blane?" said Miss Buskbody.

"Lived to a good old age, drank ale and brandy with guests of all persuasions, played whig or jacobite tunes as best pleased his customers, and died worth as much money as married Jenny to a cock laird. I hope, ma'am, you have no other inquiries to make, for really"——

"Goose-Gibbie, sir?" said my persevering friend—"Goose-Gibbie, whose ministry was fraught with such consequences to the personages of the narrative?"

"Consider my dear Miss Buskbody—(I beg pardon for the familiarity)—but pray consider, even the memory of the renowned Scheherazade, that Empress of Tale-tellers, could not preserve every circumstance. I am not quite positive as to the fate of Goose-Gibbie, but am inclined to think him the same with one Gilbert Dudden, alias Calf-Gibbie, who was whipped through Hamilton for stealing poultry."

Miss Buskbody now placed her left foot on the fender, crossed her right leg over her knee, lay back on the chair, and looked towards the ceiling. When I observed her assume this contemplative mood, I concluded she was studying some farther cross-examination, and therefore took my hat and wished her a hasty good-night, ere the Demon of Criticism had supplied her with any more queries. In like manner, gentle Reader, returning you my thanks for the patience which has conducted you thus far, I take the liberty to withdraw myself from you for the present.

END OF OLD MORTALITY

PERORATION.

It was mine earnest wish, most courteous Reader, that the "Tales of my Landlord" should have reached thine hands in one entire succession of tomes, or volumes. But as I sent some few more manuscript quires, containing the continuation of these most pleasing narratives, I was apprized, somewhat unceremoniously, by my publisher, that he did not approve of novels (as he injuriously called these real histories) extending beyond four volumes, and, if I did not agree to the first four being published separately, he threatened to decline the article. (O, ignorance! as if the vernacular article of our mother English were capable of declension!) Whereupon, somewhat moved by his remonstrances, and more by heavy charges for print and paper, which he stated to have been already incurred, I have resolved that these four volumes shall be the heralds or avant-couriers of the Tales which are yet in my possession, nothing doubting that they will be eagerly devoured, and the remainder anxiously demanded, by the unanimous voice of a discerning public. I rest, esteemed Reader, thine as thou shalt construe me,

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM.

GANDERCLEUGH, *Nov.* 15, 1819.

NOTES TO OLD MORTALITY.

Note (1), p. 20. Festival of the Popinjay

[illegible] our at such an assembly :—

[illegible] Duke [illegible] Lord [illegible] Lord [illegible] Lord

composition with the Earl of Roxburghe. "But," says the satirical Scotstarvet, "*male parta male dilabuntur*; for he never brooked them (enjoyed them), nor was anything the richer, since they accrued to his creditors, and are now in the possession of Dr Seaton. His eldest son Francis became a trooper in the late war; as for the other brother John, who was Abbot of Coldingham, he also disponed all that estate, and now has nothing, but lives on the charity of his friends."[1]

Francis Stewart, who had been a trooper during the great Civil War, seems to have received no preferment after the Restoration suited to his high birth, though, in fact, third cousin to Charles II. Captain Crichton, the friend of Dean Swift, who published his Memoirs, found him a private gentleman in the King's Life-Guards. At the same time this was no degrading condition; for Evelyn has records a duel fought between a Life-Guardsman and an officer in the militia, because the latter had taken upon him to assume superior rank as an officer to a gentleman in private in the Life-Guards. The Life-Guardsman was killed in the rencontre, and his antagonist was executed for murder.

The character of Bothwell, except in relation to the name, is entirely ideal.

Note (3), p. 36. Murderers of Archbishop Sharpe.

The leader of this party was David Hackston of Rathillet, a gentleman of ancient birth and good estate. He had been profligate in his younger days, but having been led from curiosity to attend the conventicles of the nonconforming clergy, he adopted their principles in the fullest extent. It appears that Hackston had some personal quarrel with Archbishop Sharpe, which induced him to decline the command of the party when the slaughter was determined upon, fearing his acceptance might be ascribed to motives of personal enmity. He felt himself free in conscience, however, to be present; and when the Archbishop, dragged from his carriage, crawled towards him on his knees for protection, he replied coldly, "Sir, I will never lay a finger on you." It is remarkable that Hackston, as well as a shepherd who was also present, but passive, on the occasion, were the only two of the party of assassins who suffered death by the hands of the executioner.

On Hackston's refusing the command, it was by universal suffrage conferred on John Balfour of Kinloch, called Burley, who was Hackston's brother-in-law. He is described "as a little man, squint-eyed, and of a very fierce aspect."—"He was," adds the same author, "by some reckoned none of the most religious; yet he was always reckoned zealous and honest hearted, courageous in every enterprise, and a brave soldier, seldom any escaping that came into his hands. He was the principal actor in killing that arch traitor to the Lord and his church, James Sharpe."[2]

Note (4), p. 42. Scottish Domestics.

A masculine retainer of this kind, having offended his master extremely, was commanded to leave his service instantly. "In troth and that will I not," answered the domestic; "if your honour disna ken when ye hae a gude servant, I ken when I hae a gude master, and so away I will not." On another occasion of the same nature, the master said, "John, you and I shall never sleep under the same roof again;" to which John replied, with much *naïveté*, "Whare the deil can your honour be ganging?"

Note (5), p. 60. Locking the Door during Dinner.

The custom of keeping the door of a house or chateau locked during the time of dinner, probably arose from the family being anciently assembled in the hall at that meal, and liable to surprise. But it was in many instances continued as a point of high etiquette, of which the following is an example:—

A considerable landed proprietor in Dumfriesshire, being a bachelor, without near relations, and determined to make his will, resolved previously to visit his two nearest kinsmen, and decide which should be his heir, according to the degree of kindness with which he should be received. Like a good clansman, he first visited his own chief, a baronet in rank, descendant and representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland. Unhappily the dinner-bell had rung, and the door of the castle had been locked before his arrival. The visitor in vain announced his name and requested admittance; but his chief adhered to the ancient etiquette, and would on no account suffer the doors to be unbarred. Irritated at this cold reception, the old

[1] The Staggering State of the Scots Statesmen for one hundred years, by Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet. Edinburgh, 1754, p. 154.

[2] See Scottish Worthies, 8vo. Leith, 1816, p. 622.

Laird rode on to Sanquhar Castle, then the residence of the Duke of Queensberry, who no sooner heard his name, than, knowing well he had a will to make, the drawbridge dropped, and the gates flew open—the table was covered anew—his grace's bachelor and intestate kinsman was received with the utmost attention and respect; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that upon his death some years after the visitor's considerable landed property went to augment the domains of the Ducal House of Queensberry. This happened about the end of the seventeenth century.

Note (6), p. 72. Highland Laird.

A Highland laird, whose peculiarities we still in the recollection of his country men, used to regulate his residence at Edinburgh in the following manner:—Every day he visited the Water-gate, as it is called, of the Canongate, over which is extended a wooden arch. Specie being then the general currency, he threw his purse over the gate, and as long as it was heavy enough to be thrown over, he continued his round of pleasure in the metropolis; when it was too light, he thought it time to return to the Highlands. Query—How often would he have repeated this experiment at Temple Bar?

Note (7), p. 72. Wooden Mare.

The punishment of riding the wooden mare was, in the days of Charles and long after, one of the various and cruel modes of enforcing military discipline. In front of the old guard-house in the High Street of Edinburgh, a large horse of this kind was placed, on which now and then, in the more ancient times, a veteran might be seen mounted, with a firelock tied to each foot, atoning for some small offence.

There is a singular work, entitled Memoirs of Prince William Henry, Duke of Gloucester (son of Queen Anne), from his birth to his ninth year, in which Jenkin Lewis, an honest Welshman, in attendance on the royal infant's person, is pleased to record that his Royal Highness *laughed, cried, crow'd, and sat* [illegible] *and Do*, very like a babe of plebeian descent. He had also a premature taste for the discipline as well as the show of war, and had a corps of twenty-two boys, arrayed with paper caps and wooden swords. For the maintenance of discipline in this juvenile corps, a wooden horse was established in the Presence-chamber, and was sometimes employed in the punishment of offences not strictly military. Hughes, the Duke's tailor, having made him a suit of clothes which were too tight, was appointed, in an order of the day issued by the young prince, to be placed on this penal steed. The man of remnants, by dint of supplication and mediation, escaped from the penance, which was likely to equal the inconveniences of his brother artist's equestrian trip to Brentford. But an attendant named Weatherly, who had presumed to bring the young prince a toy after he had discarded the use of them, was actually mounted on the wooden horse without a saddle, with his face to the tail, while he was plied by four servants of the household with syringes and squirts, till he had a thorough wetting. "He was a waggish fellow," says Lewis, "and would not lose anything for the joke's sake when he was putting his tricks upon others, so he was obliged to submit concernfully to what was inflicted upon him, being at our mercy to play him off well, which we did accordingly." Amid much such nonsense, Lewis's book shows that this poor child, the heir of the British monarchy, who died when he was eleven years old, was, in truth, of promising parts and of a good disposition. The volume, which rarely occurs, is an 8vo, published in 1789, the editor being Dr Philip Hayes of Oxford.

Note (8), p. 91. Romances of the Seventeenth Century.

As few in the present age are acquainted with the ponderous folios to which the age of Louis XIV. gave rise, we need only say, that they combine the dulness of the metaphysical courtship with all the improbabilities of the ancient Romance of Chivalry. Their character will be most easily learned from Boileau's Dramatic Satire, or Mrs Lennox's Female Quixote.

Note (9), p. 91. Sir James Turner.

Sir James Turner was a soldier of fortune, bred in the civil wars. He was intrusted with a commission to levy the fines imposed by the Privy Council for nonconformity, in the district of Dumfries and Galloway. In this capacity he vexed the country so much by his exactions, that the people rose and made him prisoner, and

then proceeded in arms towards Mid-Lothian, where they were defeated at Pentland Hills in 1666. Besides his treatise on the Military Art, Sir James Turner wrote several other works; the most curious of which is his Memoirs of his own Life and Times, which has just been printed under the charge of the Bannatyne Club.

Note (10), p. 92. Tillietudlem.

The Castle of Tillietudlem is imaginary; but the ruins of Craignethan Castle, situated on the Nethan, about three miles from its junction with the Clyde, have something of the character of the description in the text.

Note (11), p. 92. John Grahame of Claverhouse.

This remarkable person united the seemingly inconsistent qualities of courage and cruelty, a disinterested and devoted loyalty to his prince, with a disregard of the rights of his fellow-subjects. He was the unscrupulous agent of the Scottish Privy Council in executing the merciless severities of the Government in Scotland during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.; but he redeemed his character by the zeal with which he asserted the cause of the latter monarch after the Revolution, the military skill with which he supported it at the battle of Killiecrankie, and by his own death in the arms of victory.

It is said by tradition, that he was very desirous to see, and be introduced to, a certain Lady Elphinstoun, who had reached the advanced age of one hundred years and upwards. The noble matron, being a staunch whig, was rather unwilling to receive Claver'se (as he was called from his title), but at length consented. After the usual compliments, the officer observed to the lady, that having lived so much beyond the usual term of humanity, she must in her time have seen many strange changes. "Hout na, sir," said Lady Elphinstoun, "the world is just to end with me as it began. When I was entering life, there was ane Knox deaving us a' wi' his *clavers*, and now I am ganging out, there is ane Claver'se deaving us a' wi' his *knocks*."

Clavers signifying in common parlance, idle chat, the double pun does credit to the ingenuity of a lady of a hundred years old.

Note (12), p. 123, 125. Cornet Grahame.

There was actually a young cornet of the Life Guards named Grahame, and probably some relation of Claverhouse, slain in the skirmish of Drumclog. In the old ballad on the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, Claverhouse is said to have continued the slaughter of the fugitives in revenge of this gentleman's death:—

> "Haud up your hand," then Monmouth said;
> "Gie quarters to these men for me;"
> But bloody Claver'se swore an oath,
> His kinsman's death avenged should be.

The body of this young man was found shockingly mangled after the battle, his eyes pulled out, and his features so much defaced, that it was impossible to recognise him. The Tory writers say that this was done by the Whigs; because, finding the name Grahame wrought in the young gentleman's neckcloth, they took the corpse for that of Claver'se himself. The Whig authorities give a different account, from tradition, of the cause of Cornet Grahame's body being thus mangled. He had, say they, refused his own dog any food on the morning of the battle, affirming, with an oath, that he should have no breakfast but upon the flesh of the Whigs. The ravenous animal, it is said, flew at his master as soon as he fell, and lacerated his face and throat.

These two stories are presented to the reader, leaving it to him to judge whether it is most likely that a party of persecuted and insurgent fanatics should mangle a body supposed to be that of their chief enemy, in the same manner as several persons present at Drumclog had shortly before treated the person of Archbishop Sharpe; or that a domestic dog should, for want of a single breakfast, become so ferocious as to feed on his own master, selecting his body from scores that were lying around, equally accessible to his ravenous appetite.

Note (13), p. 130. Proof against Shot given by Satan.

The belief of the Covenanters that their principal enemies, and Claverhouse in particular, had obtained from the devil a charm which rendered them proof against leaden bullets, led them to pervert even the circumstances of his death. Howie of Lochgoin, after giving some account of the battle of Killiecrankie, adds:—

"The battle was very bloody, and by Mackay's third fire Claverhouse fell, of whom historians give little account; but it has been said for certain, that his own waiting-servant, taking a resolution to rid the world of this truculent bloody monster, and knowing he had proof of lead, shot him with a silver button he had before taken off his own coat for that purpose. However, he fell, and with him Popery, and King James's interest in Scotland."—*God's Judgment on Persecutors*, p. xxxix.

Original Note. "Perhaps some may think this anent proof of a shot a paradox, and be ready to object here, as formerly, concerning Bishop Sharpe and Dalziel—'How can the devil have or give a power to save life?' &c. Without entering upon the thing in its reality, I shall only observe,—*1st*, That it is neither in his power, or of his nature, to be a saviour of men's lives, as he is called Apollyon, the destroyer. *2d*, That even in this case he is said only to give enchantment against one kind of metal, and this does not save life: for the lead would not take Sharpe or Claverhouse's lives, yet steel and silver would do it; and for Dalziel, though he died not on the field, he did not escape the arrows of the Almighty."—*Ibidem.*

Note (14), p. 131. Claverhouse's Charger.

It appears, from the letter of Claverhouse afterwards quoted, that the horse on which he rode at Drumclog was not black, but sorrel. The author has been misled as to the colour by the many extraordinary traditions current in Scotland concerning Claverhouse's famous black charger, which was generally believed to have been a gift to its rider from the Author of Evil, who is said to have performed the Cæsarean operation upon its dam. This horse was so fleet, and its rider so expert, that they are said to have outstripped and *coted*, or turned, a hare upon the Bran Law, near the head of Moffat Water, where the descent is so precipitous, that no merely earthly horse could keep its feet, or merely mortal rider could keep the saddle.

There is a curious passage in the Testimony of John Dick, one of the suffering Presbyterians, in which the author, by describing each as the persecutors by their predominant qualities or passions, shows how little their best-loved attributes would avail them in the great day of judgment. When he introduces Claverhouse, it is to reproach him with his passion for horses in general, and for that steed in particular, which was killed at Drumclog in the manner described in the text:—

"As for that bloodthirsty wretch, Claverhouse, how thinks he to shelter himself that day? Is it possible the pitiful thing can be so mad as to think to secure himself by the fleetness of his horse (a creature he has so much respect for, that he regarded more the loss of his horse at Drumclog, than all the men that fell there, and sure there fell prettier men on either side than himself)? No, sure—Could he fall upon a chemist that could extract the spirit out of all the horses in the world, and infuse them into his one, though he were on that horse never so well mounted, he need not dream of escaping."—*The Testimony to the Doctrine, Worship, Discipline, and Government of the Church of Scotland, &c., as it was left in write by that truly pious and eminently faithful, and now glorified Martyr, Mr John Dick. To which is added, his last Speech and Behaviour on the Scaffold, on 5th March* 1684, *which day he sealed this testimony.* 57 pp. 4to. No year or place of publication.

The reader may perhaps receive some farther information on the subject of Cornet Grahame's death and the flight of Claverhouse, from the following Latin lines, a part of a poem entitled *Bellum Bothuellianum*, by Andrew Guild, which exists in manuscript in the Advocates' Library:—

"Mons est occiduus, surgit qui celsus in oris,
(Nomine Loudunum) fossis puteisque profoundis
Quot scatet hic tellus, et aprico gramine tectus:
Huc collecta (ait), numeroso milite cincta,
Turba ferox, matres, pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
Quam parat egregia Græmus dispersere turma.
Venit et primo campo discedere cogit;
Post hos et alios, cæno provolvit inerti;
At numerosa cohors, campum dispersa per omnem,
Circumfusa, ruit; turmasque, indagine captas,
Aggreditur; virtus non hic, nec profuit ensis;
Corripuere fugam, viridi sed gramine tectis,
Precipitata perit, fossis, pars ultima, quorum
Cornipedes hæsere luto, sessore rejecto:
Tum rabiosa cohors, miserei nescia, stratos
Invadit laceratque viros: hic signifer, eheu!
Trajectus globulo, Græmus, quo fortior alter,
Inter Scotigenas fuerat, nec justior ullus:
Hunc manibus rapuere feris, faciemque virilem
Fœdarunt, linguæ, auriculis, manibusque resectis,
Aspera diffuso spargentes saxa cerebro:
Vix dux ipse fuga salvo, namque exta trahebat
Vulnere tardatus sonipes generosus hiante:
Insequitur clamore cohors fanatica, namque
Crudelis semper timidus, si vicerit unquam."
MS. *Bellum Bothuellianum.*

Note (15), p. 137. Skirmish at Drumclog.

This affair, the only one in which Claverhouse was defeated, or the insurgent Cameronians successful, was fought pretty much in the manner mentioned in the text. The Royalists lost about thirty or forty men. The commander of the Presbyterian, or

rather Covenanting party, was Mr Robert Hamilton, of the Inner Temple, brother of Sir William Hamilton, to whose title and estate he afterwards succeeded; but, according to his biographer, Howie of Lochgoin, he never took possession of either, as he could not do so without acknowledging the right of King William (an unconverted monarch) to the crown. Hamilton had been bishop Burnet, while the latter lived at Glasgow; his brother Sir James having married a sister of that historian. "He was meek," says the biographer, "a lively, lovely, young man; but getting into that company, and into their notions, he became a quick-brained enthusiast."

Several well-meaning persons have been much scandalised at the manner in which the victors are said to have conducted themselves towards the prisoners in Dunnottar. But the principle of these poor fanatics (I mean the covenanting, or Cameronian party) was to obtain not merely toleration for their church, but to subjugate every Presbytery had acquired in Scotland after the treaty of Ripon, between Charles I. and his Scottish subjects, in 1640.

The fact is, that they received themselves a divine mandate, sent forth to extirpate the heathen, like the Jews of old, and were [illegible] shew quarter.

The last man of the Presbyterian party [illegible] explain any one of the principles on which their General acted:—

"Mr Hamilton discovered a great deal of bravery and valour, both in the conflict with, and pursuit of, the enemy; and when [illegible] was pressing the enemy, others flew to [illegible] the spoil, some [illegible] victory; and [illegible] express command, and [illegible] this greatly grieved Mr Hamilton, who saw [illegible] that the Lord had delivered their enemies into their hands, that they might destroy them, as stones,—Psalm cxxxvi. 10. He was anxious that [illegible] enemies, and letting them go to [illegible] he feared that the Lord would [illegible] he was neither [illegible] but [illegible] the Canaanites."

The publisher of the last edition has omitted this remarkable part of the narrative.

Sir Robert Hamilton, [illegible] having put to death one of the prisoners after the battle was [illegible] to have been a chief agent [illegible] own:—

"After that accusation they [illegible] one of [illegible] poor man, as they call him, to the Deanery, [illegible] that my accusers [illegible] the house of the [illegible] Scott, [illegible] man (Scott) guarded [illegible] Scott, [illegible] A gang, after [illegible] out the wild [illegible] our lodging [illegible] Cavet-house one of two [illegible] friends, accounted [illegible] me to death [illegible] five more [illegible] were [illegible] stepping aside, [illegible] some that were [illegible] that I feared [illegible] say this, I desire to [illegible] to his work, I never [illegible] left hand, and desired to give as few."

The preceding passages, [illegible] from a long letter in the handwriting of Sir Robert Hamilton, the Deputy-Governor, addressed to the Earl of Leslie, Earl of Lauderdale, and Lieutenant-General Drummond, Commander of the British forces, and transmitted to Dalrymple, Lord Stair, with the following note: "Excuse my [illegible] Lieutenant-General Drummond's letter, [illegible] Dunnottar, [illegible] Hamilton's own hand. [illegible] J. H. W."

As the approach of Dundee has led us to [illegible] the reader may be curious to see Claverhouse's own account [illegible] in a letter to the Earl of Lauderdale, written immediately after the action. This [illegible] may be called, occurs in the volume called Dundee's Letters, printed by Mr Sprottle of Methven, as a contribution to the Bannatyne Club. The original is in the library of

the Duke of Buckingham. Claverhouse, it may be observed, spells like a chambermaid.

"FOR THE EARLE OF LINLITHGOW.

[COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF KING CHARLES II.'S FORCES IN SCOTLAND.]

"*Glaskow, Jun. the* 1, 1679.

"My Lord,—Upon Saturday's night, when my Lord Ross came into this place, I marched out, and because of the insolency that had been done the nights before at Ross, I went myself and inquyred for the names. So soon as I got them, I sent out partys to search in severall, and found in two of those rogues, but also ane intercommuned minister called King. We had them at Strevan about six in the morning yesterday, and resolving to convey them to this, I thought that we might make a little turn to see if we could fall upon a convenient; which we did, little to our advantage; for when we came in sight of them, we found them drawn up in battell, upon almost a levan ground, to which there was no coming but through mosses and lakes. They wer not preweening, and had got away all there women and shilbring. They consisted of four battalions of foot, and all well armed with fusiks and pitchforks, and three squadrons of horse. We sent both partys to skirmish, they of foot and dragoons; they run for it, and sent down a battalion of foot against them; we sent fourscore of ours on, who made them run again shamfully; but in end they perceaving that we had the better of them in skirmish, they resolved a generall engadgement, and accordingly advanced with there foot following; they came throught the mosses; we stood our ground of all hands to receave them. We keeped our fyre till they wer within ten pace of us; they receaved our fyr, and advanced to shok; the first they gave us brought down the Coronet Mr Crafford and Captain Lumsh, besides their wer 4 private men killed and some 16 wounded. My horse's belly, that his guts hung out half an elle, and yet he caryed me af an myl; which so discouraged our men, that they sustained not the shok, but fell into disorder. There horse took the occasion of this to persew us so hotly that we had no tym to rayly. I saved the standards, but lost on the place about aight or ten men, besides wounded; but the dragoons lost many mor. They ar not considerably af on the other side, for I sawe severall of them fall before we cam to the shok. I read the best retraite the confusion of our people would suffer, and I am now laying with my Lord Rosse. The toun of Streven drew up as we was making our retrait, and thoght of a pass to cut us off, but we took courage an I fell to them, made them run, leaving a dousain on the place. What these rogues will do yet I know not, but the contry was flocking to them from all hands. This may be counted the beginning of the rebellion, in my opinion.

"I am, my lord,

"Your lordship's most humble servant,

"J. GRAHAME.

"My lord, I am so wearied, and so sleapy, that I have wryten this very confusedly."

Note (16), p. 190. FEUDS.

These feuds, which tore to pieces the little army of insurgents, turned merely on the point whether the king's interest or royal authority was to be owned or not, and whether the party in arms were to be contented with a free exercise of their own religion, or insist upon the re-establishment of Presbytery in its supreme authority, and full power to predominate over all other forms of worship. The few country gentlemen who joined the insurrection, with the most sensible part of the clergy, thought it best to limit their demands to what it might be possible to attain. But the party who urged these moderate views were termed by the more zealous bigots, the Erastian party,—men, namely, who were willing to place the church under the influence of the civil government, and therefore they accounted them "a snare upon Mizpah, and a net spread upon Tabor." See the Life of Sir Robert Hamilton in the Scottish Worthies, and his account of the battle of Bothwell Bridge, *passim*.

Note (17), p. 195. GIBBET.

The Cameronians had suffered persecution, but it was without learning mercy. We are informed by Captain Crichton, that they had set up in their camp a huge gibbet, or gallows, having many hooks upon it, with a coil of new ropes lying beside it, for the execution of such royalists as they might make prisoners. Guild, in his *Bellum Bothuellianum*, describes this machine particularly

Note (18), p. 209. Royal Army at Bothwell Bridge.

A Cameronian muse was awakened from slumber on this doleful occasion, and gave the following account of the muster of the royal forces, in poetry nearly as melancholy as the subject:—

"They marched east through Lithgow town
For to enlarge their forces;
And sent for all the north country
To come, both foot and horses.

"Montrose did come and Athole both,
And with them many more;
And all the highland Amorites
That had been there before.

"The Lowdien Mallisha[1] they
Came with their coats of blew;
Five hundred men from London came,
Claid in a reddish hue.

"When they were assembled one and all,
A full brigade were they:
Liked a pack of ballish hounds,
Roreing after their prey.

"When they were all provided well,
In armour and amonition,
Then thither wester did they come,
Most cruel of intention."

The royalists celebrated their victory in stanzas of equal merit. Specimens of both may be found in the curious collection of Fugitive Scottish Poetry, principally of the Seventeenth Century, printed for the Messrs Laing, Edinburgh.

Note (19), p. 213. Moderate Presbyterians.

The author does not, by any means, desire that Poundtext should be regarded as a just representation of the moderate presbyterians among whom were many ministers whose courage was equal to their good sense and sound views of religion. Were he to write the tale anew, he would, probably endeavour to give the character a higher turn. It is certain, however, that the Cameronians imputed to their opponents in opinion concerning the Indulgence, or others of their strained and fanatical notions, a disposition not only to seek their own safety, but to enjoy themselves. Hamilton speaks of three clergymen of this description as follows:—

"They pretended great zeal against the Indulgence; but alas! that was all; their practice otherwise being but very gross, which I shall but hint at in short. When great Cameron and those with him were taking many a cold blast and storm in the fields, and among the cot houses in Scotland, these three had for the most part their residence in Glasgow, where they found good quarter and a full table, which I doubt not but some bestowed upon them from real affection to the Lord's cause; and when these three were together, their greatest work was who should make the finest and sharpest roundel, and breathe the quickest jests upon one another, and to tell what valiant acts they were to do, and who could laugh loudest and most heartily among them; and when at any time they came out to the country, whatever other things they had, they were careful each of them to have a great flask of brandy with them, which was very heavy to some, particularly to Mr Cameron, Mr Cargill and Henry Hall—I shall name no more."—*Faithful Contendings*, p. 198.

Note (20), p. 217. General Dalzell, usually called Tom Dalzell.

In Crichton's Memoirs, edited by Swift, where a particular account of this remarkable person's dress and habit is given, he is said never to have worn boots. The following account of his rencounter with John Paton of Meadowhead, showed, that in action at least he wore pretty stout ones, unless the reader be inclined to believe in the truth of his having a charm, which made him proof against lead:—

"Dalzell," says Paton's biographer, "advanced the whole left wing of his army on Colonel Wallace's right. Here Captain Paton behaved with great courage and gallantry. Dalzell, knowing him in the former wars, advanced upon him himself, thinking to take him prisoner. Upon his approach, each presented his pistol. On their first discharge, Captain Paton, perceiving his pistol ball to hop upon Dalzell's *boots*, and knowing what was the cause (he having proof), put his hand in his pocket for some small pieces of silver he had there for the purpose, and put one of them into his other pistol. But Dalzell having his eye upon him in the meanwhile, retired behind his own man, who by that means was slain."

Note (21), p. 244. Haxton.

David Hackston of Rathillet, who was wounded and made prisoner in the skirmish of Air's-Moss, in which the celebrated Cameron fell, was, on entering Edinburgh, "by order of the Council, received by the Magistrates at the Watergate, and set on a horse's bare back with his face to the tail, and the other three laid on a goad of iron, and carried up the street, Mr Cameron's head being on a halberd before them."

[1] Lothian Militia.

Note (22), p. 247. General Dalzell.

The General is said to have struck one of the captive whigs, when under examination, with the hilt of his sabre, so that the blood gushed out. The provocation for this unmanly violence was, that the prisoner had called the fierce veteran "a Muscovy beast, who used to roast men." Dalzell had been long in the Russian service, which in those days was no school of humanity.

Note (23), p. 271. Supposed Apparition of Morton.

This incident is taken from a story in the History of Apparitions written by Daniel Defoe, under the assumed name of Morton. To abridge the narrative, we are under the necessity of omitting many of those particular circumstances which give the fictions of this most ingenious author such a lively air of truth.

A gentleman married a lady of family and fortune, and had one son by her, after which the lady died. The widower afterwards united himself in a second marriage; and his wife proved such a very step-mother to the heir of the first marriage, that, discontented with his situation, he left his father's house, and set out on distant travels. His father heard from him occasionally, and the young man for some time drew regularly for certain allowances which were settled upon him. At length, owing to the instigation of his mother-in-law, one of his draughts was refused, and the bill returned dishonoured.

After receiving this affront, the youth drew no bills, and wrote no more letters, nor did his father know in what part of the world he was. The stepmother seized the opportunity to represent the young man as deceased, and to urge her husband to settle his estate anew upon her children, of whom she had several. The father for a length of time positively refused to disinherit his son, convinced as he was, in his own mind, that he was still alive.

At length, worn out by his wife's importunities, he agreed to execute the new deeds, if his son did not return within a year.

During the interval, there were many violent disputes between the husband and wife, upon the subject of the family settlements. In the midst of one of these altercations, the lady was startled by seeing a hand at a casement of the window; but as the iron hasps, according to the ancient fashion, fastened in the inside, the hand seemed to essay the fastenings, and being unable to undo them, was immediately withdrawn. The lady, forgetting the quarrel with her husband, exclaimed that there was some one in the garden. The husband rushed out, but could find no trace of an intruder, while the walls of the garden seemed to render it impossible for any such to have made his escape. He therefore taxed his wife with having fancied that which she supposed she saw. She maintained the accuracy of her sight; on which her husband observed, that it must have been the devil, who was apt to haunt those who had evil consciences. This tart remark brought back the matrimonial dialogue to its original current. "It was no devil," said the lady, "but the ghost of your son come to tell you he is dead, and that you may give your estate to your bastards, since you will not settle it on the lawful heirs."—"It was my son," said he, "come to tell me that he is alive, and ask you how you can be such a devil as to urge me to disinherit him;" with that he started up and exclaimed, "Alexander, Alexander! if you are alive, show yourself, and do not let me be insulted every day with being told you are dead."

At these words, the casement which the hand had been seen at, opened of itself, and his son Alexander looked in with a full face, and, staring directly on the mother with an angry countenance, cried, "Here!" and then vanished in a moment.

The lady, though much frightened at the apparition, had wit enough to make it serve her own purpose; for, as the spectre appeared at her husband's summons, she made affidavit that he had a familiar spirit who appeared when he called it. To escape from this discreditable charge, the poor husband agreed to make the new settlement of the estate in the terms demanded by the unreasonable lady.

A meeting of friends was held for that purpose, the new deed was executed, and the wife was about to cancel the former settlement by tearing the seal, when on a sudden they heard a rushing noise in the parlour in which they sat, as if something had come in at the door of the room which opened from the hall, and then had gone through the room towards the garden-door, which was shut; they were all surprised at it, for the sound was very distinct, but they saw nothing.

This rather interrupted the business of the meeting, but the persevering lady brought them back to it. "I am not frightened," said she, "not I—Come," said she to her husband, haughtily, "I'll cancel the old writings if forty devils were in the room;" with that she took up one of the deeds, and was about to tear off the seal. But the *double*

grunger, or *Eidolon*, of Alexander, was as fortunate as in guarding the rights of his principal, as his stepmother in invading them.

The same moment she raised the prayer to destroy it, the casement flew open, though it was fast in the inside just as it was before, and the shadow of a body was seen, as standing in the garden without, the face looking into the room, and staring directly at the woman with a stern and angry countenance. "Hold!" said the spectre, as speaking to the lady, and immediately closed the window and vanished. After this second interruption, the new settlement was cordially by the consent of all concerned, and Alexander, in about four or five months after, arrived from the East Indies, to which he had gone four years before from London in a Portuguese ship. He could give no explanation of what had happened, except that he dreamed his father had written him an angry letter, threatening to disinherit him. *The History and Reality of Apparitions*, chap. viii.

Note (24), p. 291. Inglis.

The deeds of a man, or rather a monster, of this name, are recorded upon the tombstone of one of those martyrs which it was Old Mortality's delight to repair. I do not remember the name of the murdered person, but the circumstances of the crime were so terrible to my childish imagination, that I am confident the following copy of the Epitaph will be found nearly correct, although I have not seen the original for forty years at least:—

> "This martyre was by Peter Inglis shot,
> By birth a tiger rather than a Scot;
> Who, that his hellish offspring might be seen,
> Cut off his head, then kick'd it o'er the green;
> Thus was the head which was to wear the croun,
> A football made by a profane dragoon."

In Dundee's Letters, Captain Inglish, or Inglis, is repeatedly mentioned as commanding a troop of horse.

Note (25), p. 297. The Retreats of the Covenanters.

The severity of persecution often drove the sufferers to hide themselves in dens and caves of the earth, where they had not only to struggle with the real dangers of damp, darkness, and famine, but were called upon, to thwart disordered imaginations, to oppose the infernal powers by whom such caverns were believed to be haunted. A very romantic scene of rocks, thickets, and cascades, called Creehope Linn, on the estate of Mr Menteath of Closeburn, is said to have been the retreat of some of those enthusiasts, who pushed their scruples to leave the apparitions by which the place was thought to be haunted, rather than to expose themselves to the rage of their mortal enemies.

Another remarkable encounter betwixt the Foul Fiend and the champions of the Covenant, is preserved in certain rude rhymes, not yet forgotten in Ettrick Forest. Two men, it is said, by name Hulbert Dobson and David Linn, constructed for themselves a place of refuge in a hidden ravine of a very savage character, by the side of a considerable waterfall, near the head of Moffat water. Here concealed from human foes, they were assailed by Satan himself, who came upon them grinning and making mouths, as if trying to frighten them, and disturb their devotions. The wanderers, more incensed than astonished at this supernatural visitation, assailed their ghostly visiter, buffeted him sourily with their Bibles, and compelled him at length to exchange himself into the resemblance of a pack of dried hides, in which shape he roll'd down the cascade. The shape which he assumed was probably designed to excite the cupidity of the assailants, who, as Souters of Selkirk might have been disposed to attempt something to save a package of good leather. Thus,

> "Hab Dab, and David Din,
> Dang the Deil ower Dabson's Linn."

The popular verses recording this feat, to which Burns seems to have been indebted for some hints in his "Address to the Deil," may be found in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol. ii.

It cannot be matter of wonder to any one at all acquainted with human nature that superstition should have aggravated, by its horrors, the apprehensions to which men of enthusiastic character were disposed by the gloomy haunts to which they had fled for refuge.

Note (26), p. 300. Predictions of the Covenanters.

The sword of Captain John Paton of Meadowhead, a Cameronian famous for his personal prowess, bore testimony to his exertions in the cause of the Covenant, and was typical of the oppression of the times. "This sword or short shabble" (*scabla*, Italian) "yet remains," says Mr Howie of Lochgoin. "It was then by his progenitors" (meaning descendants, a rather unusual use of the word), "counted to have twenty-eight gaps in its edge; which made them afterwards observe, that there were just as many years in the time of the persecution as there were steps or broken pieces in the edge thereof."—*Scottish Worthies*, edit. 1797, p. 419.

The persecuted party, as their circumstances led to their placing a due and sincere reliance on heaven, when earth was scarce permitted to bear them, fell naturally into enthusiastic credulity, and, as they imagined, direct communion with the powers of darkness, so they received some amongst them to be possessed of a power of prediction, which, though they did not exactly call it inspired prophecy, seems to have approached, in their opinion, very nearly to it. The subject of these predictions was generally of a melancholy nature; for it is during such times of blood and confusion that

"Pale-eyed prophets whisper fearful change."

The celebrated Alexander Peden was heard by the terrors of a French invasion, and was often heard to exclaim, "Oh, the Monzies, the Frenzie Monzies" (for Monsieurs, doubtless), "how they run! How long will they run? Oh Lord, cut their lunges, and stay their running!" He also foretold, that French blood would run thicker in the waters of Ayr and Clyde than ever did that of the Highlandmen. Upon another occasion, he said he had been made to see the French marching with their armies through the length and breadth of the land in the blood of all ranks, up to the bridle reins, and that for a time, broken, and buried covenant.

Gabriel Semple also prophesied. In passing by the house of Kennure, to which certain were making some additions, he said, "Lads, you are very busy making and repairing that house, but it will be burned like a crow's nest in a misty May morning;" which, accordingly came to pass, the house being burned by the English forces in a cloudy May morning. Other instances might be added, but these are enough to show the character of the people and times.

Note (27), p. 307. John Balfour, called Burley.

The return of John Balfour of Kinloch, called Burley, to Scotland, as well as his violent death in the manner described, is entirely fictitious. He was wounded at Bothwell Bridge when he uttered the execration transferred to the text, not much in unison with his religious pretensions. He afterwards escaped to Holland, where he found refuge, with other fugitives of that disturbed period. His biographer seems simple enough to believe that he rose high in the Prince of Orange's favour, and observes, "That having still a desire to be avenged upon those who persecuted the Lord's cause and people in Scotland, it is said he obtained liberty from the Prince for that purpose, but died at sea before his arrival in Scotland; whereby that design was never accomplished, and so the land was never cleansed by the blood of them who had shed innocent blood, according to the law of the Lord Gen. ix. 6, *Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.*"—*Scottish Worthies*, p. 522.

It was reserved for this historian to discover that the moderation of King William, and his prudent anxiety to prevent that perpetuating of factious quarrels, which is called in modern times Reaction, were only adopted in consequence of the death of John Balfour, called Burley.

The late Mr Wemyss of Wemyss Hall, in Fifeshire, succeeded to Balfour's property in late times, and had several accounts, papers, articles of dress, &c., which belonged to the old homicide.

His name seems still to exist in Holland or Flanders; for in the Brussels papers of 28th July 1828, Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour de Burleigh, is named Commandant of the troops of the King of the Netherlands in the West Indies.

END OF NOTES TO OLD MORTALITY.

ISABELLA VERE IN THE BLACK DWARF'S HUT.

'This," continued the Recluse, "is the life of nature—solitary, self-sufficing, and independent."

A LEGEND OF MONTROSE

AND

THE BLACK DWARF

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

ALLAN M'AULAY RECEIVING HIS MOTHER'S DEATHBED INJUNCTIONS.

EDINBURGH: A. & C. BLACK

A LEGEND OF MONTROSE

AND

THE BLACK DWARF

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats',
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel 's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he 'll prent it!

BURNS

EDINBURGH
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1879.

Anora bien, dijo el Cura; traedme, señor huésped, aquesos libros, que los quiero ver.
[illegible] *cetra vieja cerrada*
[illegible] *de los libros grandes y de los papeles de mano, buena letra escritos de mano.*—Don Quixote, Parte I. Capitulo 32.

It is mighty well, said the priest: pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them. With all my heart, answered the host; and going to his chamber, he brought out a little old cloke-bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a fine character.—Jarvis's *Translation*.

INTRODUCTION TO A LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

SERGEANT MORE M'ALPIN was, during his residence among us, one of the most honoured inhabitants of Gandercleugh. No one thought of disputing his title to the great leathern chair on the "coolest side of the chimney," in the common room of the Wallace Arms, on a Saturday evening. No less would our sexton, John Dairyard, have held it an unlicensed intrusion, to suffer any one to induct himself into the corner of the left hand pew nearest to the pulpit, which the Sergeant regularly occupied on Sundays. There he sat, his blue invalid uniform brushed with the most scrupulous accuracy. Two medals of merit displayed at his button-hole, as well as the empty sleeve which should have been occupied by his right arm, bore evidence of his hard and honourable service. His weather-beaten features, his grey hair tied in a thin queue in the military fashion of former days, and the right side of his head a little turned up, the better to catch the sound of the clergyman's voice, were all marks of his profession and infirmities. Beside him sat his sister Janet, a little neat old woman, with a Highland curch and tartan plaid, watching the very looks of her brother, to her the greatest man upon earth, and actively looking out for him, in his silver-clasped Bible, the texts which the minister quoted or expounded.

I believe it was the respect that was universally paid to this worthy veteran by all ranks in Gandercleugh, which induced him to choose our village for his residence, for such was by no means his original intention.

He had risen to the rank of sergeant-major of artillery, by hard service in various quarters of the world, and was reckoned one of the most tried and trusty men of the Scotch Train. A ball, which shattered his arm in a Peninsular campaign, at length procured him an honourable discharge, with an allowance from Chelsea, and a hand-

some gratuity from the patriotic fund. Moreover, Sergeant More M'Alpin had been prudent as well as valiant: and, from prize-money and savings, had become master of a small sum in the three per cent. consols.

He retired with the purpose of enjoying this income in the wild Highland glen in which, when a boy, he had herded black cattle and goats, ere the roll of the drum had made him cock his bonnet an inch higher, and follow its music for nearly forty years. To his recollection, this retired spot was unparalleled in beauty by the richest scenes he had visited in his wanderings. Even the Happy Valley of Rasselas would have sunk into nothing upon the comparison. He came—he revisited the loved scene: it was but a steril glen, surrounded with rude crags, and traversed by a northern torrent. This was not the worst. The fires had been quenched upon thirty hearths—of the cottage of his fathers he could but distinguish a few rude stones—the language was almost extinguished—the ancient race from which he boasted his descent had found a refuge beyond the Atlantic. One southland farmer, three grey-plaided shepherds, and six dogs, now tenanted the whole glen, which in his youth had maintained in content, if not in competence, upwards of two hundred inhabitants.

In the house of the new tenant, Sergeant M'Alpin found, however, an unexpected source of pleasure, and a means of employing his social affections. His sister Janet had fortunately entertained so strong a persuasion that her brother would one day return, that she had refused to accompany her kinsfolk upon their emigration. Nay, she had consented, though not without a feeling of degradation, to take service with the intruding Lowlander, who, though a Saxon, she said, had proved a kind man to her. This unexpected meeting with his sister seemed a cure for all the disappointments which it had been Sergeant More's lot to encounter, although it was not without a reluctant tear that he heard told, as a Highland woman alone could tell it, the story of the expatriation of his kinsmen.

She narrated at great length the vain offers they had made of advanced rent, the payment of which must have reduced them to the extremity of poverty, which they were yet contented to face, for permission to live and die on their native soil. Nor did Janet forget the portents which had announced the departure of the Celtic race, and the arrival of the strangers. For two years previous to the emigration, when the night-wind howled down the pass of Balvchra, its notes were distinctly modelled to the tune of, "*Ha til mi tulidh*,"

("We return no more,") with which the emigrants usually bid farewell to their native shores. The uncouth cries of the Southland shepherds, and the barking of their dogs, were often heard in the mist of the hills long before their actual arrival. A bard, the last of his race, had commemorated the expulsion of the natives of the glen in a tune, which brought tears into the aged eyes of the veteran, and of which the first stanza may be thus rendered:—

> Wo, wo, son of the Lowlander,
> Why wilt thou leave thine own bonny Border?
> Why comes thou hither, disturbing the Highlander,
> Wasting the glen that was once in fair order?

What added to Sergeant More M'Alpin's distress upon the occasion was, that the chief by whom this change had been effected, was, by tradition and common opinion, held to represent the ancient leaders and fathers of the expelled fugitives: and it had hitherto been one of Sergeant More's principal subjects of pride to prove, by genealogical deduction, in what degree of kindred he stood to this personage. A woful change was now wrought in his sentiments towards him.

"I cannot curse him," he said, as he rose and strode through the room, when Janet's narrative was finished—"I will not curse him; he is the descendant and representative of my fathers. But never shall mortal man hear me name his name again." And he kept his word: for, until his dying day, no man heard him mention his selfish and hard-hearted chieftain.

After giving a day to sad recollections, the hardy spirit which had carried him through so many dangers, manned the Sergeant's bosom against this cruel disappointment. "He would go," he said, "to Canada to his kinsfolk, where they had named a Transatlantic valley after the glen of their fathers. Janet," he said, "should kilt her coats like a leaguer lady; d—n the distance! it was a flea's leap to the voyages and marches he had made on a slighter occasion."

With this purpose he left the Highlands, and came with his sister as far as Ganderclough, on his way to Glasgow, to take a passage to Canada. But winter was now set in, and as he thought it advisable to wait for a spring passage, when the St Lawrence should be open, he settled among us for the few months of his stay in Britain. As we said before, the respectable old man met with deference and attention from all ranks of society; and when spring returned, he was so satisfied with his quarters, that he did not renew the purpose of his voyage. Janet was afraid of the sea, and he himself felt the infirmities of age and hard service more than he had at first expected.

And, as he confessed to the clergyman, and my worthy principal, Mr Cleishbotham, "it was better staying with kend friends, than going farther and faring worse."

He therefore established himself and his domicile at Gandercleugh to the great satisfaction, as we have already said, of all its inhabitants, to whom he became, in respect of military intelligence, and able commentaries upon the newspapers, gazettes, and bulletins, a very oracle, explanatory of all martial events, past, present, or to come.

It is true, the Sergeant had his inconsistencies. He was a steady jacobite, his father and his four uncles having been out in the forty-five; but he was a no less steady adherent of King George, in whose service he had made his little fortune, and lost three brothers; so that you were in equal danger to displease him, in terming Prince Charles the Pretender, or by saying any thing derogatory to the dignity of King George. Farther, it must not be denied, that when the day of receiving his dividends came around, the Sergeant was apt to tarry longer at the Wallace Arms of an evening, than was consistent with strict temperance, or indeed with his worldly interest: for upon these occasions, his compotators sometimes contrived to flatter his partialities by singing jacobite songs, and drinking confusion to Bonaparte, and the health of the Duke of Wellington, until the Sergeant was at once flattered into leaving the whole reckoning out occasionally reduced to lend small sums to his interested companions. After such sprays, as he called them, were over, and his temper once more cool, he scrupled not to clash at the Duke of York, who had made it much more difficult for an old soldier to ruin himself by his folly, than had been the case in his younger days.

It was not on such occasions that I made a part of Sergeant More M'Alpin's society. But often, when my leisure would permit, I used to seek him, on what he called his morning and evening parade, on which, when the weather was fair, he appeared as regularly as if summoned by tuck of drum. His morning walk was beneath the elms in the church-yard: "for death," he said, "had been his next-door neighbour for so many years, that he had no apology for dropping the acquaintance." His evening promenade was on the bleaching-green by the river-side, where he was sometimes to be seen on an open bench, with spectacles on nose, conning over the newspapers to a circle of village politicians, explaining military terms, and aiding the comprehension of his hearers by lines drawn on the ground with the end of his rattan. On

other occasions, he was surrounded by a bevy of school boys, whom he sometimes drilled to the manual, and sometimes, with less approbation on the part of their parents, instructed in the mystery of artificial fire-works; for in the case of public rejoicings, the Sergeant was pyrotechnist (as the Encyclopædia calls it) to the village of Gandercleugh.

It was in his morning walk that I most frequently met with the veteran. And I can hardly yet look upon the village heath, overshadowed by the row of lofty elms, without thinking I see his upright form advancing towards me with measured step, and his cane advanced, ready to pay me the military salute—But he is dead, and sleeps, with his faithful Janet, under the third of those very trees, counting from the stile at the west corner of the churchyard.

The delight which I had in Sergeant M'Alpine's conversation, related not only to his own adventures, of which he had encountered many in the course of a wandering life, but also to his recollection of numerous Highland traditions, in which his youth had been instructed by his parents, and of which, he would in after life have deemed it a kind of heresy to question the authenticity. Many of these belonged to the wars of Montrose, in which some of the Sergeant's ancestry had, it seems, taken a distinguished part. It has happened, that, although these civil commotions rather the highest honour upon the Highlanders, being indeed the first occasion upon which they shewed themselves superior, or even equal to their Lowland country neighbours in military encounters, they have been less commemorated among them than any one would have expected, judging from the abundance of traditions which they have preserved upon less interesting subjects. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that I extracted from my military friend some curious particulars respecting that time: they are mixed with that measure of the wild and wonderful which belongs to the period; and the narrator, but which I do not in the least object to, [illegible] with disbelief, provided he will be so good as give [illegible] the natural events of the story, which, like all those which I have had the honour to put under his notice, actually rest upon a basis of truth.

INTRODUCTION TO EDITION OF 1830.

THE LEGEND OF MONTROSE was written chiefly with a view to place before the reader the melancholy fate of John Lord Kilpont, eldest son of William Earl of Airth, and Menteith, and the singular circumstances attending the birth and history of James Stewart of Ardvoirlich, by whose hand the unfortunate nobleman fell.

Our subject leads us to talk of deadly feuds, and we must begin with one still more ancient than that to which our story relates. During the reign of James IV. a great feud between the powerful families of Drummond and Murray divided Perthshire. The former, being the most numerous and powerful, cooped up eight score of the Murrays in the Kirk of Monivaird, and set fire to it. The wives and the children of the ill-fated men, who had also found shelter in the church, perished by the same conflagration. One man, named David Murray, escaped by the humanity of one of the Drummonds, who received him in his arms as he leaped from amongst the flames. As King James IV., ruled with more activity than most of his predecessors, this cruel deed was severely revenged, and several of the perpetrators were beheaded at Stirling. In consequence of the prosecution against his clan, the Drummond by whose assistance David Murray had escaped, fled to Ireland; until, by means of the person whose life he had saved, he was permitted to return to Scotland, where he and his descendants were distinguished by the name of Drummond-Erinich, or Ernoch, that is, Drummond of Ireland; and the same title was bestowed on their estate.

The Drummond Ernoch of James the Sixth's time was a king's forester in the forest of Glenartney, and chanced to be employed there in search of venison about the year 1588, or early in 1589. This forest was adjacent to the chief haunts of the MacGregors, or a particular race of them, known by the title of MacIlvorich or Children of the Mist. They considered the forester's landing in their vicinity as an aggression, or perhaps they had him at feud for the apprehension or slaughter of some of their own name, or for some similar reason. The tribe of Mac Gregors were outlawed and persecuted, as the reader may see in the Introduction to Rob Roy; and every man's hand being against them, their hand was of course directed against every man. In short they surprised and slew Drummond-Ernoch, cut off his head, and carried it with them, wrapt in the corner of one of their plaids.

In the full exultation of vengeance, they stopped at the house of Ardvoirlich, and demanded refreshment, which the lady, a sister of the murdered Drummond Ernoch (her husband being absent), was afraid or unwilling to refuse. She caused bread and cheese to be placed before them, and gave directions for more substantial refreshments to be prepared. While she was absent with this hospitable intention, the barbarians placed

the head of her brother on the table, filling the mouth with bread and cheese, and bidding him eat, for many a merry meal he had eaten in that house. The poor woman returning and beholding this dreadful sight, shrieked aloud, and fled into the woods, where, as described in the romance, she roamed a raving maniac, and for some time secreted herself from all living society. Some remaining instinctive feeling brought her at length to steal a glance from a distance at the maidens while they milked the cows, which being observed, her husband, Ardvoirlich, had her conveyed back to her home and detained her there till she gave birth to a child, of whom she had been pregnant; after which she was observed gradually to recover her mental faculties.

Meanwhile the outlaws had carried to the utmost their insults against the regal authority, which indeed as exercised, they had little reason for respecting. They bore the same bloody trophy, which they had so savagely exhibited to the lady of Ardvoirlich, into the old Church of Balquhidder, nearly in the centre of their country, where the Laird of MacGregor and all his clan, being convened for the purpose, laid their hands successively on the dead man's head, and swore in heathenish and barbarous manner, to defend the author of the deed. This fierce and vindictive combination gave the author's late and lamented friend, Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart. subject for a spirited poem, entitled "Clan Alpin's Vow," which was printed, but not, I believe, published, in 1811.[1]

The fact is ascertained by a proclamation from the Privy Council, dated 4th February, 1589, directing letters of fire and sword against the MacGregors.[2] This fearful commission was executed with uncommon fury. The late excellent John Buchanan of Cambusmore showed the author some correspondence between his ancestor, the Laird of Buchanan, and Lord Drummond, about sweeping certain valleys with their followers, on a fixed time and rendezvous, and "taking sweet revenge for the death of their cousin, Drummond-Ernoch." In spite of all, however, that could be done, the devoted tribe of MacGregor still bred up survivors to sustain and to inflict new cruelties and injuries.[3]

Meanwhile young James Stewart of Ardvoirlich grew up to manhood uncommonly tall, strong, and active, with such power in the grasp of his hand in particular, as could force the blood from beneath the nails of the persons who contended with him in this feat of strength. His temper was moody, fierce, and irascible; yet he must have had some ostensible good qualities, as he was greatly beloved by Lord Kilpont, the eldest son of the Earl of Airth and Menteith.

This gallant young nobleman joined Montrose in the setting up his standard in 1644, just before the decisive battle at Tippermuir, on the 1st September in that year. At that time, Stewart of Ardvoirlich shared the confidence of the young Lord by day, and his bed by night, when, about four or five days after the battle, Ardvoirlich, either from a fit of sudden fury or deep malice long entertained against his unsuspecting friend, stabbed Lord Kilpont to the heart, and escaped from the camp of Montrose, having killed

[1] See Appendix, No I.

[2] See Appendix. No II.

[3] I embrace the opportunity given me by a second mention of this tribe, to notice an error, which imputes to an individual named Ciar Mohr MacGregor, the slaughter of the students at the battle of Glentruim. I am informed from the authority of John Gregorson, Esq. that the chieftain so named was dead nearly a century before the battle in question, and could not, therefore, have done the cruel action mentioned. The mistake does not rest with me, as I disclaimed being responsible for the tradition while I quoted it, but with vulgar fame which is always disposed to ascribe remarkable actions to a remarkable name.—See the erroneous passage, Rob Roy, Introduction, p. vii.; and so soft sleep the offended phantom of Dugald Ciar Mohr.

a sentinel who attempted to [illegible] for this village as a party, but [illegible] disposed with disarray to a proposal of Andrew's to [illegible] But it does not appear that there is any authority for this story, which rests on mere [illegible] Andrew's, the [illegible] employ' and [illegible] of Lord Kelpie, [illegible] Argyle's regiment in 1685. [illegible] and Montrose's [illegible] altered in the fictitious narrative.

[illegible] introduction, of a [illegible] by the [illegible] of the [illegible] has been [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Empire; afterwards under the invincible King of Sweden, during his Majestie's lifetime; and since under the Director General, the Rex-Chancellor Oxenstierne, and his Generals: Collected and gathered together, at spare hours, by Colonel Robert Monro, as First Lieutenant under the said Regiment, to the noble and worthy Captain Thomas MacKenzie of Kildon, brother to the noble Lord, the Earl of Seaforth, for the use of all noble Cavaliers favouring the laudable profession of arms. To which is annexed, the Abridgement of Exercise, and divers Practical Observations for the younger Officer, his consideration. Ending with the Soldier's Meditations on going on Service."—London, 1637.

Another worthy of the same school, and nearly the same views of the military character, is Sir James Turner, a soldier of fortune, who rose to considerable rank in the reign of Charles II., had a command in Galloway and Dumfriesshire, for the suppression of conventicles, and was made prisoner by the insurgent Covenanters in that rising which was followed by the battle of Pentland. Sir James is a person even of superior pretensions to Lieutenant-Colonel Monro, having written a military Treatise on the Pike-Exercise, called "Pallas Armata." Moreover, he was educated at Glasgow College, though he escaped to become an Ensign in the German wars, instead of taking his degree of Master of Arts at that learned seminary.

In latter times, he was author of several historical and literary subjects, from which the Bannatyne Club have extracted and printed such passages as concern his Life and Times, under the title of "Sir James Turner's Memoirs." From this curious book I extract the following passage, as an example of how Captain Dalgetty might have recorded each an incident had he kept a journal; or, to give it a more just character, it is such as the genius of De Foe would have devised, to give the minute and distinguishing features of truth to a fictitious narrative:—

"Heere I will set doun ane accident befell me; for though it was not a very strange one, yet it was a very odd one in all its parts. My two brigades lay in a village within half-a-mile of Appledrie: my own quarter was in a gentleman's house, who was a Ritmaister, and at that time with Sir Marmaduke; his wife keeped her chamber, readie to be laught to bed. The castle being over, and Lambert farre enough, I resolve I to goe to bed sweete meate, having had fatigue enough before. The first night I sleeped well enough; and riseing nixt morning, I misd one linnen stockine, one halfe silke one, and one boothose, the accoutrement under a boote for one leg; nather could they be found for any search. Being provided of more of the same kind, I made myselfe readie, and rode to the Head-quarters. At my returne I could heare no newes of my stockins. That night I went to bed, and nixt morning found myselfe just so used; missing the three stockins for one leg onlie, the other three being left intire as they were the day before. A narrower search than the first was made, bot without successe. I have yet in reserve one paire of whole stockings, and a paire of boothose, resembling the former. These I put on my legs. The third morning I found the same usage, the stockins for one leg onlie left me. It was time for me then, and my servants too, to imagine it must be rats that had shaven my stockins so inequallie with me: and this the mistress of the house knew well enough, bot wold not tell it me. The roome, which was a low parlour, being well searched with candles, the top of my great boothose was found at a hole, in which they had drawne all the rest. I went at noone and ordered the boards to be raised, to see how they had disposed of my moveables. The mistresse sent a servant of hers one to give me notice of the action which she knew concernd her. One board being bot a litle opend, a litle boy of mine thrust in his hand, and fetchd with him foure and twentie

old peeces of gold, and one angell. The servant of the house affirmed it appertaind to his mistres. The boy bringing the gold to me, I went immediatlie to the gentlewomans chamber, and told her, it was probable Lambert having quartered in that house, as indeed he had, some of his servants might have hid that gold; and if so it was lawfulle mine; but if she could make it appeare it belongd to her I sould immediatlie give it her. The poore gentlewoman told me with many teares, that her husband being none of the frugallest men (and indeed he was a spendthrift), she had hid that gold without his knowledge, to make use of it as she had occasion, especialie when she lay in; and conjurd me, as I lovd the King, (for whom her husband and she had suferd much), not to detaine her gold. She said, if there was either more or lesse than foure and twentie whole peeces, and two halfe ones, it sould be none of hers; and that they were put by her in a red velvet purse. After I had given her assurreance of her gold, a new search is made, the other angell is found, the velvet purse all gnawd in bits, as my stockins were, and the gold instantlie restord to the gentlewman. I have often heard that the eating or gnawing of cloths by rats is ominous, and portends some mischance to fall on those to whom the cloths belong. I thank God I was never addicted to such divinations, or heeded them. It is true, that more misfortunes than one fell on me shortlie after; but I am sure I could have better forseene them myselfe then rats or any such vermine, and yet did it not. I have heard indeed many fine stories told of rats, how they abandon houses and ships, when the first are to be burnt, and the second drownd. Naturalists say they are very sagacious creatures, and I believe they are so: but I shall never be of the opinion they can forsee future contingencies, which I suppose the divell himselfe can neither forknow nor fortell; these being things which the Almightie hath keept hidden in the bosome of his divine prescience. And whither the great God hath preordained or predestinated these things, which to us are contingent, to fall out by any uncontroulable and unavoydable necessitie, is a question not yet decided."[1]

In quoting these ancient authorities I must not forget the more modern sketch of a Scottish soldier of the old fashion, by a master-hand, in the character of Lesmahagow, since the existence of that doughty captain alone must deprive the present author of all claim to absolute originality. Still Dalcastty, as the production of his own fancy, has been so far a favourite with its parent, that he has fallen into the error of assigning to the Captain too prominent a part in the story. This is the opinion of a critic who cleareps on the highest pinnacle of literature; and the author is so fortunate in having incurred his censure, that it gives his modesty a decent apology for quoting the praise, which it would have ill-befitted him to bestow upon himself. The passage occurs in the Edinburgh Review, No. 55, containing a criticism on Ivanhoe:—

"There is too much, perhaps, of Dalcastty—or rather, he engrosses too great a proportion of the work—for, in himself, we think he is uniformly entertaining; and the author has nowhere shown more affinity to that matchless spirit who could bring out his Falstaffs and his Pistols, in act after act, and play after play, and exercise them every time with scenes of unbounded loquacity, without either exhausting their humour or varying a note from its characteristic tone, than in his large and reiterated specimens of the eloquence of the redoubted Ritt-master. The general idea of the character is familiar to our comic dramatists after the Restoration—and may be said in some measure to be compounded of Captain Flu-llen and Bobadil; but the ludicrous combination of the *soldado* with the divinity

[1] Sir James Turner's Memoirs, Bannatyne edition, p. 59.

student of Marischal College, is entirely original: and the mixture of talent, selfishness, courage, consciousness, and conceit, was never so happily even combined. Numerous as his speeches are, there is not one that is not characteristic—and, to our taste, divertingly ludicrous."

APPENDIX.

No. I.

THE scarcity of my late friend's poem may be an excuse for adding the spirited conclusion of Clan Alpin's vow. The Clan Gregor has met in the ancient church of Baiquhidder. The head of Drummond-Ernoch is placed on the altar, covered for a time with the banner of the tribe. The Chief of the tribe advances to the altar:—

"And pausing, on the banner gazed:
Then cried in scorn, his finger raised,
'This was the boon of Scotland's king;
And with a quick and angry fling,
Tossing the pageant screen away,
The dead man's head before him lay.
Unmoved he scann'd the visage o'er,
The clotted locks were dark with gore,
The features with convulsion grim,
The eyes contorted, sunk, and dim,
But unappall'd, in angry mood,
With lowering brow, unmoved he stood,
Upon the head his bared right hand
He laid, the other grasp'd his brand:
Then kneeling, cried, 'To Heaven I swear
This deed of death I own, and share;
As truly, fully mine, as though
This my right hand had dealt the blow;
Come, then, our foemen, one, come all;
If to revenge this caitiff's fall
One blade is bared, one bow is drawn,
Mine everlasting peace I pawn,
To claim from them, or claim from him,
In retribution, limb for limb.
In sudden fray, or open strife,
This steel shall render life for life.'

"He ceased; and at his beckoning nod,
The clansmen to the altar trod;
And not a whisper breathed around,
And naught was heard of mortal sound,
Save from the clanking arms they bore,
That rattled on the marble floor;
And each, as he approach'd in haste,
Upon the scalp his right hand placed;
With livid lip, and gather'd brow,
Each utter'd, in his turn, the vow.
Fierce Malcolm watch'd the passing scene,
And search'd them thro' with glances keen;
Then dash'd a tear-drop from his eye;
Unbid it came—he knew not why.
Exulting high, he towering stood:
'Kinsmen!' he cried, 'of Alpin's blood,
And worthy of Clan Alpin's name,
Unstain'd by cowardice and shame,
E'en do, spare nocht, in time of ill
Shall be Clan Alpin's legend still!

No. II.

It has been disputed whether the Children of the Mist were actual MacGregors, or whether they were not outlaws named Macdonald, belonging to Ardnamurchan. The following act of the Privy Council seems to decide the question:—

Edinburgh, 4th February 1589.

"The same day, the Lords of Secret Council being credibly informed of ye cruel and mischeivous proceeding of ye wicked Clangrigor, so lang continueing in blood, slaughters, hershipis, manifest reifts, and stouths committed upon his Hieness' peaceable and good subjects; inhabiting ye

unpunished."

POSTSCRIPT.

send you the account of this affair as it has been handed down in the family.

"James Stewart of Ardvorlich, who had in the early part of the seventeenth century married the daughter of [illegible] Lord Kilpont, as he was then called, succeeded to the estate and title of several independent companies raised in the Highlands at the commencement of the troubles in the reign of Charles I. The members of those companies was under the command of their Chief, and were, in fact, strengthened by a distant relationship. [illegible] Montrose raised the royal standard. Ardvorlich was one of the first to declare for him, and it was to him that Montrose first communicated the wishes of Lord Kilpont to the same effect, and by a well-planned scheme with Sir John Drummond and their respective followers, [illegible] recorded by Wishart, at Dunblane. While they served together, so strong was their intimacy, that they lived and slept in the same tent.

"In the mean time, Montrose had been joined by the Irish under the command of Alexander Macdonald; [illegible] had committed some excesses on lands belonging to Ardvorlich, which lay in the line of their march from the west coast. Of this Ardvorlich complained to Montrose, who, [illegible] as much as possible to conciliate his new allies, treated it in rather a slighting manner. Ardvorlich, who was a man of violent passions, [illegible] to position and station as he required, challenged Macdonald to combat. [illegible] not, however, Montrose [illegible] Lord Kilpont, laid them [illegible] the feuds of each a feud at such a moment, [illegible] a sort of reconciliation between them, and [illegible] in his presence; when it was said, that Ardvorlich, who was a very powerful man, took such a hold of Macdonald's hand as to make the blood start from his [illegible] it would appear, Ardvorlich was by no means reconciled.

"A few days after the battle of Tippermuir, where Montrose with his army was encamped at Colloss, an entertainment was given by him to his officers, in honour of the victory he had obtained, and Kilpont and his comrade Ardvorlich were of the party. After [illegible] their quarters, Ardvorlich, who seemed still to brood over the [illegible] Macdonald, and being heated with drink, began to [illegible] part he had taken in preventing his obtaining redress, and [illegible] against Montrose for not allowing him what he considered [illegible] reparation. Kilpont, of course defended the conduct of [illegible] Montrose, till their arguments came to such a [illegible] state that words failed, by [illegible] Ardvorlich, with his dirk, struck Kilpont [illegible] under the cover of a thick [illegible] son Henry, who had been mortally wounded at Tippermuir [illegible].

"His followers immediately withdrew from Montrose, and no course remained for him but [illegible] tion, by whom he was well received. He [illegible] in Leslie's campaigns, and on more than one occasion he is mentioned as

having afforded protection to several of his former friends through his interest with Leslie, when the King's cause became desperate.

"The foregoing account of this unfortunate transaction, I am well aware, differs materially from the account given by Wishart, who alleges that Stewart had laid a plot for the assassination of Montrose, and that he murdered Lord Kilpont in consequence of his refusal to participate in his design. Now, I may be allowed to remark, that besides Wishart having always been regarded as a partial historian, and very questionable authority on any subject connected with the motives or conduct of those who differed from him in opinion, that even had Stewart formed such a design, Kilpont, from his name and connections, was likely to be the very last man of whom Stewart would choose to make a confidant and accomplice. On the other hand, the above account, though never, that I am aware, before hinted at, has been a constant tradition in the family; and, from the comparative recent date of the transaction, and the sources from which the tradition has been derived, I have no reason to doubt its perfect authenticity. It was most circumstantially detailed as above, given to my father, Mr Stewart, now of Ardvoirlich, many years ago, by a man nearly connected with the family, who lived to the age of a hundred. This man was a great grandson of James Stewart, by a natural son John, of whom many stories are still current in this country, under his appellation of *John dhu Mhor*. This John was with his father at the time, and of course was a witness of the whole transaction; he lived to a considerable time after the Revolution, and it was from him that my father's informant, who was a man before his grandfather John dhu Mhor's death, received the information as above stated.

"I have many apologies to offer for trespassing so long on your patience; but I felt a natural desire, if possible, to correct what I conceive to be a groundless imputation on the memory of my ancestor, before it shall come to be considered as a matter of history. That he was a man of violent passions and singular temper, I do not pretend to deny, as many traditions still current in this country amply verify; but that he was capable of forming a design to assassinate Montrose, the whole tenor of his former conduct and principles contradicts. That he was obliged to join the opposite party, was merely a matter of safety, while Kilpont had so many powerful friends and connections able and ready to avenge his death.

"I have only to add, that you have my full permission to make what use of this communication you please, and either to reject it altogether, or allow it such credit as you think it deserves; and I shall be ready at all times to furnish you with any further information on this subject which you may require, and which it may be in my power to afford.

"ARDVOIRLICH,
15*th January* 1830."

The publication of a statement so particular, and probably so correct, is a debt due to the memory of James Stewart; the victim, it would seem, of his own violent passions, but perhaps incapable of an act of premeditated treachery.

ABBOTSFORD,
1*st August* 1830

A

LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

CHAPTER I.

> Such as do build their faith upon
> The holy text of pike and gun,
> Decide all controversies by
> Infallible artillery,
> And proves their doctrine orthodox,
> By apostolic blows and knocks.
>
> BUTLER.

It was during the period of that great and bloody Civil War which agitated Britain during the seventeenth century, that our tale has its commencement. Scotland had as yet remained free from the ravages of intestine war, although its inhabitants were much divided in political opinions; and many of them, tired of the control of the Estates of Parliament, and disapproving of the bold measure which they had adopted, by sending into England a large army to the assistance of the Parliament, were determined on their part to embrace the earliest opportunity of declaring for the King, and making such a diversion as should at least compel the recall of General Leslie's army out of England, if it did not recover a great part of Scotland to the King's allegiance. This plan was chiefly adopted by the northern nobility, who had resisted with great obstinacy the adoption of the Solemn League and Covenant, and by many of the chiefs of the Highland clans, who conceived their interest and authority to be connected with royalty, who had, besides, a decided aversion to the Presbyterian form of religion, and who, finally, were in that half savage state of society, in which war is always more welcome than peace.

Great commotions were generally expected to arise from these concurrent causes, and the trade of incursion and depredation, which the Scottish Highlanders at all times exercised upon the Lowlands,

began to assume a more steady, avowed, and systematic form, as part of a general military system.

Those at the head of affairs were not insensible to the peril of the moment, and anxiously made preparations to meet and to repel it. They considered, however, with satisfaction, that no leader or band of consequence had as yet appeared to assemble an army of royalists, or even to direct the efforts of those desultory bands, whose love of plunder, perhaps, as much as political principle, had hurried into measures of hostility. It was generally hoped that the quartering a sufficient number of troops in the Lowlands adjacent to the Highland line, would have the effect of restraining the mountain chieftains; while the power of various barons in the north, who had adopted the Covenant, as, for example, the Earl Marischal, the great families of Forbes, Fraser, and Irvine, the Grames, and other Presbyterian clans, might counterbalance and bridle, not only the strength of the Ogilvies and other excellent of Angus and Kincardine, but even the potent loyalty of the Gordons, whose extensive authority was only equalled by their extreme dislike to the Presbyterian model.

In the West Highlands the ruling party numbered many executives; but the power of these disaffected clans was supposed to be broken, and the spirit of their chieftains intimidated, by the predominating influence of the Marquis of Argyle, upon whom the confidence of the Convention of Estates was reposed with the utmost security; and whose power in the Highlands, already overgrown, had been still further increased by concessions extorted from the King at the last pacification. It was indeed well known that Argyle was a man rather of political enterprise than personal courage, and better calculated to manage an intrigue of state than to command the tribes of hostile mountaineers; yet the numbers of his clan, and the spirit of the gallant gentlemen by whom it was supported, were supposed, despite the personal deficiencies of their chief, and as the Campbells had already severely humbled several of the neighbouring tribes, it was supposed these would not readily again provoke an encounter with a body so powerful.

Thus barring the Clans command the whole west and south of Scotland, including all the richest part of the kingdom,—Fifeshire being in a peculiar manner their own, and possessing many and powerful friends even north of the Forth and Tay,—the Scottish Convention of Estates saw no danger sufficient to induce them to alter the line of policy they had adopted, or to recall from the assistance of their brethren of the English Parliament that auxiliary army of twenty thousand men, by means of which accession of strength, the King's party had been reduced to the defensive, when in full career of triumph and success.

The causes which moved the Convention of Estates at this time to take such an immediate and active interest in the civil war of England, are detailed in our historians, but may be here shortly recapitulated. They had indeed no new injury or aggression to complain of at the hand of the King, and the peace which had been made between Charles and his subjects of Scotland had been carefully ob-

served: but the Scottish rulers were well aware that this peace had been extorted from the King, as well by the influence of the parliamentary party in England, as by the terror of their own arms. It is true, King Charles had since then visited the capital of his ancient kingdom, had assented to the new organization of the church, and had distributed honours and rewards among the leaders of the party which had shewn themselves most hostile to his interests: but it was suspected that distinctions so unwillingly conferred would be resumed as soon as opportunity offered. The low state of the English Parliament was seen in Scotland with deep apprehension: and it was concluded, that should Charles triumph by force of arms against his insurgent subjects of England, he would not be long in exacting from the Scots the vengeance which he might suppose due to those who had set the example of taking up arms against him. Such was the policy of the measure which dictated the sending the auxiliary army into England: and it was avowed in a manifesto explanatory of their reasons for giving this timely and important aid to the English Parliament. The English Parliament, they said, had been already friendly to them, and might be so again: whereas the King, although he had to late established religion among them according to their desires, had given them no ground to confide in his royal declaration, seeing they had found his promises and actions inconsistent with each other. "Our conscience," they concluded, "and God, who is greater than our consciences, beareth us record, that we aim altogether at the glory of God, peace of both nations, and honour of the King, in suppressing and punishing in a legal way, those who are the troublers of Israel, the firebrands of hell, the Korahs, the Balaams, the Doegs, the Rabshakehs, the Hamans, the Tobiahs, the Sanballats of our time: which done, we are satisfied. Neither have we begun to use a military expedition to England as a mean *for* composing those our pious ends, until all other means which we could think upon have failed us: and this alone is left to us, *ultimum et unicum remedium*, the last and only remedy."

Leaving it to casuists to determine whether one contracting party is justified in breaking a solemn treaty, upon the suspicion that, in certain future contingencies, it might be infringed by the other, we shall proceed to mention two other circumstances that had at least equal influence with the Scottish rulers and nation, with any doubts which they entertained of the King's good faith.

The first of these was the nature and condition of their army; headed by a poor and discontented nobility, under whom it was officered chiefly by Scottish soldiers of fortune, who had served in the German wars until they had lost almost all distinction of political principle, and even of country, in the adoption of the mercenary faith, that a soldier's principal duty was fidelity to the state or sovereign from whom he received his pay, without respect either to the justice of the quarrel, or to their own connection with either of the contending parties. To men of this stamp, Grotius applies the severe character: *Nullum vitæ genus est in probium, quæ sine*

[illegible] without. To these necessary [illegible] as well as to the puritanical party with whom they were allied in principle, and who could find the same guidance, the success of their arms in the north of England in 1643 was a sufficient reason for rendering an application an experiment. The good joy and free gratuities of England had made a feeling impression upon the needy leaders of these military adventurers, and the prospect of again levying eight hundred and fifty pounds a-day, came in place of all arguments, whether of state or of morality.

Another cause influenced the affairs of the nation at large, no less than the tempting prospect of the wealth of England animated the soldiery. Much had been written and said on either side concerning the form of church government, that it had become a matter of perfect indifference in the eyes of the multitude than the existence of that ground which long strifes had originated. The Presbytery, and Presbyterians of the more violent kind, became a by-word to the Papists, and would scarcely allow the possibility of salvation beyond the pale of their respective churches. It was in vain resorted to these zealots, that had the Author of our holy religion prescribed any peculiar form of church government as essential to salvation, it would have been recorded with the same precision as under the Old Testament dispensation. Both parties contended as violently as if that could have pleased the distinct companies of Heaven to justify their peculiar creed. Laud, in the days of his [illegible] had [illegible] attempting to impose upon the Scottish people certain ceremonies foreign to their habits and opinions. The success with which this had been resisted, and the Presbyterian model established in its place, had endeared the latter to the nation as the cause in which they had triumphed. The Solemn League and Covenant, adopted with zeal by the greater part of the kingdom, and to them dear, as the sword's point, upon the cause given to its bearers, as its principal object, the establishing the government and discipline of the Presbyterian church, and the putting down all error and heresy; and having attained for their own country a model framed after their wishes and views, the Scots became liberally and reasonably anxious to secure the same to England. This they considered might be easily attained by looking to the Parliament the supreme assistance of the English forces. The Presbyterians, a numerous and powerful party in the English Parliament, had [illegible] taken the lead in opposition to the King; while the Independents and other [illegible], with afterwards, under Cromwell, received the name of the sword, had espoused the Presbyterian model both in Scotland and England, were as yet contented to lurk under the shelter of the wealthier and more powerful party. The conquest of bringing to a uniformity the kingdoms of England and Scotland in Discipline and Worship, seemed therefore as fair as it was desirable.

The celebrated Sir Henry Vane, one of the commissioners who [illegible] between England and Scotland, saw the influence which this bait had upon the spirits of those with whom he

dealt: and although himself a violent Independent, he contrived at once to gratify and to elude the eager desires of the Presbyterians, by qualifying the obligation to reform the Church of England, as a charge to be executed "according to the word of God, and the best reformed churches." Deceived by their own eagerness, themselves entertaining no doubts on the *Jus Divinum* of their own ecclesiastical establishments, and not holding it possible such doubts could be adopted by others, the Convention of Estates and the Kirk of Scotland conceived, that such expressions necessarily inferred the establishment of Presbytery; nor were they undeceived, until, when their help was no longer needful, the sectaries gave them to understand, that the phrase might be as well applied to Independency, or any other mode of worship, which those who were at the head of affairs at the time might consider as agreeable "to the word of God, and the practice of the reformed churches." Neither were the outwitted Scottish less astonished to find, that the designs of the English sectaries struck against the monarchical constitution of Britain, it having been their intention to reduce the power of the King, but by no means to abrogate the office. They fared, however, in this respect, like rash physicians, who commence by over-physicking a patient, until he is reduced to a state of weakness, from which cordials are afterwards unable to recover him.

But these events were still in the womb of futurity. As yet the Scottish Parliament held their engagement with England consistent with justice, prudence, and piety, and their military undertaking seemed to succeed to their very wish. The junction of the Scottish army with those of Fairfax and Manchester, enabled the Parliamentary forces to besiege York, and to fight the desperate action of Long-Marston Moor, in which Prince Rupert and the Marquis of Newcastle were defeated. The Scottish auxiliaries, indeed, had less of the glory of this victory than their countrymen could desire. David Leslie, with their cavalry, fought bravely, and to them, as well as to Cromwell's brigade of Independents, the honour of the day belonged; but the old Earl of Leven, the covenanting general, was driven out of the field by the impetuous charge of Prince Rupert, and was thirty miles distant, in full flight towards Scotland, when he was over-taken by the news that his party had gained a complete victory.

The absence of these auxiliary troops, upon this crusade for the establishment of Presbyterianism in England, had considerably diminished the power of the Convention of Estates in Scotland, and had given rise to those agitations among the anti-covenanters, which we have noticed at the beginning of this chapter.

CHAPTER II.

His mother could for him as cradle set
Her husband's rusty iron corselet;
Whose jangling sound could hush her babe to rest,
That never plain'd of his uneasy nest;
Then did he dream of dreary wars at hand,
And woke, and fought, and won, ere he could stand.

HALL'S *Satires*.

It was towards the close of a summer's evening, during the anxious period which we have commemorated, that a young gentleman of quality, well mounted and armed, and accompanied by two servants, one of whom led a sumpter horse, rode slowly up one of those steep passes, by which the Highlands are accessible from the Lowlands of Perthshire.[1] Their course had lain for some time along the banks of a lake, whose deep waters reflected the crimson beams of the western sun. The broken path which they pursued with some difficulty, was in some places shaded by ancient birches and oak trees, and in others overhung by fragments of huge rock. Elsewhere, the hill, which formed the northern side of this beautiful sheet of water, arose in steep, but less precipitous acclivity, and was arrayed in heath of the darkest purple. In the present times, a scene so romantic would have been judged to possess the highest charms for the traveller; but those who journey in days of doubt and dread, pay little attention to picturesque scenery.

The master kept, as often as the wood permitted, abreast of one or both of his domestics, and seemed earnestly to converse with them, probably because the distinctions of rank are readily set aside among those who are made to be sharers of common danger. The dispositions of the leading men who inhabited this wild country, and the probability of their taking part in the political convulsions that were soon expected, were the subjects of their conversation.

They had not advanced above half way up the lake, and the young gentleman was pointing to his attendants the spot where their intended road turned northwards, and, leaving the verge of the loch, ascended a ravine to the right hand, when they discovered a single horseman coming down the shore, as if to meet them. The gleam of the sunbeams upon his head-piece and corslet showed that he was in armour, and the purpose of the other travellers required that he should not pass unquestioned. "We must know who he is," said the young gentleman, "and whither he is going." And putting spurs to his horse, he rode forward as fast as the rugged state of the road would permit, followed by his two attendants, until he reached the point where the pass along the side of the lake was intersected by that which descended from the ravine, securing thus against the possibility of the stranger eluding them, by turning into the lower road before they came up with him.

[1] The beautiful pass of Leny, near Callander, in Menteith, would, in some respects, answer the description.

The single horseman had mended his pace, when he first observed the three riders advance rapidly towards him; but when he saw them halt and form a front, which completely occupied the path, he checked his horse, and advanced with great deliberation; so that each party had an opportunity to take a full survey of the other. The solitary stranger was mounted upon an able horse, fit for military service, and for the great weight which he had to carry, and his rider occupied his demipique, or war-saddle, with an air that shewed it was his familiar seat. He had a bright burnished head-piece, with a plume of feathers, together with a cuirass, thick enough to resist a musket-ball, and a back-piece of lighter materials. These defensive arms he wore over a buff jerkin, along with a pair of gauntlets, or steel gloves, the tops of which reached up to his elbow, and which, like the rest of his armour, were of bright steel. At the front of his military saddle hung a case of pistols, far beyond the ordinary size, nearly two feet in length, and carrying bullets of twenty to the pound. A buff belt, with a broad silver buckle, sustained on one side a long straight double-edged broadsword, with a strong guard, and a blade calculated either to strike or push. On the right side hung a dagger of about eighteen inches in length; a shoulder-belt sustained at his back a musketoon or blunderbuss, and was crossed by a bandelier containing his charges of ammunition. Thigh-pieces of steel, then termed tasles, met the tops of his huge jack-boots, and completed the equipage of a well-armed trooper of the period.

The appearance of the horseman himself corresponded well with his military equipage, to which he had the air of having been long inured. He was above the middle size, and of strength sufficient to bear with ease the weight of his weapons, offensive and defensive. His age might be forty and upwards, and his countenance was that of a resolute weather-beaten veteran, who had seen many fields, and brought away in token more than one scar. At the distance of about thirty yards he halted and stood fast, raised himself on his stirrups, as if to reconnoitre and ascertain the purpose of the opposite party, and brought his musketoon under his right arm, ready for use, if occasion should require it. In everything but number, he had the advantage of those who seemed inclined to intercept his passage.

The leader of the party was, indeed, well mounted and clad in a buff coat, richly embroidered, the half-military dress of the period; but his domestics had only coarse jackets of thick felt, which could scarce be expected to turn the edge of a sword, if wielded by a strong man; and none of them had any weapons, save sword and pistols, without which gentlemen, or their attendants, during those disturbed times, seldom stirred abroad.

When they had stood at gaze for about a minute, the younger gentleman gave the challenge which was then common in the mouth of all strangers who met in such circumstances—"For whom are you?"

"Tell me first," answered the soldier, "for whom are you? The strongest party should speak first."

"We are for God and King Charles," answered the first speaker. —"Now tell your faction, you know ours."

"I am for God and my standard," answered the single horseman.

"And for which standard?" replied the chief of the other party—"Cavalier or Roundhead, King or Convention?"

"By my troth, sir," answered the soldier, "I would be loath to reply to you with an untruth, as a thing unbecoming a cavalier of fortune and a soldier. But to answer your query with beseeming veracity, it is necessary I should myself have resolved to whilk of the present divisions of the kingdom I shall ultimately adhere, being a matter whereon my mind is not as yet preceesely ascertained."

"I should have thought," answered the gentleman, "that, when loyalty and religion are at stake, no gentleman or man of honour could be long in choosing his party."

"Truly, sir," replied the trooper, "if ye speak this in the way of vituperation, as meaning to impugn my honour or genteelity, I would bluntly put the same to issue, venturing in that quarrel with my single person against you three. But if you speak it in the way of logical ratiocination, whilk I have studied in my youth at the Mareschal-College of Aberdeen, I am ready to prove to ye *logicé*, that my resolution to defer, for a certain season, the taking upon me either of these quarrels, not only becometh me as a gentleman and a man of honour, but also as a person of sense and prudence, one imbued with humane letters in his early youth, and who, from thence-forward, has followed the wars under the banner of the invincible Gustavus, the Lion of the North, and under many other heroic leaders, both Lutheran and Calvinist, Papist and Arminian."

After exchanging a word or two with his domestics, the younger gentleman replied, "I should be glad, sir, to have some conversation with you upon so interesting a question, and should be proud if I can determine you in favour of the cause I have myself espoused. I ride this evening to a friend's house not three miles distant, whither, if you choose to accompany me, you shall have good quarters for the night, and free permission to take your own road in the morning, if you then feel no inclination to join with us."

"Whose word am I to take for this?" answered the cautious soldier—"A man must know his guarantee, or he may fall into an ambuscade."

"I am called," answered the younger stranger, "the Earl of Menteith, and, I trust, you will receive my honour as a sufficient security."

"A worthy nobleman," answered the soldier, "whose parole is not to be doubted." With one motion he replaced his musketoon at his back, and with another made his military salute to the young nobleman, and continued to talk as he rode forward to join him—"And, I trust," said he, "my own assurance, that I will be *bon camarade* to your lordship in peace or in peril, during the time we shall abide together, will not be altogether vilipended in these doubtful times, when, as they say, a man's head is safer in a steel-cap than in a marble palace."

"I assure you, sir," said Lord Menteith, "that to judge from your appearance, I most highly value the advantage of your escort; but, I trust, we shall have no occasion for any exercise of valour, as I expect to conduct you to good and friendly quarters."

"Good quarters, my lord," replied the soldier, "are always acceptable, and are only to be postponed to good pay or good booty,—not to mention the honour of a cavalier, or the needful points of commanded duty. And truly, my lord, your noble proffer is not the less welcome, in that I knew not precisely this night where I and my poor companion" (patting his horse) "were to find lodgments."

"May I be permitted to ask, then," said Lord Menteith, "to whom I have the good fortune to stand quarter-master?"

"Truly, my lord," said the trooper, "my name is Dalgetty—Dugald Dalgetty, Ritt-master Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, at your honourable service to command. It is a name you may have seen in *Gallo Belgicus*, the *Swedish Intelligencer*, or, if you read High Dutch, in the *Fliegenden Mercour* of Leipsic. My father, my lord, having by unthrifty courses reduced a fair patrimony to a nonentity, I had no better shift, when I was eighteen years auld, than to carry the learning whilk I had acquired at the Mareschal-College of Aberdeen, my gentle blude and designation of Drumthwacket, together with a pair of stalwarth arms, and legs conform, to the German wars, there to push my way as a cavalier of fortune. My lord, my legs and arms stood me in more stead than either my gentle kin or my book-lear, and I found myself trailing a pike as a private gentleman under old Sir Ludovick Leslie, where I learned the rules of service so tightly, that I will not forget them in a hurry. Sir, I have been made to stand guard eight hours, being from twelve at noon to eight o'clock of the night, at the palace, armed with back and breast, head-piece and bracelets, being iron to the teeth, in a bitter frost, and the ice was as hard as ever was flint; and all for stopping an instant to speak to my landlady, when I should have gone to roll-call."

"And, doubtless, sir," replied Lord Menteith, "you have gone through some hot service, as well as this same cold duty you talk of?"

"Surely, my lord, it doth not become me to speak: but he that hath seen the fields of Leipsic and of Lutzen, may be said to have seen pitched battles. And one who hath witnessed the intaking of Frankfort, and Spanheim, and Nuremberg, and so forth, should know somewhat about leaguers, storms, onslaughts, and outfalls."

"But your merit, sir, and experience, were doubtless followed by promotion?"

"It came slow, my lord, dooms slow," replied Dalgetty: "but as my Scottish countrymen, the fathers of the war, and the raisers of those valorous Scottish regiments that were the dread of Germany, began to fall pretty thick, what with pestilence and what with the sword, why we, their children, succeeded to their inheritance. Sir, I was six years first private gentleman of the company, and three years lance spesade: disdaining to receive a halberd, as becoming my birth. Wherefore I was ultimately promoted to be a falm-dragger,

as the High Dutch call it, (which signifies an equivalent,) in the King's Life Regiment of Black Horse, and the earlier I arrive to be lieutenant and ritt-master, under that invincible monarch, the bulwark of the Protestant faith, the Lion of the North, the terror of Austria, Gustavus the Victorious."

"And yet, if I understand your Capuan Dulcety—I think the rank corresponds with your foreign title of ritt-master—"

"The same grade precisely," answered Dalgetty; "ritt-master signifying literally file-leader."

"I was observing," continued Lord Monteith, "that, if I understood you right, you had left the service of this great Prince."

"It was after his decease—it was after his death, sir," said Dalgetty; "when I was in no shape bound to continue mine adhesion. There are things, my lord, in that service, that cannot but go against the stomach of any cavalier of honour. As especial, albeit the pay be none of the most magnificent, being only about sixty dollars a month to a ritt-master, yet the monies [illegible] never paid above one-third of that sum, which was distributed monthly by way of loan; although, when justly considered, it was in fact a borrowing by the arrest in quench of the additional two-thirds which were due to the soldier. And I have seen, also, regiments of Dutch and Holsteiners mutiny on the field of battle, like base scullions, crying out 'Geld, geld,' if pilfering their desire of pay, instead of falling to blows like our noble Scottish blades, with due disdain of any fond, postponing of honour to filthy lucre."

"But were not these arrears," said Lord Monteith, "paid to the soldiery at some stated period?"

"My lord," said Dalgetty, "I take it on my conscience, that at no period, and by no possible process, could one creditor of them ever be recovered. I myself never saw twenty dollars of my own all the time I served the invincible Gustavus, unless it was from the chance of a occasional victory, or the flowing in of some town or doorp, when a cracker of farthings, who knows the usage of wars, seldom faileth to make some small profit."

"I begin rather to wonder," said Lord Monteith, "that you should have continued so long in the Swedish service, than that you should have ultimately withdrawn from it."

"Nathless I should," answered the Knight-errant; "but that great leader, captain, and king, the Lion of the North, and the bulwark of the Protestant faith, had a way of winning battles, taking towns, overrunning countries, and levying contributions, which made his service irresistible to all gentlemen soldiers who follow the noble profession of arms. Simple as I sit here, my lord, I have myself earned the stipend of a ritt-master at Frankenthal on the Lower Rhine, occupying the Palgrave's palace, consuming his choice wines with my comrades, exacting contributions, requisitions, and exactions, and not failing to live [illegible] as becomes a good cook. But [illegible] all [illegible] hastened [illegible] great master-hand [illegible] there [illegible] on the field of Lutzen—wherefore, healing that Pappenheim had conquered sixteen, that the beer-wines and puddings went on as before out of our pay, while the cadenzas and casualties were all cut off

I often gave up my commission, and took service with Wallenstein, in Walter Butler's Irish regiment."

"And may I beg to know of you," said Lord Menteith, apparently interested in the adventures of this soldier of fortune, "how you liked this change of masters?"

"Indifferent well," said the Captain—"very indifferent well. I cannot say that the Emperor paid much better than the great Gustavus. For hard knocks, we had plenty of them. I was often reduced to run my head against my old acquaintance, the Swedish feathers, whilk your honour must conceive to be double-pointed stakes, shod with iron at each end, and planted before the squadrons to prevent an overfall of the cavalry. The whilk Swedish feathers, although they look gay to the eye, resembling the branches or lesser trees of ane forest, as the puissant pikes, arranged in battalia behind them, correspond to the tall pines thereof, yet, nevertheless, are not altogether so soft to encounter as the plumage of a goose. Howbeit, in despite of heavy blows and hard fare, a soldier of fortune may thrive indifferently well in the Imperial service, in respect his private casualties are hereby so much bodied forth to the Swede; and as the ae officer gets duty on the back of another, Wallenstein, the Emperor, and the old Duke of Bavaria would likely listen to the disputations of none of the three against any commander or colonel, by whom they chanced to be somewhat closely seen. So that an experienced cavalier, knowing how to play a noble Scottish game, 'the head of the cow to the tail of the grice,' might get on of the country the pay whilk he could not obtain from the Emperor."

"With a full head, sir, doubtless, and with interest," said Lord Menteith.

"Indubitably, my lord," answered Dalgetty, emphatically; "for it would be doubly disgraceful for any soldier of mine to have his name called in question for any petty peculiarities."

"And pray, sir," continued Lord Menteith, "what made you leave so gainful a service?"

"Why, truly, sir," answered the soldier, "an Irish cavalier, called O'Cullilgan, being major of our regiment, and I having had a scuffle with him the night before, respecting the worth and precedence of our several nations, it pleased him the next day to deliver his orders to me with the point of his baton advanced and bent aloft, instead of declining and treating the same, as is the fashion from a commanding officer towards his equal in rank, though it may be his inferior in military grade. Upon this quarrel, sir, we fought a private rencontre; and as, in the perquisitions which followed, it pleased Walter Butler, our colonel, or colonel, to give the Irishman punishment to his countryman, and the more so as I was the person ill stomaching such partiality, I exchanged my commission for one under the Spaniard."

"I hope you found yourself better off by the change?" said Lord Menteith.

"In good sooth," answered the Pittenweem [illegible] complain of. The pay was somewhat [illegible] being [illegible]

the rich Flemings and Walloons of the Low Country. The quarters were excellent: the good wheaten loaves of the Flemings were better than the Provant rye-bread of the Swede, and Rhenish wine was more plenty with us than ever I saw the black-beer of Brunswick in Gustavus's camp. Service there was none, duty there was little: and that little we might do, or leave undone, at our pleasure: an excellent retirement for a cavalier somewhat weary of field and leaguer, who had purchased with his blood as much honour as might serve his turn, and was desirous of a little ease and good living."

"And may I ask," said Lord Menteith, "why you, Captain, being, as I suppose, in the situation you describe, retired from the Spanish service also?"

"You are to consider, my lord, that your Spaniard," replied Captain Dalgetty, "is a person altogether unparalleled in his own conceit, who, although he maketh not fit account of such foreign cavaliers of valour as are pleased to take service with him. And a galling thing it is to every honourable soldado, to be put aside, and postponed, and obliged to yield preference to every puffing signior, who, were it the question which should first mount a breach at push of pike, might be apt to yield willing place to a Scottish cavalier. Moreover, sir, I was pricked in conscience respecting a matter of religion."

"I should not have thought, Captain Dalgetty," said the young nobleman, "that an old soldier, who had changed service so often, would have been too scrupulous on that head."

"No more I am, my lord," said the Captain, "since I hold it to be the duty of the chaplain of the regiment to settle those matters for me, and every other leave cavalier, inasmuch as he does nothing else that I know of for his pay and allowances. But this was a particular case, my lord, a *casus horrendus*, as I may say, in which I had no chaplain of my own persuasion to act as my adviser. I found, in short, that although my being a Protestant might be winked at, in respect that I was a man of action, and had more experience than all the Dons in our *hetra* put together, yet, when in garrison, it was expected I should go to mass with the regiment. Now, my lord, as a true Scottish man, and educated at the Mareschal-College of Aberdeen, I was bound to uphold the mass to be an act of bloated papistry and utter idolatry, whilk I was altogether unwilling to homologate by my presence. True it is, that I consulted on the point with a worthy countryman of my own, one Father Fatsides, of the Scottish Convent in Wurtzburg——"

"And I hope," observed Lord Menteith, "you obtained a clear opinion from this same ghostly father?"

"As clear as it could be," replied Captain Dalgetty, "considering we had drunk six flasks of Rhenish, and about two mutchkins of Kirschenwasser. Father Fatsides informed me, that, as nearly as he could judge, for a heretic like myself, it signified not much whether I went to mass or not, seeing my eternal perdition was signed and sealed at any rate, in respect of my impenitent and obdurate perseverance in my damnable heresy. Being discouraged by this response, I applied to a Dutch pastor of the reformed church, who told

[illegible]

science."

"So you assert, indeed, your servant," said Lord Menteith.

"In truth did I my Lord," said the other, in a tone of [illegible] as one who protests; "I was loth not to be true with those High Mightinesses the States of Holland."

"And how did their service [illegible] your honour?" again demanded his companion.

"O! my lord," said the soldier, in a tone of [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

CHAPTER III.

> For pleas of right let state men vex their head,
> Battle's my business, and my guerdon bread;
> And, with the sworded Switzer, I can say,
> The best of causes is the best of pay.
>
> DONNE.

THE difficulty and narrowness of the road had by this time become such as to interrupt the conversation of the travellers, and Lord Menteith, reining back his horse, held a moment's private conversation with his domestics. The Captain, who now led the van of the party, after about a quarter of a mile's slow and toilsome advance up a broken and rugged ascent, entered into an upland valley, to which a mountain stream acted as a drain, and afforded sufficient room upon its green-ward banks for the travellers to pursue their journey in a more social manner.

Lord Menteith accordingly resumed the conversation, which had been interrupted by the difficulties of the way. "I should have thought," said he to Captain Dalgetty, "that a cavalier of your honourable mark, who hath so long followed the ancient King of Sweden, and entertains such a laudable contempt for the base-minded States of Holland, would have scorned to embrace the cause of King Charles, in preference to that of the low-born, round-headed, coming Scots, who are in rebellion against his authority!"

"I crave your pardon, my lord," said Dalgetty, "and, correct me if I am in error, I ought to be rather in the more light. Our kings have a settled provision—fine words butter no parsnips—I have found enough since I came here, to satisfy me that a cavalier of fortune is free to take any part in this civil embroilment which he may find most conducive to his own profit. Loyalty is your part-word, my lord—fidelity, I can transfer that shield from the other side of the escutcheon—the King, quoth one war-cry—the Parliament, roars another—Montrose for ever, cries Donald, waving his bonnet—Argyle and Leven, cries a north-country Saunders, vapouring with his hat and feather—Fight for the bishops, says a priest, with his gown and cassock—and down with the Kirk, cries a minister, in a Geneva cassock and band—Good water-work and—excellent weather-work! Whilk cause is the best I cannot say. But sure am I, that I have fought knee-deep in blood many a day for one that was by degrees worse than the worst of them all."

"And pray, Captain Dalgetty," said his lordship, "since the preponderance of both parties seems to you so equal, will you please to inform me by what circumstances your preference will be determined?"

"Simply upon two considerations, my lord," answered the soldier—"first, as to which side my services would be in most honourable request; and, secondly, which is a corollary of the first, by whilk party they are likely to be most regularly rewarded. And, to deal plainly with your lordship, my opinions at present doth on both points rather incline to the side of the Parliament."

stand, are unintelligible to the ears of any cavaliero accustomed to

ecchless mob, it were impossible for me to be understood; and if I ere understood. Judge ye, my lord, what chance I had of being

their own laird and chiefs allenarly, that respect and obedience hilk ought to be paid to commissionate officers. If I were teaching them to form battalia by extracting the square root, that is, by forming your square battalion of equal number of men of rank and

cast pearls before swine, they will turn again and rend ye.'"

his servants, for both were close behind him, "you can assure this

aware of."

"With your honour's permission," said Anderson, respectfully

before now, we shall have need of good soldiers to discipline our levies."

turned with great loss and little profit. Wherefore these valiant Irishes, being all put to the sword, as is usual in such cases, did never-

theless gain immortal praise and honour; so that, for their sakes I have always loved and honoured those of that nation next to my own country of Scotland."

"A command of Irish," said Menteith, "I think I could almost promise you, should you be disposed to embrace the royal cause."

"And yet," said Captain Dalgetty, "my second and greatest difficulty remains behind: for, although I hold it a mean and sordid thing for a soldado to have nothing in his mouth but pay and gelt, like the base cullions, the German lanz-knechts, whom I mentioned before; and although I will maintain it with my sword, that honour is to be preferred before pay, free quarters, and arrears, yet, *e contrario*, a soldier's pay being the counterpart of his engagement of service, it becomes a wise and considerate cavalier to consider what remuneration he is to receive for his service, and from what funds it is to be paid. And truly, my lord, from what I can see and hear, the Convention are the pursemasters. The Highlanders, indeed, may be kept in humour, by allowing them to steal cattle; and for the Irishes, your lordship and your noble associates may, according to the practice of the wars in such cases, pay them as seldom or as little as may suit your pleasure or convenience; but the same mode of treatment doth not apply to a cavalier like me, who must keep up his horses, servants, arms, and equipage, and who neither can, nor will, go to warfare upon his own charges."

Anderson, the domestic who had before spoken, now respectfully addressed his master. "I think, my lord," he said, "that, under your lordship's favour, I could say something to remove Captain Dalgetty's second objection also. He asks us where we are to collect our pay; now, in my poor mind, the resources are as open to us as to the Convenanters. They tax the country according to their pleasure, and dilapidate the estates of the King's friends: now, were we once in the Lowlands, with our Highlanders and our Irish at our backs, and our swords in our hands, we can find means to tax a set traitor, whose ill gotten wealth shall fill our military chest and satisfy our soldiery. Besides, confiscations will fall in thick; and, in giving donations of forfeited lands to every adventurous cavalier who joins his standard, the King will at once reward his friends and punish his enemies. In short, he that joins these Roundhead dogs may get some miserable pittance of pay—he that joins our standard has a chance to be knight, lord, or earl, if luck serve him."

"Have you ever served, my good friend?" said the Captain to the spokesman.

"A little, sir, in these our domestic quarrels," answered the man, modestly.

"But never in Germany or the Low Countries?" said Dalgetty.

"I never had the honour," answered Anderson.

"I profess," said Dalgetty, addressing Lord Menteith, "your lordship's servant has a sensible, natural, pretty idea of military matters; somewhat irregular, though, and smells a little too much of selling the bear's skin before he has hunted him.—I will take the matter, however, into my consideration."

"Do so, Captain," said Lord Menteith; "you will have the night

to think of it, but we are now near the house, where I hope to procure you a hospitable reception."

"And that a meal will be very welcome," said the Captain, "for I have tasted no food since daybreak but a bit of cake, which I divided with my horse. So I have been fain to draw my sword-belt some holes tighter in my estimation, lest hunger and heavy iron should make the gird slip."

CHAPTER IV

Once on a time, no matter when,
Some Glenimles met in a glen,
As deft and tight as ever wore
A dirk, a targe, and a claymore.
Short hose, and belted plaid or trews,
In Uist, Lochaber, Skye, or Lewes,
Or cover'd hard head with his bonnet;
Had you but known them, you would own it.

MESTON

A HILL was now before the travellers, covered with an ancient forest of Scottish fir, the supporters of which, flinging their scathed branches across the western horizon, loomed ruddy in the setting sun. In the centre of this wood rose the towers, or rather the chimneys, of the house, or castle, as it was called, destined for the end of their journey.

As usual at that period, one or two high-ridged narrow buildings, intersecting and crossing each other, formed the *corps de logis*. A projecting entrance or two, with the addition of small turrets at the angles, in order to accommodate pepper-boxes, had procured for Darnlinvarach the dignified appellation of a castle. It was surrounded by a low court-yard wall, within which were the usual offices.

As the travellers approached more nearly, they discovered marks of recent additions to the defences of the place, which had been suggested, doubtless, by the necessity of those troublesome times. Additional loop-holes for musketry were struck out in different parts of the building, and of its corresponding wall. The windows had just been carefully secured by stanchions of iron crossing each other athwart and athwart, like the grates of a prison. The door of the court-yard was shut; and it was only after cautious challenge that one of its leaves was opened by two armed men, both strong Highlanders, and both under arms, like Ithaks and Pedants in the Æneid, ready to defend the entrance if aught hostile had ventured an intrusion.

When the travellers were admitted into the court, they found additional preparations for defence. The walls were scaffolded for the use of fire-arms, and one or two of the small guns called *falcons*, or *falconets*, were mounted at the angles and flanking turrets.

More domestics, both in the Highland and Lowland dress, instantly rushed from the interior of the mansion, and some hastened to take

the horses of the [illegible] while [illegible] to [illegible] in a way into the dwelling-house. But [illegible] refused the proffered assistance of those who wished to [illegible] him of the charge of his horse. "It is my [illegible] to see [illegible] (for so I have called him, after my [illegible] acquainted myself: we are old friends and [illegible], and I [illegible] the use of his legs. I always lead him in myself, and [illegible] for whatever he has occasion for." [illegible], he strode into the stable after his steed without farther apology.

Neither Lord Monteith nor his attendant [illegible] their horses, but leaving them to the [illegible] of the servants of the place, walked forward into the house, where a sort of [illegible] vaulted vestibule displayed, among other [illegible] articles, a large barrel of two-penny ale, before which [illegible] wooden quaich, or [illegible], ready. It would appear that the owner of whatever thought proper to [illegible]. Lord Monteith applied himself to the [illegible] with [illegible], and then handed the quaich to Anderson, who followed his [illegible] example, but not before he had flung out the drop of ale which remained [illegible] in the wooden cup.

"What the [illegible], man," said an old Highland [illegible] to the family, "can ye not drink after your own master without [illegible] the cup and spilling the ale, and be taunted to her?"

"I was bred in [illegible]," answered Anderson, "where nobody drinks after another out of the same cup unless it be after a young lady."

"The [illegible] in their [illegible]!" said Donald; "and if the ale be good, for she wasna't that another man's [illegible] were in the quaich before ye?"

Anderson's [illegible] dread [illegible] preventing the [illegible] which had given Donald so much offence, the [illegible] followed their master into the [illegible] hall which was the usual rendezvous of a Highland family. A large fire of peats in the huge chimney at the upper end and a [illegible] lamp in the apartment, and was rendered necessary by the [illegible], by which, even during the summer, the [illegible] was rendered [illegible]. Twenty or thirty targets, [illegible] with [illegible] and plaids, and guns, both match-lock and [illegible], and [illegible] and cross-bow, and Lochaber axes, and [illegible] of other armour, and [illegible] pieces, and the more modern [illegible], or skirts of defensible mail, with hood and sleeves corresponding to it, all hung in confusion about the walls, and would have formed a wealth's amusement to a member of a modern antiquarian society. But such things were too familiar to attract much observation on the part of the present spectators.

There was a large clumsy oaken table, which the hasty hospitality of the domestic who had before spoken had already spread with milk, butter, goat-milk cheese, a flagon of beer, and a flask of usquebaugh, destined for the refreshment of Lord Monteith: while an inferior servant made preparations for the [illegible] of the table for the benefit of his [illegible]. The space which intervened between them

[illegible] according to the manners of the time, sufficient distinction between master and servant, even though the former was in the presence of persons of high rank. Meanwhile the guests stood by the fire [illegible] under the chimney, and the servants at some little distance.

"What do you think, Andrew," said the Baronet, "of our fellow-traveller?"

"A queer chiel," replied Andrew; "if I'll be good cess to upcome [illegible] twenty-sixth to get over Tweed will [illegible] some sort of discipline."

"I differ from you, Andrew," said Lord Monkbarns: "I think this [illegible] is one of those Highlanders, whose appetite for travel has only sharpened by what he has seen of foreign countries, to prize more highly the land of his own. Shame on the pack of [illegible] who, to gratify their insatiable thirst for plunder and wasteful quarrel, have raised the civil dissension which is now [illegible] our own bosoms. I am [illegible] gladiator, and yet could hardly help laughing at the extremity of his impudence."

"Your lordship will [illegible]," said Andrew, "if I recommend to you, in the present circumstances, to conceal at least a part of this generous indignation: we cannot, unfortunately, do [illegible] with at the desistance of those who are in better motives than we are. We cannot spare the assistance of even Follows as our friend the soldado. To use the [illegible] phrase of the saints in the English Parliament, the sons of Zeruiah are still too many for us."

"I must do it, then, as well as I can," said the Lord Monkbarns, "so I [illegible] him upon your knee. But I wish the fellow to the devil with all my heart."

"Ay, but still you must remember, my lord," resumed Andrew, "that to save the life of a scorpion, you must [illegible] the scorpion on the wound—But stop, we shall be overheard."

From a side-door in the hall glided a Highlander into the apartment, whose lofty stature and complete equipment, as well as the eagle's feather in his bonnet, and the confidence of his demeanour, announced to be a person of superior rank. He walked slowly up to the table, and made no answer to Lord [illegible], who, addressing him by the name of Allan, asked him how he did.

"I'll never speak to her e'en now," whispered the old Highland. "You old Highlander, sinking down upon the empty settle at the fire, fixed his eyes upon the red embers, and the [illegible] of turf, and seemed buried in profound abstraction. His dark eyes and wild enthusiastic features bore the air of one [illegible] impressed with his own [illegible] meditative gaze. [illegible] exterior [illegible] of gloomy severity. [illegible] and solitary habits, might, in a Lowlander, have been considered to reli-

gious fanaticism; but by that disease of the mind, then so common both in England and the Lowlands of Scotland, the Highlanders of this period were rarely infected. They had, however, their own peculiar superstitions, which over-clouded the mind with thick-coming fancies, as completely as the puritanism of their neighbours.

"His lordship's honour," said the Highland servant, sideling up to Lord Menteith, and speaking in a very low tone, "his lordship manna speak to Allan even now, for the cloud is upon his mind."

Lord Menteith nodded, and took no farther notice of the reserved mountaineer.

"Said I not," asked the latter, suddenly raising his stately person upright, and looking at the domestic—"said I not that four were to come, and here stand but three on the hall floor?"

"In troth did ye say sae, Allan," said the old Highlander, "and here 's the fourth man coming clinking in at the yett e'en now from the stable, for he 's shelled like a partan, wi' airn on back and breast, haunch and shanks. And am I to set her chair up near the Menteith's, or down wi' the honest gentlemen at the foot of the table?"

Lord Menteith himself answered the inquiry, by pointing to a seat beside his own.

"And here she comes," said Donald, as Captain Dalgetty entered the hall; "and I hope gentlemens will all take bread and cheese, as we say in the glens, until better meat be ready, until the Tiernach comes back frae the hill wi' the southern gentlefolk, and then Dugald Cook will shew himself wi' his kid and hill venison."

In the meantime, Captain Dalgetty had entered the apartment, and, walking up to the seat placed next Lord Menteith, was leaning on the back of it with his arms folded. Anderson and his companion waited at the bottom of the table, in a respectful attitude, until they should receive permission to seat themselves; while three or four Highlanders, under the direction of old Donald, ran hither and thither to bring additional articles of food, or stood still to give attendance upon the guests.

In the midst of these preparations, Allan suddenly started up, and snatching a lamp from the hand of an attendant, held it close to Dalgetty's face, while he perused his features with the most heedful and grave attention.

"By my honour," said Dalgetty, half displeased, as, mysteriously shaking his head, Allan gave up the scrutiny—"I trow that lad and I will ken each other when we meet again."

Meanwhile Allan strode to the bottom of the table, and having, by the aid of his lamp, subjected Anderson and his companion to the same investigation, stood a moment as if in deep reflection; then, touching his forehead, suddenly seized Anderson by the arm, and before he could offer any effectual resistance, half led and half dragged him to the vacant seat at the upper end, and having made a mute intimation that he should there place himself, he hurried the soldado with the same unceremonious precipitation to the bottom of

the table. The Captain, exceedingly incensed at this freedom, endeavoured to shake Allan from him with violence; but, powerful as he was, he proved in the struggle inferior to the gigantic mountaineer, who threw him off with such violence, that after reeling a few paces, he fell at full length, and the vaulted hall rang with the clash of his armour. When he arose, his first action was to draw his sword and fly at Allan, who, with folded arms, seemed to await his onset with the most scornful indifference. Lord Menteith and his attendants interposed to preserve peace, while the Highlanders, snatching weapons from the wall, seemed prompt to increase the broil.

"He is mad," whispered Lord Menteith, "he is perfectly mad; there is no purpose in quarrelling with him."

"If your lordship is assured that he is *non compos mentis*," said Dalgetty, "the whilk his breeding and behaviour seem to testify, the matter must end here, seeing that a madman can neither give an affront, nor render honourable satisfaction. But, by my saul, if I had my provant and a bottle of Rhenish under my belt, I should have stood otherways up to him. And yet it's a pity he should be sae weak in the intellectuals, being a strong proper man of body, fit to handle pike, morgenstern,[1] or any other military implement whatsoever."

Peace was thus restored, and the party seated themselves agreeably to their former arrangement, with which Allan, who had now returned to his settle by the fire, and seemed once more immersed in meditation, did not again interfere. Lord Menteith, addressing the principal domestic, hastened to start some theme of conversation which might obliterate all recollection of the fray that had taken place. "The laird is at the hill then, Donald, I understand, and some English strangers with him?"

"At the hill he is, an it like your honour, and two Saxon calabaleros are with him sure enough: and that is Sir Miles Musgrave and Christopher Hall, both from the Cumraik, as I think they call their country."

"Hall and Musgrave?" said Lord Menteith, looking at his attendants, "the very men that we wished to see."

"Troth," said Donald, "an' I wish I had never seen them between the een, for they 're come to herry us out o' house and ha'."

"Why, Donald," said Lord Menteith, "you did not use to be so churlish of your beef and ale; southland though they be, they'll scarce eat up all the cattle that's going on the castle mains."

"Teil care an they did," said Donald, "an that were the warst o't, for we have a wheen canny trewsmen here that wadna let us want if

[1] This was a sort of club, or mace, used in the earlier part of the seventeenth century in the defence of breaches and walls. When the Germans insulted a Scotch regiment then besieged in Trailsund, saying they heard there was a ship come from Denmark to them laden with tobacco pipes, "One of our soldiers," says Colonel Robert Munro, "shewing them over the work a morgenstern, made of a large stock bended with iron, like the shaft of a halberd, with a round globe at the end with cross iron pikes, saith, 'Here is one of the tobacco-pipes, wherewith we will beat out your brains when you intend to storm us.'"

there was a horned beast atween this and Perth. But this is a waur job—it's nae less than a wager."

"A wager?" repeated Lord Monkbarns, with some surprise.

"Troth," continued Donald, to the full as eager to tell his news as Lord Monkbarns was curious to hear them, "as your lordship is a friend and kinsman o' the house, an' as ye'll hear enough o't in less than an hour, I may as weel tell ye my sell. Ye sall be pleased then to know, that when our Laird was up in England, where he gangs oftener than his friends can wish, he was biding at the house o' this Sir Miles Musgrave, an' there was putten on the table six candlesticks, that they tell me were twice as muckle as the candlesticks in Dundeane kirk and neither airn, brass, nor tin, but a' solid silver, nae less; upp wi' their English pride, has sae muckle, and kens sae little how to guide it! Sae they began to jeer the Laird, that he saw nae sic graith in his ain poor country; and the Laird, scorning to hear his country put down without a word for its credit, swore, like a Scotsman, that he had finer candlesticks, and better candle-light, in his ain castle at hame, than were ever lighted in a hall in Cumberland, an Cumberland be the name o' the country."

"That was particularly said," observed Lord Monkbarns.

"Very true," said Donald; "but her honour has better hae haudden her tongue; for if ye say ony thing among the Saxons that's a wee bit ostlious, they think ye dare for a wager as lief as a Lowland sheltie would loup over a Highland shelty. An' so the Laird behoved either to gae back o' his word, or wager twa hunder merks; and so he's ta'en back the wager, rather than be scomfished for the life o' them. And now he's take to bed to pay, and I'm thinking that's what makes him sae swear to come hame at e'en."

"Indeed," said Lord Monkbarns, "from my idea of your family plate, Donald, your master is certain to lose such a wager."

"Your honour says true; an' where he's to get the siller I know na, although he has stood out of twenty purses. I advised him to put the two hundred gentlemen and their servants canilly into the pot of the house (for I'm sure the kitchen o' Tosh gude will help the Laird winna hear reason."

Here Lovel stepped forward, and interrupted the conversation in a tone of voice which sounded like thunder. "And how dared you to give my brother such dishonourable advice? or how dare you to accept his wager, knowing, as you must, that it is his pleasure to lay?"

"Troth, Allan M'Aulay," answered the old man, "it's no for my part that I have to fairly wi' your father's son (think fit to say, an' so they micht say to dealt wi' his wager. An' that I ken a hantle o't, for the laird a candlestick, or ony thing like it, is in the house, except the auld airn branches that hae been in the Laird M'Aulay's time; and I'm sensible that your father gaed be ready by auld Willie Wabster (ne tinkler, may he tak!) that deil an mair of them place is about the house as will haud the lady's auld pawkie sark, that was to cover and ane o' the lugs."

"Donald," said Allan, fiercely; "and do you, gentlemen, leave this apartment at once: I must prepare it for the reception of these southern guests."

"Come away," said the [illegible], pulling Lord Menteith by the sleeve; "he knows [illegible], and he's looking towards Allan," and he will not be controlled."

Thus left the host and nobody, Lord Menteith and the Captain [illegible] their way to the Dutchill, and the two attendants conducted the chiefs by another [illegible]. The former had scarcely reached a turn of withdrawing conference ere they were joined by the Laird of the mansion, Angus M'Aulay by name, and his English guests, whose [illegible] was expressed by [illegible]. For Lord Menteith and the English gentlemen were well known to each other; and as Lord Menteith's introduction, Captain Dalgetty was well received by the Laird. But after the first burst of hospitable congratulation was over, Lord Menteith could observe that there was a shade of sadness on the brow of his Highland friend.

"You must have known, said Sir Christopher Hall, "that our fine undertaking in Cumberland is all blown up. The Scots will not march into England, and your pack-and-penny Highlanders are too hard for our friends in the southern shires. And so, understanding there is some stirring with them, Montgrave and I count than sit idle at home, are come to have a campaign among your hills and plaids."

"I hope you have brought some men, and money with you," said Lord Menteith, smiling.

"Only some dozen or two of troopers, whom we left at the last Lowland village," said Montgrave, "and trouble enough we had to get them so far."

"As for money," said his companion, "we expect a small supply from our friend and host here."

The Laird now, colouring highly, took Menteith a little apart, and expressed to him his regret that he had thrown into a foolish blunder.

"I heard it from Donald," said Lord Menteith, scarce able to suppress a smile.

"Devil take that old man," said M'Aulay, "he would tell everything, were it to cost him his life: but it's no jesting matter to you neither, my lord, for I reckon, on your friendly and fraternal benevolence, as a near kinsman of our house, to help me out with the money due to these pack-buddings: or else, to be plain with you, I doubt a M'Aulay will have to be at the counter, for curse me if I do not turn Covenanter rather than face these fellows without payment: and at the best, I shall be ill enough off, getting both the cash and the scorn."

"You may suppose, cousin," said Lord Menteith, "I am not too well equipt just now; but you may be assured I shall endeavour to help you as well as I can, for the sake of old kindred, neighbourhood, and alliance."

"Thank ye—thank ye—thank ye," [illegible] said M'Aulay; "and as they are to spend the money in the king's service, what signifies who advances it, they, or I pay it?—we are a' one man's bairns, I hope. But you must help me out too with some reasonable excuse, or else I shall be for settling [illegible]. And so I reckon: for I like not to be trusted

like a liar or a braggart at my own board-end, when, God knows, I only meant to support my honour and that of my family and country."

Donald, as they were speaking, entered, with rather a blither face than he might have been expected to wear, considering the impending fate of his master's purse and credit. "Gentlemens, her dinner is ready, *and her candles are lighted too*," said Donald, with a strong guttural emphasis on the last clause of his speech.

"What the devil can he mean?" said Musgrave, looking to his countryman.

Lord Menteith put the same question with his eyes to the Laird, which M'Aulay answered by shaking his head.

A short dispute about precedence somewhat delayed their leaving the apartment. Lord Menteith insisted upon yielding up that which belonged to his rank, on consideration of his being in his own country, and of his near connection with the family in which they found themselves. The two English strangers, therefore, were first ushered into the hall, where an unexpected display awaited them. The large oaken table was spread with substantial joints of meat, and seats were placed in order for the guests. Behind every seat stood a gigantic Highlander, completely dressed and armed after the fashion of his country, holding in his right hand his drawn sword, with the point turned downwards, and in the left a blazing torch made of the bog-pine. This wood, found in the morasses, is so full of turpentine, that, when split and dried, it is frequently used in the Highlands instead of candles. The unexpected and somewhat startling apparition was seen by the red glare of the torches, which displayed the wild features, unusual dress, and glittering arms of those who bore them, while the smoke, eddying up to the roof of the hall, overcanopied them with a volume of vapour. Ere the strangers had recovered from their surprise, Allan stept forward, and pointing with his sheathed broadsword to the torch-bearers, said, in a deep and stern tone of voice, "Behold, gentlemen cavaliers, the chandeliers of my brother's house, the ancient fashion of our ancient name; not one of these men knows any law but their Chief's command.—Would you dare to compare to THEM in value the richest ore that ever was dug out of the mine? How say you, cavaliers?—is your wager won or lost?"

"Lost, lost," said Musgrave, gaily; "my own silver candlesticks are all melted and riding on horseback by this time, and I wish the fellows that enlisted were half as trusty as these.—Here, sir," he added to the Chief, "is your money: it impairs Hall's finances and mine somewhat, but debts of honour must be settled."

"My father's curse upon my father's son," said Allan, interrupting him, "if he receive from you one penny! It is enough that you claim no right to exact from him what is his own."

Lord Menteith eagerly supported Allan's opinion, and the elder M'Aulay readily joined, declaring the whole to be a fool's business, and not worth speaking more about. The Englishmen, after some courteous opposition, were persuaded to regard the whole as a joke.

"And now, Allan," said the Laird, "please to remove your candles:

SWEDISH RUYTER: TIME OF TALE.

for, since the Saxon gentlemen have seen them, they will eat their dinner as comfortably by the light of the old tin sconces, without scomfishing them with so much smoke."

Accordingly, at a sign from Allan, the living chandeliers, recovering their broadswords, and holding the point erect, marched out of the hall, and left the guests to enjoy their refreshment.[1]

CHAPTER V.

> Thereby so fearlesse and so fell he grew,
> That his own syre and maister of his guise
> Did often tremble at his horrid view;
> And if for dread of hurt would him advise,
> The angry beastes not rashly to despise,
> Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne
> The lion stoup to him in lowly wise,
> (A lesson hard,) and make the libbard sterne
> Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.
>
> SPENSER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the proverbial epicurism of the English,—proverbial, that is to say, in Scotland at the period,—the English visiters made no figure whatever at the entertainment, compared with the portentous voracity of Captain Dalgetty, although that gallant soldier had already displayed much steadiness and pertinacity in his attack upon the lighter refreshment set before them at their entrance, by way of forlorn hope. He spoke to no one during the time of his meal; and it was not until the victuals were nearly withdrawn from the table, that he gratified the rest of the company, who had watched him with some surprise, with an account of the reasons why he ate so very fast and so very long.

"The former quality," he said, "he had acquired, while he filled a place at the bursar's table at the Mareschal-College of Aberdeen; when," said he, "if you did not move your jaws as fast as a pair of castanets, you were very unlikely to get any thing to put between them. And as for the quantity of my food, be it known to this honourable company," continued the Captain, "that it 's the duty of every commander of a fortress, on all occasions which offer, to secure as much munition and victuals as their magazines can possibly hold, not knowing when they may have to sustain a siege or a blockade. Upon which principle, gentlemen," said he, "when a cavalier finds that provant is good and abundant, he will, in my estimation, do wisely to victual himself for at least three days, as there is no knowing when he may come by another meal."

The Laird expressed his acquiescence in the prudence of this principle, and recommended to the veteran to add a tass of brandy and a flagon of claret to the substantial provisions he had already laid in, to which proposal the Captain readily agreed.

[1] Such a bet as that mentioned in the text is said to have been taken by Sir Donald of Keppoch, who extricated himself in the manner here narrated.

When dinner was [illegible], and the servants had withdrawn, excepting the Laird's page, a handsome boy, who remained in the apartment to [illegible] to answer the purposes of a [illegible] the conversation began to turn upon politics, and the state of the country: and Lord Menteith inquired anxiously and particularly when chiefs were expected to join the proposed [illegible] of the King's friends.

"That depends much, my lord, on the person who hits the banner," said the Laird; "for you know our High-landmen, when a few chiefs are assembled, are just exactly compared by one of our own Chiefs, or, to say the truth, by any other body. We have heard a rumour, indeed, that Colkitto—that is, young Colkitto, or Alaster M'Donald, is come over the Kyle from Ireland with a body of the Earl of Antrim's people, and that they had got as far as Arbinnatrehan. They might have been here before now, but, I suppose, they loitered to plunder the country as they came along."

"Will Colkitto not serve you for a leader, then?" said Lord Menteith.

"Colkitto!" said Allan M'Aulay, scornfully; "who talks of Colkitto? There lives but one man whom we will follow, and that is Montrose."

"But Montrose, sir," said Sir Christopher Hall, "has not been heard of since our ill-fated attempt to raise the north of England. It is thought he has returned to the King at Oxford for further instructions."

"Returned!" said Allan, with a scornful laugh; "I could tell you, but it is not worth my while; ye will know soon enough."

"By my honour, sirrah," said Lord Menteith, "you will weary out your friends with this intolerable, froward, and sullen humour.—But I know the reason," added he, laughing; "you have not seen Annot Lyle to-day."

"Whom did you say I had not seen?" said Allan, sternly.

"Annot Lyle, my boy—a pretty name and universally," said Lord Menteith.

"Would to God I were permitted to see her again," said Allan, sighing, "on condition the same weird were laid on you!"

"And why on me?" said Lord Menteith, carelessly.

"Because," said Allan, "it is written on your forehead, that you are to be the ruin of every [illegible]." So saying, he rose up and left the room.

"Has he been long so [illegible]?" said Lord Menteith, addressing his brother.

"Ever since that day," answered Sir Hew, "the fit is well-nigh over, he will be better to-morrow. But come, gentlemen, don't let the apprehension of a scratch be a damper. The King's health, King Charles's health! and may the rest manage any that refuse, go to Hewyat by the road of the Grassmarket!"

The health was quickly pledged, and was first succeeded by another, and another, and another, till all of a party cast, and encouraged by each other's example, Captain Halroyd, however, thought it necessary to enter a protest.

[illegible] "I [illegible] your health, *prese*[illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and [

filled with brandy-posset, he thought it a pity to disturb him in so laudable an employment, and took his leave without farther ceremony.

Lord Menteith's two attendants entered the apartment almost immediately after his departure. The good Captain, who was now somewhat encumbered with his good cheer, began to find the undoing of the clasps of his armour a task somewhat difficult, and addressed Anderson in these words, interrupted by a slight hiccup.—"Anderson, my good friend, you may read in Scripture, that he that putteth off his armour should not boast himself like he that putteth it on—I believe that is not the right word of command: but the plain truth of it is, I am like to sleep in my corslet, like many an honest fellow that never waked again, unless you unloose this buckle."

"Undo his armour, Sibbald," said Anderson to the other servant.

"By St Andrew!" exclaimed the Captain, turning round in great astonishment, "here's a common fellow—a stipendiary with four pounds a-year and a livery-cloak, thinks himself too good to serve Rittmaster Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, who has studied humanity at the Mareschal College of Aberdeen, and served half the princes of Europe!"

"Captain Dalgetty," said Lord Menteith, whose lot it was to stand peacemaker throughout the evening, "please to understand that Anderson waits upon no one but myself; but I will help Sibbald to undo your corslet with much pleasure."

"Too much trouble for you, my lord," said Dalgetty; "and yet it would do you no harm to practise how a handsome harness is put on and put off. I can step in and out of mine like a glove: only to-night, although not *ebrius*, I am, in the classic phrase, *vino ciboque gravatus*."

By this time he was unshelled, and stood before the fire musing with a face of drunken wisdom on the events of the evening. What seemed chiefly to interest him, was the character of Allan M'Aulay. "To come over the Englishmen so cleverly with his Highland torch-bearers—eight bare-breeched Rories for six silver candlesticks!—it was a masterpiece—a *tour de passe*—it was perfect legerdemain—and to be a madman after all! I doubt greatly, my lord," (shaking his head,) "that I must allow him, notwithstanding his relation-ship to your lord-ship, the privileges of a rational person, and either batoon him sufficiently to expiate the violence offered to my person, or else bring it to a matter of mortal arbitrement, as becometh an insulted cavalier."

"If you care to hear a long story," said Lord Menteith, "at this time of night, I can tell you how the circumstances of Allan's birth account so well for his singular character, as to put such satisfaction entirely out of the question."

"A long story, my lord," said Captain Dalgetty, "is, next to a good evening draught and a warm nightcap, the best shoeing-horn for drawing on a sound sleep. And since your lordship is pleased to take the trouble to tell it, I shall rest your patient and obliged auditor."

"And I reckon," said Lord Menteith, "and you, Sibbald, are dying to hear, I suppose, of this strange man too: and I believe I must indulge your curiosity, that you may know how to behave to him in time of need. You had better step to the fire then."

Having thus assembled an audience about him, Lord Menteith sat down upon the edge of the four-post bed, while Captain Dalgetty, wiping the relics of the posset from his beard and mustachoes, and repeating the first verse of the Lutheran psalm, *Alle gater geister leben den Herrn*, &c. rolled himself into one of the places of repose, and, thrusting his shock pate from between the blankets, listened to Lord Menteith's relation in a most luxurious state, between sleeping and waking.

"The father," said Lord Menteith, "of the two brothers, Angus and Allan M'Aulay, was a gentleman of consideration and family, being the chief of a Highland clan, of good account, though not numerous; his lady, the mother of these young men, was a gentlewoman of good family, if I may be permitted to say so of one nearly connected with my own. Her brother, an honourable and spirited young man, obtained from James the Sixth a grant of forestry, and other privileges, over a royal chase adjacent to this castle; and, in exercising and defending these rights, he was so unfortunate as to involve himself in a quarrel with some of our Highland freebooters, or caterans, of whom I think, Captain Dalgetty, you must have heard."

"And that I have," said the Captain, exerting himself to answer the appeal. "Before I left the Mareschal-College of Aberdeen, Dugald Garr was playing the devil in the Garioch, and the Farquharsons on Dee-side, and the Clan Chattan on the Gordons' lands, and the Grants and Camerons in Moray-land. And since that, I have seen the Cravats and Pandours in Pannonia and Transylvania, and the Cossacks from the Polish frontier, and robbers, banditti, and barbarians of all countries besides, so that I have a distinct idea of your broken Highlandmen."

"The clan," said Lord Menteith, "with whom the maternal uncle of the M'Aulays had been placed in feud, was a small sept of banditti, called, from their houseless state, and their incessantly wandering among the mountains and glens, the Children of the Mist. They are a fierce and hardy people, with all the irritability, and wild and vengeful passions, proper to men who have never known the restraint of civilized society. A party of them lay in wait for the unfortunate Warden of the Forest, surprised him while hunting alone and unattended, and slew him with every circumstance of inventive cruelty. They cut off his head, and resolved, in a bravado, to exhibit it at the castle of his brother-in-law. The laird was absent, and the lady reluctantly received as guests, men against whom, perhaps, she was afraid to shut her gates. Refreshments were placed before the Children of the Mist, who took an opportunity to take the head of their victim from the plaid in which it was wrapped, placed it on the table, put a piece of bread between the lifeless jaws, bidding them do their office now, since many a good meal they had eaten at that table. The lady, who had been absent for some household purpose, entered

at this moment, and, upon h[illegible], arrow out of the house into the [illegible]. The ruffians [illegible] with this [illegible]. The terrified maniac, after overcoming the alarm [illegible] subjected, sought their safety [illegible] she was nowhere to be found. The miserable husband [illegible] day, and, with the [illegible] and distant search, but to equally little purpose. [illegible] universally, that, in the [illegible] threw herself over one of the [illegible] the river, or into a [illegible] was the more [illegible] pregnancy: [illegible] eighteen months before. [illegible] seem inclined to sleep."

"By no means," answered the [illegible] I always keep [illegible] I stood sentinel."

"And I," [illegible] the weight of the halberd of the sentinel [illegible] open them."

Being appeased, however, by the [illegible] young nobleman went on, addressing himself chiefly to his servants, without minding the slumbering veteran.

"Every baron in the country," said he, "owes redress for his dreadful crimes. They took arms with the [illegible] in-law of the unnatural parents, and the [illegible] hunted down, I believe, with as little mercy as [illegible] swallowed. [illegible] were dispersed among the [illegible] to which they retreated."

"To your right hand, [illegible] to your former ground," said Hengist Dilgaster; the soldier, [illegible] covered [illegible] or command: and [illegible] he had been [illegible] to every word that had been spoken.

"It is the custom in our country," said Lord Mowbray, without attending to his apology, "to send the cows to the upland pastures to have the benefit of the grass: and the maids of the village, and of the family, go there to milk them in the morning and evening. While they are employed, the females of this family, to their great terror, perceived that their motions were watched by a [illegible] figure, bearing a strong resemblance to their deceased mistress, and praying, of course, for her [illegible]. When some of the boldest resolved to [illegible] fled from them into the woods with a wild shriek. The husband, informed of this circumstance, came up to the [illegible] and took his measures so well as to intercept the retreat of the [illegible] below, and to secure the person of his [illegible] lady [illegible] proved to be [illegible] herself during her wandering in the wood, [illegible] be known [illegible]

appeared on a [illegible] with which the woods at this season abounded: but the greatest part of the valley was [illegible] that the mist have risen upon the [illegible] of the wind [illegible] controlled by the fairies, or suppressed in some manner equally marvellous. Her disappearance was more easily accounted for. She had risen from the thicket the meeting of the cows, to superintend what had been her favourite [illegible] employment, and the [illegible] had prevailed even in her deranged state of mind.

[illegible] the unfortunate lady was recovered of a boy, who not only showed no appearance of having suffered from his mother's [illegible] but appeared to [illegible] of uncommon health and strength. The unhappy mother, after her confinement, resumed her reason—at least in a great measure, but never her health and spirits. Alas, was her only joy. Her attention to him was unremitting; and [illegible] she must have impressed upon his early mind many of those superstitious ideas to which his moody and enthusiastic temper gave so much [illegible]. She died when he was about ten years old. Her last words were spoken to him in private; but there [illegible] an indication of [illegible] upon each [illegible] of [illegible] which he has since amply complied.

From this moment the habits of Allan M'Aulay were totally changed. He had hitherto been his mother's constant companion, listening to her dreams and repeating his own, and feeding his own imagination, which, probably from the circumstances preceding his birth, was constitutionally [illegible], with all the wild and terrible superstitions so common to the [illegible], to which his unfortunate mother had become [illegible] since her mother's death. By living in this manner, he had got a [illegible] wild, excited look, loved to seek out solitary places in the woods, and was perceived much terrified as by the approach of children of the same age. I remember, although some years younger, being brought up [illegible] by my father upon a visit, nor could forget the astonishment with which I saw this affect-herself from every attempt I made to engage him in the sports natural to our age. I can remember his father [illegible] his disposition to [illegible], and alleging, at the same time, that it was impossible for him to take from his wife the company of the boy, as he seemed to be the only consolation that remained to her in the world, and as the resentment which Allan's society afforded her seemed to prevent the recurrence, at least in its full force, of that fearful malady by which she had been visited. But, after the death of his mother, the habits and manners of the boy seemed at once to change. It is true he remained as thoughtful and serious as before; and long fits of silence and abstraction showed plainly that his disposition, in this respect, was [illegible] altered. But at other times, he sought out the [illegible] sports of the youth of the clan, which he had hitherto seemed anxious to avoid. He took share in all their exercises; and, from his very extraordinary personal strength, soon excelled his brother and other youths whose age [illegible] exceeded his own. They who had hitherto held him in contempt, now feared, if they did not love him; and, [illegible] Allan's being esteemed a

dreaming, womanish, and feeble-minded boy, those who encountered him in sports or military exercise, now complained that, when heated by the strife, he was too apt to turn game into earnest, and to forget that he was only engaged in a friendly trial of strength.—But I speak to regardless ears," said Lord Menteith, interrupting himself, for the Captain's nose now gave the most indisputable signs that he was fast locked in the arms of oblivion.

"If you mean the ears of that snorting swine, my lord," said Anderson, "they are, indeed, shut to any thing that you can say: nevertheless, this place being unfit for more private conference, I hope you will have the goodness to proceed, for Sibbald's benefit and for mine. The history of this poor young fellow has a deep and wild interest in it."

"You must know, then," proceeded Lord Menteith, "that Allan continued to increase in strength and activity till his fifteenth year, about which time he assumed a total independence of character, and impatience of control, which much alarmed his surviving parent. He was absent in the woods for whole days and nights, under pretence of hunting, though he did not always bring home game. His father was the more alarmed, because several of the Children of the Mist, encouraged by the increasing troubles of the state, had ventured back to their old haunts, nor did he think it altogether safe to renew any attack upon them. The risk of Allan, in his wanderings, sustaining injury from these vindictive freebooters, was a perpetual source of apprehension.

"I was myself upon a visit to the castle when this matter was brought to a crisis. Allan had been absent since daybreak in the woods, where I had sought for him in vain; it was a dark stormy night, and he did not return. His father expressed the utmost anxiety, and spoke of detaching a party at the dawn of morning in quest of him; when, as we were sitting at the supper-table, the door suddenly opened, and Allan entered the room with a proud, firm, and confident air. His intractability of temper, as well as the unsettled state of his mind, had such an influence over his father, that he suppressed all other tokens of displeasure, excepting the observation that I had killed a fat buck, and had returned before sunset, while he supposed Allan, who had been on the hill till midnight, had returned with empty hands. 'Are you sure of that?' said Allan fiercely; 'here is something will tell you another tale.'

"We now observed his hands were bloody, and that there were spots of blood on his face, and waited the issue with impatience when suddenly, undoing the corner of his plaid, he rolled down on the table a human head, bloody and new severed, saying at the same time, 'Lie thou where the head of a better man lay before ye.' From the haggard features, and matted red hair and beard, partly grizzled with age, his father and others present recognized the head of Hector of the Mist, a well-known leader among the outlaws, redoubted for strength and ferocity, who had been active in the murder of the unfortunate Forester, uncle to Allan, and had escaped by a desperate defence and extraordinary agility, when so many of his companions were destroyed. We were all, it may be believed, struck with sur

prise, but Allan refused to gratify our curiosity: and we only conjectured that he must have overcome the outlaw after a desperate struggle, because we discovered that he had sustained several wounds from the contest. All measures were now taken to ensure him against the vengeance of the freebooters; but neither his wounds, nor the positive command of his father, nor even the locking of the gates of the castle and the doors of his apartment, were precautions adequate to prevent Allan from seeking out the very persons to whom he was peculiarly obnoxious. He made his escape by night from the window of the apartment, and laughing at his father's vain care, produced on one occasion the head of one, and upon another those of two, of the Children of the Mist. At length these men, fierce as they were, became appalled by the inveterate animosity and audacity with which Allan sought out their recesses. As he never hesitated to encounter any odds, they concluded that he must bear a charmed life, or fight under the guardianship of some supernatural influence. Neither gun, dirk, nor dourlach,[1] they said, availed aught against him. They imputed this to the remarkable circumstances under which he was born: and at length five or six of the stoutest caterans of the Highlands would have fled at Allan's halloo, or the blast of his horn.

"In the meanwhile, however, the Children of the Mist carried on their old trade, and did the M'Aulays, as well as their kinsmen and allies, as much mischief as they could. This provoked another expedition against the tribe, in which I had my share; we surprised them effectually, by besetting at once the upper and under passes of the country, and made such clean work as is usual on these occasions, burning and slaying right before us. In this terrible species of war, even the females and the helpless do not always escape. One little maiden alone, who smiled upon Allan's drawn dirk, escaped his vengeance upon my earnest entreaty. She was brought to the castle, and here bred up under the name of Annot Lyle, the most beautiful little fairy certainly that ever danced upon a heath by moonlight. It was long ere Allan could endure the presence of the child, until it occurred to his imagination, from her features perhaps, that she did not belong to the hated blood of his enemies, but had become their captive in some of their incursions; a circumstance not in itself impossible, but in which he believes as firmly as in holy writ. He is particularly delighted by her skill in music, which is so exquisite, that she far exceeds the best performers in this country in playing on the clairshach, or harp. It was discovered that this produced upon the disturbed spirits of Allan, in his gloomiest moods, beneficial effects, similiar to those experienced by the Jewish monarch of old: and so engaging is the temper of Annot Lyle, so fascinating the innocence and gaiety of her disposition, that she is considered and treated in the castle rather as the sister of the proprietor, than as a dependant upon his charity. Indeed, it is impossible for any one to see her without being deeply interested by the ingenuity, liveliness, and sweetness of her disposition."

[1] *ourlach*—quiver; literally, satchel—of arrows.

"Take care, my lord," said Anderson, smiling; "there is danger in such violent commendations. Allan M'Aulay, as your lordship describes him, would prove no very safe rival."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Lord Menteith, laughing, yet blushing at the same time; "Allan is not accessible to the passion of love; and for myself," said he more gravely, "Annot's unknown birth is a sufficient reason against serious designs, and her unprotected state precludes every other."

"It is spoken like yourself, my lord," said Anderson. "But I trust you will proceed with your interesting story."

"It is well-nigh finished," said Lord Menteith; "I have only to add, that from the great strength and courage of Allan M'Aulay, from his energetic and uncontrollable disposition, and from an opinion generally entertained and encouraged by himself, that he holds communion with supernatural beings, and can predict future events, the clan pay a much greater degree of deference to him than even to his brother, who is a bold-hearted rattling Highlander, but with nothing which can possibly rival the extraordinary character of his younger brother."

"Such a character," said Anderson, "cannot but have the deepest effect on the minds of a Highland host. We must secure Allan, my lord, at all events. What between his bravery and his second sight——"

"Hush!" said Lord Menteith, "that owl is awaking."

"Do you talk of the second sight, or [illegible]?" said the soldier; "I remember commonly Major Munro telling me how Murdoch M'Kenzie, here in Assint, a person of gentleman in a company, and a pretty soldier, foretold the death of Donald Tough, a Lochaber man, and certain other persons, as well as the hurt of the major himself at a saddle aneath at the siege of Frederond."

"I have often heard of this faculty," observed Anderson, "but I have always thought those pretending to it were either enthusiasts or impostors."

"I should be loath," said Lord Menteith, "to apply either character to my kinsman, Allan M'Aulay. He has shown on many occasions too much acuteness and sense, of which you this night had an instance, for the character of an enthusiast; and his high sense of honour, and [illegible] of disposition, free him from the charge of imposture."

"Your lordship, then," said Anderson, "is a believer in his supernatural attributes?"

"By no means," said the young nobleman; "I think that he persuades himself that the predictions, which are, in reality, the result of judgment and reflection, are supernatural impressions on his mind, just as fanatics conceive the workings of their own imagination to be divine inspiration—at least, if this will serve you, Anderson, I have no better explanation to give: and it is time we were all at rest after the toilsome journey of the day."

CHAPTER VI.

Coming events cast their shadows before.
CAMPBELL.

At an early hour in the morning the guests of the castle sprung from their repose: and after a moment's private conversation with his ancestors, Lord Menteith addressed the soldier, who was seated on a corner stool, cuirassing his corslet with rot-straits and shamois-leather, and hummed the old song in honour of the victorious Gustavus Adolphus,—

> "When cannons are roaring, and bullets are flying,
> The lad that would have honour, boys, must never fear dying."

"Captain Dalgetty," said Lord Menteith, "the time is come that we must part, or become comrades in service."

"Not before breakfast, I hope?" said Captain Dalgetty.

"I should have thought," replied his lordship, "that your garrison was victualled for three days at least."

"I have still some stowage left for beef and bannocks," said the captain; "and I never miss a favourable opportunity of renewing my supplies."

"But," said Lord Menteith, "no justice can exempt all your garrison from the necessity of retaining in the camp a sufficient number of men to defend it: therefore we must know your mind exactly, according to which you shall either have a safe-conduct to depart in peace, or be welcome to remain with us."

"Truly," said the Captain, "that being the case, I will not attempt to protract the capitulation by a counterfeit parley, (a thing excellently practised by Sir James Ramsay at the siege of Hanau, in the year of God 1636,) but I will frankly own, that if I like your pay well as your provant and your company, I care not how soon I take the oath to your colours."

"Our pay," said Lord Menteith, "must at present be small: it is paid out of the common stock raised by the few amongst us who can command some funds.—As major and adjutant, I dare not promise Captain Dalgetty more than half a dollar a-day."

"The devil take all halves and quarters!" said the Captain: "even in my opinion, I could no more consent to the halving of the dollar, than the woman in the Judgment of Solomon to the dismemberment of the child of her bowels."

"The parallel will scarce hold, Captain Dalgetty, for I trust you will rather consent to the dividing of the whole than give it entire to your competitor. However, in the case of arrears I shall promise you the other half-dollar at the end of the campaign."

"Ah! these arrearages!" said Captain Dalgetty, "that are always promised, and always go for nothing! Captains, subalterns and ensigns sing one song. Oh! how fain to be the commissary! If any were to choose a soldier's life for the pay, may I be d—d, my lord, if I could but be [illegible]

ditament of Drumthwacket had fallen into possession of any of these loons of Covenanters, who could be, in the event of our success, conveniently made a traitor of. I have so much value for that fertile and pleasant spot, that I would even take on with you for the campaign."

"I can resolve Captain Dalgetty's question," said Sibbald, Lord Menteith's second attendant; "for if his estate of Drumthwacket be, as I conceive, the long waste moor so called, that lies five miles south of Aberdeen, I can tell him it was lately purchased by Elias Strachan, as rank a rebel as ever swore the Covenant."

"The crop-eared hound!" said Captain Dalgetty, in a rage: "what the devil gave him the assurance to purchase the inheritance of a family of four hundred years' standing?—*Cynthius aurem vellet*, as we used to say at Mareschal-College; that is to say, I will pull him out of my father's house by the ears. And so, my Lord Menteith, I am yours, hand and sword, body and soul, till death do us part, or to the end of the next campaign, whichever event shall first come to pass."

"And I," said the young nobleman, "rivet the bargain by a month's pay in advance."

"That is more than necessary," said Dalgetty, pocketing the money, however. "But now I must go down, look after my war-saddle and abuilziements, and see that Gustavus has his morning, and tell him we have taken new service."

"There goes your precious recruit," said Lord Menteith to Anderson, as the Captain left the room; "I fear we shall have little credit of him."

"He is a man of the times, however," said Anderson: "and without such we should hardly be able to carry on our enterprise."

"Let us go down," answered Lord Menteith, "and see how our muster is likely to thrive, for I hear a good deal of bustle in the castle."

When they entered the hall, the domestics keeping modestly in the back ground, morning greetings passed between Lord Menteith, Angus M'Aulay, and his English guests, while Allan, occupying the same settle which he had filled the preceding evening, paid no attention whatever to any one.

Old Donald hastily rushed into the apartment. "A message from Vich Alister More![1] he is coming up in the evening."

"With how many attendants?" said M'Aulay.

"Some five-and-twenty or thirty," said Donald, "his ordinary retinue."

"Shake down plenty of straw in the great barn," said the Laird.

Another servant here stumbled hastily in, announcing the expected approach of Sir Hector M'Lean, "who is arriving with a large following."

"Put them in the malt-kiln," said M'Aulay; "and keep the

[1] The patronymic of MacDonell of Glengarry.

breadth of the midden-stead between them and the M'Donalds; they are but unfriends to each other."

Donald now re-entered, his visage considerably lengthened—"The teil's i' the folk," he said: "the haill Highlands are asteer. I think, Evan Dhu, of Lochiel, will be here in an hour, with Lord kens how many gillies."

"Into the great barn with them beside the M'Donalds," said the Laird.

More and more chiefs were announced, the least of whom would have accounted it derogatory to his dignity to stir without a retinue of six or seven persons. To every new announciation, Angus M'Aulay answered by naming some place of accommodation,—the stables, the loft, the cow-house, the sheds, every domestic office were destined for the night to some hospitable purpose or other. At length the arrival of M'Dougal of Lorn, after all his means of accommodation were exhausted, reduced him to some perplexity. "What the devil is to be done, Donald?" said he: "the great barn would hold fifty more, if they would lie heads and thraws: but there would be drawn dirks among them which would lie uppermost, and so we should have bloody puddings before morning!"

"What needs all this?" said Allan, starting up, and coming forward with the stern abruptness of his usual manner: "are the Gael to-day of softer flesh or whiter blood than their fathers were? Knock the head out of a cask of usquebae: let that be their night-gear—their plaids their bed-clothes—the blue sky their canopy, and the heather their couch.—Come a thousand more, and they would not quarrel on the broad heath for want of room!"

"Allan is right," said his brother: "it is very odd how Allan, who, between ourselves," said he to Musgrave, "is a little wowf,[1] seems at times to have more sense than us all put together. Observe him now."

"Yes," continued Allan, fixing his eyes with a ghastly stare upon the opposite side of the hall, "they may well begin as they are to end: many a man will sleep this night upon the heath, that when the Martinmas wind shall blow shall lie there stark enough, and reck little of cold or lack of covering."

"Do not forespeak us, brother," said Angus; "that is not lucky."

"And what luck is it then that you expect?" said Allan: and straining his eyes until they almost started from their sockets, he fell with a convulsive shudder into the arms of Donald and his brother, who, knowing the nature of his fits, had come near to prevent his fall. They seated him upon a bench, and supported him until he came to himself, and was about to speak.

"For God's sake, Allan," said his brother, who knew the impression his mystical words were likely to make on many of the guests, "say nothing to discourage us."

"Am I he who discourages you?" said Allan: "let every man face his weird as I shall face mine. That which must come, will

[1] *Wowf*, i. e. crazed.

come: and we shall stride gallantly over many a field of victory, ere we reach you fatal slaughter-place, or tread you sable scaffolds."

"What slaughter-place? what scaffolds?" exclaimed several voices: for Allan's renown as a seer was generally established in the Highlands.

"You will know that but too soon," answered Allan. "Speak to me no more. I am weary of your questions." He then pressed his hand against his brow, rested his elbow upon his knee, and sunk into a deep reverie.

"Send for Annot Lyle, and the harp," said Angus, in a whisper, to his servant: "and let those gentlemen follow me who do not love a Highland breakfast."

All accompanied their hospitable landlord excepting only Lord Menteith, who lingered in one of the deep embrasures forward to the windows of the hall. Annot Lyle shortly after glided into the room, as ill described by Lord Menteith as being the lightest and most airy figure that ever trod the turf by moonlight. Her stature, considerably less than the ordinary size of women, gave her the appearance of extreme youth, insomuch that, although she was quite eighteen, she might have passed for four years younger. Her figure, hands, and feet, were formed upon a model of exquisite symmetry with the size and lightness of her person, so that Titania herself could scarce have found a more fitting representative. Her hair was a dark shade of the colour usually termed flaxen, with clustering ringlets round admirably with her fair complexion, and with the playful yet simple expression of her features. When we add to these charms, that Annot, in her orphan state, seemed the sweet and happiest of maidens, the reader must allow us to claim for her the interest of almost all who looked on her. In fact, it was impossible to find a more universal favourite, and she often became the sole inhabitants of the castle, as Allan himself, in a period of mood, expressed it, "like a sunbeam on a sullen sea," communicating to all others the cheerfulness that filled her own mind.

Annot, such as we have described her, smiled and blushed, when, on entering the apartment, Lord Menteith came from his place of retirement, and kindly wished her good morning.

"And good morning to you, my lord," returned she, extending her hand to her friend; "we have seldom seen you of late at the castle, and now I fear it is with no peaceful purpose."

"At least, let us not interrupt your harmony, Annot," said Lord Menteith, "though my arrival may breed discord elsewhere. My cousin Allan touch the prelude to your voice and music."

"My preserver," said Annot Lyle, "has a right to my poor exertions; and you, too, my lord,—you, too, are my preserver, and were the most active to save a life that is worthless enough, unless it can benefit my protectors."

So saying, she sate down at a little distance upon the bench on which Allan M'Aulay was placed, and tuning her chairshach, a small harp, about thirty inches in height, she accompanied it with her voice. The air was an ancient Gaelic melody, and the words, which were supposed to be very old, were in the same language; but we

subjoin a translation of them, by Secundus Macpherson, Esq. of Glenforgen, which, although submitted to the fetters of English rhythm, we trust will be found nearly as genuine as the version of Ossian by his celebrated namesake.

"Birds of omen dark and foul,
Night-crow, raven, bat, and owl,
Leave the sick man to his dream—
All night long he heard your scream—
Haste to cave and ruin'd tow'r,
Ivy, tod, or dingled bower,
There to wink and mope, for, hark!
In the mid air sings the lark.

2.

"Hie to moorish gills and rocks,
Prowling wolf and wily fox,—
Hie you fast, nor turn your view,
Though the lamb bleats to the ewe.
Couch your trains, and speed your flight,
Safety parts with parting night;
And on distant echo borne,
Comes the hunter's early horn.

3.

"The moon's wan crescent scarcely gleams,
Ghost-like she fades in morning beams;
Hie hence each peevish imp and fay,
That scare the pilgrim on his way:—
Quench, kelpy! quench, in bog and fen,
Thy torch that cheats benighted men:
Thy dance is o'er, thy reign is done,
For Benyieglo hath seen the sun.

4.

"Wild thoughts, that, sinful, dark, and deep,
O'erpower the passive mind in sleep,
Pass from the slumberer's soul away,
Like night-mists from the brow of day:
Foul hag, whose blasted visage grim
Smothers the pulse, unnerves the limb,
Spur thy dark palfrey, and begone!
Thou darest not face the godlike sun."

As the [illegible] Allan M'Aulay [illegible] recovering his presence of mind, and attention to the objects around him. The close-knit furrows of his brow relaxed and smoothed themselves: and the rest of his features, which had seemed contorted with internal agony, relaxed into a more natural state. When he raised his head and sat upright, his countenance, though still deeply melancholy, was divested of its wildness and ferocity: and in its composed state, although by no means handsome, the [illegible] of his features was striking, manly, and even noble. His thick, brown eyebrows, which had hitherto been drawn close together, were now lightly

separated, as in the natural state; and his grey eyes, which had rolled and flashed from under them with an unnatural and portentous gleam, now recovered a steady and determined expression.

"Thank God!" he said, after sitting silent for about a minute, until the very last sounds of the harp had ceased to vibrate, "my soul is no longer darkened—the mist hath passed from my spirit."

"You owe thanks, cousin Allan," said Lord Menteith, coming forward, "to Annot Lyle, as well as to Heaven, for this happy change in your melancholy mood."

"My noble cousin Menteith," said Allan, rising and greeting him very respectfully, as well as kindly, "has known my unhappy circumstances so long, that his goodness will require no excuse for my being thus late in bidding him welcome to the castle."

"We are too old acquaintances, Allan," said Lord Menteith, "and too good friends, to stand on the ceremonial of outward greeting; but half the Highlands will be here to-day, and you know, with our mountain Chiefs, ceremony must not be neglected. What will you give little Annot for making you fit company to meet Evan Dhu, and I know not how many bonnets and feathers?"

"What will he give me?" said Annot, smiling; "nothing less, I hope, than the best ribbon at the Fair of Doune."

"The Fair of Doune, Annot?" said Allan sadly; "there will be bloody work before that day, and I may never see it; but you have well reminded me of what I have long intended to do."

Having said this, he left the room.

"Should he talk long in this manner," said Lord Menteith, "you must keep your harp in tune, my dear Annot."

"I hope not," said Annot, anxiously; "this fit has been a long one, and probably will not soon return. It is fearful to see a mind, naturally generous and affectionate, afflicted by this constitutional malady."

As she spoke in a low and confidential tone, Lord Menteith naturally drew close, and stooped forward, that he might the better catch the sense of what she said. When Allan suddenly entered the apartment, they as naturally drew back from each other with a manner expressive of consciousness, as if surprised in a conversation which they wished to keep secret from him. This did not escape Allan's observation; he stopt short at the door of the apartment—his brows were contracted—his eyes rolled; but it was only the paroxysm of a moment. He passed his broad sinewy hand across his brow, as if to obliterate these signs of emotion, and advanced towards Annot, holding in his hand a very small box, made of oak-wood, curiously inlaid. "I take you to witness," he said, "cousin Menteith, that I give this box and its contents to Annot Lyle. It contains a few ornaments that belonged to my poor mother—of trifling value, you may guess, for the wife of a Highland laird has seldom a rich jewel-casket."

"But these ornaments," said Annot Lyle, gently and timidly refusing the box, "belong to the family—I cannot accept——"

"They belong to me alone, Annot," said Allan, interrupting her; "they were my mother's dying bequest. They are all I can call my

own, except my plaid and my claymore. Take them, therefore—they are to me valueless trinkets—and keep them for my sake—should I never return from these wars."

So saying, he opened the case, and presented it to Annot. "If," said he, "they are of any value, dispose of them for your own support, when this house has been consumed with hostile fire, and can no longer afford you protection. But keep one ring in memory of Allan, who has done, to requite your kindness, if not all he wished, at least all he could."

Annot Lyle endeavoured in vain to restrain the gathering tears, when she said, "*One* ring, Allan, I will accept from you as a memorial of your goodness to a poor orphan, but do not press me to take more: for I cannot, and will not, accept a gift of such disproportioned value."

"Make your choice, then," said Allan: "your delicacy may be well founded: the others will assume a shape in which they may be more useful to you."

"Think not of it," said Annot, choosing from the contents of the casket a ring, apparently the most trifling in value which it contained: "keep them for your own, or your brother's bride.—But, good heavens!" she said, interrupting herself, and looking at the ring, "what is this that I have chosen?"

Allan hastened to look upon it, with eyes of gloomy apprehension; it bore, in enamel, a death's-head above two crossed daggers. When Allan recognized the device, he uttered a sigh so deep, that she dropped the ring from her hand, which rolled upon the floor. Lord Menteith picked it up, and returned it to the terrified Annot.

"I take God to witness," said Allan, in a solemn tone, "that *your* hand, young lord, and not mine, has again delivered to her this ill-omened gift. It was the mourning ring worn by my mother in memorial of her murdered brother."

"I fear no omens," said Annot, smiling through her tears: "and nothing coming through the hands of my two patrons," so she was wont to call Lord Menteith and Allan, "can bring bad luck to the poor orphan."

She put the ring on her finger, and, turning to her harp, sung, to a lively air, the following verses of one of the fashionable songs of the period, which had found its way, marked as it was with the quaint hyperbolical taste of King Charles's time, from some court masque to the wilds of Perthshire:—

"Gaze not upon the stars, fond sage,
In them no influence lies;
To read the fate of youth or age,
Look on my Helen's eyes.

"Yet, rash astrologer, refrain!
Too dearly would be won
The prescience of another's pain,
If purchased by thine own."

"She is right, Allan," said Lord Menteith; "and this end of

an old song is worth all we shall gain by our attempt to look into futurity."

"She is waxen, my lord," said Allan, sternly, "though you, who treat with fatalness the warnings I have given you, may not live to see the event of the omen. Laugh not so scornfully," he added, interrupting himself, "or rather laugh on as loud and as long as you will: your term of laughter will find a parse ere long."

"I care not for your visions, Allan," said Lord Menteith; "however short my span of life, the eye of no Highland seer can see its termination."

"For heaven's sake," said Annot Lyle, interrupting him, "you know his nature, and how little he can endure——"

"Fear me not," said Allan, interrupting her, "my mind is more constant and calm——But for you, young lord," said he, turning to Lord Menteith, "my eye has sought you through fields of battle, where Highlanders and Lowlanders lay as thick as ever did swine and wolves on our moorish mosses," pointing to a rocky knoll which was seen from the window, "on eye sought you, but your corpse was not there——my eye sought you in the hurrying ranks of an ancient and long-pedigreed array, which after many glorious struggles——the battle-field, but you were not among those ranks: [illegible] were present——[illegible] armour, and you were not there. The priest was ready with his book, the musician with his [illegible], but mine eye found you not.

"The white mane, I suppose, must be my doom?" said Lord Menteith. "Yet a few days since you told me the honour, even the dignity of the peerage."

"I am sunk, my lord, and suffer no dishonour in your person, or by the manner of your death. Three times have I seen a Hieslander plant his dirk in your bosom, and such will be your fate."

"I shall try to provide [illegible] for you," said Lord Menteith, "and I shall send [illegible] passable to sword or pistol."

"Your [illegible] ever averted from me."

"So be it, then," said Lord Menteith, "and let it rest in the uncertainty in which your [illegible]. I shall dine not the less merrily among friends, and sleep not the less soundly."

"I pray it be so," said Allan; "and I pray he, you do well to enjoy [illegible] moments, although [illegible] of future evil. But I," he continued, [illegible] to you, that [illegible] such a [illegible] you as this," touching the hilt of the dirk which he wore, "carries your fate."

"In the meanwhile," said Lord Menteith, "you, Allan, have fright-

ener he [illegible] the cheeks of Annot Lyle—in token this [illegible] course, my friend, and go to see what he [illegible] [illegible] of your [illegible] [illegible]

They found Angus M'Aulay [illegible] [illegible] and, in the [illegible] dissensions which immediately took place, Allan showed a character of much more energy of imagination, and precision of thought, totally inconsistent with the general light in which his character has been hitherto exhibited.

CHAPTER VII.

> When Albion her claymore indignantly draws,
> When her bonneted chieftains around her shall crowd,
> Clan-Ranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
> All plaided and plumed in their tartan array
>
> *Lochiel's Warning*

When [illegible] saw that [illegible] the Castle of Dumbarnard, [illegible] a busy and a gallant sight.

The [illegible] Castle, [illegible] with their different retinues, [illegible] notwithstanding their number, [illegible] no more than their usual [illegible] and self-[illegible] upon occasions of ceremony, [illegible] [illegible] of the castle and each other with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] mighty and [illegible] politeness, according to the circumstances of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] other. Each chief, however small his [illegible] importance, showed the full [illegible] [illegible] from the [illegible] [illegible] to a superior and [illegible] [illegible] while the [illegible] [illegible] powerful, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] feuds, were [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ings of their [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] attach as many [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] standard. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] resembled not a little those ancient Diets of the Empire, where the smaller *Electoral* [illegible] possessed a vastly [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

importance connected with his profession, at first performed the various pibrochs in front each of his own clan. At length, howeve as the black-cocks towards the end of the season, when, in sports man's language, they are said to flock or crowd, attracted togethe by the sound of each other's triumphant crow, even so did the piper swelling their plaids and tartans in the same triumphant manner i which the birds ruffle up their feathers, begin to approach each othe within such distance as might give to their brethren a sample of thei skill. Walking within a short interval, and eyeing each other wit looks in which self-importance and defiance might be traced, the strutted, puffed, and plied their screaming instruments, each playin his own favourite tune with such a din, that if an Italian musicia had lain buried within ten miles of them, he must have risen fro the dead to run out of hearing.

The Chieftains meanwhile had assembled in close conclave in th great hall of the castle. Among them were the persons of the grea est consequence in the Highlands, some of them attracted by zeal fo the royal cause, and many by aversion to that severe and gener domination which the Marquis of Argyle, since his rising to suc influence in the state, had exercised over his Highland neighbour That statesman, indeed, though possessed of considerable abilitie and great power, had failings, which rendered him unpopular amon the Highland chiefs. The devotion which he professed was of morose and fanatical character: his ambition appeared to be ins tiable, and inferior chiefs complained of his want of bounty and lib rality. Add to this, that although a Highlander, and of a family di tinguished for valour before and since, Gillespie Grumach[1] (whic from an obliquity in his eyes, was the personal distinction he bore the Highlands, where titles of rank are unknown) was suspected being a better man in the cabinet than in the field. He and his tri were particularly obnoxious to the M'Donalds and the M'Leans, tw numerous septs, who, though disunited by ancient feuds, agreed an intense dislike to the Campbells, or, as they were called, th Children of Diarmid.

For some time the assembled Chiefs remained silent, until son one should open the business of the meeting. At length one of th most powerful of them commenced the diet by saying—"We ha been summoned hither, M'Aulay, to consult of weighty matters co cerning the King's affairs, and those of the state; and we crave know by whom they are to be explained to us?"

M'Aulay, whose strength did not lie in oratory, intimated his wi that Lord Menteith should open the business of the council. Wi great modesty, and at the same time with spirit, that young lord sai "he wished what he was about to propose had come from some pe son of better known and more established character. Since, howeve it lay with him to be spokesman, he had to state to the Chiefs asse bled, that those who wished to throw off the base yoke which fan ticism had endeavoured to wreath round their necks, had not moment to lose. The Covenanters," he said, "after having twi

[1] *Grumach*—ill-fav ured.

made war upon their sovereign, and having extorted from him every request, reasonable or unreasonable, which they thought proper to demand — after their chiefs had been loaded with dignities and favours—after having publicly declared, when his Majesty, after a gracious visit to the land of his nativity, was upon his return to England, that he returned a contented king from a contented people, — after all this, and without even the pretext for a national grievance, the same men have, upon doubts and suspicions, equally dishonourable to the King, and groundless in themselves, detached a strong army to assist his rebels in England, in a quarrel with which Scotland had no more to do than she has with the wars in Germany. It was well," he said, "that the eagerness with which this treasonable purpose was pursued, had blinded the junta who now usurped the government of Scotland to the risk which they were about to incur. The army which they had despatched to England under old Leven comprehended their veteran soldiers, the strength of those armies which had been levied in Scotland during the two former wars ——"

Here Captain Dalgetty endeavoured to rise, for the purpose of explaining how many veteran officers, trained in the German wars, were, to his certain knowledge, in the army of the Earl of Leven. But Allan M'Aulay, holding him down in his seat with one hand, pressed the fore-finger of the other upon his own lips, and, though with some difficulty, prevented his interference. Captain Dalgetty looked upon him with a very scornful and indignant air, by which the other's gravity was in no way moved, and Lord Menteith proceeded without farther interruption.

"The moment," he said, "was most favourable for all true-hearted and loyal Scotsmen to shew, that the reproach their country had lately undergone arose from the selfish ambition of a few turbulent and seditious men, joined to the absurd fanaticism which, disseminated from five hundred pulpits, had spread like a land-flood over the Lowlands of Scotland. He had letters from the Marquis of Huntly in the north, which he should shew to the Chiefs separately. That nobleman, equally loyal and powerful, was determined to exert his utmost energy in the common cause, and the powerful Earl of Seaforth was prepared to join the same standard. From the Earl of Airly, and the Ogilvies in Angus-shire, he had had communications equally decided; and there was no doubt that these, who, with the Hays, Leiths, Burnets, and other loyal gentlemen, would be soon on horseback, would form a body far more than sufficient to overawe the northern Covenanters, who had already experienced their valour in the well-known rout which was popularly termed the Trot of Turiff. South of Forth and Tay," he said, "the King had many friends, who, oppressed by enforced oaths, compulsory levies, heavy taxes, unjustly imposed and unequally levied, by the tyranny of the Committee of Estates, and the inquisitorial insolence of the Presbyterian divines, waited but the waving of the royal banner to take up arms. Douglas, Traquair, Roxburgh, Hume, all friendly to the royal cause, would counterbalance," he said, "the Covenanting interest in the south; and two gentlemen, of name and quality, here present, from the north of England, would answer for the zeal of Cumberland, Westmore-

land, and Northumberland. Against so many gallant gentlemen the southern Covenanters could but array raw levies: the Whigamores of the western shires, and the ploughmen and mechanics of the Lowland country. For the West Highlanders, he knew no interest which the Covenanters possessed there, except that of old Gilliecrankie, as well known as he was odious. But was there no means, thought he, of reckoning his eye round this hall, and recognising the power, the gallantry, and the dignity of the chiefs assembled, to ascertain a moment's doubt of their success against the worst force which Gillecrankie Grumach could collect against them? He had only reason to wish that considerable funds, both of money and ammunition, had been provided for the army." —Here his dignity pricked up his ears:—"that officers of ability and experience in the foreign wars, one of whom was now present," (the captain drew himself up, and looked round,) "had engaged to equip such levies as could reasonably be disciplined;—and that a numerous body of auxiliary troops from Ireland, having been detached from the host of Ardtornish, from Ulster and successfully accomplished their descent upon the main land, and with the assistance of Clanranald's people having taken and fortified the Castle of Mingarry, in spite of Argyle's attempts to relieve them, were in full march to join the forces of Westerness. It only remained," he said, "that the noble Chief in council, by no means to be lesser considerations, should settle how and when, in the event of such a case; send the fiery cross through their clans, in order to collect their utmost force, and join their banners with those of the army to leave the shores no more, either by peaceful sea, or warlike land, the force which would operate in the most effectual manner for the attainment of their purpose. He had done," he said, "though not without trembling for the result of the counsels which he had been so ready to open to the wisdom of the assembled chiefs, and the valour of their followers, and the power of their nation, and to which he now desired only to have his said services added. If more aid were more powerful, more cordially prompt, he trusted [illegible] the Council of their King, and the gratitude of posterity."

[illegible] Lord Menteith, and [illegible] the general acquiescence of all present in the sentiments which he had expressed: but when the orator had ceased, the assembled Chiefs continued to gaze upon each other as if something yet remained to be settled. After some whispers among themselves, a venerable old man, whose hair, grey before I entered boyhood, although he was not of the highest order of chiefs, replied by whom he had been said.

"Thane of Menteith," he said, "you have well spoken: but is there one of us to whose [illegible] who does not hold life dear? But it is not strength alone that wins the fight: it is the head of the commander, as well as the arm of the soldier, that brings victory. Look of you, who [illegible] and equip the host to which we are invited to rise and muster ourselves? Will it be expected that we should risk our children, and the flower of our kins[illegible] we [illegible] Leading them to [illegible], where [illegible] the Lord of Lorn and [illegible]

it is our duty to protect. Where is the royal commission, under which the lieges are to be convocated in arms? Simple and rude as we may be deemed, we know something of the established rules of war, as well as of the laws of our country; nor will we arm ourselves against the general peace of Scotland, unless by the express commands of the King, and under a leader fit to command such men as are here assembled."

"Where would you find such a leader," said another Chief, starting up, "saving the representative of the Lord of the Isles, entitled by birth and hereditary descent to lead forth the array of every clan of the Highlands; and where is that dignity lodged, save in the house of Vich Alister More?"

"I acknowledge," said another Chief, eagerly interrupting the speaker, "the truth in what has been first said, but not the inference. If Vich Alister More desires to be held representative of the Lord of the Isles, let him first shew his blood is redder than mine."

"That is soon tried," said Vich Alister More, laying his hand upon the basket hilt of his claymore. Lord Menteith threw himself between them, entreating and imploring each to remember that the interests of Scotland, the liberty of their country, and the cause of their King, ought to be superior in their eyes to any personal disputes respecting descent, rank, and precedence. Several of the Highland Chiefs, who had no desire to admit the claims of either contender, interfered to the same purpose, and none with more emphasis than the celebrated Evan Dhu.

"I have come from my lakes," he said, "like a stream descending from the hills, not to turn aside, but to accomplish my course. It is not by looking back to our own pretensions that we shall serve Scotland or King Charles. My voice shall be for that general whom the King shall name, who will combine possess those qualities which are necessary to command men like us. High-born he must be, or we shall lose our rank in obeying him; wise and skilful, or we shall endanger the safety of our people—brave, firm, and manly, to keep us united. Such is the man that must command us. Are you prepared, Grame of Inchtalla, to say where such a general is to be found?"

"There is he," said Allan M'Aulay; "and here," he said, laying his hand upon the shoulder of Anderson, who stood behind Lord Menteith, "here he stands!"

The general surprise of the meeting was expressed by an impatient murmur: when Anderson, throwing back the cloak in which his face was muffled, and stepping forward, spoke thus:—"I did not intend to be a silent spectator of this interesting scene, although my hasty friend has obliged me to disclose myself somewhat sooner than was my intention. Whether I deserve the honour proposed to me by this parchment will best appear from what I shall be able to do for the king's service. It is a commission, under the great seal, to James Graham, Earl of Montrose, to summon those forces which are to be assembled for the service of his Majesty in this kingdom."

A loud shout of approbation burst from the assembly. There was, in fact, no other person to whom, in point of rank, these proud mountaineers would have been disposed to submit. His inveterate and hereditary hostility to the Marquis of Argyle insured his engaging in the war with sufficient energy, while his well-known military talents, and his tried valour, afforded every hope of his bringing it to a favourable conclusion.

CHAPTER VIII.

Our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends.

Henry IV. Part I.

No sooner had the general acclamation of joyful surprise subsided, than silence was eagerly demanded for reading the royal commission; and the bonnets, which hitherto each Chief had worn, probably because unwilling to be the first to uncover, were now at once vailed in honour of the royal warrant. It was couched in the most full and ample terms, authorizing the Earl of Montrose to assemble the subjects in arms, for the putting down the present rebellion, which divers traitors and seditious persons had levied against the King, to the manifest forfaulture, as it stated, of their allegiance, and to the breach of the pacification between the two kingdoms. It enjoined all subordinate authorities to be obedient and assisting to Montrose in his enterprise; gave him the power of making ordinances and proclamations, punishing misdemeanours, pardoning criminals, placing and displacing governors and commanders. In fine, it was as large and full a commission as any with which a prince could intrust a subject. As soon as it was finished, a shout burst from the assembled Chiefs, in testimony of their ready submission to the will of their sovereign. Not contented with generally thanking them for their reception so favourable, Montrose hastened to address himself to individuals. The most important Chiefs had already been long personally known to him, but even to those of inferior consequence he now introduced himself, and by the acquaintance he displayed with their peculiar designations, and the circumstances and history of their clans, he showed how long he must have studied the character of the mountaineers, and prepared himself for such a situation as he now held.

While he was engaged in these acts of courtesy, his graceful manner, expressive features, and dignity of deportment, made a singular contrast with the coarseness and meanness of his dress. Montrose possessed that sort of form and face, in which the beholder, at the first glance, sees nothing extraordinary, but of which the interest becomes more impressive the longer we gaze upon them. His stature was very little above the middle size, but in person he was uncommonly well-built, and capable both of exerting great force and enduring much fatigue. In fact, he enjoyed a constitution of iron, without which he could not have sustained the trials of his extraordinary campaigns, through all of which he subjected himself

ARCHIBALD, MARQUIS OF ARGYLE

"His dark complexion, furrowed forehead, and downcast look, gave him the appearance of one frequently engaged in the consideration of important affairs."

to the lairdships of the meanest soldier. He was perfect in all exercises, whether peaceful or martial, and possessed, of course, that graceful ease of deportment proper to those to whom habit has rendered all postures easy.

His long brown hair, according to the custom of men of quality among the Royalists, was parted on the top of his head, and trained to hang down on each side in curled locks, one of which, descending two or three inches lower than the others, intimated Montrose's compliance with that fashion against which it pleased Mr Prynne, the puritan, to write a treatise, entitled, "The Unloveliness of Lovelocks." The features which these tresses enclosed, were of that kind which derive their interest from the character of the man, rather than from the regularity of their form. But a high nose, a full, decided, well-opened, quick grey eye, and a sanguine complexion, made amends for some coarseness and irregularity in the subordinate parts of the face: so that, altogether, Montrose might be termed rather a handsome, than a hard-featured man. But those who saw him when his soul looked through those eyes with all the energy and fire of genius—those who heard him speak with the authority of talent, and the eloquence of nature, were impressed with an opinion even of his external form, more enthusiastically favourable than the portraits which still survive would entitle us to ascribe to it. Such, at least, was the impression he made upon the assembled Chiefs of the mountaineers, over whom, as upon all persons in their state of society, personal appearance has no small influence.

In the discussions which followed his discovering himself, Montrose explained the various risks which he had run in his present undertaking. His first attempt had been to assemble a body of loyalists in the north of England, who, in obedience to the orders of the Marquis of Newcastle, he expected would have marched into Scotland; but the disinclination of the English to cross the Border, and the delay of the Earl of Antrim, who was to have landed in the Solway Firth with his Irish army, prevented his executing this design. Other plans having in like manner failed, he stated that he found himself under the necessity of assuming a disguise to render his passage secure through the Lowlands, in which he had been kindly assisted by his kinsman of Menteith. By what means Allan M'Aulay had come to know him, he could not pretend to explain. Those who knew Allan's prophetic pretensions, smiled mysteriously; but he himself only replied, that "the Earl of Montrose need not be surprised if he was known to thousands, of whom he himself could retain no memory."

"By the honour of a cavalier," said Captain Dalgetty, finding at length an opportunity to thrust in his word, "I am proud and happy in having an opportunity of drawing a sword under your lordship's command; and I do forgive all grudge, malecontent, and malice of my heart, to Mr Allan M'Aulay, for having thrust me down to the lowest seat of the board yestreen. Certes, he hath this day spoken so like a man having full command of his senses, that I had resolved in my secret purpose that he was no way entitled to claim the privilege of insanity. But since I was only postponed to a noble earl

[illegible] before you all, I [illegible] justice of the preference, and heartily salute Allan as one who is to be his *bon-camarado*."

Having made this speech, which was little understood or attended to, without putting off his military gloves, he extended to Allan's hand, and began to shake it with violence which Allan, with a gripe like a smith's vice, returned with equal force, as to drive the iron splents of the gauntlet into the hand of the wearer.

Captain Dalgetty might have converted this into a new affront, had his attention not been suddenly diverted by Montrose himself.

"How this news," he said, "Captain Dalgetty—I should say Major Dalgetty—the Irish, who are the people by your military experience, are now within a few leagues of us."

"Dear dere walkers," said Angus M'Aulay, "who were abroad to bring in venison for this honourable party, have heard of a band of Irish kerne, neither Saxon nor pure Gaelic, and with difficulty making themselves understood by the people of the country, who are now coming this way in arms, under the leading, it is said, of Master M'Donald, who is commonly called Young Colkitto."

"These must be our men," said Montrose; "we must hasten to send messengers forward both to act as guides and to relieve their wants."

"The last," said Angus M'Aulay, "will be no easy matter: for I am informed that, excepting muskets and a very little ammunition, they want every thing that soldiers should have; and they are particularly destitute in money, in shoes, and in raiment."

"There is at least no use in saying so," said Montrose, "in so loud a tone. The puritan weavers of Glasgow shall provide them with pieces of broad cloth, when we make a descent from the Highlands: and if the ministers would formerly preach the old women of the parish to a contribution of their wool of tapery, to make tents to the [illegible] I will try whether I have not a little interest [illegible] godly dames renew their patriotic gift, and the [illegible] and heaves, their bonnets, their hands, open their purses."

"And respecting arms," said Captain Dalgetty, "if your lordship will permit an old comrade to speak his mind, so that the one-third have need of it, my darling weapon would be the pike for the remainder, whether for the defence of horse, or for breaking the infantry. A common smith will make a hundred pike-heads in a day: there is plenty of wood for shafts: and I will uphold, that, according to the best modern of war, a strong battalion of pikes, drawn up in the fashion of the Lion of the North, the immortal Gustavus, would beat the Macedonian phalanx, of which I used to read in the Mareschal [illegible], which I studied in the ancient town of Bon-accord; and farther, I will venture to predicate ——"

The Captain's lecture upon tactics was here suddenly interrupted by Allan M'Aulay, who said, hastily,—"Room for an unexpected and unwelcome guest!"

At the same moment, the door of the hall opened, and a grey-haired

[illegible] encamped on Dalkeith, during the troubles of 1638.

[illegible] of a very stately appearance, presented himself to the assembly. There was much dignity, and even authority, in his manner. His stature was above the common size, and his looks such as were used to command. He cast a severe, and almost stern glance upon the assembly of Chiefs. Those of the higher rank among them returned it with scornful indifference; but some of the western gentlemen of inferior power looked as if they wished themselves elsewhere.

"To which of this assembly," said the stranger, "am I to address myself as leader? or have you not fixed upon the person who is to hold an office at least as perilous as it is honourable?"

"Address yourself to me, Sir Duncan Campbell," said Montrose, stepping forward.

"To you!" said Sir Duncan Campbell, with some scorn.

"Yes,—to me," repeated Montrose,—"to the Earl of Montrose, if you have forgotten him."

"I should know, at least," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "have had some difficulty in recognising him in the disguise of a groom.—And yet I might have guessed that no evil influence inferior to your lordship's, distinguished as one who troubles Israel, could have collected together this rash assembly of misguided persons."

"I will answer unto you," said Montrose, "in the manner of your own Puritans. I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house.—But let us have an altercation, which is of little consequence but to ourselves, and hear the tidings you have brought from your Chief of Argyle; for I must conclude that it is in his name that you have come to this meeting."

"It is in the name of the Marquis of Argyle," said Sir Duncan Campbell,—"in the name of the Scottish Convention of Estates, that I demand to know the meaning of this singular convocation. If it is designed to disturb the peace of the country, it were but acting like neighbours, and men of honour, to give us some intimation to stand upon our guard."

"It is a singular, and new state of affairs in Scotland," said Montrose, turning from Sir Duncan Campbell to the assembly, "when Scottish men of rank and family cannot meet in the house of a common friend without an inquisitorial visit and demand, on the part of our rulers, to know the subject of our conference. Methinks our ancestors were accustomed to hold Highland huntings, or other purposes of meeting, without asking the leave either of the great M'Callum More himself, or any of his emissaries or dependents."

"The times have been such in Scotland," answered one of the Western Chiefs, "and such they will again be, when the intruders on our ancient possessions are again reduced to be Lairds of Lochow, instead of overspreading us like a band of devouring locusts."

"Am I to understand, then," said Sir Duncan, "that it is against my name alone that these preparations are directed? or are the race of Diarmid only to be sufferers in common with the whole of the peaceful and orderly inhabitants of Scotland?"

"I would ask," said a wild-looking Chief, starting hastily up, "one question of the Knight of Ardenvohr, ere he proceeds farther in his daring catechism.—Has he brought more than one life to this

castle, that he ventures to parade among us for the purposes of insult?"

"Gentlemen," said Montrose, "let me find it your pleasure, a messenger who comes among us for the purpose of pacification, entitled to treat in safety and to safe conduct. And since Sir Duncan Campbell is so pressing, I care not if I inform him, for his gentleness, that he is in no possibility of the King's favour, unless I am assured by me, in his Majesty's name and authority, and as empowered by his Majesty's royal commission."

"We are to have, then, I presume," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "a civil war in all its forms? I have been no bad soldier in days as unquiet with anxiety; but it would have been by my faith at Montrose's bidding. If, in this matter, he fail to attend his orders, the less, and the peace of the country more."

"I have stated that my authority and commission, Sir Duncan," answered Montrose, "who brought the sword to the pass to which it now stands, and rendered necessary the stern remedies which we are now reluctantly about to use."

"And what rank among these self-created," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "shall we assign to a rebel Earl, convicted, attainted to the Covenant, that he was the first, in title, to cross the Tyne, wading middle deep, at the head of his regiment, to charge the royal forces? It was the same, I think, who imposed the Covenant upon the burgesses and colleges of Aberdeen, at the point of sword and pike."

"I understand your satire, Sir Duncan," said Montrose, temperately: "and I can only add, that in sincere repentance can make atonement for youthful error, and by yielding to the artful representation of ambitious hypocrites. I shall be prepared for the evidence with which you menace me. I will at least endeavour to deserve success, for I am sure, with my sword in my hand, willing to spend the last blood in my body to make amends for my error; and mortal man can do no more."

"Well, my lord," said Sir Duncan, "I shall be sorry to carry back this message to the Marquis of Argyle. I think it is neither the wisest from the Marquis, that, to prevent the bloody feuds which must necessarily follow a Highland war, his lordship will be content if a score of wood be arranged in the north of the Highlands, as there is ground enough in Scotland to fight upon, without neighbours destroying each other's families and inheritances."

"It is a powerful proposal," said Montrose, smiling, "such as it should be, coming from one whose personal courage has always been more proverbial than his measures. Yet, if the terms of such a truce could be equally fixed, and if we can obtain security—for that, Sir Duncan, is indispensable—that your Majesty will observe them with strict fidelity, I, for my part, should be content to leave peace behind us, since we must needs carry war before us. But, Sir Duncan, you are too old and experienced a soldier for us to permit you to remain in our presence, and witness our proceedings: we shall, therefore, when you have refreshed yourself, recommend your speedy return to Inverary; and we shall send with you a gentleman or two of part

to adjust the terms of the Highland armistice, in case the Marquis shall be found serious in proposing such a measure." Sir Duncan Campbell assented by a bow.

"My Lord of Menteith," continued Montrose, "will you have the goodness to attend Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvohr, while we determine who shall return with him to his Chief? M'Aulay will perhaps be so obliging as to request that he be entertained with suitable hospitality."

"I will give orders for that," said Allan M'Aulay, rising and coming forward. "I love Sir Duncan Campbell: we have been joint sufferers in former days, and I do not forget it now."

"My Lord of Menteith," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "I am grieved to see you, at your early age, engaged in such desperate and rebellious courses."

"I am young," answered Menteith, "yet old enough to distinguish between right and wrong, between loyalty and rebellion; and the sooner a good course is begun, the longer and the better have I a chance of running it."

"And you too, my friend, Allan M'Aulay," said Sir Duncan, taking his hand, "must we also call each other enemies, that have been so often allied against a common foe?" Then turning round to the meeting, he said, "Farewell, gentlemen; there are so many of you to whom I wish well, that your rejection of all terms of mediation gives me deep affliction. May Heaven," he said, looking upward, "judge between our motives, and those of the movers of this civil commotion!"

"Amen," said Montrose; "to that tribunal we all submit us."

Sir Duncan Campbell left the hall, accompanied by Allan M'Aulay and Lord Menteith. "I have seen a true-bred Campbell," said Montrose, as the envoy departed, "for they are ever fair and false."

"Pardon me, my lord," said Evan Dhu; "I hereditary enemy as I am to their name, I have ever found the Knight of Ardenvohr brave in war, honest in peace, and true in council."

"Of his own disposition," said Montrose, "such he is undoubtedly; but he now acts as the organ or mouth-piece of his Chief, the Marquis, the falsest man that ever drew breath. And, M'Aulay," he continued in a whisper to his host, "lest he should make some impression upon the inexperience of Menteith, or the singular disposition of your brother, you had better send music into their chamber, to prevent all inveigling them into any private conference."

"The devil a musician have I," answered M'Aulay, "save the piper, who has nearly broke his wind by an ambitious contention for superiority with three of his own craft; but I can send Annot Lyle and her harp." And he left the apartment to give orders accordingly.

Meanwhile a warm discussion took place, who should undertake the perilous task of returning with Sir Duncan to Inverary. To the higher dignitaries, accustomed to consider themselves upon an equality even with M'Callum More, this was an office not to be proposed; unto others who could not plead the same excuse, it was altogether unacceptable. One would have thought Inverary had been the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the inferior chiefs shewed such re-

luctance to approach it. After a considerable hesitation, the plain reason was at length spoken out, namely, that whatever Highlander should undertake an office so distasteful to M'Callum More, he would be sure to treasure the offence in his remembrance, and one day or other to make him bitterly repent of it.

In this dilemma, Montrose, who considered the proposed armistice as a mere stratagem on the part of Argyle, although he had not ventured bluntly to reject it in presence of those whom it concerned so nearly, resolved to impose the danger and dignity upon Captain Dalgetty, who had neither clan nor estate in the Highlands upon which the wrath of Argyle could wreak itself.

"But I have a neck though," said Dalgetty, bluntly; "and what if he chooses to avenge himself upon that? I have known a case where an honourable ambassador has been hanged as a spy before now. Neither did the Romans use ambassadors much more respectfully at the siege of Capua, although I read that they only cut off their hands and noses, put out their eyes, and suffered them to depart in peace."

"By my honour, Captain Dalgetty," said Montrose, "should the Marquis, contrary to the rules of war, dare to practise any attempt against you, you may depend upon my taking such signal vengeance that all Scotland shall ring of it."

"That will do but little for Dalgetty," returned the Captain; "ben, corragio! as the Spaniard says. With the Land of Promise full in view, the Moor of Drumathwacket, *mea perpessa regna*, as we said at Mareschal College, I will not refuse your Excellency's commission, being conscious it becomes a cavalier of honour to obey his commander's orders, in defiance both of gibbet and sword."

"Gallantly resolved," said Montrose: "and if you will come apart with me, I will furnish you with the conditions to be laid before M'Callum More, upon which we are willing to grant him a truce for his Highland dominions."

With these we need not trouble our readers. They were of an evasive nature, calculated to meet a proposal which Montrose considered to have been made only for the purpose of gaining time. When he had put Captain Dalgetty in complete possession of his instructions, and when that worthy, making his military obeisance was near the door of his apartment, Montrose made him a sign to return.

"I presume," said he, "I need not remind an officer who has served under the great Gustavus, that a little more is required of a person sent with a flag of truce than mere discharge of his instructions, and that his general will expect from him, on his return, some account of the state of the enemy's affairs, as far as they come under his observation. In short, Captain Dalgetty, you must be *un peu clair-voyant*."

"Ah ha! your Excellency," said the Captain, twisting his hard features into an inimitable expression of cunning and intelligence, "if they do not put my head in a poke, which I have known practised upon honourable soldades who have been suspected to come upon such errands as the present, your Excellency may rely on

precise narration of what [illegible] were it even how many turns or time there [illegible] pilcrash, or how many checks in the set of [illegible] drew."

"Enough," answered Montrose: "farewell, Captain Dalgetty: and as they say that a lady's mind is always expressed in her postscript, so I would have you think that the most important part of your commission lies in what I have last said to you."

Dalgetty once more grounded intelligence, and withdrew to [illegible] his charger and himself, for the fatigues of his approaching mission.

At the door of the [illegible] to Gustavus always claimed his first care,—he met Angus M'Aulay and Sir Miles Musgrave, who had been looking at his horse: and, after praising his points and carriage, both united in strongly dissuading the Captain from taking an animal of such value with him upon his present very fatiguing journey.

Angus painted in the most alarming colours the roads, or rather want of tracks, by which it might be necessary for him to travel into Argyleshire, and the wretched huts or hovels where he would be constrained to pass the night, and where no forage could be procured for his horse, unless he could eat the thatch of old heather. In short, he pronounced it absolutely impossible that, after undertaking such a pilgrimage, the animal could be in any case for military service. The Highlander strongly confirmed all that Angus had said, and gave himself, body and soul, to the devil, if he thought it was not an act little short of absolute murder to carry a horse worth a farthing into such a waste and inhospitable desert. Captain Dalgetty for an instant looked steadily first at one of the gentlemen and next at the other, and then asked them, as if in a fit of indecision, what they would advise him to do with Gustavus, under such circumstances.

"By the hand of my father, my dear friend," answered M'Aulay "if you have the heart to [illegible] you may rely on his being fed and sorted according to his worth and quality, and that upon your happy return, you will find him as sleek as [illegible] butter."

"Or," said Sir Miles Musgrave, "if the [illegible] cavalier chuses to part with his charger for a reasonable [illegible] I have some pretty [illegible] the silver candle-sticks still [illegible] my plate which I shall be very willing to transfer to his."

"In brief, my honourable friends," said Captain Dalgetty, eyeing them both with an air of cosmic importance, "I find [illegible] not be altogether unacceptable to either of you. To have [illegible] to remember the old soldier by, in case I shall [illegible] M'Callum More to hang him up at the gate of his own castle. And [illegible] it would be no small satisfaction to me, in such an event, [illegible] noble and loyal cavalier like Sir Miles Musgrave, or a [illegible] hospitable chieftain like our excellent friend, should [illegible] executor."

Both hastened to protest that they had no such object, and insisted again upon the impassable character of the Highland roads. Angus M'Aulay mumbled over a number of [illegible]

of the difficult passes, precipices, corries, and beals, through which he said the road lay to Inverary, when old Donald, who had now entered, sanctioned his master's account of these difficulties, by holding up his hands, and elevating his eyes, and shaking his head, at every guttural which M'Aulay pronounced. But all this did not move the inflexible Captain.

"My worthy friends," said he, "Gustavus is not new to the dangers of travelling, and the mountains of Bohemia: and (no disparagement to the beals and corries Mr Angus is pleased to mention, and of which Sir Miles, who never saw them, confirms the horrors,) these mountains may compete with the vilest roads in Europe. In fact, my horse hath a most excellent and social quality: for although he cannot pledge in my cup, yet we share our loaf between us, and it will be hard if he suffers famine where cakes or bannocks are to be found. And, to cut this matter short, I beseech you, my good friends, to observe the state of Sir Duncan Campbell's palfrey, which stands in that stall before us, fat and fair: and, in return for your anxiety on my account, I give you my honest asseveration, that while we travel the same road, both that palfrey and his rider shall lack for food before either Gustavus or I."

Having said this, he filled a large measure with corn, and walked up with it to his charger, who, by his low whinnying neigh, his pricked ears, and his pawing, shewed how close the alliance was betwixt him and his rider. Nor did he taste his corn until he had returned his master's caresses, by licking his hands and face. After this interchange of greeting, the steed began to his provender with an eager despatch, which shewed old military habits; and the master, after looking on the animal with great complacency for about five minutes, said—"Much good may it do your honest heart, Gustavus; now must I go and lay in provant myself for the campaign."

He then departed, having first saluted the Englishman and Angus M'Aulay, who remained looking at each other for some time in silence, and then burst out into a fit of laughter.

"That fellow," said Sir Miles Musgrave, "is formed to go through the world."

"I shall think so too," said M'Aulay, "if he can slip through M'Callum More's fingers as easily as he has done through ours."

"Do you think," said the Englishman, "that the Marquis will not respect, in Captain Dalgetty's person, the laws of civilized war?"

"No more than I would respect a Lowland proclamation," said Angus M'Aulay.—"But come along, it is time I were returning to my guests."

CHAPTER IX.

——— In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Coriolanus.

In a small apartment, remote from the rest of the guests assembled at the castle, Sir Duncan Campbell was presented with every species of refreshment, and respectfully attended by Lord Menteith, and by Allan M'Aulay. His discourse with the latter turned upon a sort of hunting campaign, in which they had been engaged together against the Children of the Mist, with whom the Knight of Ardenvohr, as well as the M'Aulays, had a deadly and irreconcilable feud. Sir Duncan, however, speedily endeavoured to lead back the conversation to the subject of his present errand to the castle of Dumbarton.

"It grieved him to the very heart," he said, "to see that friends and neighbours, who should stand shoulder to shoulder, were likely to be engaged hand to hand in a cause which so little concerned them. What signifies it," he said, "to the Highland Chiefs, whether King or Parliament got uppermost? Were it not better to let them settle their own differences without interference, while the Chiefs, in the meantime, took the opportunity of establishing their own authority in a manner not to be called in question hereafter by either King or Parliament?" He reminded Allan M'Aulay that the measures taken in the last reign to settle the peace, as was alleged, of the Highlands, were in fact levelled at the patriarchal power of the Chieftains; and he mentioned the celebrated settlement of the Fife Undertakers, as they were called, in the Lewis, as part of a deliberate plan, formed to introduce strangers among the Celtic tribes, to destroy by degrees their ancient customs and mode of government, and to despoil them of the inheritance of their fathers.[1] "And yet," he continued, addressing Allan, "it is for the purpose of giving despotic authority to the monarch by whom these designs have been nursed, that so many Highland Chiefs are upon the point of quarrelling with, and drawing the sword against, their neighbours, allies, and ancient confederates."

"It is to my brother," said Allan, "it is to the eldest son of my father's house, that the Knight of Ardenvohr must address these remonstrances. I am, indeed, the brother of Angus; but in being

[1] In the reign of James VI., an attempt of rather an extraordinary kind was made to civilize the extreme northern part of the Hebridean Archipelago. That monarch granted the property of the Island of Lewes, as if it had been an unknown and savage country, to a number of Lowland gentlemen, called undertakers, chiefly natives of the shire of Fife, that they might colonize and settle there. The enterprise was at first successful, but the natives of the island, MacLeods and MacKenzies, rose on the Lowland adventurers, and put most of them to the sword.

so, I am only the first of his clansmen, and bound to show an example to the others by my cheerful and ready obedience to his commands."

"The cause also," said Lord Menteith, interposing, "is far more general than Sir Duncan Campbell seems to suppose it. It is neither limited to Saxon nor to Gael, to mountain nor to scathe, to Highlands nor to Lowlands. The question is, if we will continue to be governed by the unlimited authority assumed by a set of persons in no respect superior to ourselves, instead of returning to the natural government of the Prince under whom they have rebelled. And respecting the interest of the Highlands in particular," he added, "I crave Sir Duncan Campbell's pardon for my plainness; but it seems very clear to me that the only effect produced by the present usurpation, will be the aggrandisement of one overgrown clan at the expense of every independent Chief in the Highlands."

"I will not reply to you, my lord," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "because I know your prejudices, and from whom they are borrowed; yet you will pardon my saying, that being at the head of the rival branch of the House of Grahame, I owe both respect and kindness to Earl of Menteith, who would have disdained to have been thwarted in politics, or to have been commanded in war, by the Head of Montrose."

"You will find it in vain, Sir Duncan," said Lord Menteith, haughtily, "to set my vanity in arms against my principles. The King gave my ancestors their title and rank; and these shall never prevent my acting, in the royal cause, under any one who is better qualified than myself to act as commander-in-chief. least of all, shall any miserable jealousy prevent me from placing my hand and sword under the guidance of the bravest, the most loyal, the most heroic spirit among our Scottish nobility."

"Pity," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "that you cannot add to his panegyric the farther epithets of the most steady, and the most consistent. But I have no purpose of debating these points with you, my lord," waving his hand, as if to avoid farther discussion; "the die is cast with you: allow me only to express my sorrow for the disastrous fate to which Angus M'Aulay's natural rashness, and your lordship's influence, are dragging my gallant friend Allan here, with his father's clan, and many a brave man besides."

"The die is cast for us all, Sir Duncan," replied Allan, looking gloomy, and arguing on his own hypochondriac feelings; "the iron hand of destiny branded our fate upon our foreheads long ere we could form a wish, or raise a finger in our own behalf. Were this otherwise, by what means does the seer ascertain the future from those shadowy presages which haunt his waking and his sleeping eye? Nought can be foreseen but that which is certain to happen."

Sir Duncan Campbell was about to reply, and the darkest and most contested point of metaphysics might have been brought into discussion betwixt two Highland disputants, when the door opened, and Annot Lyle, with her chairshach in her hand, entered the apartment. The freedom of a Highland maiden was in her step and in her eye; for, bred up in the chance [illegible] with the Laird of

M'Aulay and his brother, with Lord Menteith, and other young men who frequented Dandiewarach, she possessed none of that timidity which a female, educated chiefly among her own sex, would either have felt, or thought necessary to assume, on an occasion like the present.

Her dress partook of the antique, for new fashions seldom penetrated into the Highlands, nor would they easily have found their way to a castle inhabited chiefly by men, whose sole occupation was war and the chase. Yet Annot's garments were not only becoming, but even rich. Her open jacket, with a high collar, was composed of blue cloth, richly embroidered, and had silver clasps to fasten, when it pleased the wearer. Its sleeves, which were wide, came no lower than the elbow, and terminated in a golden fringe: under this upper coat, if it can be so termed, she wore an under dress of blue satin, also richly embroidered, but which was several shades lighter in colour than the upper garment. The petticoat was formed of tartan silk, in the set, or pattern, of which the colour of blue greatly predominated, so as to remove the tawdry effect too frequently produced in tartan, by the mixture and strong opposition of colours. An antique silver chain, hung round her neck, and supported the *mizzet*, or key, with which she tuned her instrument. A small ruff rose above her collar, and was secured by a brooch of some value, an old keepsake of Lord Menteith. Her profusion of light hair almost hid her laughing eyes, while, with a smile and a blush, she mentioned that she had M'Aulay's directions to ask them if they chose music. Sir Duncan Campbell gazed with considerable surprise and interest at the lovely apparition, which thus interrupted his debate with Allan M'Aulay.

"Can this," he said to him in a whisper, "a creature so beautiful and so elegant, be a domestic musician of your brother's establishment?"

"By no means," answered Allan, hastily, yet with some hesitation; "she is a——a—a near relation of our family—and treated," he added, more firmly, "as an adopted daughter of our father's house."

As he spoke thus, he arose from his seat, and with that air of courtesy which every Highlander can assume when it suits him to practise it, he resigned it to Annot, and offered to her, at the same time, whatever refreshments the table afforded, with an assiduity which was probably designed to give Sir Duncan an impression of her rank and consequence. If such was Allan's purpose, however, it was unnecessary. Sir Duncan kept his eyes fixed upon Annot with an expression of much deeper interest than could have arisen from any impression that she was a person of consequence. Annot even felt embarrassed under the old knight's steady gaze; and it was not without considerable hesitation, that, tuning her instrument, and receiving an assenting look from Lord Menteith and Allan, she executed the following ballad, which our friend, Mr Secundus M'Pherson, whose goodness we had before to acknowledge, has thus translated into the English tongue:—

THE ORPHAN MAID.

November's hail-cloud drifts away,
November's sunbeam wan
Looks coldly on the castle grey,
When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,
Her arms, her feet, were bare,
The hail-drops had not melted yet,
Amid her raven hair.

"And, Dame," she said, "by all the ties
That child and mother know,
Aid one who never knew these joys,
Relieve an orphan's wo."

The lady said, "An orphan's state
Is hard and sad to bear;
Yet worse the widow'd mother's fate,
Who mourns both lord and heir.

"Twelve times the rolling year has sped,
Since, when from vengeance wild
Of fierce Strathallan's Chief I fled,
Forth's eddies whelm'd my child."

"Twelve times the year its course has borne,"
The wandering maid replied,
"Since fishers on St Bridget's morn
Drew nets on Campsie side.

"St Bridget sent no scaly spoil,—
An infant, well-nigh dead,
They saved, and rear'd in want and toil,
To beg from you her bread."

That orphan maid the lady kiss'd—
"My husband's looks you bear;
St Bridget and her morn be bless'd
You are his widow's heir."

They've robed that maid so poor and pale
In silk and sandals rare;
And pearls, for drops of frozen hail,
Are glistening in her hair.[1]

[1] The admirers of pure Celtic antiquity, notwithstanding the elegance of the above translation, may be desirous to see a literal version from the original Gaelic, which we therefore subjoin; and have only to add, that the original is deposited with Mr [illegible] Cleishbotham.

Literal Translation.

The hail-blast had drifted away upon the wings of the gale of autumn. The sun looked from between the clouds, pale as the wounded hero who rears his head feebly on the heath when the roar of battle hath passed over him.

While the song proceeded, Lord Monteith observed, with some surprise, that it appeared to produce a much deeper effect upon the mind of Sir Duncan Campbell, than he could possibly have anticipated from his age and character. He well knew that the Highlanders of that period possessed a much greater sensibility both for tale and song than was found among their Lowland neighbours; but even this, he thought, hardly accounted for the embarrassment with which the old man withdrew his eyes from the songstress, as if unwilling to suffer them to rest on an object so interesting. Still less was it to be expected, that features which expressed pride, stern common sense, and the austere habit of authority, should have been so much agitated by so trivial a circumstance. As the Chief's brow became clouded, he drooped his large shaggy grey eyebrows until they almost concealed his eyes, on the lids of which something like a tear might be seen to glister. He remained silent and fixed in the same posture for a minute or two, after the last note had ceased to vibrate. He then raised his head, and having looked at Annot Lyle, as if purposing to speak to her, he as suddenly changed that purpose, and was about to address Allan, when the door opened, and the Lord of the Castle made his appearance.

Fincle, the Lady of the Castle, came forth to see her maidens pass to the herds with their leglins.[1]

There sat an orphan maiden beneath the old oak-tree of appointment. The withered leaves fell around her, and her heart was more withered than they.

The parent of the ice [poetically taken for the frost] still congealed the hail-drops in her hair; they were like the specks of whiteashes on the twisted boughs of the blackened and half-consumed oak that blazes in the hall.

And the maiden said, 'Give me comfort, Lady, I am an orphan child." And the Lady replied, "How can I give that which I have not? I am the widow of a slain lord, —the mother of a perished child. When I fled in my fear from the vengeance of my husband's foe, our bark was overwhelmed in the tide, and my infant perished. This was on St Bridget's morn, near the strong Lynn of Campsie. May ill luck light upon the day." And the maiden answered, "It was on St Bridget's morn, and twelve harvests before this time, that the fishermen of Campsie drew in their nets neither grilse nor salmon, but an infant half dead, who hath since lived in misery, and must die, unless she is now aided." And the Lady answered, "Blessed be St Bridget and her morn, for these are the dark eyes and the falcon look of my slain lord; and thine shalt be the inheritance of his widow." And she called for her waiting attendants, and she bade them clothe that maiden in silk, and in sumite; and the pearls which they wove among her black tresses were whiter than the frozen hail-drops.

[1] Milk-pails.

CHAPTER X.

> Dark on their journey lour'd the gloomy day,
> Wild were the hills, and doubtful grew the way;
> More dark, more gloomy, and more doubtful, shew'd
> The mansion which received them from the road.
>
> *The Travellers, a Romance.*

Angus M'Aulay was charged with a message which he seemed to find some difficulty in communicating; for it was not till after he had framed his speech several different ways, and blundered them all, that he succeeded in letting Sir Duncan Campbell know that the cavalier who was to accompany him was waiting in readiness, and that all was prepared for his return to Inverary. Sir Duncan Campbell rose up very indignantly; the affront which this message implied immediately driving out of his recollection the hospitality which had been awakened by the music.

"I little expected this," he said, looking indignantly at Angus M'Aulay. "I little thought that there was a Chief in the West Highlands, who, at the pleasure of a Saxon, would have bid the Knight of Ardenvohr leave his castle, when the sun was declining from the meridian, and ere the second cup had been filled. But farewell, sir, the food of a churl does not satisfy the appetite; when I next revisit Dunolly-rach, it shall be with a naked sword in one hand, and a firebrand in the other."

"And if you so come," said Angus, "I pledge myself to meet you fairly, though you brought five hundred Campbells at your back, and to afford you and them such entertainment, that you shall not again complain of the hospitality of Dunolly-rach."

"Threatened men," said Sir Duncan, "live long. Your fame for peaceable, Laird of M'Aulay, is too well known, that a man of honour should regard your vaunts. To you, my lord, and to Allan, who have supplied the place of my churlish host, I leave my thanks. And to you, pretty mistress," he said, addressing Annot Lyle, "this little token, for having opened a fountain which hath been dry for many a year." So saying, he left the apartment, and commanded his attendants to be summoned. Angus M'Aulay, equally embarrassed and incensed at the charge of inhospitality, which was the greatest possible affront to a Highlander, did not follow Sir Duncan to the court yard, where, mounting his palfrey, which was in readiness, followed by six mounted attendants, and accompanied by the noble Captain Dalgetty, who had also awaited him, bridling Gustavus ready for action, though he did not draw his girths and mount till Sir Duncan appeared, the whole cavalcade left the castle.

The journey was long and toilsome, but without any of the extreme privations which the Laird of M'Aulay had prophesied. In truth, Sir Duncan was very cautious to avoid those nearer and more covered paths, by means of which the county of Argyle was accessible from the westward; for his relation and chief, the Marquis, was used to boast, that he would not for a hundred thousand crowns any mor

fol should know the passes by which an armed force could penetrate into his country.

Sir Duncan Campbell, therefore, rather shunned the Highlands, and sailing into the Low-country, made for the nearest seaport in the vessel, or one he had secured, had sloops, galleys, or birlings, as they were called, at his command. In one of these they embarked, with Gustavus in company, who was so seasoned to adventure, that land and sea seemed as indifferent to him as to his master.

The wind being favourable, they pursued their way rapidly with sails and oars; and early the next morning it was announced to Captain Dalgetty, then in a small cabin beneath the half-deck, that the galley was near the walls of Sir Duncan Campbell's castle.

Ardenvohr accordingly rose high above them, when he came upon the deck of the galley. It was a gloomy square tower, of considerable size and great height, situated upon a headland projecting into the salt-water lake or arm of the sea, which they had entered on the preceding evening. A wall, with flanking towers at each angle, surrounded the castle to landward; but, towards the lake, it was built so near the brink of the precipice as only to leave room for a battery of seven guns, designed to protect the fortress from any insult from that side, although situated too high to be of any effectual use according to the modern system of warfare.

The eastern sun, rising behind the old tower, flung its shadow far on the lake, darkening the deck of the galley, on which Captain Dalgetty now walked, waiting with some impatience the signal to land. Sir Duncan Campbell, as he was informed by his attendants, was already within the walls of the castle; but no one encouraged the Captain's proposal of following him ashore, until, as they stated, they should receive the direct permission or order of the Knight of Ardenvohr.

In a short time afterwards the mandate arrived, while a boat, with a piper in the bow, bearing the Knight of Ardenvohr's crest in silver upon his left arm, and playing with all his might the family march entitled "The Campbells are coming," approached to conduct the envoy of Montrose to the castle of Ardenvohr. The distance between the galley and the beach was so short as scarce to require the assistance of the eight sturdy rowers, in bonnets, short coats, and trews, whose efforts sent the boat to the little creek in which they usually landed, before one could have conceived that it had left the side of the birling. Two of the boatmen, in spite of Dalgetty's resistance, horsed the Captain on the back of a third Highlander, and, wading through the surf with him, landed him high and dry upon the beach beneath the castle rock. In the face of this rock there appeared something like the entrance of a low-browed cavern, towards which the assistants were preparing to hurry our friend Dalgetty, when, shaking himself loose from them with some difficulty, he insisted upon seeing Gustavus safely landed before he proceeded one step farther. The Highlanders could not comprehend what he meant, until one who had picked up a little English, or rather Lowland Scotch, exclaimed, "Hoots! it 's a' about the horse, to wad-na haste." Farther remonstrance on the part of Captain Dalgetty was

interrupted by the appearance of Sir Duncan Campbell himself, from the mouth of the cavern which we have described, for the purpose of inviting Captain Dalgetty to accept of the hospitality of Ardenvohr, pledging his honour, at the same time, that Gustavus should be treated as became the hero from whom he derived his name, not to mention the important person to whom he now belonged. Notwithstanding this satisfactory guarantee, Captain Dalgetty would still have hesitated, such was his anxiety to witness the fate of his companion Gustavus, had not two Highlanders seized him by the arms, two more pushed him on behind, while a fifth exclaimed, "Hout awa wi' the daft Sassenach! does she no hear the laird bidding her up to her ain castle, wi' her special voice, and isna that very mickle honour for the like o' her?"

Thus impelled, Captain Dalgetty could only for a short space keep a reverted eye towards the galley in which he had left the partner of his military toils. In a few minutes afterwards he found himself involved in the total darkness of a staircase, which, entering from the low-browed cavern we have mentioned, winded upwards through the entrails of the living rock.

"The cursed Highland salvages!" muttered the Captain, half aloud; "what is to become of me, if Gustavus, the namesake of the invincible Lion of the Protestant League, should be lamed among their untenty hands!"

"Have no fear of that," said the voice of Sir Duncan, who was nearer to him than he imagined; "my men are accustomed to handle horses, both in embarking and dressing them, and you will soon see Gustavus as safe as when you last dismounted from his back."

Captain Dalgetty knew the world too well to offer any farther remonstrance, whatever uneasiness he might suppress within his own bosom. A step or two higher up the stair shewed light, and a door, and an iron-grated wicket led him out upon a gallery cut in the open face of the rock, extending a space of about six or eight yards, until he reached a second door, where the path re-entered the rock, and which was also defended by an iron portcullis. "An admirable traverse," observed the Captain; "and if commanded by a field-piece, or even a few muskets, quite sufficient to ensure the place against a storming party."

Sir Duncan Campbell made no answer at the time; but, the moment afterwards, when they had entered the second cavern, he struck with the stick which he had in his hand, first on the one side, and then on the other of the wicket, and the sullen ringing sound which replied to the blows, made Captain Dalgetty sensible that there was a gun placed on each side, for the purpose of raking the gallery through which they had passed, although the embrasures, through which they might be fired on occasion, were masked on the outside with sods and loose stones. Having ascended the second staircase, they found themselves again on an open platform and gallery, exposed to a fire both of musketry and wall-guns, if, being come with hostile intent, they had ventured farther. A third flight of steps, cut in the rock like the former, but not cavernèd over, led them finally into the battery at the foot of the tower. This last stair also was

narrow and steep, and, not to mention the fire which might be directed on it from above, one or two resolute men, with pikes and battle-axes, could have made the pass good against hundreds: for the stair-case would not admit two persons abreast, and was not secured by any sort of balustrade, or railing, from the sheer and abrupt precipice, on the foot of which the tide now rolled with a voice of thunder. So that, under the jealous precautions used to secure this ancient Celtic fortress, a person of weak nerves, and a brain liable to become dizzy, might have found it something difficult to have achieved the entrance to the castle, even supposing no resistance had been offered.

Captain Dalgetty, too old a soldier to feel such tremors, had no sooner arrived in the court-yard, than he protested to God, the defences of Sir Duncan's castle reminded him more of the notable fortress of Spandau, situated in the March of Brandenburg, than of any place whilk it had been his fortune to defend in the course of his travels. Nevertheless, he criticised considerably the mode of placing the guns on the battery we have noticed, observing, that "where cannon were perched, like to scarts, or sea-gulls, on the top of a rock, he had ever observed that they astonished more by their noise, than they dismayed by the skaith or damage which they occasioned."

Sir Duncan, without replying, conducted the soldier into the tower: the defences of which were a portcullis and iron-clenched oaken door, the thickness of the wall being the space between them. He had no sooner arrived in a hall hung with tapestry, than the Captain prosecuted his military criticism. It was indeed suspended by the sight of an excellent breakfast, of which he partook with great avidity; but no sooner had he secured this meal, than he made the tour of the apartment, examining the ground around the castle very carefully from each window in the room. He then returned to his chair, and throwing himself back into it at his length, stretched out one manly leg, and tapping his jack-boot with the riding-rod which he carried in his hand, after the manner of a half-bred man who affects ease in the society of his betters, he delivered his unasked opinion as follows: "This house of yours, now, Sir Duncan, is a very pretty defensible sort of a tenement, and yet it is hardly such as a cavaliero of honour would expect to maintain his credit by holding out for many days. For, Sir Duncan, if it pleases you to notice, your house is over-crowed, and slighted, or commanded, as we military men say, by yonder round hillock to the landward, whereon an enemy might plant such a battery of cannon as would make ye glad to beat a chamade within forty-eight hours, unless it pleased the Lord [illegible] to shew mercy."

"There is no road," replied Sir Duncan, somewhat shortly, "by which cannon can be brought against Ardenvohr. The swamps and morasses around my house would scarce carry your horse and yourself, excepting by such paths as could be rendered impassable within a few hours."

"Sir Duncan," said the Captain, "it is your pleasure to suppose so; and yet we martial men say, that where there is a sea-coast there

[illegible] that exercise and invention, where they cannot be transported by land, may be right easily brought by sea near to the place where they are to be put in action. Neither is a body, however secure in its situation, to be accounted altogether invincible, or, as they say, impregnable; for I protest I've Sir Duncan, did I know an twenty-five men, by the mere surprise and audacity of the attack, win at point of pike as strong a hold as this of Ardenvohrlich, and put to the sword, captivate, or hold to the ransom, the defenders, being ten times their own number."

Notwithstanding Sir Duncan Campbell's knowledge of the world, and his power of commanding his external emotion, he appeared piqued and hurt at these [illegible] which the Captain made with the most imperturbable gravity, having merely altered the subject of conversation at the moment when the Baronet was capable of shining, and, as they say, of having it all his own way, without exactly recollecting that the same might not be equally agreeable to his landlord.

"To cut this matter short," said Sir Duncan, with an expression of colour and countenance somewhat agitated, "it is unnecessary for me to tell you, Captain Dalgetty, that a castle may be stormed if it is not properly defended, or surprised if it is not heedfully watched. I grant that good bodies of men will not be found in any of these predicaments; should even Captain Dalgetty himself choose to beleaguer it."

"Under favour, Sir Duncan," answered the persevering commander, "I would [illegible] you, as a friend, to cast a sconce upon that round hill, with a good ditch, or ditch, which may be easily accomplished by [illegible] the burn or the bogs in the vicinity: it being the custom of the [illegible] Gustavus Adolphus to fight as much [illegible] and shovel as by smith, pike, and musket. Also, I would advise you to [illegible] the small [illegible], not only by a fausse, or glacis, but also by certain [illegible] or pali aloes."—(Here Sir Duncan, becoming impatient, left the apartment, the Captain following him to the door and [illegible] his voice as he retreated, until he was fairly out of hearing.)—"Two tall [illegible] or pali aloes should be artificially [illegible] with [illegible] caltrops and [illegible], or crenelle, [illegible] [illegible] arms that the foemen —The Highland [illegible] Devil, Sir Hand in hole! They are as proud as peacocks, and as obstinate as [illegible], and have he missed an opportunity of making his house a perfect [illegible] fortification as an invading army ever broke their teeth upon. But [illegible]," he continued, looking down from the window upon the bottom of the precipice, "they have not [illegible] as [illegible]. Prophet [illegible]! I would know that toss of [illegible] among a [illegible] myself. I must go to see what they are to make of him."

He had no sooner reached, however, the court to the seaward, and [illegible] himself in the act of descending the staircase, than two Highland sentinels, advancing their [illegible], gave him to understand that this was a service of danger.

"Diavoli!" said the soldier, "and I have got no password. I [illegible] of speak a syllable of their [illegible] gibberish, an it were to save me from the provost-marshal."

"I will be your surety, Captain Dalgetty," said Sir Duncan, who had again approached him without his observing from whence; "and we will go together, and see how your favourite charger is accommodated."

He conducted him accordingly down the staircase to the beach, and from thence by a short turn behind a large rock, which concealed the stables and other offices belonging to the castle. Captain Dalgetty became sensible, at the same time, that the side of the castle to the land was rendered totally inaccessible by a ravine, partly natural and partly scarped with great care and labour, so as to be only passed by a drawbridge. Still, however, the Captain insisted, notwithstanding the triumphant air with which Sir Duncan pointed out his defences, that a sconce should be erected on Drumsnab, the round eminence to the east of the castle, in respect the house might be annoyed from thence by burning bullets full of fire, shot out of cannon, according to the curious invention of Stephen Bathian, King of Poland, whereby that Prince utterly ruined the great Muscovite city of Moscow. This invention, Captain Dalgetty owned, he had not yet witnessed, but observed, that it would give him particular delectation to witness its success put to the proof against Ardenvohr, or any other castle of similar strength; observing, that so curious an experiment could not but afford the greatest delight to all admirers of the military art.

Sir Duncan Campbell diverted his conversation by carrying the matter into his studies, and suffering him to arrange Gustavus according to his own will and pleasure. After this duty had been carefully performed, Captain Dalgetty proposed to return to the castle, observing, it was his intention to spend the time betwixt this and dinner, watch, he presumed, could be set upon the parade about noon, in beholding his charger, which, having sustained some injury from the scimitar, might, he was afraid, seem discreditable in the eyes of Mistress More. Yet, while they were returning to the castle, he failed not to warn Sir Duncan to be vigilant against the great injury he might receive by any sudden catch of an enemy, whereby his horses, cattle, and granaries, might be cut off and consumed, to his great prejudice: wherefore he again strongly conjured him to construct a sconce upon the round hill called Drumsnab, and offered his own friendly services in lining out the same. To this disinterested advice Sir Duncan only replied by ushering his guest to his apartment, and informing him that the tolling of the castle bell would make him aware when dinner was ready.

CHAPTER XI.

Is this thy castle, Baldwin? Melancholy
Displays her sable banner from the donjon,
Darkening the foam of the whole surge beneath
Were I a habitant, to see this gloom
Pollute the face of nature, and to hear
The ceaseless sound of wave, and seabird's scream,
I'd wish me in the hut that poorest peasant
E'er framed, to give him temporary shelter.

BROWN.

THE gallant Ritt-master would willingly have employed his leisure in studying the exterior of Sir Duncan's castle, and verifying his own military ideas upon the nature of its defences. But a stout sentinel, who mounted guard with a Lochaber-axe at the door of his apartment, gave him to understand, by very significant signs, that he was in a sort of honourable captivity.

It is strange, thought the Ritt-master to himself, how well these salvages understand the rules and practique of war. Who would have pre-supposed their acquaintance with the maxim of the great and godlike Gustavus Adolphus, that a flag of truce should be half a messenger half a spy? And, having finished burnishing his arms, he sate down patiently to compute how much half a dollar per diem would amount to at the end of a six-months' campaign: and, when he had settled that problem, proceeded to the more abstruse calculations necessary for drawing up a brigade of two thousand men on the principle of extracting the square root.

From his musings, he was roused by the joyful sound of the dinner bell, on which the Highlander, lately his guard, became his gentleman-usher, and marshalled him to the hall, where a table with four covers bore ample proofs of Highland hospitality. Sir Duncan entered, conducting his lady, a tall, faded, melancholy female, dressed in deep mourning. They were followed by a Presbyterian clergyman, in his Geneva cloak, and wearing a black-silk skull-cap, covering his short hair so closely, that it could scarce be seen at all, so that the unrestricted ears had an undue predominance in the general aspect. This ungraceful fashion was universal at the time, and partly led to the nicknames of roundheads, prick-eared curs, and so forth, which the insolence of the cavaliers liberally bestowed on their political enemies.

Sir Duncan presented his military guest to his lady, who received his technical salutation with a stiff and silent reverence, in which it could scarce be judged whether pride or melancholy had the greater share. The churchman, to whom he was next presented, eyed him with a glance of mingled dislike and curiosity.

The Captain, well accustomed to worse looks from more dangerous persons, cared very little either for those of the lady or of the divine, but bent his whole soul upon assaulting a huge piece of beef, which smoked at the nether end of the table. But the onslaught, as he would have termed it, was delayed, until the conclusion of a very long grace, be-

twixt every section of which Dalgetty handled his knife and fork, as he might have done his musket or pike when going upon action, and as often resigned them unwillingly when the prolix chaplain commenced another clause of his benediction. Sir Duncan listened with decency, though he was supposed rather to have joined the Covenanters out of devotion to his chief, than real respect for the cause either of liberty or of Presbytery. His lady alone attended to the blessing, with symptoms of deep acquiescence.

The meal was performed almost in Carthusian silence; for it was none of Captain Dalgetty's habits to employ his mouth in talking, while it could be more profitably occupied. Sir Duncan was absolutely silent, and the lady and churchman only occasionally exchanged a few words, spoken low, and indistinctly.

But, when the dishes were removed, and their place supplied by liquors of various sorts, Captain Dalgetty no longer had, himself, the same weighty reasons for silence, and began to tire of that of the rest of the company. He commenced a new attack upon his landlord, upon the former ground.

"Touching that round monticle, or hill, or eminence, termed Drumsnab, I would be proud to hold some dialogue with you, Sir Duncan, on the nature of the sconce to be there constructed: and whether the angles thereof should be acute or obtuse—ament whilk I have heard the great Velt-Mareschal Bannier held a learned argument with General Tiefenbach during a still-stand of arms."

"Captain Dalgetty," answered Sir Duncan very drily, "it is not our Highland usage to debate military points with strangers. This castle is like to hold out against a stronger enemy than any force which the unfortunate gentlemen we left at Darnlinvarach are able to bring against it."

A deep sigh from the lady accompanied the conclusion of her husband's speech, which seemed to remind her of some painful circumstance.

"He who gave," said the clergyman, addressing her in a solemn tone, "hath taken away. May you, honourable lady, be long enabled to say, Blessed be His name!"

To this exhortation, which seemed intended for her sole behoof, the lady answered by an inclination of her head, more humble than Captain Dalgetty had yet observed her make. Supposing he should now find her in a more conversible humour, he proceeded to accost her.

"It is indubitably very natural that your ladyship should be downcast at the mention of military preparations, whilk I have observed to spread perturbation among women of all nations, and almost all conditions. Nevertheless, Penthesilea, in ancient times, and also Joan of Arc, and others, were of a different kidney. And, as I have learned while I served the Spaniard, the Duke of Alva in former times had the leaguer-lasses who followed his camp marshalled into *tertias*, (whilk we call regiments,) and officered and commanded by those of their own feminine gender, and regulated by a commander-in-chief, called in German Hureweibler, or, as we would say vernacularly, Captain of the Quean's. True it is, they were persons not to

be named a parallel to your ladyship, being such *quæ quasdam corporibus faciebant*, as we said of Jean Drochiels at Mareschal college; the same whom the French term *cuidemores*, and we in Scottish——"

"The lady will spare you the trouble of further explaining, Captain Dalgetty," said his host, somewhat sternly; to which the clergyman added, "that such discourse better befits a watch-tower guarded by profane soldiery than the board of an honourable person, and the presence of a lady of quality."

"Craving your pardon, Dominie, or Doctor, *cui gravenge a'ie nomine gaudes*, for I would have you to know I have studied polite letters," said the unabashed envoy, filling a great cup of wine, "I see no ground for your reproof, seeing I did not speak of these *turpes personæ*, as if their occupation or character was a proper subject of conversation for this lady's presence, but simply *per accidens*, as illustrating the matter in hand, namely, their moral courage and audacity, much enhanced, doubtless, by the desperate circumstances of their condition."

"Captain Dalgetty," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "to break short this discourse, I must acquaint you, that I have some business to despatch to-night, in order to enable me to ride with you to-morrow towards Inverary; and therefore——"

"To ride with this person to-morrow!" exclaimed his lady; "such cannot be your purpose, Sir Duncan, unless you have forgotten that the morrow is a sad anniversary, and dedicated to a sad solemnity."

"I had not forgotten," answered Sir Duncan; "how is it possible I can ever forget? but the necessity of the times requires I should send this officer onward to Inverary, without loss of time."

"Yet, surely, not that you should accompany his journey?" inquired the lady.

"It were better I did," said Sir Duncan; "yet I can write to the Marquis, and follow on the subsequent day. Captain Dalgetty, I will despatch a letter for you, explaining to the Marquis of Argyle your character and commission, with which you will please to prepare to travel to Inverary early to-morrow morning."

"Sir Duncan Campbell," said Dalgetty, "I am doubtless at your discretionary disposal in this matter; not the less, I pray you to remember the blot which will fall upon your own escutcheon, if you do in any way suffer me, being a commissionate flag of truce, to be circumvented in this matter, whether *dum, vi, vel precario*: I do not say by your assent to any wrong done to me, but even through absence of any due care on your part to prevent the same."

"You are under the safeguard of my honour, sir," answered Sir Duncan Campbell, "and that is more than a sufficient security. And now," continued he, rising, "I must set the example of retiring."

Dalgetty saw himself under the necessity of following the hint, though the hour was early; but, like a skilful general, he availed himself of every instant of delay which circumstances permitted. "Trusting to your honourable pardon," said he, filling his cup, "I drink to you, Sir Duncan, and to the continuance of your honourable house." A sigh from Sir Duncan was the only reply.—"Also

[illegible] soldier," said the soldier, replenishing the quaigh with all possible despatch. "I drink to your honourable health, and fulfilment of all your virtuous desires—and, reverend sir, (not forgetting to suit the action to the words,) "I fill this cup to the drowning of all unkindness betwixt you and Captain Dalgetty—I should say Major—and, in respect the flagon contains but one cup more, I drink to the health of all honourable cavaliers and brave soldados—and, the flagon being empty, I am ready, Sir Duncan, to attend your funeral—or sentinel to my place of private repose."

He received a formal permission to retire, and an assurance that as the wine seemed to be to his taste, another measure of the same vintage should attend him presently, in order to soothe the hours of his solitude.

No sooner had the Captain reached the apartment than this promise was fulfilled; and, in a short time afterwards, the cordial comforts of a pasty of red-deer venison rendered him very reconciled both of confinement and want of society. The same domestic, a sort of chamberlain, who placed this good cheer in his apartment, delivered to Dalgetty a packet, sealed and tied up with a silken thread, according to the custom of the time, addressed with many forms of respect to the High and Mighty Prince, Archibald, Marquis of Argyle, Lord of Lorne, and so forth. The chamberlain, at the same time apprized the Knight, that he would take horse at an early hour for Inverary, where the packet of Sir Duncan would be at once his introduction and his passport. Not forgetting that it was his object to collect information, as well as to act as an envoy, and desirous, for his own sake, to ascertain [illegible] sending him onward without his personal attendance, the Knight of Drumthwacket inquired at the domestic, with all the precaution that his experience suggested, what were the reports which detained Sir Duncan at home on the succeeding day. The man, who was from [illegible], replied, "that it was the habit of Sir Duncan and his lady to observe as a day of solemn fast and humiliation the anniversary on which their castle had been taken by surprise, and their children, to the number of four destroyed cruelly by a band of Highland freebooters during Sir Duncan's absence upon an expedition which the Marquis of Argyle had undertaken against the Macleans of the Island Mull."

"Truly," said the soldier, "your lord and lady have [illegible] fast and humiliation. Nevertheless, I will venture to [illegible] that if he had taken the advice of any experienced soldier [illegible] skill in the practiques of defending places of advantage, [illegible] have built a sconce upon the small hill which is to the [illegible] draw-brigg. And this I can easily prove to you, [illegible] for, holding that pasty to be the castle—What [illegible]

"Lorimer, sir," replied the man.

"Here is to your health, honest Lorimer—[illegible] holding that pasty to be the main body or citadel of the [illegible] and taking the marrow-bone for the sconce to [illegible]—

"I am sorry, sir," said Lorimer, interrupting him, "that I cannot stay to hear the rest of your demonstration; but the bell will presently ring. As worthy Mr [illegible] the Marquis's

chaplain, does family worship, and only seven of our household out of sixty persons understand the Scottish tongue, it would misbecome any one of them to be absent, and greatly prejudice me in the opinion of my lady. There are pipes and tobacco, sir, if you please to drink a whiff of smoke, and if you want anything else, it shall be forthcoming two hours hence, when prayers are over." So saying, he left the apartment.

No sooner was he gone, than the heavy toll of the castle-bell summoned its inhabitants together; and was answered by the shrill clamour of the females, mixed with the deeper tones of the men, as, talking Earse at the top of their throats, they hurried from different quarters by a long but narrow gallery, which served as a communication to many rooms, and, among others, to that in which Captain Dalgetty was stationed. "There they go as if they were beating to the roll-call, thought the soldier to himself: if they all attend the parade, I will look out, take a mouthful of fresh air, and make mine own observations on the practicabilities of this place.

Accordingly, when all was quiet, he opened his chamber door, and prepared to leave it, when he saw his friend with the axe advancing towards him from the distant end of the gallery, half whistling half humming a Gaelic tune. To have shewn any want of confidence, would have been at once impolitic, and unbecoming his military character: so the Captain, putting the best face upon his situation he could, whistled as well his retreat, in a tone still louder than the notes of his sentinel: and retreating pace by pace, with an air of indifference, as if his only purpose had been to breathe a little fresh air, he shut the door in the face of his guard, when the fellow had approached within a few paces of him.

It is very well, thought the Ritt-master to himself: he annuls my parole by putting guards upon me, for, as we used to say at Mareschal College, *fides cui plurima sunt relata*:[1] and if he does not trust my word, I do not see how I am bound to keep it, if any motive should occur for my desiring to depart from it. Surely the moral obligation of the parole is relaxed, in as far as physical force is substituted instead thereof.

Thus comforting himself in the metaphysical immunities which he deduced from the vigilance of his sentinel, Ritt-master Dalgetty retired to his apartment, where, amid the theoretical calculations of tactics, and the occasional more practical attacks on the flask and

[1] The military men of the time [illegible] upon [illegible] benefices of honour, as they called them, with all the metaphysical argumentation of civilians, or school divines.

The English officer, to whom Sir James Turner was prisoner after the rout at Uttoxeter, demanded his parole of honour not to go beyond the walls of Hull without leave. "He left me the choice himself," I told him I was ready to do so, provided he removed his guards from me: *for fides cui plurima sunt relata*; and, if he took my word for my fidelity, he was obliged to trust it, otherwise, it was needless for him to seek it, and in vain for me to give it; and therefore I beseeched him either to give trust to my word, which I would not break, or his own guards, who I supposed would not deceive him. In this manner I dealt with him, because I knew him to be a scholar."—*Turner's Memoirs*, p. 80. The English officer allowed the strength of the reasoning; but that conclusion [illegible] put an end to the dilemma: "Sir James Turner must give his parole or be laid in irons."

pasty, he consumed the evening until it was time to go to repose. He was summoned by Lorimer at break of day, who gave him to understand, that, when he had broken his fast, for which he produced ample materials, his guide and horse were in attendance for his journey to Inverary. After complying with the hospitable hint of the chamberlain, the soldier proceeded to take horse. In passing through the apartments, he observed that domestics were busily employed in hanging the great hall with black cloth, a ceremony which, he said, he had seen practised when the immortal Gustavus Adolphus lay in state in the Castle of Wolgast, and which, therefore, he opined, was a testimonial of the strictest and deepest mourning.

When Dalgetty mounted his steed, he found himself attended, or perhaps guarded, by five or six Campbells, well armed, commanded by one, who, from the target at his shoulder, and the short cock's feather in his bonnet, as well as from the state which he took upon himself, claimed the rank of a Dunniewassel, or clansman of superior rank; and indeed, from his dignity of deportment, could not stand in a more distant degree of relationship to Sir Duncan, than that of tenth or twelfth cousin at farthest. But it was impossible to extract positive information on this or any other subject, inasmuch as neither this commander nor any of his party spoke English. The Captain rode, and his military attendants walked; but such was their activity, and so numerous the impediments which the nature of the road presented to the equestrian mode of travelling, that far from being retarded by the slowness of their pace, his difficulty was rather in keeping up with his guides. He observed that they occasionally watched him with a sharp eye, as if they were jealous of some effort to escape; and once, as he lingered behind at crossing a brook, one of the gillies began to blow the match of his piece, giving him to understand that he would run some risk in case of an attempt to part company. Dalgetty did not augur much good from the close watch thus maintained upon his person; but there was no remedy, for an attempt to escape from his attendants in an impervious and unknown country, would have been little short of insanity. He therefore plodded patiently on through a waste and savage wilderness, treading paths which were only known to the shepherds and cattle-drivers, and passing with much more of discomfort than satisfaction many of those sublime combinations of mountainous scenery which now draw visitors from every corner of England, to feast their eyes upon Highland grandeur, and mortify their palates upon Highland fare.

At length they arrived on the southern verge of that noble lake upon which Inverary is situated; and a bugle, which the Dunniewassel winded till rock and greenwood rang, served as a signal to a well-manned galley, which, starting from a creek where it lay concealed, received the party on board, including Gustavus; which sagacious quadruped, an experienced traveller both by water and land, walked in and out of the boat with the discretion of a Christian.

Embarked on the bosom of Loch Fine, Captain Dalgetty might have admired one of the grandest scenes which nature affords. He might have noticed the rival rivers Aray and Shiray, which pay tribute

to the lake, each issuing from its own dark [illegible] recess. He might have marked, on the soft and gentle slope that ascends from the shores, the noble old Gothic castle, with its varied outline, embattled walls, towers, and outer and inner courts, which, so far as the picturesque is concerned, presented an aspect much more striking than the present massive and uniform mansion. He might have admired those dark woods which for many a mile surrounded this strong and princely dwelling, and his eye might have dwelt on the picturesque peak of Duniquoich, starting abruptly from the lake, and raising its scathed brow into the mists of middle sky, while a solitary watch-tower, perched on its top, [illegible], gave dignity to the scene by awakening a sense of possible danger. All this, and every other accompaniment of this noble scene, Captain Dalgetty might have marked, if he had been so minded. But, to confess the truth, the gallant Captain, who had eaten nothing since daybreak, was chiefly interested by the smoke which ascended from the castle chimneys, and the expectations which this seemed to warrant of his encountering an abundant stock of provant, as he was wont to call supplies of this nature.

The boat soon approached the ragged pier, which shotted into the loch from the little town of Inveraray, then a rude assemblage of huts, with a very few stone mansions interposed, stretching upwards from the banks of Loch Fine to the principal gate of the castle, before which a scene presented itself that might easily have quelled a less stout heart, and turned a more delicate stomach, than those of Lieutenant-master Dugald Dalgetty, titular of Drumthwacket.

CHAPTER XII.

> For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
> Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
> Restless, unfix'd in principle and place,
> In power unpleased, impatient in disgrace.
>
> *Absalom and Achitophel.*

The village of Inveraray, [illegible] a mean country town, than a mark of the rudeness of the seventeenth century, in the miserable appearance of the houses, and the irregularity of the unpaved street. But a stronger and more terrible characteristic of the period appeared in the market-place, which was a space of irregular width, half-way betwixt the harbour, or pier, and the frowning castle-gate, which terminated with its gloomy archway, portcullis, and flankers, the upper end of the vista. Midway this space was erected a rude gibbet, on which hung five dead bodies, two of which from their dress seemed to have been Lowlanders, and the other three corpses were muffled in their Highland plaids. Two or three women sate under the gallows who seemed to be mourning, and singing the coronach of the deceased in a low voice. But the spectacle was apparently of too ordinary occurrence to have much interest for the inhabitants at large, who, while they thronged to look at the military force, the horse of an [illegible]

size, and the burnished panoply of Captain Dalgetty, seemed to bestow no attention whatever on the piteous spectacle which their own market-place afforded.

The young Montrose was not quite so indifferent: and, hearing a word or two of English escape from a Highlander of decent appearance, he immediately halted Gustavus and addressed him. "The Provost-Marshal has been busy here, my friend. May I crave of you what these delinquents have been justified for?"

He looked towards the gibbet as he spoke: and the Gael, comprehending his meaning rather by his action than his words, immediately replied, "There good men caterans,—God sain them" (crossing himself)—"was tha stench bits o' bodies, that wadna do something that M'Callum More bade them:" and turning from Dalgetty with an air of indifference, away he walked, staying no further question.

Dalgetty shrugged his shoulders, and proceeded, for Sir Duncan Campbell's tenth or twelfth cousin had already shewn some signs of impatience.

At the gate of the castle another terrible spectacle of feudal power awaited him. Within a stone's cast or pistol-shot, what seemed likely to have been added to the decorations of the gate, and which was protected by two pieces of light artillery, was a small enclosure, where stood a huge block, and a sharp leg an axe. Both were smeared with recent blood, and a quantity of raw-hide strewed around, partly retained and partly obliterated, the marks of a very late execution.

As Dalgetty looked on this new object of horror, his principal guide suddenly caught him by the skirt of his jerkin, and having thus attracted his attention, whirled out pointed with his finger to a pole fixed on the summit of the gate, which supported a human head, being that, doubtless, of the late sufferer. There was a leer on the Highlander's face, as he pointed to this ghastly spectacle which seemed to Dalgetty low-traveller ominous of nothing good.

Dalgetty disengaged from his grasp at the gateway, and Gustavus was taken from him without his being permitted to attend him to the stable, according to his custom.

This gave the soldier a pang which the apparatus of death had not conveyed.—"Poor Gustavus!" said he to himself, "if any thing but good happens to me, I had better have left him at Dundiverack than brought him here among these Highland savages, who scarce know the head of a horse from his tail. But duty must part a man from his nearest and dearest—

> "When the cannons are roaring, lads, and the colours are flying.
> The lads that seek honour must never fear dying;
> Then stout cavaliers, let us toil our brave trade in,
> And fight for the Gospel and the bold King of Sweden."

Thus allaying his apprehensions with the last end of a military ballad, he followed his guide into a sort of guard-room filled with armed Highlanders. It was intimated to him that he must remain here until his arrival was communicated to the Marquis. To render this communication the more intelligible, the courtly Captain came to the Dunnewassel Sir Duncan Campbell's present designation and

as he could, by signs, that it should be delivered into the Marquis's own hand. His guide nodded, and withdrew.

The Captain was left about half-an-hour in this place, to endure with indifference, or return with scorn, the inquisitive, and, at the same time, the inimical glances of the armed Gael, to whom his exterior and equipage were as much subject of curiosity, as his person and country seemed matter of dislike. All this he bore with military nonchalance, until, at the expiration of the above period, a person dressed in black velvet, and wearing a gold chain like a modern magistrate of Edinburgh, but who was, in fact, steward of the household to the Marquis of Argyle, entered the apartment, and invited, with solemn gravity, the Captain to follow him to his master's presence.

The suite of apartments through which he passed, were filled with attendants or visiters of various descriptions, disposed, perhaps, with some ostentation, in order to impress the envoy of Montrose with an idea of the superior power and magnificence belonging to the rival house of Argyle. One anteroom was filled with lacqueys, arrayed in brown and yellow, the colours of the family, who, ranged in double file, gazed in silence upon Captain Dalgetty as he passed betwixt their ranks. Another was occupied by Highland gentlemen and chiefs of small branches, who were amusing themselves with chess, backgammon, and other games, which they scarce intermitted to gaze with curiosity upon the stranger. A third was filled with Lowland gentlemen and officers, who seemed also in attendance; and, lastly, the presence-chamber of the Marquis himself shewed him attended by a levee which marked his high importance.

This apartment, the folding doors of which were opened for the reception of Captain Dalgetty, was a long gallery, decorated with tapestry and family portraits, and having a vaulted ceiling of open wood-work, the extreme projections of the beams being richly carved and gilded. The gallery was lighted by long lancolated Gothic casements, divided by heavy shafts, and filled with painted glass, where the sunbeams glimmered dimly through boars'-heads, and galleys, and batons, and swords, armorial bearings of the powerful house of Argyle, and emblems of the high hereditary offices of Justiciary of Scotland, and Master of the Royal Household, which they long enjoyed. At the upper end of this magnificent gallery stood the Marquis himself, the centre of a splendid circle of Highland and Lowland gentlemen, all richly dressed, among whom were two or three of the clergy, called in, perhaps, to be witnesses of his lordship's zeal for the Covenant.

The Marquis himself was dressed in the fashion of the period, which Vandyke has so often painted: but his habit was sober and uniform in colour, and rather rich than gay. His dark complexion, furrowed forehead, and downcast look, gave him the appearance of one frequently engaged in the consideration of important affairs, and who has acquired, by long habit, an air of gravity and mystery, which he cannot shake off even where there is nothing to be concealed. The cast with his eyes, which had procured him in the Highlands the nickname of Gillespie Grumach (or the grim) was less perceptible when he looked downwards, which perhaps was one cause of his having

adopted that habit. In person, he was tall and thin, but not without that dignity of deportment and manners, which became his high rank. Something there was cold in his address, and sinister in his look, although he spoke and behaved with the usual grace of a man of such quality. He was adored by his own clan, whose advancement he had greatly studied, although he was in proportion disliked by the Highlanders of other septs, some of whom he had already stripped of their possessions, while others conceived themselves in danger from his future schemes, and all dreaded the height to which he was elevated.

We have already noticed, that in displaying himself amidst his councillors, his officers of the household, and his train of vassals, allies, and dependents, the Marquis of Argyle probably wished to make an impression on the nervous system of Captain Dugald Dalgetty. But that doughty person had fought his way, in one department or another, through the greater part of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, a period when a brave and successful soldier was a companion for princes. The King of Sweden, and, after his example, even the haughty Princes of the Empire, had found themselves fain, frequently, to compound with their dignity, and silence, when they could not satisfy, the pecuniary claims of their soldiers, by admitting them to unusual privileges and familiarity. Captain Dugald Dalgetty had it to boast, that he had sate with princes at feasts made for monarchs, and therefore was not a person to be brow-beat even by the dignity which surrounded M'Callum More. Indeed he was naturally by no means the most modest man in the world, but, on the contrary, had so good an opinion of himself, that into whatever company he chanced to be thrown, he was always proportionally elevated in his own conceit: so that he felt as much at ease in the most exalted society as among his own ordinary companions. In this high opinion of his own rank, he was greatly fortified by his ideas of the military profession, which, in his phrase, made a valiant cavalier a camarado to an emperor.

When introduced, therefore, into the Marquis's presence-chamber, he advanced to the upper end with an air of more confidence than grace, and would have gone close up to Argyle's person before speaking, had not the latter waved his hand, as a signal to him to stop short. Captain Dalgetty did so accordingly, and having made his military congee with easy confidence, he thus accosted the Marquis: "Give you good-morrow, my lord—or rather I should say, good-even; *Beso a usted los manos*, as the Spaniard says."

"Who are you, sir, and what is your business?" demanded the Marquis, in a tone which was intended to interrupt the offensive familiarity of the soldier.

"That is a fair interrogative, my lord," answered Dalgetty, "which I shall forthwith answer as becomes a cavalier, and that *peremptorie*, as we used to say at Mareschal College."

"See who or what he is, Neal," said the Marquis sternly, to a gentleman who stood near him.

"I will save the honourable gentleman the labour of investigation," continued the Captain. "I am Dugald Dalgetty, of Drumthwacket, that should be, late Rittmaster in various services, and now Major

of I know not what or whose regiment of Irishes: and I am come with a flag of truce from a high and powerful lord, James Earl of Montrose, and other noble persons now in arms for his Majesty. And so, God save King Charles!"

"Do you know where you are, and the danger of dallying with us, sir," again demanded the Marquis, "that you reply to me as if I were a child or a fool? The Earl of Montrose is with the English malignants; and I suspect you are one of those Irish emissaries who have come into this country to burn and slay, as they did under Sir Phelim O'Neale."

"My lord," replied Captain Dalgetty, "I am no recusant, to such a Major of Irishes, for which I might refer your lordship to the invincible Gustavus Adolphus the Lion of the North, to Bannier, to Oxenstiern, to the warlike Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Tilly, Wallenstein, Piccolomini, and other great captains, both dead and living; and touching the noble Earl of Montrose, I pray your lordship to peruse these my full powers for treating with your lordship or those deputed honourable commander."

The Marquis looked slightingly at the sheet and sealed paper which Captain Dalgetty handed to him, and, throwing it with contempt upon a table, asked those around him what he deserved who came as the avowed envoy and agent of malignant traitors, in arms against the state?

"A high gallows and a short shrift," was the ready answer of many of the bystanders.

"I will crave of that honourable cavalier who hath last spoken," said Dalgetty, "to be less hasty in forming his conclusions, and also of your lordship to be cautious in adopting the same, in respect such threats are to be held out only to base bloods, and not to men of spirit and honour who are bound in peril themselves so freely in service of this nature, as upon joining battles, or onslaughts of any sort. And albeit I have not with me a trumpet, or a white flag, in respect our army is not yet equipped with its full appointments, yet the honourable cavalier and your lordship must concede unto me, that the sanctity of an envoy who cometh on matter of truce or parley, consisteth not in the fantasie of a trumpet, whilk is but a sound or in the flap of a white flag, whilk is but an old rag in itself, but in the confidence reposed by the party sending, and the party sent, in the honour of those to whom the message is to be carried, and their full reliance that they will respect the *jus gentium*, as well as the law of arms, in the person of the commissionate."

"You are not come hither to lecture us upon the law of arms, sir," said the Marquis, "which neither does nor can apply to rebels and in urgents; but to suffer the penalty of your insolence and folly for bringing a traitorous message to the Lord Justice-General of Scotland, whose duty calls upon him to punish such an offence with death."

"Gentlemen," said the Captain, who began much to dislike the turn which his mission seemed about to take, "I pray you to remember, that the Earl of Montrose will hold you and your persons liable for whatever injury my person, or my horse, shall sustain by

[illegible] summarily proceedings, and that he will be justified in executing retributive vengeance on your persons and possessions."

This menace was received with a scornful laugh, while one of the Campbells replied, "It is a far cry to Lochow;" a proverbial expression of the tribe, meaning that their ancient hereditary domains lay beyond the reach of an invading enemy. "But, gentlemen," further urged the unfortunate Captain, who was unwilling to be condemned without at least the benefit of a full hearing, "although it is not for me to say how far it may be to Lochow, I do expect I am a stranger to these parts, yet, what is more to the purpose, I trust you will admit that I have the guarantee of an honourable gentleman of your own name, Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvohr, for my safety on this occasion: and I pray you to observe, that in breaking the truce towards me, you will highly prejudicate his honour and fair fame."

This seemed to be new information to many of the gentlemen, for they spoke aside with each other, and the Marquis's face, notwithstanding his power of suppressing all external signs of his passions, shewed impatience and vexation.

"Does Sir Duncan of Ardenvohr plead his honour for this person's safety, my lord?" said one of the company, addressing the Marquis.

"I do not believe it," answered the Marquis; "but I have not yet had time to read his letter."

"We will pray your lordship to do so," said another of the Campbells; "our name must not suffer discredit through the means of such a fellow as this."

"A dead fly," said a third person, "maketh the ointment of the apothecary to stink."

"Reverend sir," said Captain Dalgetty, "in respect of the use to be derived, I forgive you the unevenness of your comparison; and also remit to the gentleman in the red bonnet, the disparaging epithet of *fellow* which he has discourteously applied to me, who am no way to be distinguished by the same, unless in so far as I have been called fellow-soldier by the great Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and other choice commanders, both in Germany and the Low Countries. But, touching Sir Duncan Campbell's guarantee of my safety, I will gage my life upon his making my words good thereanent, when he comes hither to-morrow."

"If Sir Duncan be so expected, my lord," said one of the intercessors, "it would be a pity to anticipate matters with this poor man."

"Besides that," said another, "your lordship—I speak with reverence—should, at least, consult the Knight of Ardenvohr's letter, and learn the terms on which this Major Dalgetty, as he calls himself, has been sent hither by him."

They closed around the Marquis, and conversed together in a low tone, both in Gaelic and English. The patriarchal power of the Chiefs was very great, and that of the Marquis of Argyle, armed with all his grants of hereditary jurisdiction, was particularly absolute. But there interferes some check of one kind or other even in the most despotic government. That which moderated the power of the Celtic

Chiefs, was the necessity which they lay under of conciliating the kinsmen, who, under them, led out the lower orders to battle, and who formed a sort of council of the tribe in time of peace. The Marquis on this occasion thought himself under the necessity of attending to the remonstrances of this senate, or more properly *Conroultai*, of the name of Campbell, and, slipping out of the circle, gave orders for the prisoner to be removed to a place of security.

"Prisoner!" exclaimed Dalgetty, exerting himself with such force as well-nigh to shake off two Highlanders, who for some minutes past had waited the signal to seize him, and kept for that purpose close at his back. Indeed the soldier had so nearly attained his liberty, that the Marquis of Argyle changed colour, and stepped back two paces, laying, however, his hand on his sword, while several of his clan, with ready devotion, threw themselves betwixt him and the apprehended vengeance of the prisoner. But the Highland guards were too strong to be shaken off, and the unlucky Captain, after having had his offensive weapons taken from him, was dragged off and conducted through several gloomy passages to a small side-door grated with iron, within which was another of wood. These were opened by a grim old Highlander with a long white beard, and displayed a very steep and narrow flight of steps leading downward. The Captain's guards pushed him down two or three steps, then, unloosing his arms, left him to grope his way to the bottom as he could: a task which became difficult and even dangerous, when the two doors being successively locked left the prisoner in total darkness.

CHAPTER XIII.

> Whatever stranger visits here,
> We pity his sad case,
> Unless to worship he draw near
> The King of Kings—his Grace.
>
> BURNS's *Epigram on a Visit to Inverary.*

The Captain, finding himself deprived of light in the manner we have described, and placed in a very uncertain situation, proceeded to descend the narrow and broken stair with all the caution in his power, hoping that he might find at the bottom some place to repose himself. But with all his care he could not finally avoid making a false step, which brought him down the four or five last steps too hastily to preserve his equilibrium. At the bottom he stumbled over a bundle of something soft, which stirred and uttered a groan, so deranging the Captain's descent, that he floundered forward, and finally fell upon his hands and knees on the floor of a damp and stone-paved dungeon.

When Dalgetty had recovered, his first demand was to know over whom he had stumbled.

"He was a man a month since," answered a hollow and broken voice.

"And what is he now, then," said Dalgetty, "that he thinks it fitting to lie upon the lowest step of the stair, and clew'd up like a hurdle-in, that honourable cavaliers, who chance to be in trouble, may break their noses over him?"

"What is he now?" replied the same voice; "he is a wretched trunk, from which the boughs have one by one been lopped away, and which cares little how soon it is torn up and hewed into billets for the furnace."

"Friend," said Dalgetty, "I am sorry for you: but *patienza*, as the Spaniard says. If you had but been as quiet as a log, as you call yourself, I should have saved some excoriations on my hands and knees."

"You are a soldier," replied his fellow-prisoner: "do you complain on account of a fall for which a boy would not bemoan himself?"

"A soldier?" said the Captain: "and how do you know, in this cursed dark cavern, that I am a soldier?"

"I heard your armour clash as you fell," replied the prisoner, "and now I see it glimmer. When you have remained as long as I in this darkness, your eyes will distinguish the smallest eft that crawls on the floor."

"I had rather the devil picked them out!" said Dalgetty; "if this be the case, I shall wish for a short turn of the rope, a soldier's prayer, and a leap from a ladder. But what sort of provant have you got here—what food, I mean, brother in affliction?"

"Bread and water once a-day," replied the voice.

"Prithee, friend, let me taste your loaf," said Dalgetty: "I hope we shall play good comrades while we dwell together in this abominable pit."

"The loaf and jar of water," answered the other prisoner, "stand in the corner, two steps to your right hand. Take them, and welcome. With earthly food I have well nigh done."

Dalgetty did not wait for a second invitation, but, groping out the provisions, began to munch at the stale black oaten loaf with as much heartiness as we have seen him play his part at better viands.

"This bread," he said, muttering, (with his mouth full at the same time,) "is not very savoury: nevertheless, it is not much worse than that which we ate at the famous leaguer at Werben, where the valorous Gustavus foiled all the efforts of the celebrated Tilly, that terrible old hero, who had driven two kings out of the field—namely, Ferdinand of Bohemia and Christian of Denmark. And anent this water, which is none of the most sweet, I drink in the same to your speedy deliverance, comrade, not forgetting mine own, and devoutly wishing it were Rhenish wine, or humming Lubeck beer, at the least, were it but in honour of the pledge."

While Dalgetty ran on in this way, his teeth kept time with his tongue, and he speedily finished the provisions which the benevolence or indifference of his companion in misfortune had abandoned to his voracity. When this task was accomplished, he wrapped himself in his cloak, and seating himself in a corner of the dungeon in which he could obtain a support on each side, (for he had always

been an admirer of fellow-drinkers, he resembled, even from his youth upward,) he began to question his fellow-captive.

"Mine honest friend," said he, "you and I being comrades at bed and board, should be better acquainted. I am Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, and so forth. [illegible] Royal Irishes, and Envoy Extraordinary [illegible] James Earl of Montrose.—Pray, what may your name be?"

"It will avail you little to know," replied the more taciturn companion.

"Let me judge of that matter," answered the soldier.

"Well, then—Ranald Macbeth [illegible] that is, Ranald Son of the Mist."

"Son of the Mist!" ejaculated Dalgetty. "Son of utter darkness, say I. But, Ranald, since that is your name, how came you in possession of the provost's coat of green? What the devil brought you here, that is to say?"

"My misfortunes and my crimes," answered Ranald. "Know ye the Knight of Ardenvohr?"

"I do know that honourable person," replied Dalgetty.

"But know ye where he now is?" replied Ranald.

"Fasting this day at Ardenvohr," answered the Envoy, "that he may feast to-morrow at Inverary; in which last purpose if he chance to fail, my lease of human service will be marvellously precarious."

"Then let him know, one claims his intercession, who is his worst foe and his best friend," answered Ranald.

"Truly I shall decline to carry a less questionable message," answered Dalgetty. "Sir Duncan is a person to play at cross-and-pile riddles with."

"Curses on him," said the prisoner, "that like the raven that, when years came, stooped on the nest of stranger birds and the pledges it had in there. I am the hunted fox, and could not scale the rock, and destroyed his offspring. I am the leader of the band which surprised Ardenvohr yesterday was fifteen years, and gave his four children to the sword."

"Truly, my honest friend," said Dalgetty, "if that is your best recommendation to Sir Duncan's favour, I would pretermit my pleading thereupon, in respect I have observed that even the animal creation are incensed against those who intromit with their offspring forcibly, much more any rational and Christian creatures, who have had violence done upon their small family. But I pray you in courtesy to tell me, whether you assailed the castle from the hillock called Drumsnab, whilk I uphold to be the true point of attack, unless it were to be protected by a sconce."

"We ascended the cliff by ladders of withies or saplings," said the prisoner, "drawn up by an accomplice and clansman, who had served six months in the castle to enjoy that one night of unlimited vengeance. The owl whooped around us as we hung betwixt heaven and earth; the tide roared against the foot of the rock, and dashed asunder our skiff, yet no man's heart failed him. In the morning there was blood and ashes, where there had been peace and joy at the sunset."

"It was a pretty cannisade, I doubt not, Ranald MacEagh, a very sufficient onslaught, and not unworthily discharged. Nevertheless, I would have pressed the house from that little hillock called How-nab. But yours is a pretty irregular Scythian fashion of warfare, Ranald, much resembling that of Turks, Tartars, and other Asiatic people.—But the reason, my friend, the cause of this war—the *interrimæ causæ*, as I may say? Deliver me that, Ranald."

"We had been pushed at by the M'Aulays, and other western clans," said Ranald, "till our possessions became unsafe for us."

"Ah, ha!" said Dalgetty: "I have faint remembrance of having heard of that matter. Did you not put bread and cheese into a man's mouth, when he had never a stomach whereunto to transmit the same?"

"You have heard, then," said Ranald, "the tale of our revenge on the haughty Forester?"

"I bethink me that I have," said Dalgetty, "and that not of an old date. It was a merry jest that, of cramming the bread into the dead man's mouth, but somewhat too wild and salvage for civilized occupation, besides wasting the good victuals. I have seen when at a siege or a leaguer, Ranald, a living soldier would have been the better. Ranald, for that crust of bread, whilk you threw away on a dead pow."

"We were attacked by Sir Duncan," continued MacEagh, "and my brother was slain—his head was withering on the battlements while we scaled!—I vowed revenge, and it is a vow I have never broken."

"It may be so," said Dalgetty: "and every thorough-bred soldier will confess that revenge is a sweet morsel: but in what manner this story will interest Sir Duncan in your justification, unless it should move him to intercede with the Marquis to change the manner thereof from hanging, or simple suspension, to breaking your limbs on the rone or wheel, with the coulter of a plough, or otherwise putting you to death by torture, surpasses my comprehension. Were I you, Ranald, I would be for miskenning Sir Duncan, keeping my own secret, and departing quietly by suffocation, like your ancestors before you."

"Yet hearken, stranger," said the Highlander. "Sir Duncan of Ardenvohr had four children. Three died under our dirks, but the fourth survives; and more would he give to dandle on his knee the fourth child which remains, than to rack these old bones, which care little for the utmost indulgence of his wrath. One word, if I list to speak it, could turn his day of humiliation and fasting into a day of thankfulness and rejoicing, and breaking of bread. O, I know it by my own heart! Dearer to me is the child Kenneth, who chaseth the butterfly on the banks of the Aven, than ten sons who are moulder-ing in earth, or are preyed on by the fowls of the air."

"I presume, Ranald," continued Dalgetty, "that the three pretty fellows whom I saw yonder in the market place, strung up by the head like red-eared haddocks, claimed some interest in you."

There was a brief pause ere the Highlander replied, in a tone of

strong emotion.—"They were my sons, stranger—they were my sons!—blood of my blood—bone of my bone!—fleet of foot—unerring in aim—unvanquished by foemen till the sons of Diarmid overcame them by numbers! Why do I wish to survive them? The old trunk will less feel the rending up of its roots, than it has felt the lopping off of its graceful boughs. But Kenneth must be trained to avenge—the young eagle must learn from the old how to stoop on its foe. I will purchase for his sake my life and my freedom, by discovering my secret to the Knight of Ardenvohr."

"You may attain your end more easily," said a third voice, mingling in the conference, "by intrusting it to me."

All Highlanders are superstitious. "The Enemy of Mankind is among us!" said Ranald MacEagh, springing to his feet. His chains clattered as he rose, while he drew himself as far as they permitted from the quarter whence the voice appeared to proceed. His fear in some degree communicated itself to Captain Dalgetty, who began to repeat, in a sort of polyglot gibberish, all the exorcisms he had ever heard of, without being able to remember more than a word or two of each.

"*In nomine Domini*, as we said at Mareschal College—*santissima madre di Dios*, as the Spaniard has it—*alle guten geister loben den Herrn*, saith the blessed Psalmist, in Dr Luther's translation——"

"A truce with your exorcisms," said the voice they had heard before: "though I come strangely among you, I am mortal like yourselves, and my assistance may avail you in your present strait, if you are not too proud to be counselled."

While the stranger thus spoke, he withdrew the shade of a dark lantern, by whose feeble light Dalgetty could only discern that the speaker who had thus mysteriously united himself to their company, and mixed in their conversation, was a tall man, dressed in a livery cloak of the Marquis. His first glance was to his feet, but he saw neither the cloven foot which Scottish legends assign to the foul fiend, nor the horse's hoof by which he is distinguished in Germany. His next inquiry was, how the stranger had come among them.

"For," said he, "the creak of these rusty bars would have been heard had the door been made patent; and if you passed through the keyhole, truly, sir, pity what face you will on it, you are not fit to be enrolled in a regiment of living men."

"I reserve my secret," answered the stranger, "until you shall merit the discovery by communicating to me some of yours. It may be that I shall be moved to let you out where I myself came in."

"It cannot be through the keyhole, then," said Captain Dalgetty, "for my cuirdet would stick in the passage, were it possible that my head piece could get through. As for secrets, I have none of my own, and but few appertaining to others. But impart to us what secrets you desire to know; or, as Professor Snufflegreek used to say at the Mareschal College, Aberdeen, speak that I may know thee."

"It is not with you I have first to do," replied the stranger, turning his light full on the wild and wasted features, and the limbs of the Highlander, Ranald MacEagh, who, close drawn up against the

walls of the dungeon, excited yet more in the chief. At first it was a living being.

"I have brought you something, my friend," said the stranger, in a more soothing tone, "to mend your face: if you are to die to-morrow, it is no reason wherefore you should not live to-night."

"None at all—no reason in the creation," replied the ready Captain Dalgetty, who forthwith began to unpack the contents of a basket which the stranger had brought under his cloak, while the Highlander, either in suspicion or disdain, paid no attention to the good cheer.

"Here's to thee, my friend," said the Captain, who, having already despatched a large piece of roasted kid, was now taking a pull at the wine-flask. "What is thy name, my good friend?"

"Murdoch Campbell, sir," answered the servant, "a lackey of the Marquis of Argyle, and occasionally acting as under-warder."

"Then here is to thee once more, Murdoch," said Dalgetty, "drinking to you by your proper name for the better luck sake. This wine I take to be Calcavella. Well, honest Murdoch, I take it on me to say, thou deservest to be upper-warder, since thou hewest thyself twenty times better acquainted with the way of victualling honest gentlemen that are under misfortune, than thy principal. Bread and water? out upon him! It was enough, Murdoch, to destroy the credit of the Marquis's dungeon. But I see you would converse with my friend, Ranald MacEagh here. Never mind my presence: I'll get me into this corner with the basket, and I will warrant my jaws make noise enough to prevent my ears from hearing you."

Notwithstanding this promise, however, the veteran listened with all the attention he could to gather their discourse, or, as he described it himself, "laid his ears back in his neck, like Gustavus, when he heard the key turn in the girnell-kist." He could, therefore, owing to the narrowness of the dungeon, easily overhear the following dialogue.

"Are you aware, Son of the Mist," said the Campbell, "that you will never leave this place, excepting for the gibbet?"

"Those who are dearest to me," answered MacEagh, "have trodden that path before me."

"Then you would do nothing," asked the visiter, "to shun following them?"

The prisoner writhed himself in his chains before returning an answer.

"I would do much," at length he said; "not for my own life, but for the sake of the pledge in the glen of Strathaven."

"And what would you do to turn away the bitterness of the hour?" again demanded Murdoch; "I care not for what cause ye mean to shun it."

"I would do what a man might do, and still call himself a man."

"Do you call yourself a man," said the interrogator, "who have done the deeds of a wolf?"

"I do," answered the outlaw; "I am a man like my forefathers—while wrapt in the mantle of peace, we were lambs—if torn from

us, and ye now call us wolves. Give us the huts ye have burned, our children whom ye have murdered, our widows whom ye have starved—collect from the gibbet and the pole the mangled carcasses and whitened skulls of our kinsmen—bid them live and bless us, and we will be your vassals and brothers—till then, let death, and blood, and mutual wrong, draw a dark veil of division between us."

"You will then do nothing for your liberty?" said the Campbell.

"Any thing—but call myself the friend of your tribe," answered MacEagh.

"We scorn the friendship of banditti and caterans," retorted Murdoch, "and would not stoop to accept it.—What I demand to know from you, in exchange for your liberty, is, where the daughter and heiress of the Knight of Ardenvohr is now to be found?"

"That you may wed her to some beggarly kinsman of your great master," said Ranald, "after the fashion of the Children of Diarmid! Does not the valley of Glenorquhy, to this very hour, cry shame on the violence offered to a helpless infant whom her kinsmen were conveying to the court of the Sovereign? Were not her escort compelled to hide her beneath a cauldron, round which they fought till not one remained to tell the tale? and was not the girl brought to this fatal castle, and afterwards wedded to the brother of M'Callum More, and all for the sake of her broad lands?"[1]

"And if the tale be true," said Murdoch, "she had a preferment beyond what the King of Scots would have conferred on her. But this is far from the purpose. The daughter of Sir Duncan of Ardenvohr is of our own blood, not a stranger: and who has so good a right to know her fate as M'Callum More, the chief of her clan?"

"It is on his part, then, that you demand it?" said the outlaw.

The domestic of the Marquis assented.

"And you will practise no evil against the maiden?—I have done her wrong enough already."

"No evil, upon the word of a Christian man," replied Murdoch.

"And my guerdon is to be life and liberty?" said the Child of the Mist.

"Such is our paction," replied the Campbell.

"Then know, that the child whom I saved out of compassion at the spoiling of her father's tower of strength, was bred as an adopted daughter of our tribe, until we were worsted at the pass of Balleridhill, by the fiend incarnate and mortal enemy of our tribe, Allan M'Aulay of the Bloody hand, and by the horsemen of Lennox, under the heir of Menteith."

"Fell she into the power of Allan of the Bloody hand?" said Murdoch, "and she a reputed daughter of thy tribe? Then her blood has gilded the dirk, and thou hast said nothing to rescue thine own forfeited life."

"If my life rests on her," answered the outlaw, "it is secure, for

[1] This story is told of the heiress of Sir Duncan Campbell, who was made prisoner at the battle of Balleridhill, and afterwards married to Sir Duncan Campbell from whom upon the Campbells of Cawdor have their descent.

the still survives; but it has a more immediate reliance—the frail promise of a son of Diarmid."

"That promise shall not fail you," said the Campbell, "if you can resolve me that she survives, and where she is to be found."

"In the Castle of Darnfoamach," said Ronald MacEagh, "under the name of Annot Lyle. I have often heard of her from my kinsmen, who have again approached their native woods, and it is not long since mine old eyes beheld her."

"You!" said Murdoch, in astonishment, "you, a chief among the Children of the Mist, and ventured so near your mortal foe?"

"Son of Diarmid, I did more," replied the outlaw: "I was in the hall of the castle, disguised as a harper from the wild shores of Skianach. My purpose was to have plunged my dirk in the body of the M'Aulay with the Bloody hand, before whom our race trembles, and to have taken thereafter what fate God should send me. But I saw Annot Lyle, even when my hand was on the hilt of my dagger. She touched her clairshach[1] to a song of the Children of the Mist, which she had learned when her dwelling was amongst us. The woods in which we had dwelt pleasantly, rustled their green leaves in the song, and our streams came there with the sound of all their waters. My hand forsook the dagger; the fountains of mine eyes were opened, and the hour of revenge passed away.—And now, Son of Diarmid, have I not paid the ransom of my head?"

"Ay," replied Murdoch, "if your tale be true; but what proof can you assign for it?"

"Bear witness, heaven and earth," exclaimed the outlaw, "he already looks how he may step over his word!"

"Nay so," replied Murdoch; "every promise shall be kept to you when I am assured you have told me the truth.—But I must speak a few words with your companion in captivity."

"Fair and false—ever fair and false," muttered the prisoner, as he threw himself once more on the floor of his dungeon.

Meanwhile, Captain Dalgetty, who had attended to every word of this dialogue, was making his own remarks on it in private. "What the *hunker* can this idly fellow have to say to me? I have no child, either of my own, so far as I know, or of any other person, to tell him a tale about. But let him come on—he will have some manœuvring ere he turn the flank of the old soldier."

Accordingly, as if he had stood pike in hand to defend a breach, he waited with caution, but without fear, the commencement of the attack.

"You are a citizen of the world, Captain Dalgetty," said Murdoch Campbell, "and cannot be ignorant of our old Scottish proverb, *gif-gaf*,[2] which goes through all nations and all services."

"Then I should know something of it," said Dalgetty; "for, except the Turks, there are few powers in Europe whom I have not served; and I have sometimes thought of taking a turn either with Bethlem Gabor, or with the Janizaries."

"A man of your experience and unprejudiced ideas then, will no

[1] Harp.

[2] In old English *ka me ka thee*, i. e. mutually serving each other.

derstand me at once," said Murdoch, "when I say, I mean that your freedom shall depend on your true and upright answer to a few trifling questions respecting the gentlemen you have left: their state of preparation; the number of their men; and nature of their appointments: and as much as you chance to know about their plan of operations."

"Just to satisfy your curiosity," said Dalgetty, "and without any farther purpose?"

"None in the world," replied Murdoch: "what interest should a poor devil like me take in their operations?"

"Make your interrogations, then," said the Captain, "and I will answer them *peremptorie*."

"How many Irish may be on their march to join James Graham the delinquent?"

"Probably ten thousand," said Captain Dalgetty.

"Ten thousand!" replied Murdoch angrily; "we know that scarce two thousand landed at Ardnamurchan."

"Then you know more about them than I do," answered Captain Dalgetty, with great composure. "I never saw them mustered yet, or even under arms."

"And how many men of the clans may be expected?" demanded Murdoch.

"As many as they can make," replied the Captain.

"You are answering from the purpose, sir," said Murdoch; "speak plainly, will there be five thousand men?"

"There and thereabouts," answered Dalgetty.

"You are playing with your life, sir, if you trifle with me," replied the catechist: "one whistle of mine, and in less than ten minutes your head hangs on the drawbridge."

"But to speak candidly, Mr Murdoch," replied the Captain, "do you think it is a reasonable thing to ask me after the secrets of our army, and I engaged to serve for the whole campaign? If I taught you how to defeat Montrose, what becomes of my pay, arrears, and chance of booty?"

"I tell you," said Campbell, "that if you be stubborn, your campaign shall begin and end in a march to the block at the castle-gate, which stands ready for such land-lowpers; but if you answer my questions faithfully, I will receive you into my—into the service of M'Callum More."

"Does the service afford good pay?" said Captain Dalgetty.

"He will double yours, if you will return to Montrose and act under his direction."

"I wish I had seen you, sir, before taking on with him," said Dalgetty, appearing to meditate.

"On the contrary, I can afford you more advantageous terms now," said the Campbell; "always supposing that you are faithful."

"Faithful, that is, to you, and a traitor to Montrose," answered the Captain.

"Faithful to the cause of religion and good order," answered Murdoch, "which sanctifies any deception you may employ to serve it."

"And the Marquis of Argyle—should I incline to enter his service, is he a kind master?" demanded Dalgetty.

"Never man kinder," quoth Campbell.

"And bountiful to his officers?" pursued the Captain.

"The most open hand in Scotland," replied Murdoch.

"True and faithful to his engagements?" continued Dalgetty.

"As honourable a nobleman as breathes," said the clansman.

"I never heard so much good of him before," said Dalgetty; "you must know the Marquis well,—or rather you must be the Marquis himself!—Lord of Argyle," he added, throwing himself suddenly on the disguised nobleman, "I arrest you in the name of King Charles, as a traitor. If you venture to call for assistance, I will wrench round your neck."

The attack which Dalgetty made upon Argyle's person was so sudden and unexpected, that he easily prostrated him on the floor of the dungeon, and held him down with one hand, while his right, grasping the Marquis's throat, was ready to strangle him on the slightest attempt to call for assistance.

"Lord of Argyle," he said, "it is now my turn to lay down the terms of capitulation. If you list to shew me the private way by which you entered the dungeon, you shall escape, on condition of being my *locum tenens*, as we said at the Mareschal College, until your warder visits his prisoners. But if not, I will first strangle you—I learned the art from a Polonian heyduck, who had been a slave in the Ottoman seraglio—and then seek out a mode of retreat."

"Villain! you would not murder me for my kindness," murmured Argyle.

"Not for your kindness, my lord," replied Dalgetty: "but first, to teach your lordship the *jus gentium* towards cavaliers who come to you under safe-conduct: and secondly, to warn you of the danger of proposing dishonourable terms to any worthy soldado, in order to tempt him to become false to his standard during the term of his service."

"Spare my life," said Argyle, "and I will do as you require."

Dalgetty maintained his gripe upon the Marquis's throat, compressing it a little while he asked questions, and relaxing it so far as to give him the power of answering them.

"Where is the secret door into the dungeon?" he demanded.

"Hold up the lantern to the corner on your right hand, you will discern the iron which covers the spring," replied the Marquis.

"So far so good.—Where does the passage lead to?"

"To my private apartment behind the tapestry," answered the prostrate nobleman.

"From thence how shall I reach the gateway?"

"Through the grand gallery, the anteroom, the lackey's waiting hall, the grand guardroom——"

"All crowded with soldiers, factionaries, and attendants?—that will never do for me, my lord; have you no secret passage to the gate, as you have to your dungeons? I have seen such in Germany."

"There is a pass-word through the chapel," said the Marquis, "opening from my apartment."

"And what is the pass-word at the gate?"

"The sword of Levi," replied the Marquis; "but if you will receive my pledge of honour, I will go with you, escort you through every guard, and set you at full liberty with a passport."

"I might trust you, my lord, were your throat not already black with the grasp of my fingers: as it is, *beso los manos a usted*, as the Spaniard says. Yet you may grant me a passport:—are there writing materials in your apartment?"

"Surely; and blank passports ready to be signed. I will attend you there," said the Marquis, "instantly."

"It were too much honour for the like of me," said Dalgetty; "your lordship shall remain under charge of mine honest friend Ranald MacEagh; therefore prithee let me drag you within reach of his claith. Honest Ranald, you see how matters stand with us. I shall find the means, I doubt not, of setting you at freedom. Meantime, do as you see me do: clap your hand thus on the weasand of this high and mighty prince, under his ruff, and if he offer to struggle or cry out, fail not, my worthy Ranald, to squeeze doughtily; and if it be *ad deliquium*, Ranald, that is, till he swoon, there is no great matter, seeing he designed your gullet and mine to still harder usage."

"If he offer at speech or struggle," said Ranald, "he dies by my hand."

"That is right, Ranald—very spirited!—A thorough-going friend that understands a hint is worth a million!"

Thus resigning the charge of the Marquis to his new confederate, Dalgetty pressed the spring, by which the secret door flew open, though so well were its hinges polished and oiled, that it made not the lightest noise in revolving. The opposite side of the door was covered by very strong bolts and bars, beside which hung one or two keys, designed apparently to strain fetterlocks. A narrow staircase, ascending up through the thickness of the castle wall, landed, as the Marquis had truly informed him, behind the tapestry of his private apartment. Such communications were frequent in old feudal castles, as they gave the lord of the fortress, like a second Dionysius, the means of hearing the conversation of his prisoners, or, if he pleased, of visiting them in disguise, an experiment which had terminated so unpleasantly on the present occasion for Gillespie Grumach. Having examined previously whether there was any one in the apartment, and finding the coast clear, the Captain entered, and hastily possessing himself of a blank passport, several of which lay on the table, and of writing materials, securing, at the same time, the Marquis's dagger, and a silk cord from the hangings, he again descended into the cavern, where, listening a moment at the door, he could hear the half-lisped voice of the Marquis making great proffers to MacEagh, on condition he would suffer him to give an alarm.

"Not for a forest of deer—not for a thousand head of cattle," answered the freebooter; "not for all the lands that ever called a

son of Hamish master, will I break the truth I have plighted to him of the iron garment!"

"He of the iron garment," said Dalgetty, entering, "is bounden unto you, MacEagh, and this noble lord shall be bounden also; but first he must sign up this passport with the names of Major Dugald Dalgetty and his guide, or he is like to have a passport to another world."

The Marquis subscribed and wrote, by the light of the dark lantern, as the soldier prescribed to him.

"And now, Ronald," said Dalgetty, "strip thy upper garment—thy plaid I mean, Ronald, and in it will I muffle the M'Callum More, and make of him, for the time, a Child of the Mist—Nay, I must bring it over your head, my lord, so as to secure us against your misplaced clamour—So, now he is sufficiently muffled—hold down your hands, or, by Heaven, I will stab you to the heart with your own dagger!—nay, you shall be handled with nothing less than silk, as your quality deserves.—So, now he is secure till some one comes to relieve him. If he ordered us a late dinner, Ronald, he is like to be the sufferer: at what hour, my good [illegible] the jailor usually appear?"

"Never [illegible] the [illegible] waves," said MacEagh.

"Then, my friend, we shall have three hours good," said the cautious Captain. "I'll be in [illegible] hour for your liberation."

To examine Ronald's claim was the next occupation. It was undone by means of one of the keys which hung behind the private door, probably deposited there, that the Marquis might, if he pleased, dismiss a prisoner, or remove him elsewhere without the necessity of summoning the warden. The outlaw stretched his benumbed arms, and bounded from the floor of the dungeon in all the ecstasy of recovered freedom.

"Take the livery-coat of that noble prisoner," said Captain Dalgetty; "put it on, and follow close at my heels."

The outlaw obeyed. They ascended the private stair, having first secured the door behind them, and thus safely reached the apartment of the Marquis. [1]

[1] The precarious state of the feudal nobles introduced a great deal of espionage into their castles. Sir Robert Carey mentions his having put on the cloak of one of his own wardens to obtain a confession from the mouth of Geordie Bourne, his prisoner, whom he caused presently to be hanged in return for the frankness of his communication. The fine old Border castle of Naworth contains a private stair from the apartment of the Lord William Howard, by which he could visit the dungeon, as is alleged in the preceding chapter to have been practised by the Marquis of Argyle.

CHAPTER XIV.

> This was the entry, then, these stairs—but whither after?
> Yet he that's sure to perish on the land
> May quit the nicety of card and compass,
> And trust the open sea without a pilot.
>
> *Tragedy of Brennovalt.*

"Look out for the private way through the chapel, Ranald," said the Captain, "while I give a hasty regard to these matters."

Thus speaking, he seized with one hand a bundle of Argyle's most private papers, and with the other a purse of gold, both of which lay in a drawer of a rich cabinet, which stood invitingly open. Neither did he neglect to possess himself of a sword and pistols, with powder-flask and balls, which hung in the apartment. "Much grace and beauty," said the veteran, as he pouched the spoils, "each honourable cavalier should look to, the one on his general's behalf, and the other on his own. This sword is an Andrea Ferrara, and the pistols better than mine own. But a fair exchange is no robbery. Soldados are not to be endangered, and endangered gratuitously, my Lord of Argyle.—But soft, soft, Ranald; whither, Master of the Mist, whither art thou bound?"

It was indeed full time to stop MacEagh's proceedings; for, not finding the private passage readily, and impatient, it would seem, of further delay, he had caught down a sword and target, and was about to enter the great gallery, with the purpose, doubtless, of fighting his way through all opposition.

"Hold, while you live," whispered Dalgetty, laying hold on him. "We must be prudent, if possible. So far we this door, that it may be time to MacCallum More would be private—and now let me make a reconnoissance for the private passage."

By looking behind the wainscoting in various places, the Captain at length discovered a private door, and behind that a winding passage, terminated by another door, which doubtless entered the chapel. But what was his disagreeable surprise to hear, on the other side of this second door, the monotonous voice of a divine in the act of preaching.

"This needs the wizard," he said, "to command this to us as a private passage. I am strongly tempted to return and cut his throat."

He then opened very gently the door, which let into a latticed gallery used by the Marquis himself, the curtains of which were drawn, perhaps with the purpose of leaving it supposed that he was engaged in attendance upon divine worship, when, in fact, he was absent upon his secular affairs. There was no other person in the seat; for the family of the Marquis,—such was the high state maintained in those days,—save during service in another gallery, placed somewhat lower than that of the great man himself. This being the case, Captain Dalgetty ventured to ensconce himself in the gallery, of which he carefully secured the door.

Never (though the expression be a bold one) was a sermon

listened to with more impatience, and less edification, on the part of one, at least, of the audience. The Captain heard *entreatingly—sermone oratio—cum cæteris*, and *to conclude*, with a sort of feeling like distracted despair. But no man can lecture (for the service was called a lecture) for ever; and the discourse was at length closed, the clergyman not failing to make a profound bow towards the latticed gallery, little suspecting whom he honoured by that reverence. To judge from the haste with which they dispersed, the domestics of the Marquis were scarce more pleased with their late occupation than the anxious Captain Dalgetty: indeed, many of them being Highlandmen, had the excuse of not understanding a single word which the clergyman spoke, although they gave their attendance on his doctrine by the special order of M'Callum More, and would have done so had the preacher been a Turkish Imaum.

But although the congregation dispersed thus rapidly, the divine remained behind in the chapel, and, walking up and down its Gothic precincts, seemed either to be meditating on what he had just been delivering, or preparing a fresh discourse for the next opportunity. Bold as he was, Dalgetty hesitated what he ought to do. Time, however, pressed, and every moment increased the chance of their escape being discovered by the jailor visiting the dungeon perhaps before his wonted time, and discovering the exchange which had been made there. At length, whispering Ranald, who watched all his motions, to follow him and preserve his countenance, Captain Dalgetty, with a very composed air, descended a flight of steps which led from the gallery into the body of the chapel. A less experienced adventurer would have endeavoured to pass the worthy clergyman rapidly, in hopes to escape unnoticed. But the Captain, who foresaw the manifest danger of failing in such an attempt, walked gravely to meet the divine upon his walk in the midst of the chancel, and, pulling off his cap, was about to pass him after a formal reverence. But what was his surprise to view in the preacher the very same person with whom he had dined in the castle of Ardenvohr! Yet he speedily recovered his composure; and, ere the clergyman could speak, was the first to address him. "I could not," he said, "leave this mansion without bequeathing to you, my very reverend sir, my humble thanks for the homily with which you have this evening favoured us."

"I did not observe, sir," said the clergyman, "that you were in the chapel."

"It pleased the honourable Marquis," said Dalgetty, modestly, "to grace me with a seat in his own gallery." The divine bowed low at this intimation, knowing that such an honour was only vouchsafed to persons of very high rank. "It has been my fate, sir," said the Captain, "in the sort of wandering life which I have led, to have heard different preachers of different religions—as for example, Lutheran, Evangelical, Reformed, Calvinistical, and so forth, but never have I listened to such a homily as yours."

"Call it a lecture, worthy sir," said the divine, "such is the phrase of our church."

"Lecture or homily," said Dalgetty, "it was, as the High German

[illegible] *passe partout* [illegible] ; and I could not leave this place without testifying until you what inward emotions I have undergone during your edifying prelection ; and how I am touched to the quick, that I should yesterday, during the rebellion, have seemed to minish on the respect due to such a person as yourself."

"Alas! my worthy sir," said the clergyman, "we meet in this world as in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, not knowing against whom we may chance to encounter. In truth, it is no matter of marvel, if we sometimes jostle those, to whom, if known, we would yield all respect. Surely, sir, I would rather have taken you for a profane mail-man than for such a decent person as you prove, who reverences the great Master even in the vestment of his servants."

"It is always my custom to thank my friend sir," answered Dalgetty ; "for in the service of the immortal Gustavus — but I detain you from your meditations." His desire to speak of the King of Sweden being for once overcome by the necessities of his situation.

"By no means, my worthy sir," said the clergyman. "What was, I pray you, the order of that great Prince, whose memory is so dear to every Protestant bosom?"

"Sir, the drums beat to prayers morning and evening, as regularly as for a parole ; and if a soldier passed without saluting the chaplain, he had an hour's ride on the wooden mare for his pains. Sir, I wish you a very good morning. I am obliged to depart the castle under M'Callum More's passport."

"Stay one instant, sir," said the parson ; "is there nothing I can do to testify my respect for the pupil of the great Gustavus, and so admirable a judge of preaching?"

"Nothing, sir," said the Captain, "but to show me the nearest road to the [illegible] and if you could have the kindness," he added with great diffidence, "to [illegible] bring my horse with him, the dark gray gelding, I will [illegible] him, and he will pick up [illegible] I know not where the castle stables are situated, [illegible] my guide," he added, looking at Ronald, "speaks no English."

"I [illegible] accompany you," said the clergyman : "your way lies through that cloistered passage."

"Now, Heaven's blessing upon your vanity!" said the Captain to himself. "I was afraid I would have had to march off without Gustavus."

In fact, as [illegible] said the chaplain exert himself in behalf of so excellent a judge of composition, that while Dalgetty was parleying with the sentinels at the drawbridge, figuring his passport, and giving the watchword, a man set [illegible] his horse, ready saddled for the journey. In another place, the Captain's sudden appearance at large after having been publicly sent to prison, might have excited suspicion and inquiry : but the officers and domestics of the [illegible] were accustomed to the mysterious policy of their master, and were supposed rightly that he had been liberated and furnished with some private instructions by their master. In this belief, and having received his parole, they gave him free passage.

Dalgetty rode slowly through the town of Inverary, the outlaw

attending upon him like a foot-page at his horse's shoulder. As they passed the gibbet, the old man looked on the bodies and wrung his hands. The look and gesture were momentary, but expressive of indescribable anguish. Instantly recovering himself, Ranald, in passing, whispered somewhat to one of the females, who, like Rizpah the daughter of Aiah, seemed engaged in watching and mourning the victims of feudal injustice and cruelty. The woman started at his voice, but immediately collected herself, and returned for answer a slight inclination of the head.

Dalgetty continued his way out of the town, uncertain whether he should try to seize or hire a boat and cross the lake, or plunge into the woods, and there conceal himself from pursuit. In the former event he was liable to be instantly pursued by the galleys of the Marquis, which lay ready for sailing, their long yard-arms pointing to the wind, and what hope could he have in an ordinary Highland fishing-boat to escape from them? If he made the latter choice, his chance either of supporting or concealing himself in those waste and unknown wilderness was in the highest degree precarious. The town lay now behind him, yet whither to turn to for safety, he was unable to determine, and began to be sensible, that in escaping from the dungeon at Inverary, desperate as the matter seemed, he had only accomplished the easiest part of a difficult task. If retaken, his fate was now certain: for the personal injury he had offered to a man so powerful and so vindictive, could be atoned for only by instant death. While he pondered these distressing reflections, and looked around with a countenance which plainly expressed indecision, Ranald MacEagh suddenly asked him, "which way he intended to journey?"

"And that, honest comrade," answered Dalgetty, "is precisely the question which I cannot answer you. Truly I begin to hold the opinion, Ranald, that we had better have stuck by the brown loaf and water pitcher until Sir Duncan arrived, who, for his own honour, must have made some fight for me."

"Saxon," answered MacEagh, "do not regret having exchanged the foul breath of yonder dungeon for the free air of heaven. Above all, repent not that you have served a Son of the Mist. Put yourself under my guidance, and I will warrant your safety with my head."

"Can you guide me safe through these mountains, and back to the army of Montrose?" said Dalgetty.

"I can," answered MacEagh; "there lives not a man to whom the mountain passes, the caverns, the glens, the thickets, and the corries are known, as they are to the Children of the Mist. While others crawl on the level ground, by the sides of lakes and streams, ours are the steep hollows of the inaccessible mountains, the birth-place of the desert springs. Not all the bloodhounds of Argyle can trace the fastnesses through which I can guide you."

"Say'st thou so, honest Ranald?" replied Dalgetty; "then, have on with thee: for of a surety I shall [illegible] by my own pilotage."

The outlaw accordingly led the way into the wood, by which the

castle is surrounded for several miles, walking with so much despatch and kept Gustavus at a round trot, and taking such a number of cross cuts and turns, that Captain Dalgetty speedily lost all idea where he might be, and all knowledge of the points of the compass. At length, the path, which had gradually become more difficult, altogether ended among thickets and underwood. The roaring of a torrent was heard in the neighbourhood, the ground became in some places broken, in others boggy, and every where unfit for riding.

"What the foul fiend," said Dalgetty, "is to be done here? I must part with Gustavus, I fear."

"Take no care for your horse," said the outlaw; "he shall soon be restored to you."

As he spoke, he whistled in a low tone, and a lad, half dressed in tartan, half naked, having only his own shaggy hair, tied with a thong of leather, to protect his head and face from sun and weather, lean, and half-starved in aspect, his wild grey eyes appearing to fill up ten times the proportion usually allotted to them in the human face, crept out, as a wild beast might have done, from a thicket of brambles and briars.

"Give your horse to the gillie," said Ranald MacEagh: "your life depends upon it."

"Och! och!" exclaimed the despairing veteran: "Eheu! as we used to say at Mareschal College, must I leave Gustavus in such grooming?"

"Are you frantic, to lose time thus?" said his guide: "do we stand on friend's ground, that you should part with your horse as if he were your brother? I tell you, you shall have him again; but if you never saw the animal, is not life better than the best colt ever mare foaled?"

"And that is true too, mine honest friend," sighed Dalgetty: "yet if you knew but the value of Gustavus, and the things we two have done and suffered together. See, he turns back to look at me! — Be kind to him, my good breechless friend, and I will requite you well." So saying, and withal sniffling a little to swallow his grief, he turned from the heart rending spectacle in order to follow his guide.

To follow his guide was no easy matter, and soon required more agility than Captain Dalgetty could master. The very first plunge after he had parted from his charger, carried him, with little assistance from a few overhanging boughs, or projecting roots of trees, eight feet sheer down into the course of a torrent, up which the Son of the Mist led the way. Huge stones, over which they scrambled,—thickets of thorn and brambles, through which they had to drag themselves,—rocks which were to be climbed on the one side with much labour and pain, for the purpose of an equally precarious descent upon the other: all these, and many such interruptions, were surmounted by the light footed and half-naked mountaineer with an ease and velocity which excited the surprise and envy of Captain Dalgetty, who, encumbered by his head-piece, corslet, and other armour, not to mention his ponderous jack-boots, found himself at length so much exhausted by fatigue, and the difficulties of the road, that he sate down upon a stone in order to recover his breath, while he explained

to Ranald MacEagh the difference betwixt travelling *expeditus* and *impeditus*, as these two military phrases were understood at Mareschal College, Aberdeen. The sole answer of the mountaineer was to lay his hand on the soldier's arm, and point backward in the direction of the wind. Dalgetty could spy nothing, for evening was closing fast, and they were at the bottom of a dark ravine. But at length he could distinctly hear at a distance the sullen toll of a large bell.

"That," said he, "must be the alarm—the storm-clock, as the Germans call it."

"It strikes the hour of your death," answered Ranald, "unless you can accompany me a little farther. For every toll of that bell a brave man has yielded up his soul."

"Truly, Ranald, my trusty friend," said Dalgetty, "I will not deny that the case may be soon my own; for I am so forfoughten, (being, as I explained to you, *impeditus*, for had I been *expeditus*, I mind not pedestrian exercise the flourish of a fife,) that I think I had better ensconce myself in one of these bushes, and even lie quiet there to abide what fortune God shall send me. I entreat you, mine honest friend Ranald, to shift for yourself, and leave me to my fortune, as the Lion of the North, the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, my never-to-be-forgotten master, (whom you must surely have heard of, Ranald, though you may have heard of no one else,) said to Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe-Lauenburgh, when he was mortally wounded on the plains of Lutzen. Neither despair altogether of my safety, Ranald, seeing I have been in as great pinches as this in Germany—more especially, I remember me, that at the fatal battle of Nerlingen—after which I changed service——"

"If you would save your father's son's breath to help his child out of trouble, instead of wasting it upon the tales of Scamachies," said Ranald, who now grew impatient of the Captain's loquacity, "or if your feet could travel as fast as your tongue, you might yet lay your head on an unbloody pillow to-night."

"Something there is like military skill in that," replied the Captain, "although wantonly and irreverently spoken to an officer of rank. But I hold it good to pardon such freedoms on a march, in respect of the Saturnalian licence indulged in such cases to the troops of all nations. And now, resume thine office, friend Ranald, in respect I am well-breathed; or, to be more plain, *I præ, sequar*, as we used to say at Mareschal College."

Comprehending his meaning rather from his motions than his language, the Son of the Mist again led the way, with an unerring precision that looked like instinct, through a variety of ground the most difficult and broken that could well be imagined. Dragging along his ponderous boots, encumbered with thigh-pieces, gauntlets, corslet, and back-piece, not to mention the buff jerkin which he wore under all these arms, talking of his former exploits the whole way, though Ranald paid not the slightest attention to him, Captain Dalgetty contrived to follow his guide a considerable space farther, when the deep-mouthed baying of a hound was heard coming down the wind, as if opening on the scent of its prey.

"Black hound," said Ranald, "whose throat never boded good to a Child of the Mist, ill-fortune to betide thee! hast thou already found our track? But thou art too late, swart hound of darkness, and the deer has gained the herd."

So saying, he whistled very softly, and was answered in a tone equally low from the top of a pass, up which they had for some time been ascending. Mounting their pass, they reached the top, where the moon, which had now risen bright and clear, showed to Dougarty a party of ten or twelve Highlanders, and about as many women and children, by whom Ranald MacEagh was received with such transports of joy, as made his companion easily conceive that those by whom he was surrounded were of course the Children of the Mist. The place which they occupied well suited their name and habits. It was a heathy crest, round which winded a very narrow and broken footpath, commanded in various places by the position which they held.

Ranald spoke anxiously and hastily to the children of his tribe, and the men came one by one to shake hands with Dalgetty, while the women, clamorous in their gratitude, pressed round to kiss even the hem of his garment.

"They plight their faith to you," said Ranald MacEagh, "for requital of the good deed you have done to the tribe this day."

"Enough said, Ranald," answered the soldier, "enough said—tell them I love not this shaking of hands—it confuses rank and degrees in military service; and as to kissing of gauntlets, pulldrons, and the like, I remember that the Immortal Gustavus, as he rode through the streets of Nuremberg, being thus worshipped by the populace, (being doubtless far more worthy of it than a pack of thieving cavaliers like myself,) did very much check, in the way of rebuke, 'If you idolize me thus like a god, what shall assure you that the vengeance of Heaven will not soon prove me to be a mortal?' And so here, I suppose, you intend to make a stand against your followers, Ranald, *coute qui coute*, as the Spaniard says—a very pretty position, as pretty a position for a small platoon of men as I have seen in my service—no enemy can come to attack it by the face of bone being at the mercy of cannon and musket. But then, Ranald, my trusty comrade, you have no cannon, I dare to aver, and I do not see that any of these fellows have muskets either. So with what artillery you propose making good the pass, before you come to hand blows, truly, Ranald, it passeth my apprehension."

"With the weapons and with the courage of our fathers," said MacEagh; and made the Captain observe, that the men of his party were armed with bows and arrows.

"Bows and arrows!" exclaimed Dalgetty; "ha! ha! ha! have we Robin Hood and Little John back again? Bows and arrows! why, the sight has not been seen in civilized war for a hundred years. Bows and arrows! and why not weavers'-beams, as in the days of Goliah? Ah! that Dagon Dalrymple, of Dreepthreaded, should live to see such a thing with bows and arrows!—The immortal Gustavus would never have believed it—nor Wallenstein—nor Butler—nor old Tilly.—Well, Ranald, a cat can hurt you with its claws since bows and

[illegible] the world, e'en [illegible] of it. Only, as I do not understand the scope and range of such old-fashioned artillery, you must make the best disposition you can out of your own head; for [illegible] the command, which I would have gladly done had you been to [illegible] with any Christian weapons, is out of the question, when you are to combat like quivered Numidians. I will, however, play my part with my pistols in the approaching melley in respect of which you made pithy remarks at Gustavus's saddle.—My service and thanks to you," he continued, addressing a mount'neer who [illegible] a bow: "Donald Dhu may say of himself, as he learned at Mareschal College,

> Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
> Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
> Fusce, pharetra;

whilk is to say——"

Ranald MacEagh a second time imposed silence on the talkative commander, by pulling his sleeve, and pointing down the pass. The bay of the blood-hound was now approaching nearer and nearer, and they could hear the voices of several persons who accompanied the animal, and hallooed to each other as they dispersed occasionally, either in the hurry of their advance, or in order to search more accurately the thicket as they came along. They were evidently drawing nearer and nearer every moment. MacEagh, in the meantime, appealed to Captain Dalgetty to disencumber himself of his armour, and gave him to understand that the women should transport it to a place of safety.

"I crave your pardon," said Dalgetty, "such is not the rule of our foreign service: in respect I remember the regiment of Fleckard cuirassiers requiescated, and their kettle-drums taken from them, by the immortal Gustavus, because they had assumed the permission to march without their corslets, and to leave them with the baggage. Neither did they strike kettle-drums again at the head of that famous regiment until they behaved themselves so notably at the field of Leipsic: a lesson whilk is not to be forgotten, any more than that observation of the immortal Gustavus, 'Now shall I know if my officers love me, by their putting on their armour: since, if my officers are slain, who shall lead my soldiers into victory?' Nevertheless, friend Ranald, this is without prejudice to my being rid of these somewhat heavy boots, providing I can obtain any other accoutrement: for I pre-sume not to say that my barrels are fortified so as to endure the flints and thews, as seems to be the case with your followers."

To rid the Captain of his cumbrous greaves, and set his feet in a pair of brogues made out of deer-skin, which a Highlander stripped off for the occasion, was the work of a minute, and Dalgetty found himself much lightened by the exchange. He was in the act of commanding to Ranald MacEagh to send two or three of his people to be lovers to accompany the [illegible] at a convenient distance, and to conceal his [illegible], placing two [illegible] in each flank by way of [illegible], when the report of the [illegible]

apprized them that the pursuers were at the bottom of the pass. All was then dead silence: for, loquacious as he was on other occasions, Captain Dalgetty knew well the necessity of an ambush keeping itself under covert.

The moon gleamed on the broken path-way, and on the projecting cliffs of rock round which it winded, its light intercepted here and there by the branches of bushes and dwarf-trees, which, finding nourishment in the crevices of the rocks, in some places over-shadowed the brow and ledge of the precipice. Below, a thick copse-wood lay in deep and dark shadow, somewhat resembling the billows of a half-seen ocean. From the bosom of that darkness, and close to the bottom of the precipice, the hound was heard at intervals baying fearfully, sounds which were redoubled by the echoes of the woods and rocks around. At intervals, these sunk into deep silence, interrupted only by the plashing noise of a small runnel of water, which partly fell from the rock, partly found a more silent passage to the bottom along its projecting surface. Voices of men were also heard in stifled converse below: it seemed as if the pursuers had not discovered the narrow path which led to the top of the rock, or that, having discovered it, the peril of the ascent, joined to the imperfect light, and the uncertainty whether it might not be defended, made them hesitate to attempt it.

At length a shadowy figure was seen, which raised itself up from the abyss of darkness below, and, emerging into the pale moonlight, began cautiously and slowly to ascend the rocky path. The outline was so distinctly marked, that Captain Dalgetty could discover not only the person of a Highlander, but the long gun which he carried in his hand, and the plume of feathers which decorated his bonnet. "*Tausend teufel!* that I should say so, and so like to be near my latter end!" ejaculated the Captain, but under his breath, "what will become of us, now they have brought musketry to encounter our archers?"

But just as the pursuer had attained a projecting piece of rock about half way up the ascent, and pausing, made a signal for those who were still at the bottom to follow him, an arrow whistled from the bow of one of the Children of the Mist, and transfixed him with so fatal a wound, that, without a single effort to save himself, he lost his balance, and fell headlong from the cliff on which he stood, into the darkness below. The crash of the boughs which received him, and the heavy sound of his fall from thence to the ground, was followed by a cry of horror and surprise, which burst from his followers. The Children of the Mist, encouraged in proportion to the alarm this first success had caused among the pursuers, echoed back the clamour with a loud and shrill yell of exultation, and, shewing themselves on the brow of the precipice, with wild cries and vindictive gestures, endeavoured to impress on their enemies a sense at once of their courage, their numbers, and their state of defence. Even Captain Dalgetty's military prudence did not prevent his rising at this challenge, and calling out to Ranald, more loud than prudence warranted, "Well done, comrade, as the Spaniard says! The long-bow for ever! In my poor apprehension now, were you to order a file to advance and take position——"

DALGETTY AND CHILDREN OF THE MINT.

"Give your horse to the gillie," said Ranald MacEagh; "your life depends upon it."

"The Sassenach!" cried a voice from beneath. "It is the Sassenach sidier! I see the glitter of his breastplate." At the same time three muskets were discharged; and while one ball rattled against the corslet of proof, to the strength of which our valiant Captain had been more than once indebted for his life, another penetrated the armour which covered the front of his left thigh, and stretched him on the ground. Ranald instantly seized him in his arms, and bore him back from the edge of the precipice, while he dolefully ejaculated, "I always told the immortal Gustavus, Wallenstein, Tilly, and other men of the sword, that, in my poor mind, breastplets ought to be made musket-proof."

With two or three earnest words in Gaelic, MacEagh commended the wounded man to the charge of the females, who were in the rear of his little party, and was then about to return to the contest. But Dalgetty detained him, grasping a firm hold of his plaid.—"I know not how this matter may end—but I request you will inform Montrose, that I died like a follower of the immortal Gustavus—and I pray you, take heed how you quit your present strength, even for the purpose of pursuing the enemy, if you gain any advantage—and—and——"

Here Dalgetty's breath and eyesight began to fail him through loss of blood, and MacEagh, availing himself of this circumstance, extricated from his grasp the end of his own mantle, and substituted that of a female, by which the Captain held stoutly, though unconsciously, as he conceived, the outlaw's attention to the military instructions which he continued to pour forth while he had any breath to utter them, though they became gradually more and more incoherent.—"And, comrade, you will be sure to keep your musketeers in advance of your stand of pikes, Lochaber-axes, and two-handed swords.—Stand fast, dragoons, on the left flank! where was I?—Ay, and, Ranald, if ye be minded to retreat, leave some lighted matches burning on the branches of the trees—it shews as if they were lined with shot—But I forget—ye have no match-locks nor habergeons—only bows and arrows—bows and arrows! ha! ha! ha!"

Here the Captain sunk back in an exhausted condition, altogether unable to resist the sense of the ludicrous which, as a modern man-at-arms, he connected with the idea of these ancient weapons of war. It was a long time ere he recovered his senses: and, in the meantime, we leave him in the care of the Daughters of the Mist; nurses as kind and attentive, in reality, as they were wild and uncouth in outward appearance

CHAPTER XV.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy true and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.

I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er were known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

MONTROSE'S *Lines*.

We must now leave, with whatever regret, the valiant Captain Dalgetty, to recover of his wounds or otherwise as best he may, and devote a few pages, in order briefly to arrange the military operations of Montrose, worthy as they are of a more important page, and a better historian. By the assistance of the clansmen whom we have encountered last, and more especially by the junction of the Murrays, Stewarts, and other clans of Athole, who were peculiarly zealous in the royal cause, he soon assembled an army of two or three thousand Highlanders, to whom he successfully united the Irish under Colkitto. This last leader, who, in the general history of Montrose's campaigns, is constantly encountered in one or other of that great general's battles, was properly named Alister, or Alexander M'Donnell, by birth a Scottish islander, and related to the Earl of Antrim, to whose patronage he owed his command and assistance in the Irish troops. In many respects he merited this distinction. He was active to a degree, and almost to excess, bold; very strong and active in person, completely master of his weapons, and always ready to shew the example to the extremity of danger. To counterbalance these good qualities, it must be remarked, that he was inexperienced in military tactics, and of a jealous and presumptuous disposition, which often led to Montrose the fruits of Colkitto's gallantry. Yet such is the predominance of outward personal qualities in the eyes of a wild people, that the fears of strength, and courage shewn by this champion, seem to have made a stronger impression upon the minds of the Highlanders,

[illegible] neck, Colkitto [illegible], had been retarded, it would seem, by [illegible] War had made familiar to English ears:—

> — why is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,
> *Colkitto*, or M'Donald, or Gallasp?
> These rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
> That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

[illegible] says Baillie, [illegible] the Covenant; whereas M'[illegible] the Covenant, and the [illegible] Colkitto and M'Donnell, (both belonging to one person,) one of its bitterest enemies.

...the military skill and chivalrous spirit of the great Marquis of Montrose. Numerous traditions are still preserved in the Highland glens of Alister M'Donnell, though the name of Montrose is rarely mentioned among them.

...Montrose finally assembled his little army, ... in Strathearn, on the verge of the Highlands of Perthshire, so as to menace the principal town of that county.

...were suppressed for the occasion. Argyle, at the head of his numerous vassals, was ravaging the shires of Ireland from the west to the east, and by fear, fear, or influence, had collected an army nearly sufficient to have given battle to Montrose. The Lowlands were also prepared for reasons which we assigned at the beginning of this tale. A body of six thousand infantry, and six or seven thousand cavalry, which profanely assumed the title of God's army, had been hastily assembled from the shires of Fife, Angus, Perth, Stirling, and the neighbouring counties. A much less force in former times, nay, even in the preceding reign, would have been sufficient to have secured the Lowlands against a more formidable descent of Highlanders than those under Montrose; but Scots had ...[illegible] ...within the last half century. Before that period, the Lowlanders were frequently engaged in war, ... and were consequently better disciplined and armed. The Lowland Scottish soldiers ... somewhat resembled the Macedonian phalanx. Their infantry formed a compact body, armed with long spears, impenetrable even to the men-at-arms of the age, ... well covered, and arrayed in complete proof. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that their ranks could not be broken by the disorderly charge of Highland infantry armed for close combat only, with swords, and ill furnished with missile weapons, and having no artillery whatever.

This habit of fight was in a great measure changed by the introduction of muskets into the Scottish Lowland service, which, not being as yet combined with the bayonet, was a formidable weapon at a distance, but gave no assurance against the enemy who rushed on to close quarters. The pike, indeed, was not wholly disused in the Scottish army; but it was no longer the favourite weapon, nor was it relied upon as formerly by those in whose hands it was placed; insomuch that Daniel Lupton, a tactician of the day, has written a book expressly upon the superiority of the musket. This change commenced as early as the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, whose marches were made with such rapidity, that the pike was very soon thrown aside in his army, and exchanged for fire-arms. A circumstance which necessarily accompanied this change, as well as the establishment of standing armies, whereby war became a trade, was the introduction of a laborious and complicated system of discipline, combining a variety of words of command with corresponding operations and manœuvres, the neglect of any one of which was sure to throw the whole into confusion. War, therefore, as practised among the nations of Europe, had at most much more than formerly the character of a profession or mystery, to which previous practice and experience were indispensable requisites. Such war

the natural consequence of standing armies, which had almost every where, and particularly in the long German wars, superseded what may be called the natural discipline of the feudal militia.

The Scottish Lowland militia, therefore, laboured under a double disadvantage when opposed to Highlanders. They were divested of the spear, a weapon which, in the hands of their ancestors, had so often repelled the impetuous assaults of the mountaineer; and they were subjected to a new and complicated species of discipline, well adapted, perhaps, to the use of regular troops, who could be rendered completely masters of it, but tending only to confuse the ranks of citizen soldiers, by whom it was rarely practised, and imperfectly understood. So much has been done in our own time in bringing back tactics to their first principles, and in getting rid of the pedantry of war, that it is easy for us to estimate the disadvantages under which a half-trained militia laboured, who were taught to consider success as depending upon their exercising with precision a system of tactics, which they probably only so far comprehended as to find out when they were wrong, but without the power of getting right again. Neither can it be denied, that, in the material points of military habits and warlike spirit, the Lowlanders of the seventeenth century had sunk far beneath their Highland countrymen.

From the earliest period down to the union of the crowns, the whole kingdom of Scotland, Lowlands as well as Highlands, had been the constant scene of war, foreign and domestic: and there was probably scarce one of its hardy inhabitants, between the age of sixteen and sixty, who was not as willing in point of fact, as he was literally bound in law, to assume arms at the first call of his liege lord, or of a royal proclamation. The law remained the same in sixteen hundred and forty-five as a hundred years before, but the race of those subjected to it had been bred up under very different feelings. They had sat in quiet under their vine and under their fig-tree, and a call to battle involved a change of life as new as it was disagreeable. Such of them, also, who lived near unto the Highlands, were in continual and disadvantageous contact with the restless inhabitants of those mountains, by whom their cattle were driven off, their dwellings plundered, and their persons insulted, and who had acquired over them that sort of superiority arising from a constant system of aggression. The Lowlanders, who lay more remote, and out of reach of these depredations, were influenced by the exaggerated reports circulated concerning the Highlanders, whom, as totally differing in laws, language, and dress, they were induced to regard as a nation of savages, equally void of fear and of humanity. These various prepossessions, joined to the less warlike habits of the Lowlanders, and their imperfect knowledge of the new and complicated system of discipline for which they had exchanged their natural mode of fighting, placed them at great disadvantage when opposed to the Highlander in the field of battle. The mountaineers, on the contrary, with the arms and courage of their fathers, possessed also their simple and natural system of tactics, and bore down with the fullest confidence upon an enemy, to whom any thing

they had been taught of discipline was, like Saul's armour upon David, a hinderance rather than a help, "because they had not proved it."

It was with such disadvantages on the one side, and such advantages on the other, to counterbalance the difference of superior numbers and the presence of artillery and cavalry, that Montrose encountered the army of Lord Elcho upon the field of Tippermuir. The Presbyterian clergy had not been wanting in their efforts to rouse the spirit of their followers: and one of them, who harangued the troops on the very day of battle, hesitated not to say, that if ever God spoke by his mouth, he promised them, in His name, that day, a great and assured victory. The cavalry and artillery were also reckoned sure warrants of success, as the novelty of their attack had upon former occasions been very discouraging to the Highlanders. The place of meeting was an open heath, and the ground afforded little advantage to either party, except that it allowed the horse of the Covenanters to act with effect.

A battle, upon which so much depended, was never more easily decided. The Lowland cavalry made a show of charging: but whether thrown into disorder by the fire of musketry, or deterred by a disaffection to the service said to have prevailed among the gentlemen, they made no impression on the Highlanders whatever, and recoiled in disorder from ranks which had neither bayonets nor pikes to protect them. Montrose seized instantly availed himself of this advantage. He ordered his whole army to charge, which they performed with the wild and desperate valour peculiar to mountaineers. One officer of the Covenanter alone, trained in the Italian wars, made a desperate defence upon the right wing. In every other point their line was penetrated at the first onset: and this advantage once obtained, the Lowlanders were utterly unable to contend at close quarters with their more agile and athletic enemies. Many were slain on the field, and such as escaped in the pursuit, that above one-third of the Covenanters were reported to have fallen: in which number, however, must be computed a great many fat burgesses who broke their wind in the flight, and thus died without stroke of sword.[1]

The victors obtained possession of Perth, and obtained considerable sums of money, as well as ample supplies of arms and ammunition. But those advantages were to be balanced against an almost insurmountable inconvenience that uniformly attended a Highland army. The clans could be in no respect induced to consider themselves as regular soldiers, or to act as such. Even so late as the year 1745-6, when the Chevalier Charles Edward, by way of making an example, caused a soldier to be shot for desertion, the Highlanders, who composed his army, were affected as much by indignation as by fear. They could not conceive any principle of justice upon which a man's life could be taken, for merely going home when it did not suit him to remain longer with the army. Such had been the uniform prac-

[1] We choose to quote our authority for a fact so singular:—"A great many burgesses were killed—twenty five householders in St Andrews burst were burstен in the flight, and died without stroke."—*See* BAILLIE'S *Letters, vol. II., page* 92.

tice of their fathers. When a battle was over, the campaign was, in their opinion, ended; if it was lost, they sought safety in their mountains—if won, they returned there to secure their booty. At other times they had their cattle to look after, and their harvests to sow or reap, without which their families would have perished for want. In either case, there was an end of their services for the time; and though they were easily enough recalled by the prospect of fresh adventures and more plunder, yet the opportunity of success was, in the meantime, lost, and could not afterwards be recovered. This circumstance serves to shew, even if history had not made us acquainted with the same fact, that the Highlanders had never been accustomed to make war with the view of permanent conquest, but only with the hope of deriving temporary advantage, or deciding some immediate quarrel. It also explains the reason why Montrose, with all his splendid successes, never obtained a secure or permanent footing in the Lowlands, and why even those Lowland noblemen and gentlemen, who were inclined to the royal cause, showed diffidence and reluctance to join an army of a character so desultory and irregular, as might lead them at all times to apprehend that the Highlanders, drawing themselves by a retreat to their mountains, would leave whatever Lowlanders might have joined them to the mercy of an offended and predominant enemy. The same consideration will also serve to account for the sudden marches which Montrose was obliged to undertake, in order to recruit his army in the mountains, and for the rapid changes of fortune, by which we often find him obliged to retreat from before those enemies over whom he had recently been victorious. If there should be any who read these tales for any further purpose than that of innocent amusement, they will find these remarks not unworthy of their recollection.

It was owing to such causes, the slackness of the Lowland loyalists and the temporary desertion of his Highland followers, that Montrose found himself, even after the decisive victory of Tippermuir, in no condition to face the second army with which Argyle advanced upon him from the westward. In this emergency, supplying by velocity the want of strength, he moved suddenly from Perth to Dundee, and being refused admission into that town, fell northward upon Aberdeen, where he expected to be joined by the Gordons and other loyalists. But the zeal of these gentlemen was, for the time, effectually chilled by a large body of Convenanters, commanded by the Lord Burleigh, and amounting to almost three thousand men. These Montrose boldly attacked with half their number. The battle was fought under the walls of the city, and the resistless valour of Montrose's followers was again successful against every disadvantage.

But it was the fate of this great commander always to gain the victory, but seldom to reap the fruits of victory. He had scarcely time to repose his small army in Aberdeen, ere he found, on the one hand, that the Gordons were likely to be deterred from joining him, by the troops we have mentioned, with some others peculiar to their cause, the Marquis of Huntly; on the other hand, Argyle, whose forces had been augmented by those of several Lowland noblemen, advanced toward Montrose at the head of an army much larger than he had

[illegible] superior.

[illegible] Montrose, and he adopted it. He threw himself into the Highlands, where he could set [illegible] and where he was sure, in every glen, to recover [illegible] which Montrose commanded, while, on the one hand, it rendered [illegible] on the other, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, to secure his retreat, recruit [illegible] and enable him ever to the enemy, before whom he had lately been unable to make a stand.

On the present occasion he threw himself into Badenoch, and rapidly traversing that district, as well as the neighbouring country of Athole, he plundered the covenanters by successive attacks upon various marauding parties, and spread such general dismay, that he compelled orders [illegible] by the Parliament to Argyle, their commander, to engage, and disperse Montrose at all rates.

These commands [illegible] the cautious politician of the Lowland spirit, nor the [illegible] and cautious policy of the rebel [illegible] whom they were addressed. He paid, accordingly, no regard to [illegible] but busied his efforts to [illegible] among Montrose's few Lowland followers, many of whom had become disgusted with the prospect of a Highland campaign, which exposed their persons to intolerable fatigue, and left their estates at the Covenanters' mercy. Accordingly, several of [illegible] Montrose's camp at this period. He was joined, however, by a body [illegible] of more consequential spirit, and far better adapted to the situation in which he found himself. This reinforcement consisted of a large body of Highlanders, whom Colkitto, despatched for that purpose, had levied in Argyleshire. Among the most distinguished was John of Moidart, call'd the Captain of Clan Ranald, with the Stewarts of Appin, the Clan Gregor, the Clan M'Nab, and other tribes of inferior distinction. By these means, Montrose's army was [illegible] increased, that Argyle cared no longer to remain in the command of that opposed to him, but retreated to [illegible] and there threw up his commission under pretence that his troops were not supplied with reinforcements and provisions in the manner in which they ought to have been. From thence the Marquis removed to Inverary, there, in full security, to govern his feudal vassals and patriarchal followers, and to repose himself in safety on the [illegible] of the Clan proverb already quoted—"It was [illegible] ery to Lochow."

CHAPTER XVI.

Such mountains steep, such craggy hills,
His army on one side enclose:
The other side, great grisely gills
Did fence with fenny mire and moss.

Which when the Earl understood,
He counsel craved of captains all,
Who bade set forth with mournful mood,
And take such fortune as would fall.

Flodden Field, an Ancient Poem.

Montrose had now a splendid career in his view, provided he could obtain the consent of his gallant, but desultory troops, and their independent chieftains. The Lowlands lay open before him without an army adequate to check his career; for Argyle's followers had left the Covenanters' host when their master threw up his commission, and many other troops, tired of the war, had taken the same opportunity to disband themselves. By descending Strath-Tay, therefore, one of the most convenient passes from the Highlands, Montrose had only to present himself in the Lowlands, in order to rouse the slumbering spirit of chivalry and of loyalty which animated the gentlemen to the north of the Forth. The possession of these districts, with or without a victory, would give him the command of a wealthy and fertile part of the kingdom, and would enable him, by regular pay, to place his army on a more permanent footing, to penetrate as far as the capital, perhaps from thence to the Border, where he deemed it possible to communicate with the yet unsubdued forces of King Charles.

Such was the plan of operations by which the truest glory was to be acquired, and the most important success insured for the royal cause. Accordingly it did not escape the ambitious and daring spirit of him whose services had already acquired him the title of the Great Marquis. But other motives actuated many of his followers, and perhaps were not without their secret and unacknowledged influence upon his own feelings.

The Western Chiefs in Montrose's army, almost to a man, regarded the Marquis of Argyle as the most direct and proper object of hostilities. Almost all of them had felt his power; almost all, in withdrawing their feeble men from their own glens, left their families and property exposed to his vengeance: all, without exception, were desirous of diminishing his sovereignty: and most of them lay so near his territories, that they might reasonably hope to be gratified by a share of his spoil. To these Chiefs the possession of Inverary and its castle was an event infinitely more important and desirable than the capture of Edinburgh. The latter event could only afford their clansmen a little transitory pay or plunder; the former insured to the chiefs themselves indemnity for the past, and security for the future. Besides these personal reasons, the leaders, who favoured this opinion, plausibly urged, that though, at his first descen

into the Lowlands. Montrose might be superior to the enemy, yet every day's march he made from the hills must diminish his own forces, and expose him to the accumulated superiority of any army which the Covenanters could collect from the Lowland levies and garrisons. On the other hand, by crushing Argyle effectually, he would not only permit his present western friends to bring out that proportion of their forces which they must otherwise leave at home for protection of their families; but farther, he would draw to his standard several tribes already friendly to his cause, but who were prevented from joining him by fear of M'Callum More.

These arguments, as we have already hinted, found something responsive in Montrose's own bosom, not quite consonant with the general heroism of his character. The houses of Argyle and Montrose had been, in former times, repeatedly opposed to each other in war and in politics, and the superior advantages acquired by the former, had made them the subject of envy and dislike to the neighbouring family, who, conscious of equal desert, had not been so richly rewarded. This was not all. The existing heads of these rival families had stood in the most marked opposition to each other since the commencement of the present troubles.

Montrose, conscious of the superiority of his talents, and of having rendered great service to the Covenanters at the beginning of the war, had expected from that party the supereminence of council and command, which they judged it safer to intrust to the more limited faculties, and more extensive power, of his rival Argyle. The having awarded this preference, was an injury which Montrose never forgave the Covenanters; and he was still less likely to extend his pardon to Argyle, to whom he had been postponed. He was therefore stimulated by every feeling of hatred which could animate a fiery temper in a fierce age, to seek for revenge upon the enemy of his house and person; and it is probable that these private motives operated not a little upon his mind, when he found the principal part of his followers determined rather to undertake an expedition against the territories of Argyle, than to take the far more decisive step of descending at once into the Lowlands.

Yet whatever temptation Montrose found to carry into effect his attack upon Argyleshire, he could not easily bring himself to renounce the splendid achievement of a descent upon the Lowlands. He held more than one council with the principal Chiefs, combating, perhaps, his own secret inclination as well as theirs. He laid before them the extreme difficulty of marching even a Highland army from the eastward into Argyleshire, through passes scarcely practicable for shepherds and deer-stalkers, and over mountains with which even the clans lying nearest to them did not pretend to be thoroughly acquainted. These difficulties were greatly enhanced by the season of the year, which was now advancing towards December, when the mountain-passes, in themselves so difficult, might be expected to be rendered utterly impassable by snow-storms. These objections neither satisfied nor silenced the Chiefs, who insisted upon their ancient mode of making war, by driving the cattle, which, according to the Gaelic phrase, "fed upon the grass of their enemy." The

council was dismissed for the night, and without coming to any decision, excepting that the Chiefs, who supported the opinion that Argyle should be invested, proceed to seek out among their followers those who might be most capable of undertaking the office of guides upon the expedition.

Montrose had retired to the cabin which served him for a tent, and stretched himself upon a bed of dry fern, the only place of repose which it afforded. But he waited sleep in vain. For the visions of ambition excluded those of Morpheus. In one moment he imagined himself displaying the royal banner from the ramparts of Castle of Edinburgh, defending entrance to a church whose crown depended upon his valour, and receiving in requital all the advantages and preferments which could tempt upon him whom a king delighteth to honour. At another time this dream splendid as it was, fled before the vision of personal revenge, and personal triumph over a personal enemy. To surprise Argyle in his stronghold of Inveraray, to crush in him at once the rival of his own house and the chief support of the Presbyterians, to close the civil enters a difference between the perfected Argyle and the prospered Montrose, was a picture too flattering in detail and too fine to be easily relinquished.

While he lay thus buried with contrary thoughts and [illegible]

[illegible] who stood waited upon his pleasure, and announced to [illegible] that two persons desired to speak with his Excellency.

"At this hour?" answered Montrose. "And the cause of their urgency at such a late hour?"

[illegible] the sentinel, who was one of [illegible] Irish [illegible] had [illegible] information [illegible] that Montrose, who at [illegible] a period [illegible] to meet [illegible] had [illegible] [illegible] meeting some important intelligence, gave directions [illegible] to [illegible] any precaution, to put the guard under arms, and [illegible] personal [illegible] to receive the [illegible] visitors. The groom of the chamber [illegible] lighted a pair of candles, and [illegible] left the apartment [illegible] from the [illegible] where [illegible] remained, [illegible] wearing a [illegible] dress of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a cap of [illegible] [illegible] a tall [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of a description which might be termed [illegible] grey, wasted and worn by frost and tempest.

"What may be your commands with me, my friends?" said the Marquis, his hand already unclasping the belt of one of his pistols for the purpose, as well as the time of night, warranted a precaution which the general state of the [illegible] was not by any means calculated to remove.

"I pray leave to congratulate you," said the Lowlander, "my most noble General, and right honourable lord, upon the great dignities which you have achieved since I had the [illegible] to behold you. If you [illegible] that trifle at Tippermuir, nevertheless, if I might be permitted to counsel——"

"Nothing doing, my friend," said the Marquis, "will you be pleased to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] pr[illegible] [illegible]s Major, with half a collar[illegible]
[illegible]y and half a dollar of arrears; and I am to trust your lordship has not forgotten my pay as well as my person?"

"My good friend, Major Dalgetty," said Montrose, who by this time perfectly comprehended his man, "you must consider what important things have happened to put my friends' heads out of my memory: besides this imperfect light: but all conditions shall be kept.—And what news from Argyleshire, my good Major? We have long given you up for lost, and I was now preparing to take the next best veteran upon the old list who understood the law of arms in your person."

"Truly, my noble lord," said Dalgetty, "I have no desire that my return should put any stop to so proper and becoming an intention: verily it is in no shape in the Earl of Argyle's favour or mercy that I now stand before your lordship, and I shall be no intercessor for him. But my escape is, under Heaven, and the excellent dexterity which, as an old and accomplished cavalier, I displayed in effecting the same.—I say, under these, it is owing to the assistance of this old Highlander, whom I venture to recommend to your lordship's special favour, as the instrument of saving your lordship's command. Donald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket."

"A thankworthy service," said the Marquis; "which [illegible] certainly be requited in the manner it deserves."

"Kneel down, Ranald," said Major Dalgetty, "we must now call him,) "kneel down, and kiss his Excellency's hand."

The proselyte's form of acknowledgement not being according to the custom of Ranald's country, he contented himself with folding his arms on his breast, and making a low inclination of his head.

"This poor man, my lord," said Major Dalgetty, continuing his speech with a dignified air of protection towards Ranald MacEagh, "has strained all his slender means to defend my person from mine enemies, although having no better weapons of a missile sort than bows and arrows, which your lordship will hardly believe."

"You will see a great many such weapons in my camp," said Montrose, "and we find them serviceable."[1]

"Serviceable, my lord!" said Dalgetty: "I trust your lordship will permit me to be surprised—bows and arrows!—I trust you will forgive my recommending the substitution of muskets, the first convenient opportunity. But besides defending me, this honest Highlander also was at the pains of curing me, in respect that I had got a touch of the wars in my retreat, which merits my best requital in this special introduction of him to your lordship's notice and protection."

"What is your name, my friend?" said Montrose, [illegible] the Highlander.

"It may not be spoken," answered the mountaineer.

"That is to say," interpreted Major Dalgetty, "he desires to have

[1] In fact, for the admirers of archery it may be stated, not only that many of the High[illegible] [illegible] Montrose's army used the same weapon as the [illegible], but [illegible] the longbow, however, even the use of the bolt appears to have [illegible] during the great civil wars.

his name concealed, in respect he hath in former days taken a castle, slain certain children, and done other things, whilk, as your good lordship knows, are often practised in war time, but excite no benevolence towards the perpetrator in the friends of those who sustain injury. I have known, in my military experience, many brave cavaliers put to death by the boors, simply for having used military licence upon the country."

"I understand," said Montrose: "This person is at feud with some of our followers. Let him retire to the court of guard, and we will think of the best mode of protecting him."

"You hear, Ranald," said Major Dalgetty, with an air of superiority, "his Excellency wishes to hold privy council with me, you must go to the court of guard.—He does not know where that is, poor fellow!—he is a young soldier for so old a man: I will put him under the charge of a sentinel, and return to your lordship incontinent." He did so, and returned accordingly.

Montrose's first inquiry respected the embassy to Inverary; and he listened with attention to Dalgetty's reply, notwithstanding the prolixity of the Major's narrative. It required an effort from the Marquis to maintain his attention; but no one better knew, that where information is to be derived from the report of such agents as Dalgetty, it can only be obtained by suffering them to tell their story in their own way. Accordingly the Marquis's patience was at length rewarded. Among other spoils which the Captain thought himself at liberty to take, was a packet of Argyle's private papers. These he consigned to the hands of his general; a humour of accounting, however, which went no farther, for I do not understand that he made any mention of the purse of gold which he had appropriated at the same time that he made seizure of the papers aforesaid. Snatching a torch from the wall, Montrose was in an instant deeply engaged in the perusal of these documents, in which it is probable he found something to animate his personal resentment against his rival Argyle.

"Does he not fear me?" said he; "then he shall feel me. Will he fire my castle of Murdoch?—Inverary shall raise the first smoke—O for a guide through the skirts of Strathfillan!"

Whatever might be Dalgetty's personal conceit, he understood his business sufficiently to guess at Montrose's meaning. He instantly interrupted his own prolix narration of the skirmish which had taken place, and the wound he had received in his retreat, and began to speak to the point which he saw interested his General.

"If," said he, "your Excellency wishes to make an infall into Ayrshire, this poor man, Ranald, of whom I told you, together with his children and companions, know every pass into that land, both leading from the east and from the north."

"Indeed!" said Montrose; "what reason have you to believe their knowledge so extensive?"

"So please your Excellency," answered Dalgetty, "during the weeks that I remained with them for cure of my wound, they were repeatedly obligated to shift their quarters, in respect of Argyle's repeated attempts to repossess himself of the person of an officer

who was honoured with your Excellency's confidence; so that I had occasion to admire the singular dexterity and knowledge of the face of the country with which they alternately achieved their retreat and their advance; and when, at length, I was able to repair to your Excellency's standard, this honest simple creature, Ranald MacEagh, guided me by paths which my steed Gustavus (which your lordship may remember) trod with perfect safety, so that I said to myself, that where guides, spies, or intelligencers were required in a Highland campaign in that western country, more expert persons than he and his attendants could not possibly be desired."

"And can you answer for this man's fidelity?" said Montrose; "what is his name and condition?"

"He is an outlaw and robber by profession, something also of a homicide or murderer," answered Dalgetty; "and by name, called Ranald MacEagh: whilk signifies, Ranald, the Son of the Mist."

"I should remember something of that name," said Montrose, pausing: "Did not these Children of the Mist perpetrate some act of cruelty upon the M'Aulays?"

Major Dalgetty mentioned the circumstance of the murder of the Forester, and Montrose's active memory at once recalled all the circumstances of the feud.

"It is most unlucky," said Montrose, "this inexpiable quarrel between those men and the M'Aulays. Allan has borne himself bravely in these wars, and possesses, by the wild mystery of his behaviour and language, so much influence over the minds of his countrymen, that the consequences of disobliging him might be serious. At the same time, these men being so capable of rendering useful service, and being, as you say, Major Dalgetty, perfectly trust-worthy——"

"I will pledge my pay and arrears, my horse and arms, my head and neck, upon their fidelity," said the Major: "and your Excellency knows, that a soldado could say no more for his own father."

"True," said Montrose: "but as this is a matter of particular moment, I would willingly know the grounds of so positive an assurance."

"Concisely, then, my lord," said the Major, "not only did they disdain to profit by a handsome reward which Argyle did me the honour to place upon this poor head of mine, and not only did they abstain from pillaging my personal property, whilk was to an amount that would have tempted regular soldiers in any service of Europe: and not only did they restore me my horse, whilk your Excellency knows to be of value, but I could not prevail on them to accept one stiver, doit, or maravedi for the trouble and expenses of my sick bed. They actually refused my coined money when freely offered,—a tale seldom to be told in a Christian land."

"I admit," said Montrose, after a moment's reflection, "that their conduct towards you is good evidence of their fidelity; but how to secure against the breaking out of this feud?" He paused, and then suddenly added, "I had forgot I have supped, while you, Major, have been travelling by moonlight."

He called to his attendants to fetch a stoup of wine and some refreshments. Major Dalgetty, who had the appetite of a convalescent

returned from Highland quarters, needed not any pressing to partake of what was set before him, but proceeded to despatch his food with such alacrity, that the Marquis, filling a cup of wine, and drinking to his health, could not help remarking, that coarse as the provisions of his camp were, he was afraid Major Dalgetty had fared much worse during his excursion into Argyleshire.

"Your Excellency may take your corporal oath upon that," said the worthy Major, speaking with his mouth full: "for Argyle's bread and water are yet stale and mouldy in my recollection, and though they did their best, yet the viands that the Children of the Mist procured for me, poor helpless creatures as they were, were so unrefreshful to my body, that when enclosed in my armour, whilk I was fain to leave behind me for expedition's sake, I rattled therein like the shrivelled kernel in a nut that hath been kept on to a second Hallowe'en."

"You must take the due means to repair these losses, Major Dalgetty."

"In troth," answered the soldier, "I shall hardly be able to compass that, unless my arrears are to be exchanged for present pay: for I protest to your Excellency, that the three stone weight which I have lost were simply raised upon the regular accountings of the States of Holland."

"In that case," said the Marquis, "you are only reduced to good marching order. As for the pay, let us once have victory—victory, Major, and your wishes, and all our wishes, shall be amply fulfilled. Meantime, help yourself to another cup of wine."

"To your Excellency's health," said the Major, filling a cup to the brim, to show the zeal with which he drank the toast, "and victory over all our enemies, and particularly over Argyle! I hope to twitch another handful from his beard myself. I have had one pluck at it already."

"Very true," answered Montrose: "but to return to these men of the Mist. You understand, Dalgetty, that their presence here, and the purpose for which we employ them, is a secret between you and me?"

Delighted, as Montrose had anticipated, with this mark of his General's confidence, the Major laid his hand upon his nose, and nodded intelligence.

"How many may there be of Ranald's followers?" continued the Marquis.

"They are reduced, so far as I know, to some eight or ten men," answered Major Dalgetty, "and a few women and children."

"Where are they now?" demanded Montrose.

"In a valley, at three miles' distance," answered the soldier, "awaiting your Excellency's command: I judged it not fit to bring them to your leaguer without your Excellency's orders."

"You judged very well," said Montrose; "it would be improper that they remain where they are, or seek some distant place of refuge. I will send them money, though it is a scarce article with me at present."

"It is quite unnecessary," said Major Dalgetty: "your Excellency

has only to hint that the M'Aulays are going in that direction, and my friends of the Mist will instantly make volte-face, and go to the right about."

"That were scarce courteous," said the Marquis. "Better send them a few dollars to purchase them some cattle for the support of the women and children."

"They know how to come by their cattle at a far cheaper rate," said the Major; "but let it be as your Excellency wills."

"Let Ranald MacEagh," said Montrose, "select one or two of his followers, men whom he can trust, and who are capable of keeping their own secret and ours: these, with their chief for scout-master general, shall serve for our guides. Let them be at my tent to-morrow at daybreak, and see, if possible, that they neither guess my purpose, nor hold any communication with each other in private.—This old man, has he any children?"

"They have been killed or hanged," answered the Major, "to the number of a round dozen, as I believe—but he hath left one grandchild, a smart and hopeful youth, whom I have noted to be never without a pebble in his plaid-nook, to fling at whatsoever might come in his way; being a symbol, that, like David, who was accustomed to sling smooth stones taken from the brook, he may afterwards prove an adventurous warrior."

"That boy, Major Dalgetty," said the Marquis, "I will have to attend upon my own person. I presume he will have sense enough to keep his name secret?"

"Your Excellency need not fear that," answered Dalgetty; "these Highland imps, from the moment they chip the shell——"

"Well," interrupted Montrose, "that boy shall be pledge for the fidelity of his parent, and if he prove faithful, the child's preferment shall be his reward.—And now, Major Dalgetty, I will license your departure for the night; to-morrow you will introduce this MacEagh, under any name or character he may please to assume. I presume his profession has rendered him sufficiently expert in all sort of disguises; or we may admit John of Moidart into our schemes, who has sense, practicability, and intelligence, and will probably allow this man for a time to be disguised as one of his followers. For you, Major, my groom of the chambers will be your quarter-master for this evening."

Major Dalgetty took his leave with a joyful heart, greatly elated with the reception he had met with, and much pleased with the personal manners of his new General, which, as he explained at great length to Ranald MacEagh, reminded him in many respects of the demeanour of the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and Bulwark of the Protestant Faith.

CHAPTER XVII.

> The march begins in military state,
> And nations on his eyes suspended wait;
> Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
> And winter barricades the realms of frost,
> He comes,—nor want, nor cold, his course delay.
>
> *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

By break of day Montrose received in his cabin old MacEagh, and questioned him long and particularly as to the means of approaching the country of Argyle. He made a note of his answers, which he compared with those of two of his followers, whom he introduced as the most prudent and experienced. He found them to correspond in all respects: but, still unsatisfied where precaution was so necessary, the Marquis compared the information he had received with that he was able to collect from the Chiefs who lay most near to the destined scene of invasion, and being in all respects satisfied of its accuracy, he resolved to proceed in full reliance upon it.

In one point Montrose changed his mind. Having judged it unfit to take the boy Kenneth into his own service, lest, in case of his birth being discovered, it should be resented as an offence by the numerous clans who entertained a feudal enmity to this devoted family, he requested the Major to take him in attendance upon himself; and as he accompanied this request with a handsome *douceur*, under pretence of clothing and equipping the lad, this change was agreeable to all parties.

It was about breakfast-time, when Major Dalgetty, being dismissed by Montrose, went in quest of his old acquaintances, Lord Menteith and the M'Aulays, to whom he longed to communicate his own adventures, as well as to learn from them the particulars of the campaign. It may be imagined he was received with great glee by men to whom the late uniformity of their military life had rendered any change of society an interesting novelty. Allan M'Aulay alone seemed to recoil from his former acquaintance, although, when challenged by his brother, he could render no other reason than a reluctance to be familiar with one who had been so lately in the company of Argyle, and other enemies. Major Dalgetty was a little alarmed by this sort of instinctive consciousness which Allan seemed to entertain respecting the society he had been lately keeping; he was soon satisfied, however, that the perceptions of the seer in this particular were not infallible.

As Ranald MacEagh was to be placed under Major Dalgetty's protection and superintendence, it was necessary he should present him to those persons with whom he was most likely to associate. The dress of the old man had, in the meantime, been changed from the tartan of his clan to a sort of clothing peculiar to the men of the distant Isles, resembling a waistcoat with sleeves, and a petticoat, all made in one piece. This dress was laced from top to bottom in front, and bore some resemblance to that called Polonaise, still worn

by children in Scotland of the lower rank. The tartan hose and bonnet completed the dress which old men of the last century remembered well to have seen worn by the distant Islesmen who came to the Earl of Mar's standard in the year 1715.

Major Dalgetty, keeping his eye on Allan as he spoke, introduced Ranald MacEagh under the fictitious name of Ranald MacGillihuron in Benbecula, who had escaped with him out of Argyle's prison. He recommended him as a person skilful in the arts of the harper and the seanchie, and by no means contemptible in the quality of a second-sighted person, or seer. While making this exposition, Major Dalgetty stammered and hesitated in a way so unlike the usual glib forwardness of his manner, that he could not have failed to have given suspicion to Allan M'Aulay, had not that person's whole attention been engaged in steadily perusing the features of the person thus introduced to him. This steady gaze so much embarrassed Ranald MacEagh, that his hand was beginning to sink down towards his dagger, in expectation of a hostile assault, when Allan, suddenly crossing the floor of the hut, extended his hand to him in the way of friendly greeting. They sat down side by side, and conversed in a low mysterious tone of voice. Menteith and Angus M'Aulay were not surprised at this, for there prevailed among the Highlanders who pretended to the second-sight a sort of freemasonry, which generally induced them, upon meeting, to hold communication with each other on the nature and extent of their visionary experiences.

"Does the sight come gloomy upon your spirits?" said Allan to his new acquaintance.

"As dark as the shadow upon the moon," replied Ranald, "when she is darkened in her midcourse in heaven, and prophets foretell of evil times."

"Come hither," said Allan, "come more this way. I would converse with you apart: for men say that in your distant islands the sight is poured forth with more clearness and power than upon us, who dwell near the Sassenach."

While they were plunged into their mystic conference, the two English cavaliers entered the cabin in the highest possible spirits, and announced to Angus M'Aulay that orders had been issued that all should hold themselves in readiness for an immediate march to the westward. Having delivered themselves of their news with much glee, they paid their compliments to their old acquaintance Major Dalgetty, whom they instantly recognized, and inquired after the health of his charger, Gustavus.

"I humbly thank you, gentlemen," answered the soldier, "Gustavus is well, though, like his master, somewhat barer on the ribs than when you offered to relieve me of him at Darnlinvarach: and let me assure you, that before you have made one or two of those marches which you seem to contemplate with so much satisfaction in prospect, you will leave, my good knights, some of your English beef, and probably an English horse or two, behind you."

Both exclaimed that they cared very little what they found or what they left, provided the scene changed from dogging up and down

Angus and Aberdeenshire, in pursuit of an enemy who would neither fight nor run away.

"If such be the case," said Angus M'Aulay, "I must give orders to my followers, and make provision too for the safe conveyance of Annot Lyle: for an advance into M'Callum More's country will be a farther and fouler road than these pinks of Cumbrian knighthood are aware of." So saying, he left the cabin.

"Annot Lyle!" repeated Dalgetty, "is she following the campaign?"

"Surely," replied Sir Giles Musgrave, his eye glancing slightly from Lord Menteith to Allan M'Aulay; "we could neither march nor fight, advance nor retreat, without the influence of the Princess of Harps."

"The princess of Broadswords and Targets, I say," answered his companion; "for the Lady of Montrose herself could not be more courteously waited upon: she has four Highland maidens, and as many bare-legged gillies to wait upon her orders."

"And what would you have, gentlemen?" said Allan, turning suddenly from the Highlander with whom he was in conversation; "would you yourselves have left an innocent female, the companion of your infancy, to die by violence, or perish by famine? There is not, by this time, a roof upon the habitation of my fathers—our crops have been destroyed, and our cattle have been driven—and you, gentlemen, have to bless God, that, coming from a milder and more civilized country, you expose only your own lives in this remorseless war, without apprehension that your enemies will visit with their vengeance the defenceless pledges you may have left behind you."

The Englishmen cordially agreed that they had the superiority in this respect; and the company, now dispersing, went each to his several charge or occupation.

Allan lingered a moment behind, still questioning the reluctant Ranald MacEagh upon a point in his supposed visions, by which he was greatly perplexed. "Repeatedly," he said, "have I had the sight of a Gaei, who seemed to plunge his weapon into the body of Menteith,—of that young nobleman in the scarlet laced cloak, who has just now left the bothy. But by no effort, though I have gazed till my eyes were almost fixed in their sockets, can I discover the face of this Highlander, or even conjecture who he may be, although his person and air seem familiar to me."[1]

[1] A species of apparition, similar to what the Germans call a Double-Ganger, was believed in by the Celtic tribes, and is still considered as an emblem of misfortune or death. Mr Kirke, (see Note G to Rob Roy,) the minister of Aberfoil, who will no doubt be able to tell us more of the matter should he ever be raised from Fairy-land, gives us the following:—

"Some men of that exalted sight, either by art or nature, have told me they have seen at these meetings a double man, or the shape of some man in two places, that is, a superterranean and a subterranean inhabitant perfectly resembling one another in all points, whereof one, notwithstanding, could easily distinguish the form, either by some secret tokens and operations, and so go speak to the man his neighbour and familiar, passing by the apparition or resemblance of him. They avouch that every element and different state of being have animals resembling those of another element, as there be fishes at sea resembling Monks of late order in all their hoods and dresses, so as the

"Have you reversed your own plaid," said Ranald, "according to the rule of the experienced Seers in such case?"

"I have," answered Allan, speaking low, and shuddering as if with internal agony.

"And in what guise did the phantom then appear to you?" said Ranald.

"With his plaid also reversed," answered Allan, in the same low and convulsed tone.

"Then be assured," said Ranald, "that your own hand, and none other, will do the deed of which you have witnessed the shadow."

"So has my anxious soul a hundred times surmised," replied Allan. "But it is impossible! Were I to read the record in the eternal book of fate, I would declare it impossible—we are bound by the ties of blood, and by a hundred ties more intimate—we have stood side by side in battle, and our swords have reeked with the blood of the same enemies—it is IMPOSSIBLE I should harm him!"

"That you WILL do so," answered Ranald, "is certain, though the cause be hid in the darkness of futurity. You say," he continued, suppressing his own emotions with difficulty, "that side by side you

Roman inventions of evil and bad omens and [illegible] were [illegible] by assent, [illegible] by them and [illegible] the spectre [illegible] this occasion. They call this [illegible] Co-Walker, every way alike to him, as a twin brother or the unbroken [illegible] ming rain as his shadow, as is that seen and known among men [illegible] the original, both before and after the original is dead, and was [illegible] to enter a house, by which the people know that the [illegible] that Hume was to visit them within a few days. This copy, echo, or living picture, does at last to his own herd. It accompanies that person so long and frequently [illegible] known to [illegible] himself, whether to guard him from the secret assaults of [illegible] own folks, or [illegible] unsportful ape to counterfeit all his actions."—KIRKE'S *Secret Commonwealth*, p. 3.

The two following apparitions, resembling the vision of Allan M'Aulay in the text, occur in Theophilus Insulanus. (Rev. Mr Lachlan's Treatise on the Second Sight, Relations x. and xvii.)

"Barbara Macpherson, relict of the deceased Mr Alexander MacLeod, late minister of St Kilda, informed me the natives of that Island had a particular kind of second sight, who [illegible] always a forerunner of their approaching end, [illegible] months before they sicken, they are haunted with an apparition, resembling themselves in all respects as to their person, features, or clothing. This image, seemingly animated, walks with them in the open broad daylight; and if they are employed in delving, [illegible] seeds or hay, or at [illegible] occupation, they are at the same time mockingly [illegible] by their ghastly visitant. Mr [illegible] added further, that having visited each person of the inhabitants, [illegible] the curiosity to inquire of him, if at any time he had seen any resemblance of himself as above described; he answered in the affirmative, and told her, that to make farther trial, as [illegible] was going out of his house for a moment [illegible] instead of those he formerly used, and having gone to the fields, his other self appeared in such garters. The conclusion was, the sick man died of that ailment, and she no longer questioned the truth of those remarkable presages."

"Margaret MacLeod, an honest woman advanced in years, informed me, that when she was a young woman in the family of Grishornish, a dairy-maid, who daily used to herd the calves in a park close to the house, observed, at different times, a woman resembling herself in shape and attire, walking voluntarily at no great distance from her, and being surprised at the apparition, to make further trial, she put the back part of her upper garment foremost, and anon the phantom was dressed in the same manner, which made her uneasy, believing it portended some fatal consequence to herself. In a short time thereafter she was seized with a fever, which brought her to her end, and before her sickness and on her deathbed, declared the second sight to several.

have pursued your prey like bloodhounds—have you never seen bloodhounds turn their fangs against each other, and fight over the body of a throttled deer?"

"It is false!" said M'Aulay, starting up. "these are not the forebodings of fate, but the temptation of some evil spirit from the bottomless pit!" So saying, he strode out of the cabin.

"Thou hast it," said the Son of the Mist, looking after him with an air of exultation: "the barbed arrow is in thy side! Spirits of the slaughtered, rejoice! soon shall your murderers' swords be dyed in each other's blood."

On the succeeding morning all was prepared, and Montrose advanced by rapid marches up the river Tay, and poured his desultory forces into the romantic vale around the lake of the same name, which lies at the head of that river. The inhabitants were Campbells, not indeed the vassals of Argyle, but of the allied and kindred house of Glenorchy, which now bears the name of Breadalbane. Being taken by surprise, they were totally unprepared for resistance, and were compelled to be passive witnesses of the ravages which took place among their flocks and herds. Advancing in this manner to the vale of Loch Dochart, and laying waste the country around him, Montrose reached the most difficult point of his enterprise.

To a modern army, even with the assistance of the good military road which now leads up by Teinedrum to the head of Loch Awe, the passage of these extensive wilds would seem a task of some difficulty. But at this period, and for long afterwards, there was no road or path whatsoever; and to add to the difficulty, the mountains were already covered with snow. It was a sublime scene to look up to them, piled in great masses, one upon another, the front rank of dazzling whiteness, while those which arose behind them caught a rosy tint from the setting of a clear wintry sun. Ben Cruachan, superior in magnitude, and seeming the very citadel of the Genius of the region, rose high above the others, shewing his glimmering and scathed peak to the distance of many miles.

The followers of Montrose were men not to be daunted by the sublime yet terrible prospect before them. Many of them were of that ancient race of Highlanders, who not only willingly made their couch in the snow, but considered it as effeminate luxury to use a snowball for a pillow. Plunder and revenge lay beyond the frozen mountains which they beheld, and they did not permit themselves to be daunted by the difficulty of traversing them. Montrose did not allow their spirits time to subside. He ordered the pipes to play in the van the ancient pibroch entitled, "*Hoggil nam bo*," &c. (that is, We come through snow-drift to drive the prey:) the shrilling sounds of which had often struck the vales of the Lennox with terror.[1] The troops advanced with the nimble alacrity of mountaineers, and were soon involved in the dangerous pass, through which Ranald acted as their guide, going before them with a select party, to track out the way.

[1] Ranald's family march of the M'Farlanes, a warlike and predatory clan, who inhabited the western banks of Loch-Lomond. See Note BB, to Waverley.

The power of man at no time appears more contemptible than when it is placed in contrast with scenes of natural terror and dignity. The victorious army of Montrose, whose exploits had struck terror into all Scotland, when ascending up this terrific pass, seemed a contemptible handful of stragglers, in the act of being devoured by the jaws of the mountain, which appeared ready to close upon them. Even Montrose half repented the boldness of his attempt, as he looked down from the summit of the first eminence which he attained, upon the scattered condition of his small army. The difficulty of getting forward was so great, that considerable gaps began to occur in the line of march, and the distance between the van, centre, and rear, was each moment increased in a degree equally incommodious and dangerous. It was with great apprehension that Montrose looked upon every point of advantage which the hill afforded, in dread it might be found occupied by an enemy prepared for defence; and he often afterwards was heard to express his conviction, that had the passes of Strath-Fillan been defended by two hundred resolute men, not only would his progress have been effectually stopped, but his army must have been in danger of being totally cut off. Security, however, the bane of many a strong country, and many a fortress, betrayed, on this occasion, the district of Argyle to his enemies. The invaders had only to contend with the natural difficulties of the path, and with the snow, which, fortunately, had not fallen in any great quantity. The army no sooner reached the summit of the ridge of hills dividing Argyleshire from the district of Breadalbane, than they rushed down upon the devoted vales beneath them with a fury sufficiently expressive of the motives which had dictated a movement so difficult and hazardous.

Montrose divided his army into three bodies, in order to produce a wider and more extensive terror, one of which was commanded by the Captain of Clan Ranald, one intrusted to the leading of Colkitto, and the third remained under his own direction. He was thus enabled to penetrate the country of Argyle at three different points. Resistance there was none. The flight of the shepherds from the hills had first announced in the peopled districts this formidable irruption, and wherever the clansmen were summoned out, they were killed, disarmed, and dispersed, by an enemy who had anticipated their motions. Major Dalgetty, who had been sent forward against Inverary with the few horse of the army that were fit for service, managed his matters so well, that he had very nearly surprised Argyle, as he expressed it, *inter pocula;* and it was only a rapid flight by water which saved that chief from death or captivity. But the punishment which Argyle himself escaped fell heavily upon his country and clan, and the ravages committed by Montrose on that devoted land, although too consistent with the genius of the country and times, have been repeatedly and justly quoted as a blot on his actions and character.

Argyle in the meantime had fled to Edinburgh, to lay his complaints before the Convention of Estates. To meet the exigence of the moment, a considerable army was raised under General Baillie, a Presbyterian officer of skill and fidelity, with whom was joined in

command the celebrated Sir John Urrie, a soldier of fortune like Dalgetty, who had already changed sides twice during the Civil War, and was destined to turn his coat a third time before it was dried. Argyle also, burning with indignation, proceeded to levy his own numerous forces, in order to avenge himself of his feudal enemy. He established his head-quarters at Dundarton, where he was soon joined by a considerable force, consisting chiefly of his own clansmen and dependants. Being there joined by Baillie and Urrie, with a very considerable army of regular forces, he prepared to march into Argyleshire, and chastise the invader of his paternal territories.

But Montrose, while these two formidable armies were forming a junction, had been recalled from that unnatural country by the approach of a third, collected in the north under the Earl of Seaforth, who, after some hesitation, having espoused the side of the Covenanters, had now, with the assistance of the royalist garrison of Inverness, formed a considerable army, with which he threatened Montrose from Inverness-shire, enclosed in a waste and unfriendly country, and menaced on each side by surrounding enemies of superior force. It might have been supposed that Montrose's destruction was certain. But these were precisely the circumstances under which the active and enterprising genius of the Great Marquis was calculated to excite the wonder and admiration of his friends, the astonishment and terror of his enemies. As if by magic, he collected his scattered forces from the wasteful occupation in which they had been engaged; and scarce were they again united, ere Argyle and his associate generals were informed, that the royalists, having suddenly disappeared from Aberdeenshire, had actually marched towards the daily and unpardonable encroachments of Lochiel.

The motives of the generals opposed to Montrose, immediately conjectured, that it was the purpose of their active antagonist to join with, and, if possible, to destroy Seaforth, ere they could come to his assistance. This occasioned a corresponding change in their operations. Leaving the chieftain to make the best defence he could, Urrie and Baillie again separated their forces from those of Argyle; and, having chiefly horse and lowland troops under their command, they kept the southern side of the Grampian ridge, marching along eastward into the county of Angus, resolving from thence to proceed into Aberdeenshire, in order to intercept Montrose, if he should attempt to escape in that direction.

Argyle, with all own horse and other troops, undertook to follow Montrose's march; so that, in case he should come to action either with Seaforth, or with Baillie and Urrie, he might be placed between two fires by this third army, which, at a secure distance, was to hang upon his rear.

For this purpose, Argyle once more moved towards Inverary, having an opportunity, at every step, to observe the severities which the hostile clans had exercised on his dependants and country. Whatever noble qualities the Highlanders possessed, they had many of them a ferocity in treating a hostile country, out of the number of which Campbell's followers were not the least conspicuous. [illegible] the natives of Argyle's domains. It is still a Highland proverb, [illegible]

house is burnt must become a soldier; and hundreds of the inhabitants of these unfortunate valleys had now no means of maintenance, save by exercising upon others the severities they had themselves sustained, and no future prospect of happiness, excepting in the gratification of revenge. His bands were, therefore, augmented by the very circumstances which had desolated his country, and Argyle soon found himself at the head of three thousand determined men, distinguished for activity and courage, and commanded by gentlemen of his own name, who yielded to none in these qualities. Under himself, he conferred the principal command upon Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvohr, and another Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchenbreck,[1] an experienced and veteran soldier, whom he had recalled from the wars of Ireland for this purpose. The cold spirit of Argyle himself, however, clogged the military councils of his more intrepid assistants; and it was resolved, notwithstanding their increased force, to observe the same plan of operations, and to follow Montrose cautiously, in whatever direction he should march, avoiding an engagement until an opportunity should occur of falling upon his rear, while he should be engaged with another enemy in front.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Piobracht au Donuil-dhu,
Piobrachet au Donuil,
Piobrachet agus S'breittach
Feacht an Innerlochy.

The war-tune of Donald the Black,
The war-tune of Black Donald,
The pipes and the banner
Are up in the rendezvous of Inverlochy.

THE military road connecting the chain of forts, as it is called, and running in the general line of the present Caledonian canal, has now completely opened the great glen, or chasm, extending almost across the whole island, once doubtless filled by the sea, and still affording basins for that long line of lakes, by means of which modern art has united the German and Atlantic Oceans. The paths or tracks by which the natives traversed this extensive valley, were, in 1645-6, in the same situation as when they awaked the strain of an Irish engineer officer, who had been employed in converting them into practicable military roads, and whose eulogium begins, and, for aught I know, ends, as follows:

"Had you seen but these roads before they were made,
You would have held up your hands and bless'd General Wade."

But, bad as the ordinary paths were, Montrose avoided them, and led his army, like a herd of wild deer, from mountain to mountain,

[1] This last character is historical.

and from forest to forest, where his enemies could learn nothing of his motions, while he acquired the most perfect knowledge respecting theirs from the friendly clans of Cameron and M'Donnell, whose mountainous districts he now traversed. Strict orders had been given that Argyle's advance should be watched, and that all intelligence respecting his motions should be communicated instantly to the General himself.

It was a moonlight night, and Montrose, worn out by the fatigues of the day, was laid down to sleep in a miserable shieling. He had only slumbered two hours, when some one touched his shoulder. He looked up, and, by the stately form and deep voice, easily recognized the Chief of the Camerons.

"I have news for you," said that leader, "which is worth while to arise and listen to."

"M'Ilduy[1] can bring no other," said Montrose, addressing the Chief by his patronymic title—"are they good or bad?"

"As you may take them," said the Chieftain.

"Are they certain?" demanded Montrose.

"Yes," answered M'Ilduy, "or another messenger should have brought them. Know that, tired with the task imposed upon me of accompanying that unhappy Dalgetty and his handful of horse, who detained me for hours on the march at the pace of a crippled badger, I made a stretch of four miles with six of my people in the direction of Inverlochy, and there met with Ian of Glenroy, who had been out for intelligence. Argyle is moving upon Inverlochy with three thousand chosen men, commanded by the flower of the sons of Diarmid. These are my news—they are certain—it is for you to construe their purport."

"Their purport must be good," answered Montrose, readily and cheerfully; "the voice of M'Ilduy is ever pleasant in the ears of Montrose, and most pleasant when it speaks of some brave enterprize at hand—What are our musters?"

He then called for light, and easily ascertained that a great part of his followers having, as usual, dispersed to secure their booty, he had not with him above twelve or fourteen hundred men.

"Not much above a third," said Montrose, pausing, "of Argyle's force, and Highlanders opposed to Highlanders.—With the blessing of God upon the royal cause, I would not hesitate were the odds but one to two."

"Then do not hesitate," said Cameron; "for when your trumpets shall sound to attack M'Callum More, not a man of these glens will remain deaf to the summons. Glengarry—Keppoch—I myself—would destroy, with fire and sword, the wretch who should remain behind under any pretence whatsoever. To-morrow, or the next day, shall be a day of battle to all who bear the name of M'Donnell or Cameron, whatever be the event."

"It is gallantly said, my noble friend," said Montrose, grasping his hand, "and I were worse than a coward did I not do justice to such followers, by entertaining the most indubitable hopes of

[1] Mhich-Connel Dhu,—the descendant of Black Donald.

success. We will turn back on this M'Callum More, who follows us like a raven to devour the relics of our army, should we meet braver men who may be able to break its strength! Let the Chiefs and leaders be called together as quickly as possible: and you, who have brought us the first news of this joyful event,—for such it shall be,—you, M'Ilduy, shall bring it to a joyful issue, by guiding us the best and nearest road against our enemy."

"That will I willingly do," said M'Ilduy; "if I have shewn you paths by which to retreat through these dusky wilds, with far more readiness will I teach you how to advance against your foe."

A general bustle now prevailed, and the leaders were everywhere startled from the rude couches on which they had sought temporary repose.

"I never thought," said Major Dalgetty, when summoned up from a handful of rugged heather roots, "to have parted from a bed as hard as a stable broom with such bad will; but, indubitably, having but one man of military experience in his army, his Excellency the Marquis may be vindicated in putting him upon hard duty."

So saying, he repaired to the council, where, notwithstanding his pedantry, Montrose seemed always to listen to him with considerable attention; partly because the Major really possessed military knowledge and experience, and often made suggestions which were found of advantage, and partly because it relieved the General from the necessity of deferring entirely to the opinion of the Highland Chiefs, and gave him additional ground for disputing it when it was not agreeable to his own. On the present occasion, Dalgetty joyfully acquiesced in the proposal of marching back and confronting Argyle, which he compared to the valiant resolution of the great Gustavus, who moved against the Duke of Bavaria, and enriched his troops by the plunder of that fertile country, although menaced from the northward by the large army which Wallenstein had assembled in Bohemia.

The Chiefs of Glengarry, Keppoch, and Lochiel, whose clans, equal in courage and military fame to any in the Highlands, lay within the neighbourhood of the scene of action, despatched the fiery cross through their vassals, to summon every one who could bear arms to meet the King's lieutenant, and to join the standards of their respective Chiefs as they marched towards Inverlochy. As the order was emphatically given, it was speedily and willingly obeyed. Their natural love of war, their zeal for the royal cause,—for they viewed the King in the light of a chief whom his clansmen had deserted,—as well as their implicit obedience to their own patriarch, drew in to Montrose's army not only all in the neighbourhood who were able to bear arms, but some who, in age at least, might have been esteemed past the use of them. During the next day's march, which, being directed straight through the mountains of Lochaber, was unsuspected by the enemy, his forces were augmented by handfuls of men issuing from each glen, and ranging themselves under the banners of their respective Chiefs. This was a circumstance highly inspiriting to the rest of the army, who, by the time they approached the enemy, found their strength increased considerably more than

one-fourth, as had been prophesied by the valiant leader of the Camerons.

While Montrose executed this counter-march, Argyle had at the head of his gallant army, advanced up the southern side of Loch-Eil, and reached the river Lochy, which combines that lake with Loch-Lochy. The ancient Castle of Inverlochy, once, as it is said, a royal fortress, and still, although dismantled, a place of some strength and consideration, offered convenient head-quarters, and there was ample room for Argyle's army to encamp around him in the valley, where the Lochy joins Loch-Eil. Several barges had attended, loaded with provisions, so that they were in every respect as well accommodated as such an army wished or expected to be. Argyle, in council with Auchenbreck and Ardenvohr, expressed his full confidence that Montrose was now on the brink of destruction; that his troops must gradually diminish as he moved eastward through such uncouth paths; that if he went westward, he must encounter Urrie and Baillie; if northward, fall into the hands of Seaforth; or should he choose any halting-place, he would expose himself to be attacked by three armies at once.

"I cannot rejoice in the prospect, my lord," said Auchenbreck, "that James Grahame will be crushed with little assistance of ours. He has left a heavy account in Argyleshire against him, and I long to reckon with him drop of blood for drop of blood. I love not the payment of such debts by third hands."

"You are too scrupulous," said Argyle: "what signifies it by whose hands the blood of the Grahames is spilt? It is time that of the sons of Diarmid should cease to flow.—What say you, Ardenvohr?"

"I say, my lord," replied Sir Duncan, "that I think Auchenbreck will be gratified, and will himself have a personal opportunity of settling accounts with Montrose for his depredations. Reports have reached our outposts that the Camerons are assembling their full strength on the skirts of Ben-Nevis; this must be to join the advance of Montrose, and not to cover his retreat."

"It must be some scheme of harassing and depredation," said Argyle, "devised by the inveterate malignity of M'Ilduy, which he terms loyalty. They can intend no more than an attack on our outposts, or some annoyance to to-morrow's march."

"I have sent out scouts," said Sir Duncan, "in every direction, to procure intelligence: and we must soon hear whether they really do assemble any force, upon what point, or with what purpose."

It was late ere any tidings were received; but when the moon had arisen, a considerable bustle in the camp, and a noise immediately after heard in the castle, announced the arrival of important intelligence. Of the scouts first dispersed by Ardenvohr, some had returned without being able to collect any thing, save uncertain rumours concerning movements in the country of the Camerons. It seemed as if the skirts of Ben-Nevis were sending forth those inaccountable and portentous sounds with which they sometimes announce the near approach of a storm. Others, whose zeal carried them farther upon their mission, were entrapped and slain, or made pri-

scouts, by the inhabitants of the fastnesses into which they endeavoured to penetrate. At length, on the rapid advance of Montrose's army, his armed guard and the outposts of Argyle became aware of each other's approach, and after exchanging a few musket-shots and arrows, fell back to their respective main bodies, to convey intelligence and receive orders.

Sir Duncan Campbell and Auchenbreck instantly threw themselves on horseback, in order to visit the posts of the outposts; and Argyle maintained his character of a commander-in-chief with reputation, by making a respectable arrangement of his forces in the plain, as if it were evident that they might now expect a night alarm, or an attack in the morning at farthest. Montrose had kept his forces so cautiously within the defiles of the mountain, that no effort which Auchenbreck or Ardenrdr thought it prudent to attempt, could ascertain his probable strength. They were aware, however, that, at the utmost computation, it must be inferior to their own, and they returned to Argyle to inform him of the amount of their observations; but this nobleman refused to believe that Montrose could be in presence himself. He said, "It was a madness, of which even James Graham, in his height of presumptuous frenzy, was incapable: and he doubted not that their march was only impeded by their ancient enemies, Glenco, Keppoch and Glengarry; and perhaps M'Veanish, with his M'Lauries, might have assembled a force, when he knew must be greatly inferior in number to his own, and whom, therefore, he could not to disperse by force, or by terms of capitulation."

The spirits of Argyle's followers were high, breathing vengeance for the disasters which their country had so lately undergone: and the night passed in anxious hopes that the morning might dawn upon their vengeance. The outposts of either army kept a careful watch, and the soldiers of Argyle slept in the order of battle which they were next day to occupy.

A pale dawn had scarce begun to tinge the tops of those immense mountains, when the leaders of both armies prepared for the business of the day. It was the second of February, 1645-6. The clansmen of Argyle were arranged in two lines, not far from the angle between the river and the lake, and made an appearance equally resolute and formidable. Auchenbreck would willingly have commenced the battle by an attack on the outposts of the enemy, but Argyle, with more cautious policy, preferred receiving to making the onset. Signals were soon heard, that they would not long wait for it in vain. The Campbells could distinguish, in the gorge of the mountains, the war-tunes of various clans as they advanced to the onset. That of the Camerons, which bears the ominous words, addressed to the wolves and ravens, "Come to me, and I will give you flesh," was loudly re-echoed from their native glens. In the language of the Highland bards, the war voice of Glengarry was not silent; and the gathering tunes of other tribes could be plainly distinguished, as they successively came up to the extremity of the passes from which they were to descend into the plain.

"You see," said Argyle to his kinsmen, "it is as I said, we have

only to deal with our neighbours; James Grahame has not ventured to shew us his banner."

At this moment there resounded from the gorge of the pass a lively flourish of trumpets, in that note with which it was the ancient Scottish fashion to salute the royal standard.

"You may hear, my lord, from yonder signal," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "that he who pretends to be the King's Lieutenant, must be in person among these men."

"And has probably horse with him," said Auchenbreck, "which I could not have anticipated. But shall we look pale for that, my lord, when we have foes to fight, and wrongs to revenge?"

Argyle was silent, and looked upon his arm, which hung in a sash, owing to a fall which he had sustained in a preceding march.

"It is true," interrupted Ardenvohr, eagerly, "my Lord of Argyle, you are disabled from using either sword or pistol; you must retire on board the galleys—your life is precious to us as a head—your hand cannot be useful to us as a soldier."

"No," said Argyle, pride contending with irresolution, "it shall never be said that I fled before Montrose: if I cannot fight, I will at least die in the midst of my children."

Several other principal Chiefs of the Campbells, with one voice, conjured and obtested their Chieftain to leave them for that day to the leading of Ardenvohr and Auchenbreck, and to behold the conflict from a distance and in safety. — We dare not stigmatize Argyle with poltroonery: for, though his life was marked by no action of bravery, yet he behaved with so much composure and dignity in the final and closing scene, that his conduct upon the present and similar occasions, should be rather imputed to indecision than to want of courage. But when the small still voice within a man's own breast, which tells him that his life is of consequence to himself, is seconded by that of numbers around him, who assure him that it is of equal advantage to the public, history affords many examples of men more habitually daring than Argyle, who have consulted self-preservation when the temptations to it were so powerfully increased.

"See him on board, if you will, Sir Duncan," said Auchenbreck to his kinsman. "It must be my duty to prevent this spirit from spreading farther among us."

So saying, he threw himself among the ranks, entreating, commanding, and conjuring the soldiers, to remember their ancient fame and their present superiority; the wrongs they had to revenge, the successful, and the fate they had to dread, if vanquished; and imparting to every bosom a portion of the fire which glowed in his own. Slowly, meanwhile, and apparently with reluctance, Argyle suffered himself to be forced by his officious kinsmen to the verge of the lake, and was transported on board of a galley, from the deck of which he surveyed with more safety than credit the scene which ensued.

Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvohr, notwithstanding the urgency of the occasion, stood with his eyes riveted on the boat which bore his Chieftain from the field of battle. There were feelings in his bosom which could not be expressed; for the character of a Chi-

was that of a father, and the heart of a clansman durst not dwell upon his failings with critical severity as upon those of other men. Argyle, too, harsh and severe to others, was generous and liberal among his kinsmen, and the noble heart of Ardenvohr was wrung with bitter anguish when he reflected to what interpretation his present conduct might subject him.

"It is better it should be so," said he to himself, devouring his own emotion: "but——of his line of a hundred sires, I know not one who would have retired while the banner of Diarmid waved in the wind, in the face of its most inveterate foes!"

A loud shout now compelled him to turn, and to hasten with all despatch to his post, which was on the right flank of Argyle's little army.

The retreat of Argyle had not passed unobserved by his watchful enemy, who, occupying the superior ground, could mark every circumstance which passed below. The movement of three or four horsemen to the rear shewed that those who retreated were men of rank.

"They are going," said Dalgetty, "to put their horses out of danger, like prudent cavaliers. Yonder goes Sir Duncan Campbell, riding a brown bay gelding, which I had marked for my own second charger."

"You are wrong, Major," said Montrose, with a bitter smile, "they are saving their precious chief. Give the signal for assault instantly—send the word through the ranks.—Gentlemen, noble Chiefs, Glengarry, Keppoch, M'Vourigh, upon them instantly!—Ride to M'Ilduy, Major Dalgetty, and tell them to charge as he leaves Lochaber—return and bring our handful of horse to my standard. They shall be placed with the Irish as a reserve."

CHAPTER XIX.

As meets a rock a thousand waves, so Inisfail met Lochlin.
OSSIAN.

The trumpets and bagpipes, those clamorous harbingers of blood and death, at once united in the signal for onset, which was replied to by the cry of more than two thousand warriors, and the echoes of the mountain glens behind them. Divided into three bodies, or columns, the Highland followers of Montrose poured from the defiles which had hitherto concealed them from their enemies, and rushed with the utmost determination upon the Campbells, who waited their charge with the greatest firmness. Behind these charging columns marched in line the Irish, under Colkitto, intended to form the reserve. With them was the royal standard, and Montrose himself; and on the flanks were about fifty horse, under Dalgetty, which by wonderful exertions had been kept in some sort fit for service.

The right column of Royalists was led by Glengarry, the left by Lochiel, and the centre by the Earl of Menteith, who preferred fighting on foot in a Highland dress to remaining with the cavalry.

The Highlanders poured on with the proverbial fury of their country, firing their guns and discharging their arrows at a little distance from the enemy, who received the assault with the most determined gallantry. Better provided with musketry than their enemies, stationary also, and therefore taking the more decisive aim, the fire of Argyle's followers was more destructive than that which they sustained. The royal army, perceiving this, rushed to close quarters, and succeeded at two points in throwing their enemies into disorder. With regular troops this must have achieved a victory; but here Highlanders were opposed to Highlanders, and the nature of the weapons, as well as the agility of those who wielded them, was equal on both sides.

Their strife was accordingly desperate; and the clash of the swords and axes, as they encountered each other, or rang upon the targets, was mingled with the shout, wail, animating shrieks with which Highlanders accompany the last efforts of valour or indeed violent exertion of any kind. Many of the clans opposed were personally acquainted, and sought to match themselves with each other from motives of hatred, or a more generous emulation of valour. Neither party would retreat an inch, while the place of those who fell (and they fell fast on both sides) was eagerly supplied by others, who thronged to the front of danger. A steam, like that which arises from a sweating cart-horse, rose into the thin, cold, frosty air, and hovered above the combatants.

So stood the fight on the right and the centre, with no immediate consequence, except mutual wounds and death.

On the left of the Campbells, the Knight of Ardenvohr obtained some advantage, through his military skill and by strength of numbers. He had early formed obliquely the extreme flank of his line at the instant the opposite wings were about to close, so that they sustained a fire at once in front and in flank, and, despite the utmost efforts of their leader, were thrown into some confusion. At this instant, Sir Duncan Campbell gave the word to charge, and thus unexpectedly made the attack at the very moment he seemed about to receive it. Such a change of circumstances is always discouraging, and often fatal. But the disorder was remedied by the advance of the Irish reserve, whose heavy and sustained fire compelled the Knight of Ardenvohr to forego his advantage, and content himself with repulsing the enemy. The Marquis of Montrose, in the meanwhile, availing himself of some scattered birch trees, as well as of the smoke produced by the close fire of the Irish musketry, which concealed the operation, called upon Halgetty to follow him with the horse, and wheeling round so as to gain the right flank and even the rear of the enemy, he commanded his six trumpets to sound the charge. The clang of the cavalry trumpets, and the noise of the galloping of the horses, produced a great effect upon Argyle's right wing which the enemy would have expressed them with. The mountaineers of that period had a superstitious dread of the war-horse, like that entertained by the Peruvians, and had many strange ideas respecting [illegible] as if the animal was trained to combat. When [illegible] they found their ranks unexpectedly broken, and

that the objects of their greatest terror were suddenly in the midst of them, the panic, in spite of Sir Duncan's attempts to stop it, became universal. Indeed, the figure of Major Dalgetty alone, sheathed in impenetrable armour, and making his horse caracole and bound, so as to give weight to every blow which he struck, would have been a terrority in itself sufficient to terrify those who had never seen any thing more nearly resembling such a cavalier than a *shelty* waddling under a Highlander far bigger than itself. The repulsed Royalists returned to the charge: the Irish, keeping their ranks, maintained a fire equally close and destructive. There was no sustaining the fight longer. Argyle's followers began to break and fly, most towards the lake, the remainder in different directions. The defeat of the right wing, at first decisive, was rendered irreparable by the death of Auchinbreck, who fell while endeavouring to restore order.

The Knight of Ardenvohr, with two or three hundred men, all gentlemen of descent and distinguished gallantry,—for the Campbells are supposed to have had more gentlemen in their ranks than any of the Highland clans,—endeavoured, with unavailing heroism, to cover the insubordinate retreat of the common file. Their resolution only proved fatal to themselves, as they were charged again and again by fresh adversaries, and forced to separate from each other, until at length their aim seemed only to be to purchase an honourable death by resisting to the very last.

"Give quarter, Sir Duncan," called out Major Dalgetty, when he discovered his late host, with one or two others, defending himself against several Highlanders; and, to enforce his offer, he rode up to him with his sword uplifted. Sir Duncan's reply was the discharge of a reserved pistol, which took effect not on the person of the rider, but on that of his gallant horse, which, shot through the heart, fell dead under him. Ranald MacEagh, who was one of those who had been pressing Sir Duncan hard, took the opportunity to cut him down with his broadsword, as he turned from him in the act of firing the pistol.

Allan M'Aulay came up at this moment. They were, excepting Ranald, followers of his brother who were engaged on that part of the field. "Villains!" he said, "which of you has dared to do this, when it was my positive order that the Knight of Ardenvohr should be taken alive?"

Half a dozen of busy hands, which were emulously employed in plundering the fallen knight, whose arms and accoutrements were of a magnificence befitting his quality, instantly forebore the occupation, and half the number of voices exculpated themselves, by laying the blame on the Skyeman, as they called Ranald MacEagh.

"Dog of an Islander!" said Allan, forgetting, in his wrath, their prophetic brotherhood, "follow the chase, and harm him no farther, unless you mean to die by my hand." They were at this moment left almost alone; for Allan's threats had forced his own clan from the spot, and all around had pressed onwards towards the lake, carrying before them panic, terror, and confusion, and leaving behind only the dead and dying. The moment was tempting to MacEagh's vengeful spirit.—"That I should die by your hand, red as it is with

the blood of my kindred," said he, answering the threat of Allan in a tone as menacing as his own, "is not more likely than that you should fall by mine." With that, he struck at M'Aulay with such unexpected readiness, that he had scarce time to intercept the blow with his target.

"Villain!" said Allan, in astonishment, "what means this?"

"I am Ranald of the Mist!" answered the Islesman, repeating the blow; and with that word, they engaged in close and furious conflict. It seemed to be decreed, that in Allan M'Aulay had arisen the avenger of his mother's wrongs upon this wild tribe, as was proved by the issue of the present, as well as of former combats. After exchanging a few blows, Ranald MacEagh was prostrated by a deep wound on the skull; and M'Aulay, setting his foot on him, was about to pass the broadsword through his body, when the point of the weapon was struck up by a third party, who suddenly interposed. This was no other than Major Dalgetty, who, stunned by the fall, and encumbered by the dead body of his horse, had now recovered his legs and his understanding. "Hold up your sword," said he to M'Aulay, "and prejudice this person no farther, in respect that he is here in my safe-conduct, and in his Excellency's service: and in regard that no honourable cavalier is at liberty, by the law martial, to avenge his own private injuries, *flagrante bello, multo magis flagrante prœlio.*"

"Fool!" said Allan, "stand aside, and dare not to come betwixt the tiger and his prey!"

But, far from quitting his point, Dalgetty stept across the fallen body of MacEagh, and gave Allan to understand, that if he called himself a tiger, he was likely, at present, to find a lion in his path. There required no more than the gesture and tone of defiance to turn the whole rage of the military Seer against the person who was opposing the course of his vengeance, and blows were instantly exchanged without farther ceremony.

The strife betwixt Allan and MacEagh had been unnoticed by the stragglers around, for the person of the latter was known to few of Montrose's followers: but the scuffle betwixt Dalgetty and him, both so well known, attracted instant attention: and fortunately, among others, that of Montrose himself, who had come for the purpose of gathering together his small body of horse, and following the pursuit down Loch-Eil. Aware of the fatal consequences of dissension in his little army, he pushed his horse up to the spot, and seeing MacEagh on the ground, and Dalgetty in the attitude of protecting him against M'Aulay, his quick apprehension instantly caught the cause of quarrel, and as instantly devised means to stop it. "For shame," he said, "gentlemen cavaliers, brawling together in so glorious a field of victory! Are you mad? Or are you intoxicated with the glory which you have both this day gained?"

"It is not my fault, so please your Excellency," said Dalgetty, "I have been known a *bonus socius*, a *bon camarado*, in all the services of Europe; but he that touches a man under my safeguard——"

"And he," said Allan, speaking at the same time, "who dares to bar the course of my just vengeance——"

"For shame, gentlemen!" again repeated Montrose; "I have other business for you both,—business of deeper importance than any private quarrel, which you may easily find a more fitting time to settle. For you, Major Dalgetty, kneel down."

"Kneel!" said Dalgetty; "I have not learned to obey that word of command, saving when it is given from the pulpit. In the Swedish discipline, the front rank do indeed kneel, but only when the regiment is drawn up six file deep."

"Nevertheless," repeated Montrose,—"kneel down, in the name of King Charles and of his representative."

When Dalgetty reluctantly obeyed, Montrose struck him lightly on the neck with the flat of his sword, saying,—"In reward of the gallant service of this day, and in the name and authority of our Sovereign, King Charles, I dub thee knight; be brave, loyal, and fortunate. And now, Sir Dugald Dalgetty, to your duty. Collect what horsemen you can, and pursue such of the enemy as are flying down the side of the lake. Do not disperse your force, nor venture too far; but take heed to prevent their rallying, which very little exertion may do. Mount, then, Sir Dugald, and do your duty."

"But what shall I mount?" said the new-made chevalier. "Poor Gustavus sleeps in the bed of honour, like his immortal namesake! and I am made a knight, a rider,[1] as the High Dutch have it, just when I have not a horse left to ride upon."

"That shall not be said," answered Montrose, dismounting; "I make you a present of my own, which has been thought a good one; only, I pray you, resume the duty you discharge so well."

With many acknowledgments, Sir Dugald mounted the steed so liberally bestowed upon him; and only beseeching his Excellency to remember that MacEagh was under his safe-conduct, immediately began to execute the orders assigned to him, with great zeal and alacrity.

"And you, Allan M'Aulay," said Montrose, addressing the Highlander, who, leaning his sword-point on the ground, had regarded the ceremony of his antagonist's knighthood with a sneer of sullen scorn,—"you, who are superior to the ordinary men led by the paltry motives of plunder, and pay, and personal distinction,—you, whose deep knowledge renders you so valuable a counsellor,—is it *you* whom I find striving with a man like Dalgetty, for the privilege of trampling the remains of life out of so contemptible an enemy as lies there? Come, my friend, I have other work for you. This victory, skilfully improved, shall win Seaforth to our party. It is not disloyalty, but despair of the good cause, that has induced him to take arms against us. These arms, in this moment of better augury, he may be brought to unite with ours. I shall send my gallant friend, Colonel Hay, to him, from this very field of battle; but he must be united in commission with a Highland gentleman of rank,

[1] In German, as in Latin, the original meaning of the word Ritter, corresponding to Eques, is merely a horseman.

befitting that of Seaforth, and of talents and of influence such as may make an impression upon him. You are not only in every respect the fittest for this most important mission, but, having no immediate command, your presence may be more easily spared than that of a Chief whose following is in the field. You know every pass and glen in the Highlands, as well as the manners and customs of every tribe. Go therefore to Hay, on the right wing; he has instructions, and expects you. You will find him with Glenmorrison's men; be his guide, his interpreter, and his colleague."

Allan M'Aulay bent on the Marquis a dark and penetrating glance, as if to ascertain whether this sudden mission was not conferred for some latent and unexplained purpose. But Montrose, skilful in searching the motives of others, was an equal adept in concealing his own. He considered it as of the last consequence, in this moment of enthusiasm and exalted passion, to remove Allan from the camp for a few days, that he might provide, as his lofty spirit required, for the safety of those who had acted as his guides, when he crossed the Seer's quarrel with Dalgetty might be easily made up. Allan, at parting, only recommended to the Marquis the care of Sir Duncan Campbell, whom Montrose instantly directed to be conveyed to a place of safety. He took the same precaution for Mac Ivor, committing the latter, however, to a party of the Irish, with directions that he should be taken care of, but that no Highlander of any clan, should have access to him.

The Marquis then mounted a led horse, which was held by one of his attendants, and rode on to view the scene of his victory, which was more decisive than even his ardent hopes had anticipated. Of Argyle's gallant army of three thousand men, fully one-half fell in the battle, or in the flight. They had been chiefly drawn up upon that part of the plain where the river forms an angle with the lake, so that there was no free opening either for retreat or escape. Several hundreds were forced into the lake and drowned. Of the survivors, about one-half escaped by swimming the river, or in an early flight along the left bank of the lake. The remainder threw themselves into the old Castle of Inverlochy; but being without either provisions or hopes of relief, they were obliged to surrender, on condition of being suffered to return to their homes in peace. Arms, ammunition, standards, and baggage, all became the prey of the conquerors.

This was the greatest disaster that ever befell the race of Diarmid, as the Campbells were called in the Highlands: it being generally remarked that they were as fortunate in the issue of their undertakings, as they were sagacious in planning, and courageous in executing them. Of the number slain, nearly five hundred were dunniwassels, or gentlemen claiming descent from known and respected houses. And, in the opinion of many of the clan, even this heavy loss was exceeded by the disgrace arising from the inglorious conduct of their chief, whose galley weighed anchor when the day was lost, and sailed down the lake with all the speed to which sails and oars could impel her.

CHAPTER XX.

Faint the din of battle bray'd,
Distant down the hollow wind;
War and terror fled before,
Wounds and death remain'd behind.
PENROSE.

MONTROSE'S splendid success over his [illegible] rival was not attained without some loss, though not amounting to the tenth of what he inflicted. The obstinate valour of the Campbells cost the lives of many brave men of the opposite party; and more were wounded, the chief of whom was the brave young Earl of Menteith, who had commanded the centre. He was but slightly wounded, however, and made rather a graceful than a terrific appearance, when he presented to his general the standard of Argyle, which he had taken from the standard-bearer with his own hand, and slain him in single combat. Montrose dearly loved his noble kinsman, in whom there was conspicuous a dash of the generous, romantic, disinterested chivalry of the old heroic times, entirely different from the sordid, calculating, and selfish character, which the practice of entertaining mercenary troops had introduced into most parts of Europe, and of which degeneracy our land, which furnished soldiers of fortune for the service of almost every nation, had been contaminated with a more than usual share. Montrose, whose native spirit was congenial, although experience had taught him now to avail himself of the motives of others, used to abominate neither the language of praise nor of promise, but clasped his to his bosom as he exclaimed, "My gallant kinsman!" And by this burst of heartfelt applause was Menteith thrilled with a warmer glow of delight than if his praises had been recorded in a register of the actions that directly to the throne of his sovereign.

"Nothing," he said, "my lord, now seems to remain in which I can render any assistance; permit me to look after a duty of humanity—the Knight of Ardenvohr, as I am told, is our prisoner, and severely wounded."

"And well he deserves to be so," [illegible] who came up to them at that moment, [illegible] of acquired importance, "since he struck my [illegible] while I was offering him honourable quarters, which [illegible] was done more like an ignorant [illegible] enough to erect a sconce for the protection [illegible] of a castle, than like a soldier of worth and [illegible]."

"Are we to condole with you, then," said [illegible] the loss of the famed Gustavus?"

"Even so, my lord," answered [illegible] with a deep sigh, "*Diem clausit supremum*, as we said at the Marischal College of Aberdeen. Better so than be snatched like a college's pony in some flow-moss, or snow-wreath, which [illegible] to be the fate of

this winter campaign lasted longer. But it has pleased his Excellency" (making an inclination to Montrose) "to supply his place by the gift of a noble steed, whom I have taken the freedom to name '*Loyalty's Reward*,' in memory of this celebrated occasion."

"I hope," said the Marquis, "you'll find Loyalty's Reward, since you call him so, practised in all the duties of the field,—but I must just hint to you, that at this time, in Scotland, loyalty is more frequently rewarded with a halter than with a horse."

"Ahem! your Excellency is pleased to be facetious. Loyalty's Reward is as perfect as Gustavus in all his exercises, and of a far finer figure. Marry! his social qualities are less cultivated, in respect he has kept till now inferior company."

"Not meaning his Excellency the General, I hope," said Lord Menteith. "For shame, Sir Dugald!"

"My lord," answered the knight gravely, "I am incapable to mean any thing so utterly misbecoming. What I asseverate is, that his Excellency, having the same intercourse with his horse during his exercise, that he hath with his soldiers when training them, may form and break either to every feat of war which he chooses to practise, and accordingly that this noble charger is admirably managed. But as it is the intercourse of private life that formeth the social character, so I do not apprehend that of the single soldier to be much polished by the conversation of the corporal or the sergeant, or that of Loyalty's Reward to have been much dulcified, or ameliorated, by the society of his Excellency's grooms, who bestow more oaths, and kicks, and thumps, than kindness or caresses, upon the animals intrusted to their charge; whereby many a generous quadruped, rendered as it were misanthropic, manifests during the rest of his life a greater desire to kick and bite his master, than to love and to honour him."

"Spoken like an oracle," said Montrose. "Were there an academy for the education of horses to be annexed to the Mareschal College of Aberdeen, Sir Dugald Dalgetty alone should fill the chair."

"Because, being an ass," said Menteith, aside to the General, "there would be some distant relation between the professor and the students."

"And now, with your Excellency's permission," said the new-made Knight, "I am going to pay my last visit to the remains of my old companion in arms."

"Not with the purpose of going through the ceremonial of interment?" said the Marquis, who did not know how far Sir Dugald's enthusiasm might lead him; "consider, our brave fellows themselves will have but a hasty burial."

"Your Excellency will pardon me," said Dalgetty; "my purpose is less romantic. I go to divide poor Gustavus's legacy with the fowls of heaven, leaving the flesh to them, and reserving to myself his hide: which, in token of affectionate remembrance, I purpose to form into a cassock and trowsers, after the Tartar fashion, to be worn under my armour, in respect my nether garments are at present in metal: the worse of the wear.—Alas! poor Gustavus, why didst

thou not live at least one hour more, to have borne the honoured weight of knighthood upon thy loins!"

He was now turning away, when the Marquis called after him.—"As you are not likely to be anticipated in this act of kindness, Sir Dugald, to your old friend and companion, I trust," said the Marquis, "you will first assist me, and our principal friends, to discuss some of Argyle's good cheer, of which we have found abundance in the castle."

"Most willingly, please your Excellency," said Sir Dugald: "as meat and mass never hinder work. Nor, indeed, am I afraid that the wolves or eagles will begin an onslaught on Gustavus to-night, in regard there is so much better cheer lying all around. But," added he, "as I am to meet two honourable knights of England, with others of the knightly degree in your lordship's army, I pray it may be explained to them, that now, and in future, I claim precedence over them all, in respect of my rank as a bameret, dubbed in a field of stricken battle."

"The devil confound him!" said Montrose, speaking aside: "he has contrived to set the kiln on fire as fast as I put it out.—This is a point, Sir Dugald," said he, gravely addressing him, "which I shall reserve for his Majesty's express consideration: in my camp, all must be upon equality, like the Knights of the Round Table: and take their places as soldiers should, upon the principle of,—first come, first served."

"Then I shall take care," said Menteith apart to the Marquis, "that Don Dugald is not first in place to-day.—Sir Dugald," added he, raising his voice, "as you say your wardrobe is out of repair, had you not better go to the enemy's baggage yonder, over which there is a guard placed? I saw them take out an excellent buff suit, embroidered in front in silk and silver."

"*Vaya a Dios!* as the Spaniard says," exclaimed the Major, "and some beggarly gilly may get it while I stand prating here!"

The prospect of booty having at once driven out of his head both Gustavus and the provant, he set spurs to Loyalty's Reward, and rode off through the field of battle.

"There goes the hound," said Menteith, "breaking the face, and trampling on the body, of many a better man than himself; and as eager on his sordid spoil as a vulture that stoops upon carrion. Yet this man the world calls a soldier—and you, my lord, select him as worthy of the honours of chivalry, if such they can at this day be termed. You have made the collar of knighthood the decoration of a mere bloodhound."

"What could I do?" said Montrose. "I have no half-picked bones to give him, and bribed in some manner he must be. I cannot follow the chase alone. Besides, the dog has good qualities."

"If nature has given him such," said Menteith, "habit has converted them into feelings of intense selfishness. He may be punctilious concerning his reputation, and brave in the execution of his duty, but it is only because without these qualities he cannot rise in the service:—nay, his very benevolence is selfish; he may defend his companion while he can keep his feet, but the instant he is down, Sir

the skin of Gustavus into a buff jerkin."

about half-an-hour before the battle began."

subdued:—

Movit Alecem. Telamone natum.
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ.

by dissentions betwixt you.'

as it has satisfied a less reasonable person."

romance," he said, "you have agreed, that you are both to worship

the same mistress, as idolaters do the same image, and that neither shall extend his pretensions farther?"

"I did not go so far, my lord," answered Menteith.—"I only said in the present circumstances,—and there is no prospect of their being changed.—I could, in duty to myself and family, stand in no relation to Annot Lyle, but as that of friend or brother.—But your lordship must excuse me: I have," said he, looking at his arm, round which he had tied his handkerchief, "a slight hurt to attend to."

"A wound?" said Montrose, anxiously; "let me see it.—Alas!" he said, "I should have heard nothing of this, had I not ventured to tear and unseal another more secret and more rankling one. Menteith, I am sorry for you—I too have known—But what avails it to awake sorrows which have long slumbered?"

So saying, he shook hands with his noble kinsman, and walked into the castle.

Annot Lyle, as was not essential for females in the Highlands, was possessed of a slight degree of medical and even surgical skill. It may readily be believed, that the profession of surgery, or medicine, as a separate art, was unknown; and the few rude rules which they observed were intrusted to women, or to the aged, whom constant casualties afforded too much opportunity of acquiring experience. The care and attention, accordingly, of Annot Lyle, her attendants, and others acting under her direction, had made her services extremely useful during this wild campaign. And most readily had these services been rendered to friend and foe, wherever they could be most useful. She was now in an apartment of the castle, anxiously superintending the preparation of culinary herbs, to be applied to the wounded, receiving reports from different females respecting those under their separate charge, and distributing what means she had for their relief, when Allan M'Aulay suddenly entered the apartment. She started, for she had heard that he had left the camp upon a distant mission: and, however accustomed she was to the gloom of his countenance, it seemed at present to have even a darker shade than usual. He stood before her perfectly silent, and she felt the necessity of being the first to speak.

"I thought," she said, with some effort, "you had already set out."

"My companion awaits me," said Allan; "I go immediately."

Yet still he stood before her, and held her by the arm, with a pressure which, though insufficient to give her pain, made her sensible of his great personal strength, his hand closing on her like the gripe of a manacle.

"Shall I take the harp?" she said, in a timid voice, for she saw the shadow falling upon you?"

Instead of replying, he led her to the window of the apartment, which commanded a view of the field of the slain, with all its horrors. It was thick spread with dead and wounded, and the conquerors were busy rifling the clothes from the victims of war and social ambition, with as much indifference as if they had not been of the same species, and themselves exposed, perhaps to-morrow, to the same fate.

"Does the sight please you?" said M'Aulay.

"It is hideous!" said Annot, covering her eyes with her hands "how can you bid me look upon it?"

"You must be inured to it," said he, "if you remain with this destined host—you will soon have to search such a field for my brother's corpse—for Menteith's—for mine—but that will be a more indifferent task—you do not love me!"

"This is the first time you have taxed me with unkindness," said Annot, weeping. "You are my brother—my preserver—my protector—and can I then *but* love you?—but your hour of darkness is approaching, let me fetch my harp ——"

"Remain," said Allan, still holding her fast; "be my visions from heaven or hell, or from the middle sphere of disembodied spirits—or be they, as the Saxons hold, but the delusions of an overheated fancy, they do not now influence me; I speak the language of the natural, of the visible world.—You love not me, Annot—you love Menteith—by him you are beloved again, and Allan is no more to you than one of the corpses which encumber yonder heath."

It cannot be supposed that this strange speech conveyed any new information to her who was thus addressed. No woman ever lived who could not, in the same circumstances, have discerned long since the state of her lover's mind. But by thus suddenly tearing off the veil, thin as it was, Allan prepared her to expect consequences violent in proportion to the enthusiasm of his character. She made an effort to repel the charge he had stated.

"You forget," she said, "your own worth and nobleness when you insult so very helpless a being, and one whom fate has thrown so totally into your power. You know who and what I am, and how impossible it is that Menteith or you can use language of affection to me, beyond that of friendship. You know from what unhappy race I have too probably derived my existence."

"I will not believe it," said Allan, impetuously; "never flowed crystal drop from a polluted spring."

"Yet the very doubt," pleaded Annot, "should make you forbear to use this language to me."

"I know," said M'Aulay, "it places a bar between us—but I know also that it divides you not so inseparably from Menteith.—Hear me, my beloved Annot! leave this scene of terrors and danger—go with me to Kintail—I will place you in the house of the noble lady of Seaforth—or you shall be removed in safety to Iedmkill, where some women yet devote themselves to the worship of God, after the custom of our ancestors."

"You consider not what you ask of me," replied Annot: "to undertake such a journey under your sole guardianship, were to shew me less scrupulous than maiden ought. I will remain here, Allan—here under the protection of the noble Montrose; and when his motions next approach the Lowlands, I will contrive some proper means to relieve you of one, who has, she knows not how, become an object of dislike to you."

Allan stood as if uncertain whether to give way to sympathy with her distress, or to anger at her resistance.

"Annot," he said, "you know too well how little your words apply to my feelings towards you—but you avail yourself of your power, and you rejoice in my departure, as removing a spy upon your intercourse with Menteith. But beware both of you," he added, in a stern tone: "for when was it ever heard that an injury was offered to Allan M'Aulay, for which he exacted not tenfold vengeance?"

So saying, he pressed her arm forcibly, pulled the bonnet over his brows, and strode out of the apartment.

CHAPTER XXI.

——— After you 're gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so.—Alas! I found it love.
Yet far from lust, for could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.

PHILASTER.

ANNOT LYLE had now to contemplate the terrible gulf which Allan M'Aulay's declaration of love and jealousy had made to open around her. It seemed as if she was tottering on the very brink of destruction, and was at once deprived of every refuge, and of all human assistance. She had long been conscious that she loved Menteith dearer than a brother; indeed, how could it be otherwise, considering their early intimacy,—the personal merit of the young nobleman, —his assiduous attentions,—and his infinite superiority in gentleness of disposition, and grace of manners, over the race of rude warriors with whom she lived? But her affection was of that quiet, timid, meditative character, which sought rather a reflected share in the happiness of the beloved object, than formed more presumptuous or daring hopes. A little Gaelic song, in which she expressed her feelings, has been translated by the ingenious and unhappy Andrew M'Donald; and we willingly transcribe the lines:—

Wert thou, like me, in life's low vale,
With thee how blest, that lot I'd share;
With thee I'd fly wherever gale
Could waft, or bounding galley bear.
But parted by severe decree,
Far different must our fortunes prove;
May thine be joy—enough for me
To weep and pray for him I love.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
When hope shall be for ever flown,
No sullen murmur shall reveal,
No selfish murmurs ever own.
Nor will I through life's weary years,
Like a pale drooping mourner move,
While I can think my secret tears
May wound the heart of him I love.

The furious declaration of Allan had deranged the romantic plan which she had formed, of nursing in secret her passive tenderness, without seeking any other requital. Long before this, she had

dreaded Allan, as much as gratitude, and remorse that he softened towards her a temper so haughty and so violent, could permit her to do; but now she regarded him with unalloyed terror, which a perfect knowledge of his disposition, and of his preceding history, too well authorized her to entertain. Whatever was in other respects the nobleness of his disposition, he had never been known to resist the wilfulness of passion,—he walked in the house, and in the country of his fathers, like a tamed lion, whom no one dared to contradict, lest they should awaken his natural vehemence of passion. So many years had elapsed since he had experienced contradiction, or exasperation, that probably nothing but the strong good sense, which on all points, his mysticism excepted, formed the ground of his character, prevented his proving an annoyance and terror to the whole neighbourhood. But Annot had no time to dwell upon her fears, being interrupted by the entrance of Sir Dugald Dalgetty.

It may well be supposed, that the scenes in which this person had passed his former life, had not much qualified him to shine in female society. He himself felt a sort of consciousness that the language of the barrack, guard-room, and parade, was not proper to entertain ladies. The only peaceful part of his life had been spent at Marischal College, Aberdeen; and he had forgot the little he had learned there, except the arts of dancing his own horse, and despatching his enemies with unusual celerity, both which had since been kept in good exercise by the necessity of frequent practice. Still it was from an imperfect recollection of what he had acquired during his pacific period, that he drew his sources of conversation when in company with women; in other words, his language became pedantic when it ceased to be military.

"Mistress Annot Lyle," said he, upon the present occasion, "I am just now like the half-pike, or spontoon of Achilles, one end of which could wound, and the other cure—a property belonging neither to Spanish pike, brown-bill, partizan, halberd, Lochaber-axe, or indeed any other modern staff-weapon whatever."

This compliment he repeated twice: but as Annot scarce heard him the first time, and did not comprehend him the second, he was obliged to explain.

"I mean," he said, "Mrs Annot Lyle, that having been the means of an honourable knight receiving a severe wound in this day's conflict,—he having pistolled, somewhat against the law of arms, my horse, which was named after the immortal King of Sweden,—I am desirous of procuring him such solacement as you, madam, can supply, you being like the heathen god Esculapius," (meaning possibly Apollo,) "skilful not only in song and in music, but in the more noble art of chirurgery—*opiferque per orbem dicor*."

"If you would have the goodness to explain," said Annot, too sick at heart to be amused by Sir Dugald's air of pedantic gallantry.

"That, madam," replied the Knight, "may not be so easy, as I am out of the habit of construing—but we shall try. *Dicor*, supply *ego*—I am called.—*Opiferd opifer*.—I remember *amifer* and *furcifer*—but I believe *opifer* stands in this place for M.D., that is, Doctor of Physic."

"This is a busy day with us all," said Annot; "will you say at once what you want with me?"

"Merely," replied Sir Dugald, "that you will visit my brother knight, and let your maiden bring some medicaments to his wound, which threatens to be what the learned call a *damnum fatale*."

Annot Lyle never lingered in the cause of humanity. She informed herself hastily of the nature of the injury, and interesting herself for the dignified old Chief whom she had seen at Darnlithgow, and whose presence had so much struck her, she hastened to lose the sense of her own sorrow for a time in the attempt to be useful to another.

Sir Dugald with grave form ushered Annot Lyle to the chamber of her patient, in which, to her surprise, she found Lord Menteith. She could not help bending deeply at the meeting, but, to hide her confusion, proceeded instantly to examine the wound of the Knight of Ardenvohr, and quickly satisfied herself that it was beyond her skill to cure it. At last Sir Dugald, in recompense to a large cut-purse, on the floor of which among other worthless trash, was deposited the person of Ranald of the Mist.

"Mine old friend," said the Knight, "and I could say [illegible] I would willingly do any thing to procure you in return for the wound you have received while under my safe-conduct. I have, therefore, according to your counsel, requested Mrs Annot Lyle to attend upon the wound of the Knight of Ardenvohr, through which pain her doing so should benefit you. I cannot imagine,—I think you once spoke of some blood relationship between them: but a redshank, in command and charge like me, has other things to trouble his head with than Highland genealogies."

And indeed in all the worldly Major judged, he never inquired after, listened to, or recollected the business of other people, unless it either related to the art military, or was somehow or other connected with his own interest, in either of which cases his memory was very tenacious.

"And now, my good friend of the Mist," said he, "can you tell me what has become of your hopeful grandson, as I have not seen him since he assisted me to disarm after the action, and I owe him a love which deserveth the strapado?"

"He is not far from hence," said the wounded outlaw; "lift not your hand upon him, for he is man enough to pay a yard of his own scourge with a foot of tempered steel."

"A most improper vaunt," said Sir Dugald; "but I owe you some favours, Ranald, and therefore shall let it pass."

"And if you think you owe me any thing," said the outlaw, "it is in your power to requite me by granting me a boon."

"Friend Ranald," answered Dalgetty, "I have read of these boons in silly story-books, whereby simple knights were drawn into engagements to their great prejudice: wherefore, Ranald, the more prudent knights of this day never promise any thing until they know that they may keep their word under the promises, without any displeasure or inconvenient to themselves. If now, for you would have me engage the female chirurgeon to visit your wound; though you ought to consider, Ranald, that the uncleanness of the place

where you are deposited may somewhat soil the gaiety of her garments, concerning the preservation of which, you may have observed, women are apt to be inordinately solicitous. I lost the favour of the lady of the Grand Pensionary of Amsterdam, by touching with the sole of my boot the train of her black velvet gown, which I mistook for a foot-cloth, it being half the room distant from her person."

"It is not to bring Annot Lyle hither," answered MacEagh, "but to transport me into the room where she is in attendance upon the Knight of Ardenvohr. Somewhat I have to say of the last consequence to them both."

"It is something out of the order of due precedence," said Dalgetty, "to carry a wounded outlaw into the presence of a knight; knighthood having been of yore, and being, in some respects, still, the highest military grade, independent always of commissioned officers, who rank according to their patents; nevertheless, as your boon, as you call it, is so slight, I shall not deny compliance with the same." So saying, he ordered three files of men to transport MacEagh on their shoulders to Sir Duncan Campbell's apartment, and he himself hastened before to announce the cause of his being brought thither. But such was the activity of the soldiers employed, that they followed him close at the heels, and, entering with their ghastly burden, laid MacEagh on the floor of the apartment. His features, naturally wild, were now distorted by pain; his hands and scanty garments stained with his own blood, and those of others, which no kind hand had wiped away, although the wound in his side had been secured by a bandage.

"Are you," he said, raising his head painfully towards the couch where lay stretched his late antagonist, "he whom men call the Knight of Ardenvohr?"

"The same," answered Sir Duncan,—"what would you with one whose hours are now numbered?"

"My hours are reduced to minutes," said the outlaw; "the more grace, if I bestow them in the service of one, whose hand has ever been against me, as mine has been raised higher against him."

"Thine higher against me!—Crushed worm!" said the Knight, looking down on his miserable adversary.

"Yes," answered the outlaw, in a firm voice, "my arm hath been highest. In the deadly contest betwixt us, the wounds I have dealt have been deepest, though thine have neither been idle nor unfelt.—I am Ranald MacEagh—I am Ranald of the Mist—the night that I gave thy castle to the winds in one hugh blaze of fire, is now matched with the day in which you have fallen under the sword of my fathers.—Remember the injuries thou hast done our tribe—never were such inflicted, save by *one*, beside thee. He, they say, is fated and secure against our vengeance—a short time will shew."

"My Lord Menteith," said Sir Duncan, raising himself out of his bed, this is a proclaimed villain, at once the enemy of King and Parliament, of God and man—one of the outlawed banditti of the Mist; alike the enemy of your house, of the M'Aulays, and of mine. I trust you will not suffer moments, which are perhaps my last, to be imbittered by his barbarous triumph."

"He shall have the treatment he merits," said Menteith; "let him be instantly removed."

Sir Dugald here interposed, and spoke of Ranald's services as a vassal, and his own pledge for his safety: but the high harsh tones of the outlaw drowned his voice.

"No," said he, "be rack and gibbet the word! let me wither between heaven and earth, and gorge the hawks and eagles of Ben-Nevis: and so shall this haughty Knight, and this triumphant Thane, never learn the secret I alone can impart; a secret which would make Ardenvohr's heart leap with joy, were he in the death agony, and which the Earl of Menteith would purchase at the price of his broad earldom.—Come hither, Annot Lyle," he said, raising himself with unexpected strength: "fear not the sight of him to whom thou hast clung in infancy. Tell these proud men, who disdain thee as the issue of mine ancient race, that thou art no blood of ours,—no daughter of the race of the Mist, but born in halls as lordly, and cradled on couch as soft, as ever soothed infancy in their proudest palaces."

"In the name of God," said Menteith, trembling with emotion, "if you know aught of the birth of this lady, do thy conscience the justice to disburden it of the secret before departing from this world!"

"And bless my enemies with my dying breath?" said MacEagh, looking at him malignantly.—"Such are the maxims your priests preach—but when, or towards whom, do you practise them? Let me know first the worth of my secret ere I part with it—What would you give, Knight of Ardenvohr, to know that your superstitious fasts have been vain, and that there still remains a descendant of your house?—I pause for an answer—without it, I speak not one word more."

"I could," said Sir Duncan, his voice struggling between the emotions of doubt, hatred, and anxiety—"I could—but that I know thy race are like the Great Enemy, liars and murderers from the beginning—but could it be true thou tellest me, I could almost forgive thee the injuries thou hast done me."

"Hear it," said Ranald; "he hath wagered deeply for a son of Diarmid—And you, gentle Thane—the report of the camp says, that you would purchase with life and lands the tidings that Annot Lyle was no daughter of proscription, but of a race noble in your estimation as your own—Well—It is for no love I tell you—The time has been that I would have exchanged this secret against liberty; I am now bartering it for what is dearer than liberty or life.—Annot Lyle is the youngest, the sole surviving child of the Knight of Ardenvohr, who alone was saved when all in his halls besides was given to blood and ashes."

"Can this man speak truth?" said Annot Lyle, scarce knowing what she said; "or is this some strange delusion?"

"Maiden," replied Ranald, "hadst thou dwelt longer with us, thou wouldst have better learnt to know how to distinguish the accents of truth. To that Saxon lord, and to the Knight of Ardenvohr, I will yield such proofs of what I have spoken, that incredulity shall stand

convinced. Meantime, withdraw—I loved thine infancy. I hate not thy youth—no eye hates the rose in its blossom, though it groweth upon a thorn, and for thee only do I [illegible] what is soon to follow. But he that would avenge him of his foe must not reck though the guiltless be engaged in the ruin."

"He advises well, Annot," said Lord Menteith; "in God's name retire! if—if there be aught in this, your [illegible] with Sir Duncan must be more prepared for both your sakes."

"I will not part from my father, if I have found one!" said Annot—"I will not part from him under circumstances so terrible."

"And a father you shall ever find in me," murmured Sir Duncan.

"Then," said Menteith, "I will have MacHugh removed into an adjacent apartment, and will collect the evidence of his tale myself. Sir Dugald Dalgetty will give me his attendance and assistance."

"With pleasure, my lord," answered Sir Dugald,—"I will be your confessor, or assessor either or both. No one can be so fit, for I had heard the whole story a month ago at Inverary castle—but onslaughts like that of Ardenvohr confuse each other in my memory, which is besides occupied with matters of more importance."

Upon hearing this frank declaration, which was made as they left the apartment with the wounded man, Lord Menteith darted upon Dalgetty a look of extreme anger and disdain, to which the self-conceit of the worthy commander rendered him totally insensible

CHAPTER XXII.

I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

Conquest of Granada.

The Earl of Menteith, as he had undertaken, so he proceeded to investigate more closely the story told by Ranald of the Mist, which was corroborated by the examination of his two followers, who had assisted in the capacity of guides. These declarations he carefully compared with such circumstances concerning the destruction of his castle and family as Sir Duncan Campbell was able to supply; and it may be supposed he had forgotten nothing relating to an event of such terrific importance. It was of the last consequence to prove that this was no invention of the outlaw's, for the purpose of passing an impostor as the child and heiress of Ardenvohr.

Perhaps Menteith, so much interested in believing the tale, was not altogether the fittest person to be intrusted with the investigation of its truth; but the examinations of the Children of the Mist were simple, accurate, and in all respects consistent with each other. A personal mark was referred to, which was known to have been borne by the infant child of Sir Duncan, and which appeared upon the left shoulder of Annot Lyle. It was also well remembered, that when the miserable relics of the other children had been collected, those of the infant had nowhere been found. Other circumstances

a circumstance, which it is unnecessary to quote, brought the fullest conviction not only to Menteith, but to the unprejudiced mind of Montrose, that in Annot Lyle, a humble dependant, distinguished only for beauty and talent, they were in future to respect the heiress of Ardenvohr.

While Menteith hastened to communicate the result of these inquiries to the persons most interested, the outlaw demanded to speak with his grandchild, whom he usually called his son. "He would be found," he said, "in the outer apartment, in which he himself had been originally deposited."

Accordingly, the young savage, after a close search, was found lurking in a corner, coiled up among some rotten straw, and brought to his grandsire.

"Kenneth," said the old outlaw, "hear the last words of the sire of thy father. A Saxon soldier, and Allan of the Red-hand, left this camp within these few hours, to travel to the country of Caberfae. Pursue them as the bloodhound pursues the hurt deer—swim the lake—climb the mountain—thread the forest—tarry not until you join them:" and then the countenance of the lad darkened as his grandfather spoke, and he laid his hand upon a knife which stuck in the thong of leather that confined his scanty plaid. "No!" said the old man; "it is not by thy hand he must fall. They will ask the news from the camp—say to them that Annot Lyle of the Harp is discovered to be the daughter of Duncan of Ardenvohr; that the Chief of Menteith is to wed her before the priest; and that you are sent to bid guests to the bridal. Tarry not their answer, but vanish like the lightning when the black cloud swallows it.—And now depart, beloved son of my best beloved! I shall never more see thy face, nor hear the light sound of thy footstep—yet tarry an instant and hear my last charge. Remember the fate of our race, and quit not the ancient manners of the Children of the Mist. We are now a straggling handful, driven from every vale by the sword of every clan, who rule in the possessions where their forefathers hewed the wood, and drew the water for ours. But in the thicket of the wilderness, and in the mist of the mountain, Kenneth, son of Eracht, keep thou unsoiled the freedom which I leave thee as a birthright. Barter it not, neither for the rich garment, nor for the stone roof, nor for the covered board, nor for the couch of down—on the rock or in the valley, in abundance or in famine—in the leafy summer, and in the days of the iron winter—Son of the Mist! be free as thy forefathers. Own no lord—receive no law—take no hire—give no stipend—build no hut—enclose no pasture—sow no grain; let the deer of the mountain be thy flocks and herds—if these fail thee, prey upon the goods of our oppressors—of the Saxons, and of such Gael as are Saxons in their souls, valuing herds and flocks more than honour and freedom. Well for us that they do so—it affords the broader scope for our revenge. Remember those who have done kindness to our race, and pay their services with thy blood, should the hour require it. If a Maclan shall come to thee with the head of the king's son in his hand, shelter him, though the avenging army of the father were behind him; for in Clanroe and Ardmannochan,

we have dwelt in peace in the years that have gone by. The sons of Diarmid—the race of Darnlinvarach—the rivers of Menteith—my curse on thy head, Child of the Mist, if thou spare one of those names, when the time shall offer for cutting them off! and it will come anon, for their own swords shall devour each other, and those who are scattered shall fly to the Mist, and perish by its Children. Once more, begone—shake the dust from thy feet against the habitations of men, whether banded together for peace or for war. Farewell, beloved! and mayst thou die like thy forefathers, ere infirmity, disease, or age, shall break thy spirit—Begone!—begone!—live free!—requite kindness—avenge the injuries of thy race!"

The young savage stooped, and kissed the brow of his dying parent; but accustomed from infancy to suppress every exterior sign of emotion, he parted without tear or adieu, and was soon far beyond the limits of Montrose's camp.

Sir Dugald Dalgetty, who was present during the latter part of this scene, was very little edified by the conduct of MacEagh upon the occasion. "I cannot think, my friend Ranald," said he, "that you are in the best possible road for a dying man. Storms, onslaughts, massacres, the burning of suburbs, are indeed a soldier's daily work, and are justified by the necessity of the case, seeing that they are done in the course of duty; for burning of suburbs, in particular, it may be said that they are traitors and cut-throats to all fortified towns. Hence it is plain, that a soldier is a profession peculiarly favoured by Heaven, seeing that we may hope for salvation, although we daily commit actions of so great violence. But then, Ranald, in all services of Europe, it is the custom of the dying soldier not to vaunt him of such doings, or to recommend them to his fellows; but, on the contrary, to express contrition for the same, and to repeat, or have repeated to him, some comfortable prayer; which, if you please, I will intercede with his Excellency's chaplain to prefer on your account. It is otherwise no point of my duty to put you in mind of those things; only it may be for the ease of your conscience to depart more like a Christian, and less like a Turk, than you seem to be in a fair way of doing."

The only answer of the dying man (for as such Ranald MacEagh might now be considered) was a request to be raised to such a position that he might obtain a view from the window of the castle. The deep frost mist, which had long settled upon the top of the mountains, was now rolling down each rugged glen and gully, where the craggy ridges shewed their black and irregular outline, like desert islands rising above the ocean of vapour. "Spirit of the Mist!" said Ranald MacEagh, "called by our race our father, and our preserver—receive into thy tabernacle of clouds, when this pang is over, him whom in life thou hast so often sheltered." So saying, he sunk back into the arms of those who upheld him, spoke no farther word, but turned his face to the wall for a short space."

"I believe," said Dalgetty, "my friend Ranald will be found in his heart to be little better than a heathen." And he renewed his proposal to procure him the assistance of Dr Wisheart, Montrose's military chaplain "a man," said Sir Dugald, "very clever in his

exercise, and who will do execution on your sins in less time than I could smoke a pipe of tobacco."

"Saxon," said the dying man, "speak to me no more of thy priest—I die contented. Hadst thou ever an enemy against whom weapons were of no avail—whom the ball missed, and against whom the arrow shivered, and whose bare skin was as impenetrable to sword and dirk as thy steel garment?—Heardst thou ever of such a foe?"

"Very frequently, when I served in Germany," replied Sir Dugald. "There was such a fellow at Ingolstadt: he was proof both against lead and steel. The soldiers killed him with the buts of their muskets."

"This impassible foe," said Ranald, without regarding the Major's interruption, "who has the blood dearest to me upon his hands—to this man I have now bequeathed agony of mind, jealousy, despair, and sudden death.—or a life more miserable than death itself. Such shall be the lot of Allan of the Red-hand, when he learns that Annot weds Menteith: and I ask no more than the certainty that it is so, to sweeten my own bloody end by his hand."

"If that be the case," said the Major, "there's no more to be said: but I shall take care as few people see you as possible, for I cannot think your mode of departure can be at all creditable or exemplary to a Christian army." So saying, he left the apartment, and the Son of the Mist soon after breathed his last.

Menteith, in the meanwhile, leaving the new-found relations to their mutual feelings of mingled emotion, was eagerly discussing with Montrose the consequences of this discovery. "I should now see," said the Marquis, "even had I not before observed it, that your interest in this discovery, my dear Menteith, has no small reference to your own happiness. You love this new-found lady,—your affection is returned. In point of birth, no exceptions can be made; in every other respect, her advantages are equal to those which you yourself possess—think, however, a moment. Sir Duncan is a fanatic—Presbyterian at least—in arms against the King: he is only with us in the quality of a prisoner, and we are, I fear, but at the commencement of a long civil war. Is this a time, think you, Menteith, for you to make proposals for his heiress? Or what chance is there that he will now listen to it?"

Passion, an ingenious, as well as an eloquent advocate, supplied the young nobleman with a thousand answers to these objections. He reminded Montrose that the Knight of Ardenvohr was neither a bigot in politics nor religion. He urged his own known and proved zeal for the royal cause, and hinted that its influence might be extended and strengthened by his wedding the heiress of Ardenvohr. He pleaded the dangerous state of Sir Duncan's wound, the risk which must be run by suffering the young lady to be carried into the country of the Campbells, where, in case of her father's death, or continued indisposition, she must necessarily be placed under the guardianship of Argyle, an event fatal to his (Menteith's) hopes, unless he could stoop to purchase his favour by abandoning the King's party.

Montrose allowed the force of these arguments, and owned, although the matter was attended with difficulty, yet it seemed consistent with the King's service that it should be concluded as speedily as possible.

"I could wish," said he, "that it were all settled in one way or another, and that this fair Prince were removed from our camp before the return of our Highland Achilles, Allan M'Aulay.—I fear some fatal feud in that quarter, Menteith—and I believe it would be best that Sir Duncan be dismissed on his parole, and that you accompany him and his daughter as his escort. The journey can be made chiefly by water, so will not greatly incommode his wound—and your own, my friend, will be an honourable excuse for an absence for some time from my camp."

"Never!" said Menteith. "Were I to forfeit the very hope that has so lately dawned upon me, never will I leave your Excellency's camp while the royal standard is displayed. I should deserve that this trifling scratch should gangrene and consume my sword-arm, were I capable of holding it as an excuse for absence at this crisis of the King's affairs."

"On this, then, you are determined?" said Montrose.

"As fixed as Ben Nevis," said the young nobleman.

"You must, then," said Montrose, "lose no time in seeking an explanation with the Knight of Ardenvohr. If this prove favourable, I will talk myself with the elder M'Aulay, and we will devise means to employ his brother at a distance from the army until he shall be reconciled to his present disappointment. Would to God some vision would descend upon his imagination fair enough to obliterate all traces of Annot Lyle.—That perhaps you think impossible, Menteith?—Well, each to his service; you to that of Cupid, and I to that of Mars."

They parted, and in pursuance of the scheme arranged, Menteith, early on the ensuing morning, sought a private interview with the wounded Knight of Ardenvohr, and communicated to him his suit for the hand of his daughter. Of their mutual attachment Sir Duncan was aware, but he was not prepared for so early a declaration on the part of Menteith. He said, at first, that he had already, perhaps, indulged too much to feelings of personal happiness, at a time when his clan had sustained so great a loss and humiliation, and that he was unwilling, therefore, further to consider the advancement of his own house at a period so calamitous. On the more urgent suit of the noble lover, he requested a few hours to deliberate and consult with his daughter upon a question so highly important.

The result of this interview and deliberation was favourable to Menteith. Sir Duncan Campbell became fully sensible that the happiness of his new-found daughter depended upon a union with her lover; and unless such were now formed, he saw that Argyle would throw a thousand obstacles in the way of a match in every respect acceptable to himself. Menteith's private character was so excellent, and such was the rank and consideration due to his fortune and family, that they outbalanced, in Sir Duncan's opinion, the difference

in their political opinions. Nor could he have resolved, perhaps, had his own opinion of the match been less favourable, to decline an opportunity of indulging the new-formed child of his hopes. There was, besides, a feeling of pride which dictated his determination. To produce the Heiress of Ardenvohr to the world as one who had been educated a poor dependent and musician in the family of Darnlinvarach, had something in it that was humiliating. To introduce her as the betrothed bride, or wedded wife, of the Earl of Menteith, upon an attachment formed during her obscurity, was a warrant to the world that she had at all times been worthy of the rank to which she was elevated.

It was under the influence of these considerations that Sir Duncan Campbell announced to the Lovers his consent that they should be married in the chapel of the Castle, by Montrose's chaplain, and as privately as possible. But when Montrose should break up from Inverlochy, for which orders were expected in the course of a very few days, it was agreed that the young Countess should depart with her father to his castle, and remain there until the circumstances of the nation permitted Menteith to retire with honour from his present military employment. His resolution being once taken, Sir Duncan Campbell would not permit the maiden's scruples of his daughter to delay its execution; and it was therefore resolved that the bridal should take place the next evening, being the second after the battle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

> My maid—my blue-eyed maid, he bore away,
> Due to the toils of many a bloody day.
>
> *Ibid.*

It was necessary, for many reasons, that Angus M'Aulay, so long the kind protector of Annot Lyle, should be made acquainted with the change in the fortunes of his late protegée; and Montrose, as he had undertaken, communicated to him these remarkable events. With the careless and cheerful indifference of his character, he expressed much more joy than wonder at Annot's good fortune: "and so be it whatever she would exert it, and as she had always been bred in loyal principles, would convey the whole estate of her grim fanatical father to some honest fellow who loved the king. "I should have no objection that my brother Allan should try his chance," added he, "notwithstanding that Sir Duncan Campbell was the only man who ever charged Darnlinvarach with inhospitality. Annot Lyle could always charm Allan out of the sullens, and who knows whether matrimony might not make him more a man of this world?"

Montrose hastened to interrupt the progress of his castle-building, by informing him that the lady was already wooed and won, and, with her father's approbation, was almost immediately to be wedded

to his kinsman, the Earl of Menteith; and that in testimony of the high respect due to M'Aulay, so long the lady's protector, he was now to request his presence at the ceremony. M'Aulay looked very grave at this intimation, and drew up his person with the air of one who thought that he had been neglected.

"He conceived," said he, "that his uniform kind treatment of the young lady, while so many years under his roof, required something more upon such an occasion than a bare compliment of ceremony. He might," he thought, "without arrogance, have expected to have been consulted. He wished his kinsman of Menteith well, no man could wish him better; but he must say he thought he had been hasty in this matter. Allan's sentiments towards the young lady had been pretty well understood, and he, for one, could not see why the superior pretensions which he had upon her gratitude should have been set aside, without at least undergoing some previous discussion."

Montrose, seeing too well where all this pointed, entreated M'Aulay to be reasonable, and to consider what probability there was that the Knight of Ardenvohr could be brought to confer the hand of his sole heiress upon Allan, whose undeniable excellent qualities were mingled with others, by which they were overclouded in a manner that made all tremble who approached him.

"My lord," said Angus M'Aulay, "my brother Allan has, as God made us all, faults as well as merits; but he is the best and bravest man of your army, be the other who he may, and therefore ill deserved that his happiness should have been so little consulted by your Excellency—by his own near kinsman—and by a young person who owes all to him and to his family."

Montrose in vain endeavoured to place the subject in a different view: this was the point in which Angus was determined to regard it, and he was a man of that calibre of understanding, who is incapable of being convinced when he has once adopted a prejudice. Montrose now assumed a higher tone, and called upon Angus to take care how he nourished any sentiments which might be prejudicial to his Majesty's service. He pointed out to him, that he was peculiarly desirous that Allan's efforts should not be interrupted in the course of his present mission; "a mission," he said, "highly honourable for himself, and likely to prove most advantageous to the King's cause. He expected his brother would hold no communication with him upon other subjects, nor stir up any cause of dissention, which might divert his mind from a matter of such importance."

Angus answered somewhat sulkily, that "he was no make-bate, or stirrer up of quarrels: he would rather be a peace-maker. His brother knew as well as most men how to resent his own quarrels—as for Allan's mode of receiving information, it was generally believed he had other sources than those of ordinary couriers. He should not be surprised if they saw him sooner than they expected."

A promise that he would not interfere, was the farthest to which Montrose could bring this man, thoroughly good-tempered as he

was on all occasions, save when his pride, interest, or prejudices, were interfered with. And at this point the Marquis was fain to leave the matter for the present.

A more willing guest at the bridal ceremony, certainly a more willing attendant at the marriage feast, was to be expected in Sir Dugald Dalgetty, whom Montrose resolved to invite, as having been a confident to the circumstances which preceded it. But even Sir Dugald hesitated, looked on the elbows of his doublet, and the knees of his leather breeches, and mumbled out a sort of reluctant acquiescence in the invitation, provided he should find it possible, after consulting with the noble bridegroom. Montrose was somewhat surprised, but scorning to testify displeasure, he left Sir Dugald to pursue his own course.

This carried him instantly to the chamber of the bridegroom, who, amidst the scanty wardrobe which his camp-equipage afforded, was seeking for such articles as might appear to the best advantage upon the approaching occasion. Sir Dugald entered, and paid his compliments, with a very grave face, upon his approaching happiness, which, he said, "he was very sorry he was prevented from witnessing."

"In plain truth," said he, "I should but disgrace the ceremony, seeing that I lack a bridal garment. Rents, and open seams, and tatters at elbows in the apparel of the assistants, might presage a similar solution of continuity in your matrimonial happiness—and to say truth, my lord, you yourself must partly have the blame of this disappointment, in respect you sent me upon a fool's errand to get a buff-coat out of the booty taken by the Camerons, whereas you might as well have sent me to fetch a pound of fresh butter out of a black dog's throat. I had no answer, my lord, but brandished dirks and broadswords, and a sort of growling and jabbering in what they call their language. For my part, I believe these Highlanders to be no better than absolute pagans, and have been much scandalized by the manner in which my acquaintance, Ranald MacEagh, was pleased to beat his final march, a little while since."

In Menteith's state of mind, disposed to be pleased with every thing, and every body, the grave complaint of Sir Dugald furnished additional amusement. He requested his acceptance of a very handsome buff-dress which was lying on the floor. "I had intended it," he said, "for my own bridal garment as being the least formidable of my warlike equipments, and I have here no peaceful dress."

Sir Dugald made the necessary apologies—would not by any means deprive—and so forth, until it happily occurred to him that it was much more according to military rule that the Earl should be married in his back and breast-pieces, which dress he had seen the bridegroom wear at the union of Prince Leo of Wittlesbach with the youngest daughter of old George Frederick of Saxony, under the auspices of the gallant Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and so forth. The good-natured young Earl laughed, and acquiesced; and thus having secured at least one merry face at his bridal, he put on a light and ornamented cuirass, concealed partly by a velvet coat, and partly by a broad blue silk scarf, which he wore over his shoulder, agreeably to his rank, and the fashion of the times.

Every thing was now arranged; and it had been settled, that, according to the custom of the country, the bride and bridegroom should not again meet until they were before the altar. The hour had already struck that summoned the bridegroom thither, and he only waited in a small anteroom adjacent to the chapel for the Marquis, who condescended to act as bride's-man upon the occasion. Business relating to the army having suddenly required the Marquis's instant attention, Menteith waited his return, it may be supposed, in some impatience; and when he heard the door of the apartment open, he said, laughing, "You are late upon parade."

"You will find I am too early," said Allan M'Aulay, who burst into the apartment. "Draw, Menteith, and defend yourself like a man, or die like a dog!"

"You are mad, Allan!" answered Menteith, astonished alike at his sudden appearance, and at the unutterable fury of his demeanour. His cheeks were livid—his eyes started from their sockets—his lips were covered with foam, and his gestures were those of a demoniac.

"You lie, traitor!" was his frantic reply—"you lie in that, as you lie in all you have said to me. Your life is a lie!"

"Did I not speak my thoughts when I called you mad," said Menteith, indignantly, "your own life were a brief one. In what do you charge me with deceiving you?"

"You told me," answered M'Aulay, "that you would not marry Annot Lyle!—False traitor!—she now waits you at the altar!"

"It is you who speak false," retorted Menteith. "I told you the obscurity of her birth was the only bar to our union—that is now removed; and whom do you think yourself, that I should yield up my pretensions in your favour?"

"Draw, then," said M'Aulay; "we understand each other."

"Not now," said Menteith, "and not here. Allan, you know me well—wait till to-morrow, and you shall have fighting enough."

"This hour—this instant—or never," answered M'Aulay. "Your triumph shall not go farther than the hour which is stricken. Menteith, I entreat you by our relationship—by our joint conflicts and labours—draw your sword, and defend your life!" As he spoke, he seized the Earl's hand, and wring it with such frantic earnestness, that his grasp forced the blood to start under the nails. Menteith threw him off with violence, exclaiming, "Begone, madman!"

"Then, be the vision accomplished!" said Allan; and, drawing his dirk, struck with his whole gigantic force at the Earl's bosom. The temper of the corslet threw the point of the weapon upwards, but a deep wound took place between the neck and shoulder; and the force of the blow prostrated the bridegroom on the floor. Montrose entered at one side of the anteroom. The bridal company, alarmed at the noise, were in equal apprehension and surprise; but ere Montrose could almost see what had happened, Allan M'Aulay had rushed past him, and descended the castle stairs like lightning. "Guards, stop the gate?" exclaimed Montrose—"Seize him—kill him, if he resists!—he shall die if he were my brother!"

"But Allan, prostrated, with a second blow of his dagger, a sentinel who was near, and, traversed the camp like a mountain-deer, [illegible] who caught the alarm—threw himself into the [illegible] mingling in the [illegible] was soon lost among the [illegible]. In the course of the same evening, his brother Angus and his [illegible] left Montrose's camp, and, taking the road homeward, never again rejoined him.

Of Allan himself it is said, that, in a wonderfully short space after the deed was committed, he burst into a room in the Castle of Inverary, where Argyle was sitting in council, and flung on the table his bloody dirk.

"Is it the blood of James Grahame?" said Argyle, a ghastly expression of hope mixing with the terror which the sudden apparition naturally excited.

"It is the blood of his minion," answered M'Aulay—"It is the blood which I was predestined to shed, though I would rather have spilt my own."

Having thus spoken, he turned and left the castle, and from that moment nothing certain is known of his fate. As the boy Kenneth, with some of the Children of the Mist, was seen soon afterwards to [illegible] it is supposed they [illegible] his course, and that he [illegible] in their [illegible]. Another opinion [illegible] that Allan M'Aulay went abroad and died a monk of the Continent order. But nothing beyond bare presumption could ever be brought in support of either opinion.

His vengeance was much less complete than he probably fancied; for Menteith, though so severely wounded as to remain long in a dangerous state, was, by having adopted Major Dalgetty's fortunate recommendation of a cuirass as a bridal garment, happily secured from the worst consequences of the blow. But his services were lost to Montrose; and it was thought best, that he should be conveyed with his intended countess, now truly a mourning bride, and should accompany his wounded father-in-law to the castle of Sir Duncan at Ardtornish. Dalgetty followed them to the water's edge, reminding Menteith of the necessity of erecting a sconce on Drumsnab to cover his lady's newly acquired inheritance.

They performed their voyage in safety, and Menteith was in a few weeks so well in health, as to be united to Annot in the castle of her father.

The Highlanders were somewhat puzzled to reconcile Menteith's recovery with the visions of the second sight, and the more experienced seers were displeased with him for not having died. But others thought the credit of the vision sufficiently fulfilled, by the wound inflicted by the hand, and with the weapon, foretold: and all were of opinion, that the incident of the ring, with the death's head, related to the death of the bride's father, who did not survive her marriage many months. The incredulous held, that all this was idle dreaming, and that Allan's supposed vision was but a consequence of the private suggestions of his own passion, which, having long seen in Menteith a rival more beloved than himself, [illegible] with his [illegible] and impressed upon [illegible] the [illegible] his competitor.

Menteith did not recover sufficiently to join Montrose during his brief and glorious career; and when that heroic general disbanded his army and retired from Scotland, Menteith resolved to adopt the life of privacy, which he led till the Restoration. After that happy event, he occupied a situation in the land befitting his rank, lived long, happy alike in public regard and in domestic affection, and died at a good old age.

Our *dramatis personæ* have been so limited, that, excepting Montrose, whose exploits and fate are the theme of history, we have only to mention Sir Dugald Dalgetty. This gentleman continued, with the most rigorous punctuality, to discharge his duty, and to receive his pay, until he was made prisoner, among others, upon the field of Philiphaugh. He was condemned to share the fate of his fellow-officers upon that occasion, who were doomed to death rather by denunciations from the pulpit, than the sentence either of civil or military tribunal: their blood being considered as a sort of sin-offering to take away the guilt of the land, and the fate imposed upon the Canaanites, under a special dispensation, being impiously and cruelly applied to them.

Several Lowland officers, in the service of the Covenanters, interceded for Dalgetty on this occasion, representing him as a person whose skill would be useful in their army, and who would be readily induced to change his service. But on this point they found Sir Dugald unexpectedly obstinate. He had engaged with the King for a certain term, and, till that was expired, his principles would not permit any shadow of changing. The Covenanters, again, understood no such nice distinction, and he was in the utmost danger of falling a martyr, not to this or that political principle, but merely to his own strict ideas of a military enlistment. Fortunately, his friends discovered, by computation, that there remained but a fort-night to elapse of the engagement he had formed, and to which though certain it was never to be renewed, no power on earth could make him false. With some difficulty they procured a reprieve for this short space, after which they found him perfectly willing to come under any engagements they chose to dictate. He entered the service of the Estates accordingly, and wrought himself forward to be Major in Gilbert Ker's corps, commonly called the Kirk's Own Regiment of Horse. Of his farther history we know nothing, until we find him in possession of his paternal estate of Drumthwacket, which he acquired, not by the sword, but by a pacific intermarriage with Hannah Strachan, a matron somewhat stricken in years, the widow of the Aberdeenshire Covenanter.

Sir Dugald is supposed to have survived the Revolution, as traditions of no very distant date represent him as cruizing about that country, very old, very deaf, and very full of interminable stories about the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and the bulwark of the Protestant Faith.

Reader! The Tales of my Landlord are now finally closed, and it was my purpose to have addressed thee in the vein of Jedediah Cleishbotham; but like Horam the Son of Asmur, and all other imaginary story-tellers, Jedediah has melted into thin air.

Mr Cleishbotham bore the same resemblance to Ariel, as he at whose voice he rose doth to the sage Prospero; and yet, so fond are we of the fictions of our own fancy, that I part with him, and all his imaginary localities, with idle reluctance. I am aware this is a feeling in which the reader will little sympathize; but he cannot be more sensible than I am, that sufficient varieties have now been exhibited of the Scottish character, to exhaust one individual's powers of observation, and that to persist would be useless and tedious. I have the vanity to suppose, that the popularity of these Novels has shewn my countrymen, and their peculiarities, in lights which were new to the Southern reader; and that many, hitherto indifferent upon the subject, have been induced to read Scottish history, from the allusions to it in these works of fiction.

I retire from the field, conscious that there remains behind not only a large harvest, but labourers capable of gathering it in. More than one writer has of late displayed talents of this description; and if the present author, himself a phantom, may be permitted to distinguish a brother, or perhaps a sister shadow, he would mention, in particular, the author of the very lively work entitled "Marriage."

Note.—In the original publication, "The Legend of Montrose" formed the Conclusion of the Tales of my Landlord, Third Series, but is inserted in this place to suit the arrangement of this Edition of the Waverley Novels.

THE

BLACK DWARF.

INTRODUCTION TO THE BLACK DWARF.

THE ideal being who is here presented as residing in solitude, and haunted by a consciousness of his own deformity, and a suspicion of his being generally subjected to the scorn of his fellow-men, is not altogether imaginary. An individual existed many years since, under the Author's observation, who suggested such a character. This poor unfortunate man's name was David Ritchie, a native of Tweeddale. He was the son of a labourer in the slate-quarries of Stobbo, and must have been born in the mis-shapen form which he exhibited, though he sometimes imputed it to a disease when in infancy. He was bred a brush-maker at Edinburgh, and had wandered to several places, working at his trade, from all which he was chased by the disagreeable attention which his hideous singularity of form and face attracted wherever he came. The Author understood him to say he had even been in Dublin.

Tired at length of being the object of shouts, laughter, and derision, David Ritchie resolved, like a deer hunted from the herd, to retreat to some wilderness, where he might have the least possible communication with the world which scoffed at him. He settled himself, with this view, upon a patch of wild moorland at the bottom of a bank on the farm of Woodhouse, in the sequestered vale of the small river Manor, in Peebles-shire. The few people who had occasion to pass that way were much surprised, and some superstitious persons a little alarmed, to see so strange a figure as Bow'd Davie (*i. e.* Crooked David) employed in a task, for which he seemed so totally unfit, as that of erecting a house. The cottage which he built was extremely small, but the walls, as well as those of a little garden that surrounded it, were constructed with an ambitious degree of solidity, being composed of layers of large stones and turf; and some of the corner stones were so weighty, as to puzzle the spectators how such a person as the architect could possibly have raised them. In fact, David received from passengers, or those who came attracted by curiosity, a good deal of assistance; and as no one knew how much aid had been given by others, the wonder of each individual remained undiminished.

The proprietor of the ground, the late Sir James Naesmith, Baronet, chanced to pass this singular dwelling, which, having been placed there without right or leave asked or given, formed an exact parallel with Fulsidi's simile of a "fair house built on another's ground;" so that poor David might have lost his edifice by mistaking the property where he had

erected it. Of course, the proprietor never dreamed of the idea of exacting such a forfeiture, but readily sanctioned the harmless enchantment.

The personal description of Elshender the Recluse—Moor has been generally allowed to be a tolerably exact and spirited portrait of David of Mayor Water. He was not quite three feet and a half high, so he could stand upright in the cave of his ancestors, which was just that height. The following particulars concerning his figure and temper occur in the Scots Magazine for 1817, and are now understood to have been communicated by the ingenious Mr Robert Chambers of Edinburgh, who has recorded with much spirit the traditions of that city. Town, and, in other publications, has thrown a deal of curious information on our popular antiquities. He is the countryman of Peden last cited, and had the best access to collect anecdotes of him.

"His skull," says the authority, "which was of an amazing and rather unusual shape, was said to resemble a cocoa-nut, that he could strike it with ease through the panel of a door or the side of a cart. His laugh is said to have been quite horrible; and his voice, which was loud, harsh, and discordant, corresponded well with his other peculiarities.

"There was a strange story [illegible] He usually wore an old slouched hat when he went abroad; and when at home, a sort of cowl, or night-cap. He never wore shoes, having access to adapt them to his misshapen feet, but always had both feet and legs quite concealed, and wrapt up with pieces of cloth. He always walked with a sort of pole, or [illegible] considerably taller than himself. His habits were in many respects singular, and well suited to a mind essential to its unearthly tabernacle. A jealous, misanthropical and irritable temper was the prominent character [illegible] The cause of his deformity haunted him like a phantom. And the insults and scorn, to which, as exposed him, had poisoned his heart with hatred and [illegible], which, from other points in his character, do not appear to have been originally infused into his original temperament than that of his fellow-men.

"He dreaded children, on account of their propensity to insult and persecute him. To strangers he was generally reserved, crabbed, and surly; and though he by no means rejected assistance or charity, he seldom either expressed or exhibited much gratitude. Even towards persons who had been his greatest benefactors, and who possessed the greatest share of his good-will, he frequently betrayed much caprice and jealousy. A lady who had known him from his infancy, and who has furnished us with the most obliging assistance with some particulars concerning him, says, that although Davie showed as much respect and attachment to her father's family, as it was in his nature to show to any, yet they were always obliged to be very cautious in their behaviour towards him. One day, having gone to visit him with another lady, he took them through his garden, and was showing them, with much pride and satisfaction, all his rich and tastefully assorted borders, when they happened to step near a plot of cabbages which had been somewhat injured by the caterpillars. Davie, observing one of the ladies smile, instantly assumed the savage, scowling aspect, rushed among the cabbages, and rushed them to pieces with his *kent*, exclaiming, 'I hate the worms, for they mock me!'

"Another lady, likewise a friend and old acquaintance of his, very unfortunately gave David mortal offence on a similar occasion. Having [illegible] garden, he was [illegible] into her garden, he showed her [illegible] and exhibited much pride and gratification. 'Ah! madam, we're [illegible] to respect at [illegible] at last!' and without [illegible] to any other excuse, drove her out of his garden with imprecations and insult. When impressed by persons for whom he entertained little respect,

as his misanthropy displayed itself in words, and sometimes in actions, of still greater baseness; and he used on such occasions the most unusual and singularly savage imprecations and threats."[1]

Nature maintains a certain balance of good and evil in all her works: and there is no state perhaps so utterly desolate, which does not possess some kind of gratification peculiar to itself. The poor man, whose misanthropy we have noticed in a sense of his own preternatural deformity, had some of his particular enjoyments. Driven into exile, he became an observer of the beauties of nature. His garden, which he sedulously cultivated, and found a power of wild romantic taste in the disposition of, was his pride and his solace: but he was also an admirer of more natural scenery: the soft sweep of the green hill, the bubbling of a clear fountain, the capriciousness of a wild thicket, were scenes on which he often gazed for hours, and to the last, with inexpressible delight. It was perhaps for this reason that he was fond of Shakespeare's pastorals, and some part of Thomson's best. The author has been at his most unmeasured pains to repeat the long-winded description of Paradise, which he seemed fully to appreciate. Love and stories were of a different kind, chiefly abominated. He never went to the parish church, and was therefore entirely unacquainted with the orthodox mysteries. Such was his character, generally in the parish. Superstitious persons would have called him a wizard, and have kept their distance: a thoughtless or unfeeling one would have made him the butt of his ridicule. He expressed disgust at the idea of his remains being buried with the common rubbish, as he considered it, of the surrounding spot; and he had chosen a beautiful and romantic one for himself, where he might be laid in his last repose. He changed his mind, however, and was finally interred in the common burial-ground of Manor parish.

The author has invested Willie Elshie with some qualities which made him appear, in the eyes of the vulgar, a man possessed of supernatural power. Common fame paid David Ritchie a similar compliment, for some of the poor and ignorant, as well as all the children, in the neighbourhood, paid him to be what is called *canny*. He himself disclaimed altogether disconnecting the idea: it enlarged his very limited circle of power, and in so far gratified his conceit: and it soothed his misanthropy, by increasing his means of giving terror or pain. But even in a rude Scottish glen thirty years back, the fear of sorcery was very much out of date.

David had the address to increase it somewhat, especially, such as were exposed to be haunted, and valued himself upon his dealings in charms. The fairies, he had little chance of meeting anywhere more readily than himself. At heart, he was superstitious, and prated much about mountain ashes around his hut, as a certain defence against necromancy. For the same reason, doubtless, he desired to have a rowan-tree set at his grave.

We have stated that David loved objects of natural beauty. His favourites were a dog and a cat, to which he was particularly attached, and his bees, which he treated with great care. He took a sister kindly, to live in a hut adjacent to his own, but he did not permit her to enter it. She was weak in intellect, but not dangerous in person; simple, or rather silly, but not, like her brother, odious or hateful. David was no fond affection to her; it was not in his nature: but he endured her. He maintained himself and her by the sale of the produce of their garden and bee-hives, and, latterly, they had a small [illegible] from the parish. Indeed, in the simple and patriarchal state in which the country then was, persons in the situation of David and [illegible] were supported. They had [illegible] to the next good man [illegible] and were sure [illegible]

[1] Scots Magazine, vol. 80, p. 207

[illegible] ways. David [illegible] never [illegible] and never seemed to consider as an [illegible]. He had a right, indeed, to regard himself as one of Nature's favourites, to whom she gave a title to be maintained by his own, even by that selfishness which closed against him all ordinary ways of supporting himself by his own labour. Besides, a hint was suspected in the mill for David Ritchie's benefit: and those who were carrying home a measure of meal, seldom failed to add a [illegible][1] to the stock of the deformed cripple. In short, David had no occasion for money, save to purchase snuff, his only luxury, in which he indulged himself liberally. When he died, in the beginning of the present century, he was found to have hoarded about twenty pounds, a hoard very consistent with his disposition; for wealth is power, and power was what David Ritchie desired to possess, as a compensation for his exclusion from human society.

His sister survived till the publication of the tale to which this brief notice forms the introduction: and the author is sorry to learn that a sort of "local sympathy," and the curiosity then expressed concerning the Author of Waverley, and the subjects of his Novels, exposed the poor woman to inquiries which gave her pain. When pressed upon her brother's peculiarities, she asked in her turn why they would not permit the dead to rest? To others, who pressed for some account of her parents, she answered in the same tone of feeling.

The author saw this poor, and, it may be said, unhappy man, in autumn 1797. Being then, as he has the happiness still to remain, connected by ties of intimate friendship with the family of the venerable Dr Adam Fergusson, the philosopher and historian, who then resided at the mansion-house of Hallyards, in the vale of Manor, about a mile from Ritchie's hermitage, the author was upon a visit at Hallyards, which lasted for several days, and was made acquainted with this singular anchorite, whom Dr Fergusson considered as an extraordinary character, and whom he assisted in various ways, particularly by the occasional loan of books. Though the taste of the philosopher and the poor peasant did not, it may be supposed, entirely correspond,[2] the former considered him as a man of a powerful capacity and original bent, but whose mind was thrown off its just basis by a peculiar undue degree of self-love and self-opinion, galled by the sense of personal inferiority, and becoming itself upon society, in idea at least, by a gloomy misanthropy.

[illegible] because the utter obscurity of his life while in existence, had been dead for many years, when it occurred to the author that such a character might be made a powerful agent in fictitious narrative. He accordingly sketched out that of Elshie of the Mucklestane-Moor. The story was intended to be longer, and the catastrophe more artificially brought out: but a friendly critic, to whose opinion I subjected the work in its progress, was of opinion that the hero of the Solitary was of a kind too revolting, and more likely to disgust than to interest the reader. As I had not right to consider my adviser as an excellent judge of public opinion, I broke off my subject by hastening the story to an end, as fast as it was possible: and, by huddling into one volume, a tale which was designed to contain two, have perhaps produced a narrative as much disproportioned and distorted, as the Black Dwarf, who is its subject.

[1] Double handful.

[2] I remember David was particularly anxious to see a book, which he called, I think, Lemprière's Flat Lallie [illegible], by which was the last composition he had ever read; but Dr Fergusson's library did not supply the volume.

THE

BLACK DWARF.

CHAPTER I.

Preliminary.

Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd?

As You Like it.

It was a fine April morning (except that it had snowed hard the night before, and the ground remained covered with a dazzling mantle of six inches in depth) when two horsemen rode up to the Wallace Inn. The first was a strong, tall, powerful man, in a grey riding-coat, having a hat covered with wax-cloth, a large silver-mounted horsewhip, boots, and dreadnought overalls. He was mounted on a large strong brown mare, rough in coat, but well in condition, with a saddle of the yeomanry cut, and a double-bitted military bridle. The man who accompanied him was apparently his servant: he rode a shaggy little grey pony, had a blue bonnet on his head, and a large check napkin folded about his neck, wore a pair of long blue worsted hose instead of boots, had his gloveless hands much stained with tar, and observed an air of deference and respect towards his companion, but without any of those indications of precedence and punctilio which are preserved between the gentry and their domestics. On the contrary, the two travellers entered the court-yard abreast, and the concluding sentence of the conversation which had been carrying on between them was a joint ejaculation. "Lord guide us, an this weather last, what will come of the lambs!" The hint was sufficient for my Landlord, who, advancing to take the horse of the principal person, and holding him by the reins as he dismounted, while his ostler rendered the same service to the attendant, welcomed the stranger to Gandercleugh, and, in the same breath, inquired, "What news from the south highlands?"

"News?" said the farmer, "bad enough now, I think:—an we can carry through the yowes, it will be a' we can do: we maun e'en leave the lambs to the Black Dwarf's care."

"Ay, ay," subjoined the old shepherd, "the style be weel enough, nae doubt, for a' the new-fangled gentry. Do ye ken this gentleman?"

"Yes, Black Dwarf," said my learned friend with gravity, "I know him perfectly well;" and then, apart to me, "Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham," said he, "what sort of a personage may he be?"

"Hout awa', man," answered the farmer, "I ken brawly o' Canny Elspa the Dwarf, or I was acquainted wi' the wark wife ere I married, but I hae nae conception after a' I kinna believe a word o't frae beginning to end."

"Your friend believed it more sincerely though," said Dr. Old-style, to whom the communication of his master gave extreme delight, "than he does the existence of his master's style of composition."

"Ay, very true, Doctor, but that lies in the very nature of the thing. The beloved is hardly ever the thing in this dear, that nobody heeds since the lang sheep cam in."

"The moral's the nifty, the point's the pity," said the old man. "Your fellow," and he knew which to mention, "must have been a sair vexed at how soon the meal gundolred was paid down to mean parishioners; and the hearty hearty house, where he liked sae weel to sit down, at the head abune him, and look at the lave as they came frae the kirkyard, all ready for hame, to hae seen them hae ither hames a' their ain and to the people in the fashion o' hame nae mair."

"Hout, Dutchie," replied the precentor, "lat us fun frae the hardfield; efterung we could wring kain frae the shearers of the parish, we hae as muckle siller and hain mysell."

"Whisht your hanner, sirs," said the shepherd; and leaving behind off his guard and crouched his whistle frae the neuk o' his mouth, he raised, "I know the Dwarf as well as anybody, or better, I'm a bauld shepherd that knows nae fear and sleeps frae shelter for the lambs in a severe morning like this."

"Ay," said he patron, "and ye have no reason to be afraid of the Dwarf, either, and would not have much to spoil him of his plaid and the lapper, and that was nae to be sitting on the hearty hearth, and reading about Black Dwarfs and auld wives, as was the guse last year, when the time shore were in the fashion."

"A weel, weel, neebor," said the shepherd, "short clips and short rents, I'm thinking."

Here an inquiry and [illegible] passed between [illegible], and the second, "that he could never perceive any essential difference in point of happiness between sun sheep and another."

This conclusion [illegible] the part of the former, and an astonished stare on the part of the shepherd. "It's Dwarf, sure, it's the Dwarf, and yet the [illegible] that makes them, he said long or short. I believe it [illegible]

[1] We have, in this and other instances, printed in italics some few words which the [illegible] his deceased friend, Mr Pattieson. We must observe, once for all, that such liberties seem only to have been taken by the learned gentleman where his own character and conduct are concerned; and surely he must be the best judge of the style in which his own character and conduct should be treated of.

mysell, man, if I can settle weel wi' Christy Wilson."

to that of ebriety:

> He that has just enough may soundly sleep,
> The overcome only fashes folk to keep.

[1] The Black Dwarf, now almost forgotten, was once held a formidable personage by the dalesmen of the Border, where he got the blame of whatever mischief befell the sheep or cattle. "He was," says Dr Leyden, who makes considerable use of him in the ballad called the Cowt of Keeldar, "a fairy of the most malignant order—the genuine Northern Duergar." The best and most authentic account of this dangerous and mysterious being occurs in a tale communicated to the author by that eminent antiquary, Richard Surtees, Esq. of Mainsforth, author of the History of the Bishopric of Durham.

According to this well attested legend, two young Northumbrians were out on a shooting party, and had plunged deep among the mountainous moorlands which border on Cumberland. They stopped for refreshment in a little secluded dell by the side of a rivulet. There, after they had partaken of such food as they brought with them, one of the party fell asleep; the other, unwilling to disturb his friend's repose, stole silently out of the dell with the purpose of looking around him, when he was astonished to find himself close to a being who seemed not to belong to this world, as he was the most hideous dwarf that the sun had ever shone on. His head was of full human size,
was thatched with no other covering than long matted red hair, like that of the felt of a

gotten, and the old shepherd, Bauldie, told so many stories of him, that they excited a good deal of interest. It also appeared, though not till the third punch-bowl was emptied, that much of the farmer's scepticism on the subject was affected, as evincing a liberality of thinking, and a freedom from ancient prejudices, becoming a man who paid three hundred pounds a year of rent, while, in fact, he had a lurking belief in the traditions of his forefathers. After my usual manner, I made farther inquiries of other persons connected with the wild and pastoral district in which the scene of the following narrative is placed, and I was fortunate enough to recover many links of the story, not generally known, and which account, at least in some degree, for the circumstances of exaggerated marvel with which superstition has attired it in the more vulgar traditions.

CHAPTER II.

Will none but Hearne the Hunter serve your turn?
Merry Wives of Windsor.

In one of the most remote districts of the south of Scotland, where an ideal line, drawn along the tops of lofty and bleak mountains, separates that land from her sister kingdom, a young man, called Halbert, or Hobbie Elliot, a substantial farmer, who boasted his descent from old Martin Elliot of the Preakenlee tower, noted in Border story and song, was on his return from deer-stalking. The deer, once so numerous among these solitary wastes, were now reduced to a very few herds, which, sheltering themselves in the most remote

blossom. His limbs seemed of great strength; nor was he otherwise deformed than from their undue proportion in thickness to his diminutive height. The terrified sportsman stood gazing on this horrible apparition, until, with an angry countenance, the being demanded by what right he intruded himself on those hills, and destroyed their harmless inhabitants. The perplexed stranger endeavoured to propitiate the incensed dwarf, by offering to surrender his game, as he would to an earthly Lord of the Manor. The proposal only redoubled the offence already taken by the dwarf, who alleged that he was the lord of those mountains, and the protector of the wild creatures who found a retreat in their solitary recesses; and that all spoils derived from their death, or misery, were abhorrent to him. The hunter humbled himself before the angry goblin, and by protestations of his ignorance, and of his resolution to abstain from such intrusion in future, at last succeeded in pacifying him. The gnome now became more communicative, and spoke of himself as belonging to a species of beings something between the angelic race and humanity. He added, moreover, which could hardly have been anticipated, that the last hopes of sharing in the redemption of the race of Adam. He pressed the sportsman to visit his dwelling, which he said was hard by, and plighted his faith for his safe return. But at this moment, the shout of the sportsman's companion was heard calling for his friend, and the dwarf, as it unwilling that more than one person should be conversant of his presence, disappeared as the young man emerged from the dell to join his comrade.

It was the universal opinion of those most experienced in such matters, that if the shooter had accompanied the spirit, he would, notwithstanding the dwarf's fair pretences, have been either torn to pieces, or immured for years in the recesses of some fairy hill.

Such is the last and most authentic account of the apparition of the Black Dwarf

riod. It is enough for our purpose to say, that all Scotland was

story opens.

vanced on his return homeward, when the night began to close

upon him. This would have been a circumstance of great indifference to the experienced sportsman, who could have walked blindfold over every inch of his native heaths, had it not happened near a spot which, according to the traditions of the country, was in extremely bad fame, as haunted by supernatural appearances. To tales of this kind Hobbie had, from his childhood, lent an attentive ear; and as no part of the country afforded such a variety of legends, so no man was more deeply read in their fearful lore than Dobbie of the Heugh-foot; for so our gallant was called, to distinguish him from a round dozen of Elliots who bore the same Christian name. It cost him no efforts, therefore, to call to memory the terrific incidents connected with the extensive waste upon which he was now entering. In fact, they presented themselves with a readiness which he felt to be somewhat dismaying.

This dreary common was called Mucklestane Moor, from a large column of unhewn granite, which raised its massy head on a knoll near the centre of the heath, perhaps to tell of the mighty dead who slept beneath, or to preserve the memory of some bloody skirmish. The real cause of its existence had, however, passed away; and tradition, which is as frequently an inventor of fiction as a preserver of truth, had supplied its place with a supplementary legend of her own, which now came full upon Hobbie's memory. The ground about the pillar was strewed, or rather encumbered, with many large fragments of stone of the same consistence with the column, which, from their appearance as they lay scattered on the waste, were popularly called the Grey Geese of Mucklestane Moor. The legend accounted for their name and appearance by the catastrophe of a noted and most formidable witch who frequented these hills in former days, causing the ewes to *hab*, and the kine to cast their calves, and performing all the feats of mischief account to these evil beings. On this moor she used to hold her revels with her sister hags; and rings were still pointed out on which no grass nor heath ever grew, the turf being, as it were, calcined by the scorching hoofs of their diabolical partners.

Once upon a time this old hag is said to have crossed the moor, driving before her a flock of geese, which she proposed to sell to advantage at a neighbouring fair; for it is well known that the Fiend, however liberal in imparting his powers of doing mischief, ungenerously leaves his agent under the necessity of performing the meanest rustic labours for subsistence. The day was far advanced, and her chance of obtaining a good price depended on her being first at the market. But the geese, which had hitherto proceeded her in a pretty orderly manner, when they came to this wide common, interspersed with marshes and pools of water, scattered in every direction, to plunge into the element in which they delighted. Incensed at the obstinacy with which they defied all her efforts to collect them, and not remembering the precise terms of the contract by which the Fiend was bound to obey her commands for a certain space, the sorceress exclaimed, "Deevil, that neither I nor they ever stir from this spot more!" The words were hardly uttered, when, by a metamorphosis as sudden as any in Ovid, the hag and her refractory flock

cellent dispositions.

ou?"

illed a' the deer in the country, for my part."

"Well, Hobbie, I have shot a fat buck, and sent him to Earnscliff this morning—you shall have half of him for your grandmother."

"Mony thanks to ye, Mr Patrick, ye 're kend to a' the country for a kind heart. It will do the auld wife's heart gude—mair by token, when she kens it comes frae you—and maist of a', gin ye 'll come up and take your share, for I reckon ye are lonesome now in the auld tower, and a' your folk at that weary Edinburgh. I wonder what they can find to do amang a wheen ranks o' stane houses wi' slate on the tap o' them, that might live on their ain bonny green hills."

"My education and my sisters' has kept my mother much in Edinburgh for several years," said Earnscliff, "but I promise you I propose to make up for lost time."

"And ye 'll rig out the auld tower a bit," said Hobbie, "and live hearty and neighbour-like wi' the auld family friends as the Laird o' Earnscliff should? I can tell ye, my mother—my grandmother I mean—but, since we lost our ain mother, we ca' her sometimes the tane, and sometimes the tother—but, ony gate, she conceits hersel' no that distant connected wi' you."

"Very true, Hobbie, and I will come to the Heugh-foot to dinner to-morrow with all my heart."

"Weel, that 's kindly said! We are auld neighbours, an we were nae kin—and my gude-dame's fain to see you—she clavers about your father that was killed lang syne."

"Hush, hush, Hobbie—not a word about that—it 's a story better forgotten."

"I dinna ken—it' it had chanced amang our folk, we wad ha' keepit it in mind mony a day till we got some kends for 't—but ye ken your ain ways best, you lairds—I have heard that Ellieslaw's friend stickit your sire after the laird himsell had mastered him sword."

"Fie, fie, Hobbie; it was a foolish brawl, occasioned by wine and politics—many swords were drawn—it is impossible to say who struck the blow."

"At ony rate, auld Ellieslaw was aiding and abetting; and I am sure if ye were sae disposed as to take amends on him, naebody could say it was wrang, for your father's blood is beneath his nail—and besides, there 's naebody else left that was concerned to take amends upon, and he 's a prelatist and a jacobite into the bargain—I can tell ye the country folk look for something atween ye."

"O, for shame, Hobbie!" replied the young Laird: "you, that profess religion, to stir your friend up to break the law, and take vengeance at his own hand, and in such a bogilly bit too, where we know not what beings may be listening to us!"

"Hush, hush!" said Hobbie, drawing nearer to his companion—"I wasna thinking o' the like o' them—But I can guess a wee bit what keeps your hand up, Mr Patrick; we a' ken it 's no lack of courage, but the twa grey een of a bonny lass, Miss Isabel Vere, that keeps you sae sober."

"I assure you, Hobbie," said his companion, rather angrily, "I assure you you are mistaken; and it is extremely wrong of you

either to think of, or to utter, such an idea: I have no idea of permitting freedoms to be carried so far as to connect my name with that of any young lady."

"Why, there now—there now!" returned Elliot: "did I not say it was a want o' spunk that made ye see him?—Weel, weel, I meant nae offence: but there's just ae thing ye may notice frae a friend. The auld Laird of Elliestaw has the auld riding blood far better at his heart than ye hae—troth, he kens naething about thae newfangled notions o' peace and quietness—he's a' for the auld-warld doings o' lifting and laying on, and he has a wheen stout lads at his back, too, and keeps them weel up in heart, and as fu' o' mischief as young colts. Where he gets the gear to do't, nane can say: he lives high, and far abune his rents here: however, he pays his way—Sae, if there's ony outbreak in the country, he's likely to break out wi' the first—and weel does he mind the auld quarrels between ye. I am surmizing he'll be for a touch at the auld tower at Earnscliff."

"Well, Hobbie," answered the young gentleman, "if he should be so ill advised, I shall try to make the old tower good against him, as it has been made good by my betters against his betters many a day ago."

"Very right—very right—that's speaking like a man now," said the stout yeoman; "and, if sae should be that this be sae, if ye'll just gae your servant jow out the great bell in the tower, there's me, and my twa brothers, and little Davie of the Stonehouse, will be wi' you, wi' a' the power we can make, in the snapping of a flint."

"Many thanks, Hobbie," answered Earnscliff; "but I hope we shall have no war of so unnatural and unchristian a kind in our time."

"Hout, sir, hout," replied Elliot: "it wad be but a wee bit neighbour war, and Heaven and earth would make allowances for it in this uncultivated place—it's just the nature o' the folk and the land—we canna live quiet like London folk—we haena so muckle to do. It's impossible."

"Well, Hobbie," said the Laird, "for one who believes so deeply as you do in supernatural appearances, I must own you take Heaven in your own hand rather audaciously, considering where we are walking."

"What needs I care for the Mucklestane-Moor ony mair than ye do yoursell, Earnscliff?" said Hobbie, something offended. "To be sure, they do say there's a sort o' worrieows and bogle-nibbit things about the land, but what need I care for them? I have a good conscience, and little to answer for, unless it be about a raid among the lasses, or a splore at a fair, and that's no muckle to speak of. Though I say it mysell, I am as quiet a lad and as peaceable——"

"And Dick Turnbull's head that you broke, and Willie of Winton whom you shot at?" said his travelling companion.

"Hout, Earnscliff, ye keep a record of a' men's misdoings—Dick's head's healed again, and we're to fight our thrapple at Jedbar, on the Rood-day, so that's like a thing settled in a peaceable way;

and then I am friends wi' Willie ——, pair sinner!—it was but to a or three hail drops after a'. I wad let ony body do the like o't to me for a pint o' brandy. But Willie's husband bred, poor fellow, and soon frighted for himsell. And to be worrowed, were we to meet ane on this very bit——"

"As is not unlikely," said young Earnscliff. "For there stands your old witch, Hobbie."

"I say," continued Elliot, as if indignant at this hint—"I say, if the auld carline herself was to gie me ae o' the grund just before us here, I would think nae mair—But, guide preserve us, Earnscliff, what can you be?"

CHAPTER III.

Brown Dwarf, that o'er the moorland strays,
Thy name to Keeldar tell!
"The Brown Man of the Moor, that stays
Beneath the heather-bell."

JOHN LEYDEN.

The object which alarmed the young farmer in the middle of his valorous protestations, startled for a moment even his less prejudiced companion. The moon, which had arisen during their conversation, was, in the phrase of that country, wading or struggling with clouds, and shed only a doubtful and occasional light. By one of her beams, which streamed upon the great granite cairn to which they now approached, they discovered a form apparently human, but of a size much less than ordinary, which moved slowly among the large gray stones, not like a person intending to journey onward, but with the slow, irregular, pacing movement of a being who hovers around some spot of melancholy recollection, uttering also, from time to time, a sort of indistinct muttering sound. This so much resembled his idea of the motions of an apparition, that Hobbie Elliot, making a dead pause, while his hair erected itself upon his scalp, whispered to his companion, "It's Auld Anse herself! Shall I gie her a shot, in the name of God?"

"For Heaven's sake, no," said his companion, holding down the weapon which he was about to raise to the aim—"for Heaven's sake, no; it's some poor distracted creature."

"Ye're distracted yourself, for thinking of going so near to her," said Elliot, holding his companion in his turn, as he prepared to advance. "We'll aye hae time to gie ower a bit prayer (am I ready but mind ane) afore she comes this length—God! she's in nae hurry," continued he, growing bolder from his companion's confidence, and the little notice the apparition seemed to take of them. "She hirples like a hen on a het girdle. I redd ye, Earnscliff," (this he added in a gentle whisper,) "let us take a cast about, as if to draw the wind on a bonnie bog is no abune half-a-mile, and better a safe round as ha company."[1]

[1] The Scots use the epithet soft, *in malam partem*, in two cases at least. A *soft* wind is a wind through a quagmire and bogs; and a *soft* weather, means that which is very rainy.

Earnscliff, however, in spite of his companion's resistance and remonstrances, continued to advance on the path they had originally pursued, and soon confronted the object of their investigation.

The height of the figure, which appeared even to decrease as they approached it, seemed to be under four feet, and its form, as far as the imperfect light afforded them the means of discerning, was very nearly as broad as long, or rather of a spherical shape, which could only be occasioned by some strange personal deformity. The young woodsman hailed this extraordinary appearance twice, without receiving any answer, or attending to the pinches by which his companion endeavoured to intimate that their best course was to walk on, without giving farther disturbance to a being of such singular and preternatural exterior. To the third repeated demand of "Who are you? What do you here at this hour of night?"—a voice replied, whose shrill, uncouth, and dissonant tones made Elliot step two paces back, and startled even his companion. "Pass on your way, and ask nought at them that ask nought at you."

"What do you do here so far from shelter? Are you benighted on your journey? Will you follow us home. ('God forbid!' ejaculated Hobbie Elliot, involuntarily,) and I will give you a lodging?"

"I would sooner lodge by myself in the deepest of the Tarrasflow," again whispered Hobbie.

"Pass on your way," rejoined the figure, the harsh tones of his voice still more exalted by passion. "I want not your guidance—I want not your lodging—it is five years since my head was under a human roof, and I trust it was for the last time."

"He is mad," said Earnscliff.

"He has a look of auld Humphrey Ettercap, the tinkler, that perished in this very moss about five years syne," answered his superstitious companion; "but Humphrey wasna that awfu' big in the bouk."

"Pass on your way," reiterated the object of their curiosity, "the breath of your human bodies poisons the air around me—the sound of your human voices goes through my ears like sharp bodkins."

"Lord save us!" whispered Hobbie, "that the dead should bear sic fearfu' ill-will to the living!—his saul maun be in a puir way. I'm jealous."

"Come, my friend," said Earnscliff, "you seem to suffer under some strong affliction; common humanity will not allow us to leave you here."

"Common humanity!" exclaimed the being, with a scornful laugh that sounded like a shriek, "where got ye that catch-word—that noose for woodcocks—that common disguise for man-traps—that bait which the wretched idiot who swallows, will soon find covers a hook with barbs ten times sharper than those you lay for the animals which you murder for your luxury!"

"I tell you, my friend," again replied Earnscliff, "you are incapable of judging of your own situation—you will perish in this wilderness, and we must, in compassion, force you along with us."

"I'll hae neither hand nor foot in't," said Hobbie: "let the ghaist take his ain way, for God's sake!"

"My blood be on my own head, if I perish here," said the figure: and, observing Earnscliff meditating to lay hold on him, he added, "And your blood be upon yours, if you touch but the skirt of my garments, to infect me with the taint of mortality!"

The moon shone more brightly as he spoke thus, and Earnscliff observed that he held out his right hand armed with some weapon of offence, which glittered in the cold ray like the blade of a long knife, or the barrel of a pistol. It would have been madness to persevere in his attempt upon a being thus armed, and holding such desperate language, especially as it was plain he would have little aid from his companion, who had fairly left him to settle matters with the apparition as he could, and had proceeded a few paces on his way homeward. Earnscliff, therefore, turned and followed Hobbie, after looking back towards the supposed maniac, who, as if raised to frenzy by the interview, roamed wildly around the great stone, exhausting his voice in shrieks and imprecations, that thrilled wildly along the waste heath.

The two sportsmen moved on some time in silence, until they were out of hearing of these uncouth sounds, which was not ere they had gained a considerable distance from the pillar that gave name to the moor. Each made his private comments on the scene they had witnessed, until Hobbie Elliot suddenly exclaimed, "Weel, I'll uphaud that yon ghaist, if it be a ghaist, has baith done and suffered muckle evil in the flesh, that gars him rampauge in that way after he is dead and gane."

"It seems to me the very madness of misanthropy," said Earnscliff, following his own current of thought.

"And ye didna think it was a spiritual creature, then?" asked Hobbie at his companion.

"Who, I?—No, surely."

"Weel, I am partly of the mind mysell that it may be a live thing—and yet I dinna ken. I wadna wish to see ony thing look liker a bogle."

"At any rate," said Earnscliff, "I will ride over to-morrow, and see what has become of the unhappy being."

"In fair daylight?" queried the yeoman; "then, grace o' God, I'se be wi' ye. But here we are nearer to Heugh-foot than to your house by twa mile,—hadna ye better e'en gae hame wi' me, and we'll send the callant on the powny to tell them that you are wi' us, though I believe there's naebody at hame to wait for you but the servants and the cat."

"Have with you then, friend Hobbie," said the young hunter, "and as I would not willingly have either the servants be anxious or pass forfeit her supper, in my absence, I'll be obliged to you to send the boy as you propose."

"Aweel, that *is* kind, I must say. And ye'll gae hame to Heughfoot? They'll be right blithe to see you, that will they."

This affair settled, they walked briskly on a little farther, when coming to the ridge of a pretty steep hill, Hobbie Elliot exclaimed

"Nor, Earnscliff, I am glad when I come to this very bit.—Ye see the light below, that 's in the ha' window, where grannie, the gash auld carline, is sitting birling at her wheel—and ye see yon other light that 's mair whiddin' here and there through among the windows? that 's my cousin, Grace Armstrong.—she 's twice as clever about the house as my sisters, and sae they say themsells, for they 're good-natured lasses as ever trade on heather: but they confess themsells, and sae does grannie, that she has far maist action, and is the best goer about the toun, now that grannie is off the foot herself.—My brothers, ane o' them 's away to wait upon the chamberlain, and ane 's at Moss-phadraig, that 's our led farm—he can see after the stock just as weel as I can do."

"You are lucky, my good friend, in having so many valuable relations."

"Troth am I—Grace make me thankful, I 'se never deny it.—But will ye tell me now, Earnscliff, you that have been at college, and the high-school of Edinburgh, and got a' sort o' lair where it was to be best gotten—will ye tell me—no that it 's ony concern of mine in particular,—but I heard the priest of St John 's, and our minister, bargaining about it at the Winter fair, and troth they baith spak very weel.—Now, the priest says it 's unlawful to marry ane 's cousin: but I cannot say I thought he brought out the Gospel authorities half sae weel as our minister—our minister is thought the best divine and the best preacher atween this and Edinburgh—Dinna ye think he was likely to be right?"

"Certainly marriage, by all protestant Christians, is held to be as free as God made it by the Levitical law: so, Hobbie, there can be no bar, legal or religious, betwixt you and Miss Armstrong."

"Hout awa' wi' your joking, Earnscliff," replied his companion,—"ye are angry enough your-sell if ane touches you a bit, man, on the south side of the jest.—No that I was asking the question about Grace, for ye maun ken she 's no my cousin-germain out and out, but the daughter of my uncle 's wife by her first marriage, so she 's nae kith nor kin to me—only a connection like. But now we 're at the Skeeling-hill—I 'll fire off my gun, to let them ken I 'm coming, that 's aye my way: and if I hae a deer I gie them twa shots, ane for the deer and ane for mysell."

He fired off his piece accordingly, and the number of lights were seen to traverse the house, and even to gleam before it. Hobbie Elliot pointed out one of these to Earnscliff, which seemed to glide from the house towards some of the out-houses.—"That 's Grace herself," said Hobbie. "She 'll no meet me at the door, I 'se warrant her—but she 'll be awa, for a' that, to see if my horse' supper be ready, poor beasts."

"Love me, love my dog," answered Earnscliff. "Ah, Hobbie, you are a lucky young fellow."

This observation was uttered with something like a sigh, which apparently did not escape the ear of his companion.

"Hout, other folk may be as lucky as I am.—Now I have seen Miss Isbel Vere 's head turn after somebody when they passed one

in this world?"

and his family.

and kindred his guest into the

their brother.

their lot.

and lasting orders

has brought hame," said one sister.

"Ye'll be [illegible] for a' that Hobbie

"Ay, the auld [illegible] (the outlying peat,) if it was

weel blawn, wad dress a' our Hobbie's venison."

"And let it bide steady."

[illegible] have a black crow,

[illegible] up the [illegible] coal of fire, without any generous consumption of fuel; in a word, to keep the fire alive.

rather than [illegible] look three times without a [illegible] born to blaw on."

Hobbie turned [illegible] to the elder, expressing mean astonishment with a frown on his brow, the meaning of which was confuted by the good-humoured laugh on the lower part of his countenance. He then strove to precipitate them, by mentioning the intended present of his companion.

"In my young days," said the old boy, "a man wad hae been ashamed to come hame frae the Hill without a buck hanging on each side o' his horse, like a cadger carrying calves."

"I wish they had left some for us to-day, grandie," retorted Hobbie; "and instead of [illegible] of them, there sold friends o' yours, I'm thinking."

"You are either [illegible] out [illegible] you are crazy, Hobbie," said the elder, [illegible] to [illegible] himself.

"Weel, weel, mother, I hope every one is my friend," [illegible] Earnscliff's pardon for his rude speech. "Here, I have his buck, and he [illegible] [illegible] a buck, like to be out a' day, and frighted [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"O, my bonny bairn," said the old dame, who, in the kindness of her heart, she extended her parental style to all in whom she was interested)—"You should beware mair than other folk—there's been a heavy breach made in your house and your father's bloodshed, and wi' low-jaks, and loons in my time: and you are the flower of the flock, and the lad that will build up the auld house again (if it be His will) to be an honour to the country, and a safeguard to those that dwell in it—you, before others, are called upon to put yourself in no rash adventures—for yours was aye ower venturesome a race, and muckle harm they have got by it."

"But I am sure, my good friend, you would not have me be afraid of going to an open moor in broad day-light?"

"I dinna ken," said the good old dame; "I wad never bid son or friend o' mine haud their hand back in a gude cause, whether it were a friend's or their ain—that should be by mae bidding o' mine, or of ony body that's come of a gentle kindred. But it wisna gaun out of a grey head like mine, that to gang to seek for evil that's no coming wi' you, is clean against law and Scripture."

Earnscliff resigned an argument which he saw no prospect of maintaining with good effect, and the entrance of supper broke off the conversation. Miss Grace had by this time made her appearance, and Hobbie, not without a conscious glance at Earnscliff, placed himself by her side. Mirth and lively conversation, in which the old lady of the house took the good-humoured share which so well becomes old age, restored to the cheeks of the damsels the roses which their brother's tale of the apparition had chased away, and they danced and sung for an hour after supper as if there were no such things as goblins in the world.

CHAPTER IV

> I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind
> For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog
> That I might love thee something.
>
> *Timon of Athens.*

On the following morning, after breakfast, Earnscliff took leave of his hospitable friends, promising to return in time to partake of the venison, which had arrived from his house. Hobbie, who apparently took leave of him at the door of his habitation, slunk out, however, and joined him at the top of the hill.

"Ye'll be gaun yonder, Mr Patrick; feind o' me will mistryst you for a' my mother says. I thought it best to slip out quietly though, in case she should mislippen something of what we're gaun to do—we mauma vex her at nae rate—it was amaist the last word my father said to me on his deathbed."

"By no means, Hobbie," said Earnscliff; "she well merits a' your attention."

"Troth, for that matter, she would be as sair vexed amaist for you as for me. But d'ye really think there's nae presumption in venturing back yonder?—We hae nae special commission, ye ken"

"If I thought as you do, Hobbie," said the young gentleman, "I would not perhaps inquire farther into this business; but as I am of opinion that preternatural visitations are either ceased altogether, or become very rare in our days, I am unwilling to leave a matter uninvestigated which may concern the life of a poor distracted being."

"Aweel, aweel, if ye really think that," answered Hobbie doubtfully, "And it 's for certain the very fairies—I mean the very good neighbours themsells (for they say folk suldna ca' them fairies) that used to be seen on every green knowe at e'en, are no half sae often visible in our days. I canna depone to having ever seen ane mysell, but I ance heard ane whistle ahint me in the moss, as like a whaup[1] as ae thing could be like anither. And mony ane my father saw when he used to come hame frae the fairs at e'en, wi' a drap drink in his head, honest man."

Earnscliff was somewhat entertained with the gradual declension of superstition from one generation to another which was inferred in this last observation: and they continued to reason on such subjects, until they came in sight of the upright stone which gave name to the moor.

"As I shall answer," said Hobbie, "yonder 's the creature creeping about yet!—But it 's day-light, and you have your gun, and I brought out my bit whinger—I think we may venture on him."

"By all manner of means," said Earnscliff; "but, in the name of wonder, what can he be doing there?"

"Biggin a dry-stane dyke, I think, wi' the grey geese, as they ca' thae great loose stanes—Odd, that passes a' thing I e'er heard tell of!"

As they approached nearer, Earnscliff could not help agreeing with his companion. The figure they had seen the night before seemed slowly and toilsomely labouring to pile the large stones one upon another, as if to form a small enclosure. Materials lay around him in great plenty, but the labour of carrying on the work was immense, from the size of most of the stones; and it seemed astonishing that he should have succeeded in moving several which he had already arranged for the foundation of his edifice. He was struggling to move a fragment of great size when the two young men came up, and was so intent upon executing his purpose, that he did not perceive them till they were close upon him. In straining and heaving at the stone, in order to place it according to his wish, he displayed a degree of strength which seemed utterly inconsistent with his size and apparent deformity. Indeed, to judge from the difficulties he had already surmounted, he must have been of Herculean powers; for some of the stones he had succeeded in raising apparently required two men's strength to have moved them. Hobbie's suspicions began to revive, on seeing the preternatural strength he exerted.

"I am amaist persuaded it's the ghaist of a stane-mason see sicean band-stanes as he's laid!—An it be a man, after a', I wonder

[1] Curlew.

what he wad take by the rood to build a march dyke. There's ane sair wanted between Criagh-hope and the Skaw.—Hoved naw," (raising his voice,) "ye make good time work there."

The being whom he addressed raised his eyes with a ghastly stare, and, getting up from his stooping posture, stood before them in all his native and hideous deformity. His head was of unusual size, covered with a fell of shaggy hair, partly grizzled with age; his eyebrows, shaggy and prominent, overhung a pair of small, dark, piercing eyes, set far back in their sockets, that rolled with a portentous wildness, indicative of a partial insanity. The rest of his features were of the coarse rough-hewn stamp with which a painter would equip a giant in romance: to which was added the wild, irregular, and peculiar expression, so often seen in the countenance of those whose persons are deformed. His body, which was large, like that of a man of middle size, was mounted upon a pair of such limbs as nature seemed to have forgotten the legs and the thighs of are very short as to be hidden by the dress which he wore. His were long and brawny, furnished with two muscular hands, and, where uncovered in the eagerness of his labour, were clothed with coarse black hair. It seemed as if nature had originally intended the separate parts of his body to be the members of a giant, but had afterwards capriciously assigned them to the person of a dwarf, so ill did the length of his arms and the iron strength of his frame correspond with the shortness of his stature. His clothing was a sort of coarse brown frize, like a monk's frock, girt round him with a belt of sealskin. On his head he had a cap made of badger's skin, or some other rough fur, which added considerably to the grotesque effect of his whole appearance, and over-shadowed features, whose habitual expression seemed that of sullen and great malignity.

This remarkable figure stood on the low ground at the edge of the sea, and motioned back, with Earnscliff, willing to make him into better temper, observed, "You are hard-hearted, my friend: allow us to assist you."

Elliot and he accordingly placed the stone, by their joint efforts, upon the rising wall. The Dwarf watched them with the eye of a taskmaster, and testified, by various gestures, his impatience at the time which they took in adjusting the stone. He pointed to another which he raised it above his head, to a fourth—They continued to labour him, though with more trouble, for he assigned them, as if intentionally, the heaviest fragments which lay near.

"And now, friend," said Elliot, as the unreasonable Dwarf indicated another stone larger than any they had moved, "Earnscliff must do as he likes: but be ye mare or be ye waur, deil be in my fingers if I break my back wi' heaving thae stanes ony langer like a barrow-man, without getting sae muckle as thanks for my pains."

"Thanks!" exclaimed the Dwarf, with a motion expressive of the utmost contempt. "There—take them, and fatten upon them! Take them, and may they thrive with you as they have done with me—as they have done with every mortal worm that ever heard the word spoken by his fellow reptile! Hence—thou knave—begone!"

"This is a fine reward we have, [illegible] to [illegible] a [illegible] for the devil, and [illegible] for what we ken."

"Our [illegible]," answered [illegible], "[illegible] to [illegible] we had better leave him and send some one to provide him with food and necessaries."

They did so. The servant [illegible] for this purpose found the Dwarf still labouring at his wall, but would not accept a meal from him. The lad, [illegible] with the superstitions of the country, and not long persist in an attempt to become [illegible] to so singular a figure, but having placed the victuals [illegible] and brought for his use on a stone at some distance, he left them to the misanthrope's disposal.

The Dwarf proceeded in his [illegible] day after day, with an [illegible] so incredible as to appear [illegible]. In one day he often seemed to have done the work of two, and [illegible] soon assumed the appearance of the walls of a [illegible] very small, and constructed [illegible] stone and lime, without [illegible] mortar, exhibited, from the [illegible] in the [illegible] appearance of solidity very [illegible] for [illegible] dimensions and rude [illegible]. [illegible] tions, no sooner perceived to [illegible] number of spars of wood [illegible] caused to be [illegible] day to send workmen to [illegible] pated, for in the evening, during the night, and early in the morning, the Dwarf had laboured so hard, and with such [illegible] had [illegible] completed the [illegible] was to cut rushes and [illegible] with singular dexterity.

As he seemed averse to [illegible] assistance of a passenger [illegible] were supplied to him in the [illegible] He constructed [illegible] bedstead, and a few [illegible] soothed in his temper [illegible]

His next task was to [illegible] land within it to the best of [illegible] and working up what was [illegible] den-ground. It [illegible] this solitary being received [illegible] lers as crossed the moor by chance, as well as from [illegible] from curiosity to visit his work. It was [illegible] human creature, so [illegible] with such unremitting assiduity, without stopping a few minutes to aid him in his task; and, as no one of his occasional [illegible] acquainted with the degree of help which the Dwarf had received from others, the celerity of his progress [illegible] their eyes. The strong and compact [illegible] formed in so very short a space, and [illegible] skill which he displayed in [illegible]

suspicion to the surrounding neighbours. They insisted, that, if he was not a phantom,—an opinion which was now abandoned, since he plainly appeared a being of blood and bone with themselves,—yet he must be in close league with the invisible world, and have chosen that sequestered spot to carry on his communication with them undisturbed. They insisted, though in a different sense from the philosopher's application of the phrase, that he was never less alone than when alone: and that from the heights which commanded the moor at a distance, passengers often discovered a person at work along with this dweller of the desert, who regularly disappeared as soon as they approached closer to the cottage. Such a figure was also occasionally seen sitting beside him at the door, walking with him in the moor, or assisting him in fetching water from his fountain. Earnscliff explained this phenomenon by supposing it to be the Dwarf's shadow.

"Deil a shadow has he," replied Hobbie Elliot, who was a strenuous defender of the general opinion; "he's ower far in wi' the Auld Ane to have a shadow. Besides," he argued more logically, "wha ever heard of a shadow that came between a body and the sun? and this thing, be it what it will, is thinner and taller than the body himsell, and has been seen to come between him and the sun mair than anes or twice either."

These suspicions, which, in any other part of the country, might have been attended with investigations a little inconvenient to the supposed wizard, were here only productive of respect and awe. The recluse being seemed somewhat gratified by the marks of timid veneration with which an occasional passenger approached his dwelling, the look of startled surprise with which he surveyed his person and his premises, and the hurried step with which he pressed his retreat as he passed the awful spot. The boldest only stopped to gratify their curiosity by a hasty glance at the walls of his cottage and garden, and to apologize for it by a courteous salutation, which the inmate sometimes deigned to return by a word or a nod. Earnscliff often passed that way, and seldom without inquiring after the solitary inmate, who seemed now to have arranged his establishment for life.

It was impossible to engage him in any conversation on his own personal affairs; nor was he communicative or accessible in talking on any other subject whatever, although he seemed to have considerably relented in the extreme ferocity of his misanthropy, or rather to be less frequently visited with the fits of derangement of which this was a symptom. No argument could prevail upon him to accept anything beyond the simplest necessaries, although much more was offered by Earnscliff out of charity, and by his more superstitious neighbours from other motives. The benefits of these last he repaid by advice, when consulted (as at length he slowly was) on their diseases, or those of their cattle. He often furnished them with medicines also, and seemed possessed, not only of such as were the produce of the country, but of foreign drugs. He gave these persons to understand, that his name was Elshender the Recluse; but his popular epithet soon came to be Canny Elshie, or the Wise

Wight of Mucklestane-Moor. Some extended their queries beyond their bodily complaints, and requested advice upon other matters, which he delivered with an oracular shrewdness that greatly confirmed the opinion of his possessing preternatural skill. The querists usually left some offering upon a stone, at a distance from his dwelling: if it was money, or any article which did not suit him to accept, he either threw it away, or suffered it to remain where it was without making use of it. On all occasions his manners were rude and uncouth: and his words, in number, just sufficient to express his meaning as briefly as possible, and he shunned all communication that went a syllable beyond the matter in hand. When winter had passed away, and his garden began to afford him herbs and vegetables, he confined himself almost entirely to those articles of food. He accepted, notwithstanding, a pair of she-goats from Earnscliff, which fed on the moor, and supplied him with milk.

When Earnscliff found his gift had been received, he soon afterwards paid the hermit a visit. The old man was seated on a broad flat stone near his garden door, which was the seat of science he usually occupied when disposed to receive his patients or clients. The inside of his hut, and that of his garden, he kept as sacred from human intrusion as the natives of Otaheite do their Morai; apparently he would have deemed it polluted by the step of any human being. When he shut himself up in his habitation, no entreaty could prevail upon him to make himself visible, or to give audience to any one whomsoever.

Earnscliff had been fishing in a small river at some distance. He had his rod in his hand, and his basket, filled with trout, at his shoulder. He sate down upon a stone nearly opposite to the Dwarf, who, familiarized with his presence, took no farther notice of him than by elevating his huge miss-shapen head for the purpose of staring at him, and then again sinking it upon his bosom, as if in profound meditation. Earnscliff looked around him, and observed that the hermit had increased his accommodations by the construction of a shed for the reception of his goats.

"You labour hard, Elshie," he said, willing to lead this singular being into conversation.

"Labour," re-echoed the Dwarf, "is the mildest evil of a lot so miserable as that of mankind; better to labour like me, than sport like you."

"I cannot defend the humanity of our ordinary rural sports, Elshie, and yet ——"

"And yet," interrupted the Dwarf, "they are better than your ordinary business: better to exercise idle and wanton cruelty on mute fishes than on your fellow-creatures. Yet why should I say so? Why should not the whole human herd butt, gore, and gorge upon each other, till all are extirpated but one huge and over fed Behemoth, and he, when he had throttled and gnawed the bones of all his fellows—he, when his prey failed him, to be roaring whole days for lack of food, and, finally, to die, inch by inch, of famine—it were a consummation worthy of the race!"

"Your deeds are better, Elshie, than your words," answered

[illegible] misanthropy slanders."

[illegible] a few words in confidence [illegible] attack the [illegible] go to bed without unchaining the sleuth-hound?"

"[illegible] Dwarf, [illegible] forth; he gripes, tears, ravages, and devours."

"[illegible] has that to do with Hobbie?"

"[illegible] Earnscliff, [illegible] Dwarf, [illegible] abode. [illegible] Hobbie?" [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] seethe, and scarify the intended victim?"

"A [illegible] perhaps you present to me of life, Elshie; but I am not damned by [illegible] returned Earnscliff. "We are mortals, in some sense, to hunger and to suffer; but, in another, we are and we enjoy. The [illegible] day has its cycles of repose: even [illegible] suffering [illegible] where there is a consolatory sense of duty discharged."

"I regard as the basest and bestial [illegible]," said the Dwarf, his eyes kindling with [illegible] fury,—"I spurn at it, as worthy only of the beasts that perish: but I will waste no more words upon you."

He rose hastily; but, ere he withdrew into the hall, he added, with great [illegible], "Yet, but you still think my [illegible] to [illegible] from the [illegible] and servile [illegible] of love of your [illegible], know, that were there a [illegible] had annihilated my own [illegible], he had [illegible] my [illegible], and wasted my [illegible], till it placed [illegible] and were that man's [illegible] and [illegible] in my power [illegible] this frail [illegible]." (He snatched up an earthen [illegible] beside him.) "I should not doubt to [illegible] this—[illegible] the [illegible] with fury against the [illegible]." [illegible]" (he spoke more [illegible], but with the utmost [illegible]) "I would [illegible] him with wealth and power to achieve [illegible] purposes, and to [illegible] and [illegible]; he should have no [illegible]. If [illegible] he should be the centre of a whirlpool that [illegible] their rest nor peace, but hell within [illegible], while it wrecked every goodly ship that approached its [illegible]. He should be an [illegible] capable of [illegible] the very kind to which he [illegible], [illegible] all its inhabitants [illegible], and [illegible] as I am!"

The wretched being rushed [illegible] he [illegible] these last words, shutting the door with [illegible] violence, and rapidly drawing two bolts, one after another, as if to [illegible] the intrusion of any one of that hated race who had thus [illegible] his [illegible]. [illegible] left the master with [illegible] sensations of pity and horror, pondering what strange and melancholy [illegible] could have [illegible] to [illegible] a state of mind, a man whose [illegible] attests him to be of rank and education much superior to the vulgar. He was also surprised to see how much [illegible] information a person [illegible] lived in that country so short a time, and in so [illegible] [illegible] had been able to collect respecting the dispositions and [illegible] affairs of the inhabitants.

"It is no wonder," he said to himself, "that, with such [illegible] of information, such a rule of life, so [illegible] [illegible] so virulently misanthropic, this unfortunate should be regarded by the vulgar as in league with the Enemy of Mankind."

CHAPTER V.

> The bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath
> Feels, in its barrenness, some touch of spring;
> And, in the April dew, or beam of May,
> Its moss and lichen freshen and revive;
> And thus the heart, most scar'd to human pleasure,
> Melts at the tear, joys in the smile, of woman.
>
> BEAUMONT.

As the season advanced, the weather became more genial, and the Recluse was more frequently found occupying the broad flat stone in the front of his mansion. As he sate there one day, about the hour of noon, a party of gentlemen and ladies, well mounted, and numerously attended, swept across the heath at some distance from his dwelling. Dogs, hawks, and led-horses, swelled the retinue, and the air resounded at intervals with the cheer of the hunters, and the sound of horns blown by the attendants. The Recluse was about to retire into his mansion at the sight of a train so joyous, when three young ladies, with their attendants, who had made a circuit, and detached themselves from their party, in order to gratify their curiosity by a sight of the Wise Wight of Muckle-stane Moor, came suddenly up, ere he could effect his purpose. The first shrieked, and put her hands before her eyes, at sight of an object so unusually deformed. The second, with a hysterical giggle, which she intended should disguise her terrors, asked the Recluse whether he could tell their fortune. The third, who was best mounted, best dressed, and incomparably the best-looking of the three, advanced, as if to cover the incivility of her companions.

"We have lost the right path that leads through these morasses, and our party have gone forward without us," said the young lady. "Seeing you, father, at the door of your house, we have turned this way to——"

"Hush!" interrupted the Dwarf; "so young, and already so artful? You came, you know you came, to exult in the consciousness of your own youth, wealth, and beauty, by contrasting them with age, poverty, and deformity. It is a fit employment for the daughter of your father; but O how unlike the child of your mother!"

"Did you, then, know my parents, and do you know me?"

"Yes; this is the first time you have crossed my waking eyes, but I have seen you in my dreams."

"Your dreams?"

"Ay, Isabel Vere. What hast thou, or thine, to do with my waking thoughts?"

"Your waking thoughts, sir," said the second of Miss Vere's companions, with a sort of mock gravity, "are fixed, doubtless, upon wisdom; folly can only intrude on your sleeping moments."

"Over thine," retorted the Dwarf, more splenetically than became

a philosopher or hermit," folly exercises an unlimited empire, asleep or awake."

"Lord bless us!" said the lady, "he's a prophet, sure enough."

"As surely," continued the Recluse, "as thou art a woman. A woman!—I should have said a lady—a fine lady. You asked me to tell your fortune—it is a simple one: an endless chase through life after trifles not worth catching, and, when caught, successively thrown away—a chase, pursued from the days of tottering infancy to those of old age upon his crutches. Toys and merry-makings in childhood—love and its absurdities in youth—spadille and basto in age, shall succeed each other as objects of pursuit—flowers and butterflies in spring—butterflies and thistle-down in summer—withered leaves in autumn and winter—all pursued, all caught, all flung aside. —Stand apart; your fortune is said."

"All *caught*, however," retorted the laughing fair one, who was a cousin of Miss Vere's; "that's something, Nancy," she continued, turning to the timid damsel who had first approached the Dwarf; "will you ask your fortune?"

"Not for worlds," said she, drawing back; "I have heard enough of yours."

"Well, then," said Miss Halbert, offering money to the Dwarf, "I'll pay for mine as if it were spoken by an oracle to a princess."

"Truth," said the soothsayer, "can neither be bought nor sold;" and he pushed back her proffered offering with morose disdain.

"Well, then," said the lady, "I'll keep my money, Mr Elshender, to assist me in the chase I am to pursue."

"You will need it," replied the cynic; "without it, few pursue successfully, and fewer are themselves pursued. Stop!" he said to Miss Vere, as her companions moved off, "with you I have more to say. You have what your companions would wish to have, or be thought to have—beauty, wealth, station, accomplishments."

"Forgive my following my companions, father; I am proof both to flattery and fortune-telling."

"Stay," continued the Dwarf, with his hand on her horse's rein. "I am no common soothsayer, and I am no flatterer. All the advantages I have detailed, all and each of them have their corresponding evils—unsuccessful love, crossed affections, the gloom of a convent, or an odious alliance. I, who wish ill to all mankind, cannot wish more evil to you, so much is your course of life crossed by it."

"And if it be, father, let me enjoy the readiest solace of adversity while prosperity is in my power. You are old; you are poor; your habitation is far from human aid, were you ill, or in want; your situation, in many respects, exposes you to the suspicions of the vulgar, which are too apt to break out into actions of brutality. Let me think I have mended the lot of one human being! Accept of such assistance as I have power to offer; do this for my sake, if not for your own, that when these evils arise, which you prophesy perhaps too truly, I may not have to reflect, that the hours of my happier time have been passed altogether in vain."

The old man answered with a broken voice, and almost without addressing himself to the young lady,—

"Yes, it is true that the [illegible] like them should speak, if ever human speech and thought [illegible] each other! They do not—they do not—Alas! they cannot. And yet wait here a moment—still and till I return." He went in his little garden, and returned with a half-blown rose. "This last night has shed a tear, the first which has ever wet my eyelids for many a year: for that good deed may this token of gratitude [illegible]. It is but a common rose; yet ere it, however, and do not part with it. Come to me in your hour of adversity. Show me that rose, or but one leaf of it, were it withered as my heart—and it would be to my [illegible] and [illegible] a moment of ease against a [illegible] world, still it will reveal [illegible] thoughts to my bosom, and perhaps offer [illegible] promises of [illegible] to [illegible]." he turned away, sitting into his usual mood of [illegible] misery. "no—not between! Come yourself, and the [illegible] and sorrows that are [illegible] every other earthly thing, [illegible] to thee and to thy sorrows. And now pass on."

He let go the bridle-rein, and the young lady rode on, after expressing her thanks to this singular being, as well as her surprise at the extraordinary nature of his address would permit, often turning back to look at the Dwarf, who still remained at the door of his hut in [illegible] attitude, and watched her progress over the moor towards her father's castle of Ellieslaw, until the brow of the hill hid the party from his sight.

The ladies, meanwhile, jested with Miss Vere on the strange [illegible] from [illegible] had just had with the far-famed Wizard of the Moor. "I shall [illegible] on the rack at home and abroad! Hey here's [illegible] down the black nook; her eyes wound the gallant: no chance for [illegible] your commodore and his women: even the cognizor cannot escape the force of her charms. You should, in compassion, cause to be [illegible] as expressive as your Isabel, or at least set up shop, and [illegible] all the [illegible] and do you mean to keep the [illegible] use."

"You may have them all," replied Miss Vere, "and the cognizor to boot, at a very easy rate."

"No! Nancy shall have the cognizor," said Miss Ellieslaw, "to [illegible] defrauding [illegible] not quite a match for yourself, you know."

"Indeed, sister," answered the younger Miss Ellieslaw, "when could I [illegible] with so [illegible] opportunities? I hope you [illegible] but, after [illegible] looking at him; and, I assure [illegible] though I saw him well, though I winked as close as ever I could."

"That's a [illegible]," said her sister; "your while you [illegible] Nancy, [illegible] the slightest [illegible] faults can be hid by winking at them. Well, then, I must take him myself, I suppose, and put him into [illegible] Lucas cabinet, in order to show that Scotland can produce a specimen of animal [illegible] into a room ten thousand times [illegible] in monsters, have immortalized in porcelain."

"[illegible]," said Miss Vere, "[illegible] in the [illegible] fraction of the poor man, that I cannot enter into your mirth, Lucy, [illegible] really as usual. If he has no resources, how is he to exist in this

waste country, living, as he does, more like a hermit than a human being, and if he has the power of exercising supernatural punishment, will not the very circumstance that he is possessed of [illegible] provoke him to murder and assassination by means of [illegible]?"

"But you forget that there are [illegible]," said Miss Wardlaw.

"And, if he [illegible] should fail," said Miss Vere, "I would have him treated as the ancients [illegible] Gorgon head, and [illegible] or window, full in view of the assailants. The [illegible] would [illegible] use of that Gorgon head of his for only one half hour."

"For what purpose, Lucy?" said Miss Vere.

"Oh! I would [illegible] Sir Frederick Langley, that [illegible] and so little a favourite [illegible] Wizard as long as I live. If [illegible] that man's company, which we have [illegible] party to visit Elshie."

"What would you say, then," said Miss Vere, "if I were not to be heard in the matter either, [illegible] narrow path and admitting of [illegible]?—"What would you say, my cousin Lucy, if I were proposed to you to endure his company for life?"

"Say! I would say, No, no, Miss Vere, and [illegible] other, till they should hear me at Carlisle."

"And Sir Frederick would say there [illegible] grant."

"That," replied Miss Lucy, "depends entirely on the manner in which the nay-says are [illegible] there should have been a grain of concession in them, I promise you."

"But if your father," said Miss Vere, "were to [illegible] or ——"

"I would stand to the consequences of [illegible] cruel father that ever was provided in romance to [illegible] alternative."

"And what if he threatened you with a [illegible] and a cloister?"

"Then," said Miss Lucy, "I would [illegible] Protestant son-in-law. And [illegible] conscience sake. And now [illegible] really say. I think you would [illegible] resisting this [illegible] by every means [illegible] proud, dark, and bitter [illegible] for his avarice and [illegible] and [illegible] unconscious to all his [illegible] him."

"Don't let my father [illegible]" said Miss Vere, "or adieu, my dear Lucy, to Ellieslaw-Castle."

"And adieu to Ellieslaw-Castle, with all [illegible]," said Lucy, "if I once [illegible] out of it and [illegible]

protector than he whom nature has given you. O, if my poor father had been in his former health, how gladly would he have received and sheltered you, till this ridiculous and cruel persecution were blown over!"

"Would to God it had been so, my dear Lucy!" answered Isabella; "but I fear, that, in your father's weak state of health he would be altogether unable to protect me against the means which would be immediately used for reclaiming the poor fugitive."

"I fear so, indeed," replied Miss Ilderton: "but we will consider and devise something. Now that your father and his guests seem so deeply engaged in some mysterious plot, to judge from the passing and returning of messages, from the strange faces which appear and disappear without being announced by their names, from the collecting and cleaning of arms, and the anxious gloom and bustle which seem to agitate every male in the castle, it may not be impossible for us (always in case matters be driven to extremity) to shape out some little supplemental conspiracy of our own. I hope the gentlemen have not kept all the policy to themselves: and there is one associate that I would gladly admit to our counsel."

"Not Nancy?"

"O, no!" said Miss Ilderton: "Nancy, though an excellent good girl, and fondly attached to you, would make a dull conspirator—a dull as Renault and all the other subordinate plotters in Venice Preserved. No: this is a Jaffier, or Pierre, if you like the character better: and yet, though I know I shall please you, I am afraid to mention his name to you, lest I vex you at the same time. Can you not guess? Something about an eagle and a rock—it does not begin with eagle in English, but something very like it in Scotch.

"You cannot mean young Earnscliff, Lucy?" said Miss Vere, blushing deeply.

"And whom else should I mean?" said Lucy. "Jaffiers and Pierres are very scarce in this country, I take it, though one could find Renaults and Bedamars enow."

"How can you talk so wildly, Lucy? Your plays and romances have positively turned your brain. You know, that, independent of my father's consent, without which I never will marry any one, and which, in the case you point at, would never be granted; independent, too, of our knowing nothing of young Earnscliff's inclination but by your own wild conjectures and fancies—besides all this, there is the fatal brawl!"

"When his father was killed?" said Lucy. "But that was very long ago: and I hope we have outlived the time of bloody feud, when a quarrel was carried down between two families from father to son, like a Spanish game at chess, and a murder or two committed in every generation, just to keep the matter from going to sleep. We do with our quarrels now-a-days as with our clothes: cut them out for ourselves, and wear them out in our own day, and should no more think of resenting our father's feuds, than of wearing their slashed doublets and trunk-hose."

"You treat this far too lightly, Lucy," answered Miss Vere.

"Not a bit, my dear Isabella," said Lucy. "Consider, your father, though present in the unhappy affray, is never supposed to have struck the fatal blow: besides, in former times, in case of unnatural slaughter between clans, subsequent alliances were so far from being excluded, that the hand of a daughter or a sister was the most frequent gage of reconciliation. You laugh at my skill in romance: but, I assure you, should your history be written, like that of many a less distressed and less deserving heroine, the well nudging reader would set you down for the lady and the love of Earnscliff, from the very obstacle which you suppose so insurmountable."

"But these are not the days of romance, but of sad reality, for there stands the castle of Ellieslaw."

"And there stands Sir Frederick Langley at the gate, waiting to assist the ladies from their palfreys. I would as lief touch a toad; I will disappoint him, and take old Horsington the groom for my master of the horse."

So saying, the lively young lady switched her palfrey forward, and passing Sir Frederick with a familiar nod as he stood ready to take her horse's rein, she cantered on, and jumped into the arms of the old groom. Fain would Isabella have done the same had she dared: but her father stood near, displeasure already darkening on a countenance peculiarly qualified to express the harsher passions, and she was compelled to receive the unwelcome assiduities of her detested suitor.

CHAPTER VI.

Let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's booty; let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon.

Henry the Fourth, Part I.

THE Solitary had consumed the remainder of that day in which he had the interview with the young ladies, within the precincts of his garden. Evening again found him seated on his favourite stone. The sun setting red, and among seas of rolling clouds, threw a gloomy lustre over the moor, and gave a deeper purple to the broad outline of heathy mountains which surrounded this desolate spot. The Dwarf sate watching the clouds as they lowered above each other in masses of conglomerated vapours, and, as a strong lurid beam of the sinking luminary darted full on his solitary and uncouth figure, he might well have seemed the demon of the storm which was gathering, or some gnome summoned forth from the recesses of the earth by the subterranean signals of its approach. As he sate thus, with his dark eye turned towards the scowling and blackening heaven, a horseman rode rapidly up to him, and stopping, as if to let his horse breathe for an instant, made a sort of obeisance to the anchoret, with an air betwixt effrontery and embarrassment.

The figure of the rider was thin, tall, and slender, but remarkably

equipage.

craft has set me on the bonny bay again."

your illness forgotten?" continued Elshender.

acquent wi' the gentleman,

> 'When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,
> When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he.'"

thee from thy accursed propensities."

never wanted gear for the winning."

bound now?"

"Can your skill not guess?"

crawing a little ower crousely."

[illegible] if he will not take warning, and get him back to the [illegible] he's ill. Dr. and no living body else about here de[illegible] for the [illegible] in the country, and pretending to [illegible] writing letters to the gentle folk at Auld [illegible] he's [illegible] there at the land. Let him take care o' himself."

"[illegible] it, and be ill-[illegible] the Hurkle-burkle," said Elshie. "What harm has the lad done you?"

"[illegible] the great storm: but I hear he says I staid away from the ill-[illegible] on Fastern's E'en, for fear of him; and it was only for fear of the Queen's Keeper, for there was a warrant against me. I'll mind Dulness Dods and a' his cheers. But it's not so much for [illegible] him not to let his tongue gallop over freely [illegible]. I know an will lose the best pen-feather o' his [illegible] arrow morning.—Farewell, Elshie: there's some [illegible] for me down among the braes, owerby: I will [illegible] and bring ye a bickle fish in return for my ear leech-craft."

The Dwarf [illegible] himself to rights, the Reiver of West-[illegible] mounted his horse. The animal, rearing at one of the [illegible] and [illegible] with [illegible] the pack. The rider [illegible] his [illegible] with [illegible] or mercy. The horse be[illegible] furious, reared, and set plunged, and leaped like a deer, with all the [illegible] of the wildest race. It was in vain: the miscreating [illegible] as if he had been a part of the horse which he bestrode; [illegible] a cruel but furious contest, compelled the exhausted animal to proceed upon the path at a pace which soon carried him out of sight of the Solitary.

"That villain," said the Dwarf,—"that cold-blooded, hard-[illegible] unfeeling, [illegible] assertion, whose every thought is un[illegible] with crimes, has bones and sinews, limbs, and a gift, and [illegible] enough, [illegible] is fitter animal than himself to carry him [illegible] where he is to perpetrate his wickedness: while I, had I [illegible] to call her a wretched victim on his guard, and to [illegible] the impious assault, would see my good intentions frustrated [illegible] the direct pitiful object in the case.—Why should I wear [illegible] and [illegible] have my screech-owl voice, my hideous [illegible] and my ape-shaped features, to do with the fairer works and [illegible] of nature? Do not I receive even my benefits with shrinking [illegible] and ill-suppressed disgust? And why should I interest myself in a case which accounts me a prodigy and an outcast, and which [illegible] treated me as such? No: by all the ingratitude I can [illegible] have [illegible] by all the wrongs which I have sustained by my unpleasant [illegible], by [illegible] my misery, I will wrestle down my feelings of re[illegible]. I will not be the fool I have been, to swerve [illegible] by [illegible] there was an appeal [illegible] to my [illegible] even some slight sympathy, except to have [illegible] and my own [illegible] Deadly drive Death her [illegible] for [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] of humanity! Shall I [illegible] to throw [illegible] through [illegible], this ape-shaped lump of [illegible] under the wheels, that the Dwarf, the Wizard, the Hunch-

back, may save from destruction some fair form or some active frame, and all the world clap their hands at the exchange? No, never!—And yet this Elliot—this Hobbie, so young and gallant, so frank,—o—I will think of it no longer. I cannot aid him if I would, and I am resolved—firmly resolved, that I would not aid him, if a wish were the pledge of his safety!"

Having thus ended his soliloquy, he retreated into his hut for shelter from the storm which was fast approaching, and now began to burst in large and heavy drops of rain. The last rays of the sun now disappeared entirely, and two or three claps of distant thunder followed each other at brief intervals, echoing and re-echoing among the range of heathy fells like the sound of a distant encagement.

CHAPTER VII.

> Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!—
> * * * * *
> Return to thy dwelling, all lonely return;
> For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
> And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.
>
> CAMPBELL.

The night continued sullen and stormy: but morning rose as if refreshed by the rains. Even the Mucklestane-Moor, with its broad bleak swells of barren ground, interspersed with marshy pools of water, seemed to smile under the serene influence of the sky, just as good-humour can spread a certain inexpressible charm over the plainest human countenance. The heath was in its thickest and deepest bloom. The bees, which the Solitary had added to his rural establishment, were abroad and on the wing, and filled the air with the murmurs of their industry. As the old man crept out of his little hut, his two she-goats came to meet him, and licked his hands in gratitude for the vegetables with which he supplied them from his garden. "You, at least," he said—"you, at least, see no differences in form which can alter your feelings to a benefactor—to you, the finest shape that ever statuary moulded would be an object of indifference or of alarm. Could it present itself instead of the misshapen trunk to whose crevices you are accustomed. While I was in the world, did I ever meet with such a return of gratitude? No: the domestic whom I had bred from infancy made mouths at me as he stood behind my chair; the friend whom I had supported with my fortune, and for whose sake I had even stained——(he stopped with a strong convulsive shudder,) even he thought me mere fit for the society of lunatics—for their disgraceful restraints—for their cruel privations, than for communication with the rest of humanity. Hubert alone—and Hubert too will one day abandon me. All are of a piece, one mass of wickedness, selfishness, and ingratitude—wretches, who sin even in their devotions; and of such hardness of heart, that they do not, without hypocrisy, even thank the Deity himself for his warm sun and pure air."

As he was plunged in these gloomy solitudes, he heard the tramp of a horse on the other side of his enclosure, and a strong clear bass voice singing with the liveliness inspired by a light heart,

Canny Hobbie Elliot, canny Hobbie now.
Canny Hobbie Elliot, I'se gang alang wi' you.

At the same moment, a large deer greyhound sprung over the hermit's fence. It is well known to the sportsmen in these wilds, that the appearance and scent of the goat so much resemble those of their usual objects of chase, that the best-broke greyhounds will sometimes fly upon them. The dog in question instantly pulled down and throttled one of the hermit's she-goats, while Hobbie Elliot, who came up, and jumped from his horse for the purpose, was unable to extricate the harmless animal from the fangs of his attendant until it was expiring. The Dwarf eyed, for a few moments, the convulsive starts of his dying favourite, until the poor goat stretched out her limbs with the twitches and shivering fit of the last agony. He then started into an excess of frenzy, and unsheathing a long sharp knife, or dagger, which he wore under his coat, he was about to launch it at the dog, when Hobbie, perceiving his purpose, interposed, and caught hold of his hand, exclaiming, "Let a be the hound, man—let a be the hound!—Na, na, Killbuck mauma be guided that gate, neither."

The Dwarf turned his rage on the young farmer: and, by a sudden effort, far more powerful than Hobbie expected from such a person, freed his wrist from his grasp, and offered the dagger at his heart. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye, and the incensed Recluse might have completed his vengeance by plunging the weapon in Elliot's bosom, had he not been checked by an internal impulse which made him hurl the knife to a distance.

"No," he exclaimed, as he thus voluntarily deprived himself of the means of gratifying his rage; "not again—not again!"

Hobbie retreated a step or two in great surprise, discomposure, and disdain, at having been placed in such danger, by an object apparently so contemptible.

"The deil's in the body for strength and bitterness!" were the first words that escaped him, which he followed up with an apology for the accident that had given rise to their disagreement. "I am no justifying Killbuck a'thegither neither, and I am sure it is as vexing to me as to you, Elshie, that the mischance should hae happened: but I'll send you twa goats and twa fat gimmers, man, to make a' straight again. A wise man like you shouldna bear malice against a poor dumb thing: ye see that a goat's like first-cousin to a deer, sae he acted but according to his nature after a'. Had it been a pet-lamb, there wad hae been nair to be said. Ye suld keep sheep, Elshie, and no goats, where there's sae mony deer-hounds about—but I'll send ye baith."

"Wretch!" said the Hermit, "your cruelty has destroyed one of the only creatures in existence that would look on me with kindness!"

"Dear Elshie," answered Hobbie, "I'm wae to suld hae cause to say sae: I'm sure it wasna wi' my will. And yet I'se warne, I should nae minded your goats, and coupled up the dogs. I'm sure I would

rather they had worried the primest wather in my fields. Come, man, forget and forgie. I'll be as genial as ye can be. Ane 'll no bridegroom ye, ye ken, and then gars a' things cast o' yae hand. Ye'll ken. There's the marriage-dinner, an' guide parritch, an' my own bairnies are arriving on a sled drawn by the Rider's Shark, three gentle beasts as ever ran on Dallomeen, as the auld says: they canna cross the straight road for the saft ground. I wad speak wi' Mr Poulson, an' ye wanna take it weel mysel', I'se Kilbaick manage it.

During this long speech, in which the good-natured Bardolph endeavoured to propitiate the offended Doctor by every argument he could think of, he heard him with his eyes fixed on the ground, as if in the deepest meditation, and at length broke forth: "Satan! ay, yes! it is indeed in the usual broad path of Satan. The strong gorge and throttle the weak: the rich oppress and trample on the poor: the happy (those who are ignorant of their own misery) insult the misery and diminish the consolations of the unhappy. Oh heaven, that you, who have given us souls so sublimely capable of exalted happiness, should have also implanted in us the most degrading of human passions, that which has cursed me of what I had considered as a source of innocent joy. Oh Jessy, and even the happiness prepared for thee at home!"

"Never mind," said Hobbie, "I'll make your peace, man. If ye wad but say it wad dinna ye gae to the kirk on Monday. There will be a hundred enquiring Elliots to ride the bounds—the like's no seen, even sin the days of auld Martin of the Cleuchfoot—I wad send the sled for ye wi' a canny powny."

"Is it to me you propose your terms to mix in the society of the common herd?" said the Doctor, with an air of deep disgust.

"A common!" retorted Hobbie, "some o' your country pranks; the Elliots hae been lang kend a gentle race."

"Hound! knave!" exclaimed the Doctor: "may the curse cold [illegible] that thou hast left [illegible]! If ye [illegible] ye [illegible] you scarce see it you can escape [illegible]. Wrath and Misery, have brought: thy threshold [illegible]."

"I wish ye wadna speak that gate," said Hobbie. "To [illegible], ye ken, naebody judges you to be more canny: but, I'll tell ye, ye need for a' [illegible] as muckle as possible ill to me and mine; now, if you [illegible] to threaten [illegible] to yourself, or to the poor dwellers [illegible] in body, estate, or name, I'll no [illegible] it."

"Out, hind!" exclaimed the Doctor, [illegible] "out of my dwelling, and think on me when you and your [illegible]."

"Aweel, aweel," said Hobbie, mounting his horse, "[illegible] nae thing to strive wi' cripples, [illegible] ye are sair provoked: but I'll [illegible] ye are thing, neighbour, that if things is otherwise than weel wi' Peace Armstrong, I'se gie you a wrocher, if there's [illegible] in the five parishes."

So saying, he rode off; and Elshie, after looking at him with a [illegible] indignant hatred, took spade and mattock, and resumed himself in digging a grave for his [illegible].

A [illegible] and the words, "Hobbie Elliot! married [illegible] in this [illegible] occupation. He looked up, and the Post Horse

of Westbarnbut was before [illegible] the sides of his over-ridden horse.

"How now, ruffian?" demanded [illegible]

"Ay, ay, doubt me not, Hobby, or we will [illegible] Hobby, my foes may mock at [illegible] a wail and a cry for the bonny bride."

"The bride?"

"Ay, Woodie Flemington [illegible] Foster of Tinning Beck, has promised to [illegible] all the blast flew by. She [illegible] ask fell fine my face for a [illegible] my safety if she were to come back here, for there's many of the Elliots, and they hand weel thegither [illegible] Now, what I chiefly come to ask your [illegible]

"Wouldst thou murder her, then?"

"Umph! no, not that I would [illegible] they say they can whittle you folk [illegible] one of the out-parts, and something to [illegible] many weeds. They're weel [illegible] they're no that scarce here. [illegible] There's a body, that [illegible] to send to foreign parts [illegible] sending Grace to wait on [illegible] and gear."

"Ay; and do you not pity him?" said the Recluse.

"And he pity me now? [illegible] And yet I run considerable [illegible] like to hear o' [illegible] this morning?"

"Air, ocean, and [illegible] earthquake, the tempest, [illegible] pared to the wrath of man. [illegible] skilled than other [illegible] felon, go again where I before sent thee."

"To the Steward?"

"Ay; and tell him, [illegible] thee gold. But hear me: [illegible] injured; return not to [illegible] thy villainy."

"Swear?" said Westbarnbut [illegible] Women are not famous [illegible] you should ken that. And [illegible] were she to be [illegible] Woodie is a rough [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

twenty pieces, I think I could ensure her being wi' her friends within twenty-four hours."

The Dwarf took his tablets from his pocket, marked a line on them, and tore out the leaf. "There," he said, giving the robber the leaf—"But, mark me: thou knowest I am not to be fooled by thy treachery; if thou darest to disobey my directions, thy wretched life, be sure, shall answer for it."

"I know," said the fellow, looking down, "that you have power on earth, however you came by it: you can do what nae other man can do, baith by physic and foresight; and the gold is shelled down when ye command, as fast as I have seen the ash-keys fall in a frosty morning in October. I will not disobey you."

"Begone, then, and relieve me of thy hateful presence."

The robber set spurs to his horse, and rode off without reply.

Hobbie Elliot had, in the meanwhile, pursued his journey rapidly, harassed by those oppressive and indistinct fears that all was not right, which men usually term a presentiment of misfortune. Ere he reached the top of the bank from which he could look down on his own habitation, he was met by his nurse, a person then of great consequence in all families in Scotland, whether of the higher or middling classes. The connection between them and their foster-children was considered a tie far too dearly intimate to be broken; and it usually happened, in the course of years, that the nurse became a resident in the family of her foster-son, assisting in the domestic duties, and receiving all marks of attention and regard from the heads of the family. So soon as Hobbie recognized the figure of Annaple, in her red cloak and black hood, he could not help exclaiming to himself, "What ill-luck can nae brought the auld nurse sae far frae hame, but that never stirs a gunshot frae the door-stane for ordinar'! Hout, a wad set her to get crane-berries, or whortle-berries, or some such sauf, out of the moss, to make the pies and tarts for the feast on Monday. I cannot get the words of that cankered auld-warld deil's buckie out o' my head—the least thing makes me dread some ill news. O, Killbuck, man! were there nae deer and goats in the country beside, but ye behoved to gang and worry his creature, by a' other folk's?"

By this time Annaple, with a brow like a tragic volume, had hobbled towards him, and caught his horse by the bridle. The despair in her look was so evident, as to deprive even him of the power of asking the cause. "O, my bairn!" she cried, "gang na forward—gang na forward—it's a sight to kill ony body, let alane thee."

"In God's name, what's the matter?" said the astonished horseman, endeavouring to extricate his bridle from the grasp of the old woman; "for Heaven's sake, let me go and see what's the matter."

"Ohon! that I should have lived to see the day!—The steading's a' in a low, and the bonny stack-yard lying in the red ashes, and the gear a' driven away. But gang na forward; it wad break your young heart hame, to see what our auld een have seen this morning."

"And who has dared to do this? let go my bridle, Annaple—where is my grandmother—my sisters?—Where is Grace Armstrong?—God!—the words of the warlock are knelling in my ears!"

He sprang from his horse to rid himself of Annaple's interruption, and, ascending the hill with great speed, soon came in view of the spectacle with which she had threatened him. It was indeed a heart-breaking sight. The habitation which he had left in its seclusion, beside the mountain-stream, surrounded with every evidence of rustic plenty, was now a wasted and blackened ruin. From amongst the shattered and sable walls the smoke continued to rise. The turf-stack, the barn-yard, the offices stocked with cattle, all the wealth of an upland cultivator of the period, of which poor Elliot possessed no common share, had been laid waste or carried off in a single night. He stood a moment motionless, and then exclaimed, "I am ruined—ruined to the ground!—But curse on the warld's gear—Had it not been the week before the bridal—But I am nae babe, to sit down and greet about it. If I can but find Grace, and my grandmother, and my sisters weel, I can go to the wars in Flanders, as my gude-sire did, under the Bellenden banner, wi' auld Buccleuch. At ony rate, I will keep up a heart, or they will lose theirs a' thegither."

Manfully strode Hobbie down the hill, resolved to suppress his own despair, and administer consolation which he did not feel. The neighbouring inhabitants of the dell, particularly those of his own name, had already assembled. The younger part were in arms and clamorous for revenge, although they knew not upon whom; the elder were taking measures for the relief of the distressed family. Annaple's cottage, which was situated down the brook, at some distance from the scene of mischief, had been hastily adapted for the temporary accommodation of the old lady and her daughters, with such articles as had been contributed by the neighbours, for very little was saved from the wreck.

"Are we to stand here a' day, sirs," exclaimed one tall young man, "and look at the burnt wa's of our kinsman's house? Every wreath of the reek is a blast of shame upon us! Let us to horse, and take the chase.—Who has the nearest bloodhound?"

"It 's young Earnscliff," answered another: "and he 's been out and away wi' six horse lang syne, to see if he can track them."

"Let us follow him then, and raise the country, and mak music help as we ride, and then have at the Cumberland reivers! Take, burn, and slay—they that lie nearest us shall smart first."

"Whisht! haud your tongues, daft callants," said an old man, "ye dinna ken what ye speak about. What! wad ye raise war atween twa pacificated countries?"

"And what signifies deaving us wi' tales about our fathers," retorted the young man, "if we're to sit and see our friends' houses burnt ower their heads, and no put out hand to revenge them? Our fathers did not do that, I trow."

"I am no saying ony thing against revenging Hobbie's wrangs,

answered the more prudent elder.

hard winter."

haugh."

as the sun."

is—and that 's fair play, a' the warld ower."

um.

"He'll learn the warst o't now!"

distinguish the absence of one yet more beloved.

"God help thee, my son! He can help when worldly trust is

—there's nae time for daffing now."

"O, brother!" and "Dog your Grace!" were the only answers he could procure, till his grandmother rose up, and gently disengaged him from the weeping girl, and led him to a seat, and with the affecting serenity which sincere piety, like oil, instilled on the waves, and throw over the most acute feelings, she said, "My bairn, when thy grandfather was killed in the wars, and left me with six pleas around me, with scarce bread to eat, or a roof to cover us, I had strength—not of mine own—but I had strength given me to say, The Lord's will be done!—My son, our youngest, has been taken into his master's counsel and warfare: they have [illegible] strength to say, His will be done!"

"Mother! mother! urge me not—I cannot—and you should not urge me, and as a brother's curse. Mother!—curse—curse me!—O, no, no curse, and my father's blessing—I will have it now, if I should go to the pit of darkness to seek it!"

"O my bairn, my bairn! be resigned under the rod. Who knows what he may lift his hand off from us? Young Earnscliff, I have seen him, has been the chosen with Davie o' Stenhouse mill, in the [illegible] corners. I cried to get Isaac and Ephraim Barn, and [illegible] prayed to prevent them, and Earnscliff and his men were over the hill within three hours after the deed. And then I saw a real Earnscliff; he's his father's true son—a leal friend."

"A true friend indeed! God bless him!" [illegible] "I [illegible] on and away, and take the chase after him."

"O, my child, before you run in [illegible] His will be done!"

"Urge me not, mother—not now." He was rushing out, when, looking back, he observed his grandmother sink in acute anguish of affliction. He returned hastily, threw himself into her arms, and said, "Yes, mother, I *will* say, His will be done, that I may comfort you."

"May He go forth—may He go forth with you, my dear lad; and O, may He give you cause to say on your return, His name be praised!"

"Farewell, mother!—farewell, my dear sister!" and darted Willie, and rushed out of the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

Now horse and hattock, cried the Laird,—
Now horse and hattock, speedilie;
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face o' me.

Border Ballad.

HORSE! horse! and spear!" exclaimed Hobbie to his kinsmen. Many a ready foot was in the stirrup; and, while Elliot hastily collected arms and accoutrements, (no easy matter in such a confusion,) the glen resounded with the approbation of his younger friends.

"Ay, ay!" exclaimed Simon of Hackburn, "that's the gate to take it, Hobbie. Let women sit and greet at hame, men must do as they have been done by; it's the Scripture says't."

"Hand your tongue, sir," said one of the seniors, sternly; "dinna abuse the Word that gate, ye dinna ken what ye speak about."

"Hae ye ony tidings?—Hae ye ony speerings, Hobbie?—O callants, dinna be ower hasty," said old Dick of the Dingle.

"What signifies preaching to us, e'enow?" said Simon; "if ye canna make help yoursell, dinna keep back them that can."

"Whisht, sir: wad ye take vengeance or ye ken wha has wrang'd ye?"

"D'ye think we dinna ken the road to England as weel as our fathers before us? All evil comes out o' thereaway—it's an auld saying and a true: and we'll e'en away there, as if the devil was blawing us south."

"We'll follow the track o' Earnscliff's horses ower the waste," cried one Elliot.

"I'll prick them out through the blindest moor in the Border, an there had been a flee heid there the day before," said Hugh, the blacksmith of Ringleburn, "for I aye shoe his horse wi' my ain hand."

"Lay on the deer-hounds," cried another; "where are they?"

"Hout, man, the sun's been lang up, and the dew is aff the grund—the scent will never lie."

Hobbie instantly whistled on his hounds, which were roving about the ruins of their old habitation, and filling the air with their doleful howls.

"Now, Killbuck," said Hobbie, "try thy skill this day"—and then, as if a light had suddenly broke on him,—"that ill-faur'd goblin spak something o' this! He may ken mair o't, either by villains on earth, or devils below—I'll hae it frae him, if I should cut it out o' his misshapen bouk wi' my whinger." He then hastily gave directions to his comrades: "Four o' ye, wi' Simon, haud right forward to Graeme's-gap. If they're English, they'll be for being back that way. The rest disperse by twasome and threesome through the wame, and meet me at the Trysting-pool. Tell my brothers, when they come up, to follow and meet us there. Poor lads, they will hae

heart 'sweaigh as sair as mine: little think they what a sorrowful house they are bringing their venison to! I'll ride ower Mucklestane-Moor mysell."

"And if I were you," said Dick of the Dingle. "I would speak to Canny Elshie. He can tell you whatever betides in this land, if he's sae minded."

"He *shall* tell me," said Hobbie, who was busy putting his arms in order, "what he kens o' this night's job, or I shall right weel ken wherefore he does not."

"Ay, but speak him fair, my bonny man—speak him fair, Hobbie: the like o' him will no bear thrawing. They converse sae muckle wi' thae fractious ghaists and evil spirits, that it clean spoils their temper."

"Let me alane to guide him," answered Hobbie: "there's that in my breast this day, that would ower-maister a' the warlocks on earth, and a' the devils in hell."

And being now fully equipped, he threw himself on his horse, and spurred him at a rapid pace against the steep ascent.

Elliot speedily surmounted the hill, rode down the other side at the same rate, crossed a wood, and traversed a long glen, ere he at length regained Mucklestane-Moor. As he was obliged, in the course of his journey, to relax his speed in consideration of the labour which his horse might still have to undergo, he had time to consider maturely in what manner he should address the Dwarf, in order to extract from him the knowledge which he supposed him to be in possession of concerning the authors of his misfortunes. Hobbie, though blunt, plain of speech, and hot of disposition, like most of his countrymen, was by no means deficient in the shrewdness which is also their characteristic. He reflected, that from what he had observed on the memorable night when the Dwarf was first seen, and from the conduct of that mysterious being ever since, he was likely to be rendered even more obstinate in his sullenness by threats and violence.

"I'll speak him fair," he said, "as auld Dickon advised me. Though folk say he has a league wi' Satan, he canna be sic an incarnate devil as no to take some pity in a case like mine; and folk threep he'll whiles do good, charitable sort o' things. I'll keep my heart down as well as I can, and stroke him wi' the hair; and if the warst come to the warst, it's but wringing the head o' him about at last."

In this disposition of accommodation he approached the hut of the Solitary.

The old man was not upon his seat of audience, nor could Hobbie perceive him in his garden, or enclosures.

"He's gotten into his very keep," said Hobbie, "maybe to be out o' the gate; but I'se put it down about his lugs, if I canna win at him otherwise."

Having thus communed with himself, he raised his voice, and invoked Elshie in a tone as supplicating as his conflicting feelings would permit. "Elshie, my gude friend!" No reply. "Elshie, canny Father Elshie!" The Dwarf remained mute. "Sorrow be in the

crooked creeps of them!" said the Borderer between his teeth; and once again attempted a soothing tone. "Good Doctor Lightfoot, I must inevitable circumstances against your wisdom."

"The hunter!" answered the thief, and shrunk back into the shade. It was a very small window, resembling an arrow-slit, which had been used many years ago for the discharge of the arquebuse, and through which no one could see any one who approached it, without the possibility of their looking in upon him.

"The hunter," said Halbert Glendinning, "of the hunters. Elliot? Do not I hear you right? Is not the most miserable wretch living?"

"And do you not hear him tell you it is so much the better? and that I was left on this morning, [illegible] yet thought myself so happy, what an evening was coming upon you?"

"That is all very well," said Halbert, "and that gave me some cure."

"I know no cure for sudden trouble," answered the Dwarf; "and, by my life, I have often wished that [illegible] that would have brought all my former life, a long and [illegible] with myself—as the devil's present? [illegible] he is not so [illegible] of all that was [illegible] Beyond. Have I not had all this? Am I not [illegible] the world, outcast on the face of Nature, to the most [illegible] misery of her subjects, myself more hideous than all that I [illegible] And who should relieve [illegible] under the chariot-wheel?"

"Nay, [illegible] Halbert, in the bitterness of [illegible] kind, and friends, good and poor; [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

thou hast lost in the *West*."

"In the *West*? That's a wide word."

most of the hint he had given.

to claver wi' him."

he had named to his friends.

him of the news he had received.

"Then, may I never stir frae the bit," said Elliot, "if auld Ellies-

law is not at the bottom o' the hail villainy! Ye see he's leagued wi' the Cumberland Catholics: and that agrees weel wi' what Elshie hinted about Westburnflat, for Ellieslaw aye protected him, and he will want to harry and disarm the country about his ain hand before he breaks out."

Some now remembered that the party of ruffians had been heard to say they were acting for James VIII. and were charged to disarm all rebels. Others had heard Westburnflat boast, in drinking parties, that Ellieslaw would soon be in arms for the Jacobite cause, and that he himself was to hold a command under him, and that they would be bad neighbours for young Earnscliff, and all that stood out for the established government. The result was a strong belief that Westburnflat had headed the party under Ellieslaw's orders, and they resolved to proceed instantly to the house of the former, and, if possible, to secure his person. They were by this time joined by so many of their dispersed friends, that their number amounted to upwards of twenty horsemen, well mounted, and tolerably, though variously, armed.

A brook, which issued from a narrow glen among the hills, entered, at Westburnflat, upon the open marshy level, which, expanding about half a mile in every direction, gives name to the spot. In this place the character of the stream becomes changed, and, from being a lively, brisk running mountain torrent, it stagnates, like a blue swollen snake, in dull deep windings, through the swampy level. On the side of the stream, and nearly about the centre of the plain, arose the tower of Westburnflat, one of the few remaining strongholds formerly so numerous upon the Borders. The ground upon which it stood was gently elevated above the marsh for the space of about a hundred yards, affording an esplanade of dry turf, which extended itself in the immediate neighbourhood of the tower: but, beyond which, the surface presented to strangers was that of an impassable and dangerous bog. The owner of the tower and his inmates alone knew the winding and intricate paths, which, leading over ground that was comparatively sound, admitted visiters to his residence. But among the party which were assembled under Earnscliff's directions, there was more than one person qualified to act as a guide. For although the owner's character and habits of life were generally known, yet the laxity of feeling with respect to property prevented his being looked on with the abhorrence with which he must have been regarded in a more civilized country. He was considered, among his more peaceable neighbours, pretty much as a gambler, cock-fighter, or horse-jockey, would be regarded at the present day; a person, of course, whose habits were to be condemned, and his society, in general, avoided, yet who could not be considered as marked with the indelible infamy attached to his profession, where laws have been habitually observed. And their indignation was awakened against him upon this occasion, not so much upon account of the general nature of the transaction, which was just such as was to be expected from this marauder, as that the violence had been perpetrated upon a neighbour against whom he had

no cause of quarrel,—against a friend of their own,—above all, against one of the name of Elliot, to which clan most of them belonged. It was not, therefore, wonderful, that there should be several [illegible] proposed with the locality of his habitation, [illegible] and gradually placed the whole party on the open space of turf in front of the Tower of Westburnflat.

CHAPTER IX.

So spak the knicht; the geaunt sed,
Lead forth with the, the sely maid,
And mak me quite of the and sche,
For glaumsing ee, or brow so brent,
Or cheek with rose and lilye blent,
Me lists not ficht with the.

Romance of the Falcon.

The tower, before which the party now stood, was a small square building of the most gloomy aspect. The walls were of great thickness, and the windows, or slits which served the purposes of windows, seemed rather calculated to afford the defenders the means of employing missile weapons, than for admitting air or light to the apartments within. A small battlement projected over the walls on every side, and afforded farther advantage of defence by its niched parapet, within which arose a steep roof, flagged with grey stones. A single turret at one angle, defended by a door studded with huge iron nails, rose above the battlement, and gave access to the roof from within, by the spiral staircase which it enclosed. It seemed to the party that their motions were watched by some one concealed within this turret; and they were confirmed in their belief, when, through a narrow loophole, a female hand was seen to wave a handkerchief, as if by way of signal to them. Hobbie was almost out of his senses with joy and eagerness.

"It was Grace's hand and arm," he said: "I can swear to it amang a thousand. There is not the like of it on this side of the Lowdens—We'll have her out, lads, if we should carry off the Tower of Westburnflat stane by stane."

Earnscliff, though he doubted the possibility of recognizing a fair maiden's hand at such a distance from the eye of the lover, would say nothing to damp his friend's animated hopes, and it was resolved to summon the garrison.

The shouts of the party, and the winding of one or two horns, at length brought to a loophole, which flanked the entrance, the haggard face of an old woman.

"That's the Reiver's mother," said one of the Elliots; "she's ten times waur than himsell, and is wyted for muckle of the ill he does about the country."

"Wha are ye? What d'ye want here?" were the queries of the respectable progenitor.

"We are seeking William [illegible] of Westcrumlaw," said Earnscliff.

"He 's no at hame," returned the old dame.

"When did he leave home?" pursued Earnscliff.

I canna tell," said the portress.

"When will he return?" said Hobbie Elliot.

"I dinna ken nae mair about it," replied the [illegible] guardian of the keep.

"Is there any body within the tower with you?" again demanded Earnscliff.

"Nobody [illegible] myself and [illegible]," said the dame.

"Then open the gate and admit us," said Earnscliff; "I am a justice of peace, and [illegible] evidence of a felony."

"Hut! hut! in their hose and doublet! Set ye, quotha, to shame of warriors, with your [illegible] and steel-caps, to frighten a lone widow woman?"

"Our [illegible]," said Earnscliff, "is position; we are seeking [illegible] which have been [illegible] carried off, to a great amount."

"And a young woman, that's been [illegible] prisoner, that's worth mair than a' the gear, twice told," said Hobbie.

"And I warn you," continued Earnscliff, "that your only way to [illegible] is by [illegible] to search the house."

"And what will ye do, if I canna find the keys, or draw the bolts, or open the gate [illegible]?" said the old dame [illegible].

"I'll [illegible] the keys, and break the neck o' every living soul that is found in the house, if ye dinna [illegible] instantly!" menaced the incensed Hobbie.

"Sae mony fules [illegible]," said the dame, in the same tone of irony: "I have often [illegible] your sword on it, but it has kept out as gude men as you, or now."

So saying, she laughed, and withdrew from the aperture through which she had held the parley.

The besiegers now opened a serious consultation. The immense thickness of the wall, and the small size of the windows, might, for a time, have even resisted cannon shot. The entrance was secured, first, by a strong grated door, communicating entirely or [illegible] into, and [illegible] ponderous [illegible] as to resist any force that could be brought against it. "Pickaxes or field-pieces will never [illegible]," said Hugh the Headsmith of Hexhelburn: "ye might as weel batter at it wi' pipe-staples."

Within the doorway, and at the distance of nine feet, which was the [illegible] of the walls, there was a second door of [illegible], secured both [illegible] with [illegible] bars [illegible] and [illegible] all these defences, they were [illegible] the [illegible] of the old dame's assertion, that she alone composed the garrison. The more knowing of the party had observed [illegible] in the [illegible] by which

they approached the tower, which seemed to indicate that several persons had very lately passed in that direction.

To all these difficulties was added their want of means for attacking the place. There was no hope of procuring ladders long enough to reach the battlements, and the windows, besides being very narrow, were secured with iron bars. Scaling was therefore out of the question; mining was still more so, for want of tools and gunpowder; neither were the besiegers provided with food, means of shelter, or other conveniences, which might have enabled them to convert the siege into a blockade; and there would, at any rate, have been a risk of relief from some of the marauder's comrades. Hobbie scratched and gnashed his teeth, as, walking round the fastness, he could devise no means of making a feasible entry. At length he suddenly exclaimed, "And what for no do as our fathers did lang syne? Put hand to the pack, lads. Let us cut up bushes and briers, pile them before the door and set fire to them, and smoke that auld devil's dam as if she were to be roasted for bacon."

All immediately closed with this proposal, and some went to work with scythes and knives to cut down the briers and hawthorn bushes which grew by the side of the sluggish stream, many of which were sufficiently dry and arid for their purpose, while others began to collect them in a large stack, properly disposed for burning, as close to the iron-grate as they could be piled. Fire was speedily obtained from one of their guns, and Hobbie was already advancing to the pile with a kindled brand, when the surly face of the robber, and the muzzle of a musqueton, were partially shewn at a shot-hole which flanked the entrance. "Many thanks to ye," he said, scoffingly, "for collecting sae muckle winter eilding for us: but if ye step a foot nearer it wi' that brat, it's be the dearest step ye ever made in your days."

"We'll sune see that," said Hobbie, advancing fearlessly with the torch.

The marauder snapped his piece at him, which, fortunately for our honest friend, did not go off; while Earnscliff, firing at the same moment at the narrow aperture and slight mark afforded by the robber's face, grazed the side of his head with a bullet. He had apparently calculated upon his post affording him more security. Scarce no sooner fell the wound, though a very slight one, than he requested a parley, and demanded to know what they meant by attacking in this fashion a peaceable and honest man, and shedding his blood in that lawless manner?

"We want your prisoner," said Earnscliff, "to be delivered up to us in safety."

"And what concern have you with her?" replied the marauder.

"That," retorted Earnscliff, "you, who are detaining her by force, have no right to inquire."

"Weel, I think I can guess," said the robber. "Weel, sirs, I am willing to come amicably to terms with you: spilling o' our blude, though Earnscliff has na stopped to shed mine—and he can hit a mark to a groat's breadth—so, to prevent mair skaith, I am willing to deliver up the prisoner, since ane o' you will please to

"And Hobbie's away?" asked Simon of Hecklebarn. "I'se thick [illegible] to be free to plunder the Earl's and Lord [illegible] as if they were an auld wife's hen's-cavey?"

"As I live by bread," replied Willie of Westburnflat, "As Hobbie's bread, I have not a single cleuch o' them! They're a' awa the march lang syne; there's no a hoof o' them about the tower. But I'll see what o' them can be gotten back, an I live, I'll make this day twa days to meet Hobbie at the Cauldstane-slap wi' twa friends on ilka side, and see to mak an agreement about a' the wrangs he can wyte me wi'."

"Ay, ay," said Elliot, "that will do weel enough." And then aside to his kinsman, "Murmur on the rear! Lord-sake, man! say nought about them. Let us but get puir Grace out o' that auld heliecat's clutches."

"Will ye gie me your word, Earnscliff," said the marauder, who still lingered at the shot-hole, "your faith and troth, with hand and glove, that I am free to come and free to gae, with five minutes to open the grate, and five minutes to steek it and to draw the bolts? less winna do, for they want creishing sairly. Will ye do this?"

"You shall have full time," said Earnscliff; "I plight my faith and troth, my hand and my glove."

"Wait there a moment, then," said Westburnflat; "or hear ye, I wad rather ye wad fa' back a pistol-shot from the door. It's no that I mistrust your word, Earnscliff; but it's best to be sure."

Oh, friend, thought Hobbie to himself, as he drew back, an I had you but on Turner's holm,[1] and nacbody but twa honest lads to see fair play, I wad make ye wish ye had broken your leg ere ye had touched beast or body that belonged to me!

"He has a white feather in his wing this same Westburnflat, after a'," said Simon of Hecklebarn, somewhat scandalized by his ready surrender.—"He'll ne'er fill his father's boots.'

In the meanwhile, the inner door of the tower was opened, and the mother of the freebooter appeared in the space between that and the outer grate. Willie himself was next seen, leading forth a female, and the old woman, carefully bolting the grate behind them, remained on the post as a sort of sentinel.

"Only ane or twa o' ye come forward," said the outlaw, "and take her frae my hand haill and sound."

Hobbie advanced eagerly, to meet his betrothed bride. Earnscliff followed more slowly, to guard against treachery. Suddenly Hobbie slackened his pace in the deepest mortification, while that of Earnscliff was hastened by impatient surprise. It was not Grace Armstrong but Miss Isabella Vere, whose liberation had been effected by their appearance before the tower.

"Where is Grace? where is Grace Armstrong?" exclaimed Hobbie, in the extremity of wrath and indignation.

"Not in my hands," answered Westburnflat; "ye may search the tower, if ye misdoubt me."

[1] There is a Turner's Holm meadow on the very margin of the two kingdoms, called Turner's-holm, just where the brook called Cressop joins the Liddel. It is said to have derived its name as being [illegible] during the ancient Border times.

"You false villain, you shall account for her, or die on the spot," said Elliot, presenting his gun.

But his companions, who now came up, instantly disarmed him of his weapon, exclaiming at once, "Hands and glove! faith and troth! Hand a care, Hobbie: we canna keep our faith wi' Westburnflat, were he the greatest rogue ever rode."

Thus protected, the outlaw recovered his audacity, which had been somewhat daunted by the menacing gesture of Elliot.

"I have kept my word, sirs," he said, "and I look to have nae wrang amang ye. If this is no the prisoner ye sought," he said, addressing Earnscliff, "ye'll render her back to me again. I am answerable for her to those that aught her."

"For God's sake, Mr Earnscliff, protect me!" said Miss Vere, clinging to her deliverer; "do not you abandon one whom the whole world seems to have abandoned."

"Fear nothing," whispered Earnscliff, "I will protect you with my life." Then turning to Westburnflat, "Villain!" he said, "how dared you insult this lady?"

"For that matter, Earnscliff," answered the freebooter, "I can answer to them that has better right to ask me than you have; but if *you* come with an armed force, and take her awa' frae them that her friends lodged her wi', how will you answer *that*?—But it's your ain affair.—Nae single man can keep a tower against twenty—A' the men o' the Mearns downa do mair than they dow."

"He lies most falsely," said Isabella; "he carried me off by violence from my father."

"Maybe he only wanted ye to think sae, hinny," replied the robber; "but it's nae business o' mine, let it be as it may.—So ye winna resign her back to me?"

"Back to you, fellow! Surely no," answered Earnscliff; "I will protect Miss Vere, and escort her safely wherever she is pleased to be conveyed."

"Ay, ay, maybe you and her hae settled that already," said Willie of Westburnflat.

"And Grace?" interrupted Hobbie, shaking himself loose from the friends who had been preaching to him the sanctity of the safe-conduct, upon the faith of which the freebooter had ventured from his tower.—"Where's Grace?" and he rushed on the marauder, sword in hand.

Westburnflat, thus pressed, after calling out, "God-ake, Hobbie, hear me a gliff!" fairly turned his back and fled. His mother stood ready to open and shut the grate; but Hobbie struck at the freebooter as he entered with so much force, that the sword made a considerable cleft in the lintel of the vaulted door, which is still shewn as a memorial of the superior strength of those who lived in the days of yore. Ere Hobbie could repeat the blow, the door was shut and secured, and he was compelled to retreat to his companions, who were now preparing to break up the siege of Westburnflat. They insisted upon his accompanying them in their return.

"Ye hae broken truce already," said Old Dick of the Dingle; "an we takna the better care, ye'll play mair cowl's tricks, and take

yourself the laughing-stock of the hall company, besides having your friends charged with slaughter under trust. Bide till the meeting at Castleton, as ye hae greed; and if he disna make ye amends, then we'll hae it out o' his heart's blood. But for as gude reasons as ony wark and keep our eyes, and I'se warrant we get back Grace, and the kye an' a'."

This cold-blooded reasoning went far down with the unfortunate lover; but, as he could only obtain the assistance of his neighbours and kinsmen on their own terms, he was compelled to acquiesce in their notions of good faith and regular procedure.

Earnscliff now requested the assistance of a few of the party to convey Miss Vere to her father's castle of Ellieslaw, to which she was peremptory in desiring to be conducted. This was readily granted; and five or six young men agreed to attend him as an escort. Hobbie was not of the number. Almost heart-broken by the events of the day, and his final disappointment, he returned moodily home to take such measures as he could for the sustenance and protection of his family, and to arrange with his neighbours the farther steps which should be adopted for the recovery of Grace Armstrong. The rest of the party dispersed in different directions, as soon as they had crossed the morass. The outlaw and his mother watched them from the tower until they entirely disappeared.

CHAPTER X.

I left my ladye's bower last night—
It was clad in wreaths of snaw,—
I'll seek it when the sun is bright,
And sweet the roses blaw.

Old Ballad.

Incensed at what he deemed the coldness of his friends, in a case which more nearly, Hobbie had shaken himself free of their company, and was now on his solitary road homeward. "The fiend founder them!" said he, as he quarrel[illegible] his over-burdened and stumbling horse; "deil ane like a' the rest o' them. Had I not been there and few there, and aiessed thee wi' mine ain hand, and wadna' have stopped now and break my neck at my ain door? But deil's in't like the love—the farther ye're frae it the mair ye're in the mind o't. And I day or night I wad hae ventured my best blood: and now, I think they shew mair regard to the common thief of Westburnflat than to their ain kinsman. But I should love the lightly now to Heugh-foot.—Wae's me!" he continued, recollecting himself, "there's neither coal nor candle-light shining at the Heugh-foot ony mair! Auld Gerwena for my mother, and cows, and poor Grace, I could find in my heart to set spurs to the beast, and leap over into the water to make an end o't."

In this disconsolate mood he turned his horse's bridle towards the cottage in which his family had found refuge.

As he approached the door he heard whispering and tittering

amongst his sisters. "The deevil's in the women," said poor Hobbie; "they would please, and please, and please, if their best friend was lying a corp—and we hae had many ane keep up their hearts sae, poor silly things: but the minute he's no to be sure, and no on them."

While he thus meditated, he was engaged in fastening up his horse in a shed. "There, puir wee beastie, hae some hors-meal and mingle-mangie, lad," he said, caressing the animal; "yon and me hae had a dowie come additt; we had better hae been in the deepest pool o' Tarras."

He was interrupted by the youngest of his sisters, who came running out, and, speaking in a constrained voice as if to stifle some emotion, called out to him, "What are ye doing there, Hobbie, fiddling about the naig, and there's ane frae Cumberhaud been waiting here for you this hour and mair? Haste ye in, man; I'll take off the saddle."

"Ane frae Cumberhaud!" exclaimed Hobbie; and jerking the bridle off his horse into the hand of his sister, he rushed into the cottage. "Where is he? where is he?" he exclaimed, hastily looking around, and seeing only his mother: "Did he bring news o' Grace?"

"He desired me to say he'd be back in an instant himself," said the elder sister, still with a suppressed laugh.

"How are you, mother?" said the old lady, with something of a good-humoured reproof, "ye might as weel speak to your silly Hobbie that way.—Look round, my bairn, and see if there's ane here mair than ye left this morning."

Hobbie looked eagerly round. "There's you, and the three titties—"

"There's four of us, my dear Hobbie, lad," said the youngest, who at this moment entered.

In an instant Hobbie had in his arms Grace Armstrong, who, with one of his sisters' plaids around her, had passed unnoticed at his first entrance. "How dared you do this?" said Hobbie.

"It was not my fault," said Grace, endeavouring to cover her face with her hand to hide or check her tittering, and escape the storm of hearty kisses with which he still greeted her, and his sisters congratulations. "It was my fault, Hobbie; you should kiss Jessie and the rest o' them, for they hae the wyte o't."

"And so I will," said Hobbie, and embraced and kissed his sisters and grandmother a hundred times, while the delighted girls half-smothered, and cried in the same breath their joy. "I am the happiest man," said Hobbie, throwing himself down on a seat, almost exhausted, "I am the happiest man in the world!"

"Then, O my dear bairn," said the good old dame, who lost no opportunity of teaching her lessons of religion, at those moments when the heart was best open to receive it,—"then, O my son, give praise to Him that brings smiles out o' tears, and joy out o' grief, as He brought light out of darkness, and the world out of nothing. Was it not my word, that if ye could but trust in Him He would do for you, ye hae cause to say His name be praised?"

"It was—it was your word, grandame; and I am grateful—I feel my heart—and I will—I will—for ever and ever praise—praise—" and

onest Hobbie, taking her hand; "that puts me in mind to think of Him, baith in happiness and distress."

There was a solemn pause of one or two minutes employed in the exercise of mental devotion, which expressed, in purity and sincerity, the gratitude of the affectionate family to that Providence who had unexpectedly restored to their embraces the friend whom they had lost.

Hobbie's first inquiries were concerning the adventures which Grace had undergone. They were told at length, but amounted in substance to this:—That she was awaked by the noise which the ruffians made in breaking into the house, and by the resistance made by one or two of the servants, which was soon overpowered; that, dressing herself hastily, she ran down stairs, and having seen, in the scuffle, Westburnflat's vizard drop off, imprudently named him by his name, and besought him for mercy; that the ruffian instantly stopped her mouth, dragged her from the house, and placed her on horseback, behind one of his associates.

"I'll break the accursed neck of him," said Hobbie, "if there werena another Græme in the land but himsell!"

She proceeded to say, that she was carried southward along with the party, and the spoil which they drove before them, until they had crossed the Border. Suddenly a person, known to her as a kinsman of Westburnflat, came riding very fast after the marauders, and told their leader, that his cousin had learnt from a sure hand that no luck would come of it, unless the lass was restored to her friends. After some discussion, the chief of the party seemed to acquiesce. Grace was placed behind her new guardian, who pursued in silence, and with great speed, the least-frequented path to the Heugh-foot, and ere evening closed, set down the fatigued and terrified damsel within a quarter of a mile of the dwelling of her friends. Many and sincere were the congratulations which passed on all sides.

As these emotions subsided, less pleasing considerations began to intrude themselves.

"This is a miserable place for ye a'," said Hobbie, looking around him; "I can sleep weel enough mysell outby beside the naig, as I hae done mony a lang night on the hills; but how ye are to put yoursells up, I canna see! And what's waur, I canna mend it; and what's waur than a', the morn may come, and the day after that, without your being a bit better off."

"It was a cowardly cruel thing," said one of the sisters, looking round, "to harry a puir family to the bare wa's this gate."

"And leave us neither stirk nor stot," said the youngest brother, who now entered, "nor sheep nor lamb, nor aught that eats grass and corn."

"If they had cry quarrel wi' us, said Harry, the second brother, "we're we na ready to have fought it out? And that we should have been a' frae hame, too,—ane and a' upon the hill—odd, an we had been at hame, Will Græme's stamach shouldna hae wanted its morning; but it's biding him, is it na, Hobbie?"

"Our neighbours hae taen a day at the Castleton to gree wi' him at the sight o' men," said Hobbie, mournfully; "they behoved to

have it a' their ain gate, or there was nae help to be got at their hands."

"To grace wi' him!" exclaimed both his brothers at once, "after siccan an act of scoundrelife as hasna been heard o' in the country since the auld riding days!"

"Very true, bairns, and my blood was e'en boiling at it; but—the sight o' Grace Armstrong has settled it brawly."

"But the stocking, Hobbie?" said John Elliot: "we're utterly ruined. Harry and I hae been to gather what was on the outby land, and there's scarce a clout left. I kenna how we're to carry on—We maun a' gang to the wars, I think. Westburnflat hasna the means, e'en if he had the will, to make up our loss; there's nae mends to be got out o' him, but what ye take out o' his banes. He hasna a four-footed creature but the vicious blood thing he rides on, and that's sair trashed wi' his night wark. We are ruined stoop and roop."

Hobbie cast a mournful glance on Grace Armstrong, who returned it with a downcast look and a gentle sigh.

"Dinna be cast down, bairns," said the grandmother, "we hae gude friends that winna forsake us in adversity. There's Sir Thomas Kittlebrief is my third cousin by the mother's side, and he has come by a hantle siller, and been made a knight-baronet into the bargain, for being ane o' the commissioners at the Union."

"He wadna gie a bodle to save us frae famishing," said Hobbie; "and, if he did, the bread that I bought wi't would stick in my throat, when I thought it was part of the price of puir auld Scotland's crown and independence."

"There's the Laird o' Dundarg, ane o' the auldest families in Tiviotdale."

"He's in the tollbooth, mother—he's in the Heart of Mid-Louden for a thousand merk he borrowed from Saunders Wyliecoat the writer."

"Poor man!" exclaimed Mrs Elliot, "can we no send him something, Hobbie?"

"Ye forget, grannie, ye forget we want help oursells," said Hobbie somewhat peevishly.

"Troth did I, hinny," replied the good-natured lady, "just at the instant: it's sae natural to think on ane's blude relations before themsells.—But there's young Earnscliff."

"He has ower feckle o' his ain; and siccan a name to keep up, it wad be a shame," said Hobbie, "to burden him wi' our distress. And I'll tell ye, grannie, it's needless to sit rhyming ower the style of a' your kith, kin, and allies, as if there was a charm in their brawe names to do us good: the grandees hae forgotten us, and the maist of our ain degree hae just little enough to gang on wi' themsells: nae a friend hae we that can, or will, help us to stock the farm again."

"Then, Hobbie, we maun trust in Him that can raise up friends and fortune out o' the bare moor, as they say."

Hobbie sprung upon his feet. "Ye are right, grannie!" he exclaimed; "ye are right. I do ken a friend on the bare moor, that hath can and will help us—The turns o' this day hae done my

'read clean hirdie-girdie. I left a wheckle gaed lying on Mucklestane-Moor this morning as would plenish the house and stock the Heugh-foot twice ower, and I am certain sure Elshie wadna grudge us the use of it."

"Elshie!" said his grandmother in astonishment; "what Elshie do you mean?"

"What Elshie should I mean, but canny Elshie, the Wight o' Mucklestane," replied Hobbie.

"God forfend, my bairn, you should gang to fetch water out o' broken cisterns, or seek for relief frae them that deal wi' the Evil One! There was never luck in their gifts, nor grace in their pails. And the haill country kens that lucky Elshie's an unco man. O, it there was the law, and the douce quiet administration of justice, that makes a kingdom flourish in righteousness, the like o' them sudna be suffered to live! The wizard and the witch are the abomination and the evil thing in the land."

"Troth, mither," answered Hobbie, "ye may say what ye like, but I am in the mind that witches and warlocks haven't half the power they had lang syne; at least, sure am I, that an ill-deedser, like auld Ellieshaw, or an ill-doer, like that dead villain Westburnflat, is a greater plague and abomination in a country-side than a haill curnie o' the wee folk that ever cantered on a broomstick, or played canrips on Eastern's Even. It wad hae been lang or Elshie had burnt down my house and barns, and I am determined to see if the craft o' the auld to build them up again. He's weel kend a gude bit ower a' the country, as far as Brough under Stanmore."

"Ride a wee, my bairn," said his honest-hearted grandmother, "and be canny. Auld Hobbie died at the very same disaster Elshie pretended to cure him of, about the fit o' the lead; and though he helped Lanchester's cow weel out o' the moor-pit, yet the lempit-ill's been sairer amang his nowt than ony season before. And then I have heard he has nae sma' sorning amang human nature, that's like a feeling in the face of Providence; and ye mind ye said yourself, the first time ye ever saw him that he was made like a bogle than a living thing."

"Hout, mother," said Hobbie, "Elshie's no that bad a chield; he's a gleg ane, a wonder for a sword or dirk, to be sure, and a rough talker, but for heart he wants them his like; and, if I had aiten something to ail me, I have na had a mouthful ower my throat this day. I wad wish myself down for twa or three hours aside the beast, and be on the road to Elshie's cave wi' the first skreigh o' morning."

"And what for no the night, Hobbie," said Harry, "and I will ride wi' you?"

"My naig is tired," said Hobbie.

"You may take mine, then," said John.

"But I am a wee thing wearied mysell."

"You wearied?" said Harry; "shame on ye! I have kenned ye keep the saddle four-and-twenty hours thegither and ne'er say a word as weariness in your wame."

[illegible] very much," said Hobbie, rising and looking through the casement of the passage; "and, to speak truth, and shame the de'il, though Isabel's a real honest fellow, yet sometimes I would rather talk myself out of doors a-gang to visit ither."

The brute animal put a stop to further arguments; and Hobbie, leaving the conjectural matters between the readers of his brother's counsel and the family pantheon which he received from his mother, sat down to breakfast with as much food as the cottage afforded; and, after a comfortable refection in all respects, retired to the shed, and stretched himself beside his trusty palfrey. His brothers shared between them some straw in a corner, exposed to the stall already occupied by old Dumplin's cow; and the females arranged themselves for repose as well as the close confines of the cottage would permit.

With the first dawn of morning, Hobbie arose; and, having refreshed himself and saddled his horse, he set forth to Mucklestane-Moor. He avoided the company of none of his brothers, from an idea that the Dwarf would prefer seeing him alone.

"The creature," said he to himself, as he went along, "is no canny: an honest man's aye best by himself, when he's weel eneugh. I wonder if he learned ony o' the arts o' him to gather up the bag o' siller. If he hasna learned them, it will have been a braw windle for nowadays, and I'll be living then. Come, Darsie," said he to his horse, striking him at the same time with the spur, "make muir by mair to-day, to-morrow, and the next if we can."

He was now on the heath, which began to be illuminated by the [illegible] of the morning; but the grey twilight which he was encountering prevented him from distinguishing more of the Dwarf's habitation than a confused, irregular mass of the broken rocks. The door opening, and Hobbie was armed with his own eyes that phenomenon which he had frequently heard mentioned, were inclined to doubt if that door ever existed, or if it had not been formed from the solitary recess of the fabric, and stood as it is accidentally suggested by the spectator. The cattle form then suspect, as a talking animal, or else [illegible] to the sense of the latter, pawed and moved forward a little way, and again halted, as in a perplexity. All Hobbie's superstitious terrors returned on [illegible] his grandam. The Dwarf would open his morning matutinal [illegible] that any one was [illegible] early in the morning, under his [illegible] that he [illegible] a wizard or elfin [illegible] said, by natural spirit, Hobbie pulled up at once his breath and his bridle, resolved not to incur the imputation of either by a hasty intrusion [illegible]. They were probably aware of his approach, for he had not paused for a moment before the door was opened, and the Dwarf appeared, [illegible] were rude and uncouth enough, glittering [illegible] the reflection of the [illegible], and [illegible] from the eyes of the admiring Hobbie.

"Saw ever mortal the like o' that!" said Elliot; "but my case is

desperate, sae, if he were Beelzebub himself, I'se venture down the brae on him."

Yet, notwithstanding his assumed courage, he slackened his pace, when, nearly upon the very spot where he had last seen the tall figure, he discerned, as if lurking among the long heather, a small black rough-looking object, like a terrier dog.

"He has nae dog that ever I heard of," said Hobbie, "but mony a deil about his hand—Lord forgie me for saying sic a word!—It keeps its ground, be what it like—I'm judging it 's a badger; but whae kens what shapes thae bogles will take to fright a body? it will maybe start up like a lion or a crocodile when I come nearer. I'se e'en drive a stane at it, for if it change its shape when I 'm ower near, Tarras will never stand it; and it will be ower muckle to hae him and the deil to fight wi' baith at ance."

He therefore cautiously threw a stone at the object, which, continued motionless. "It 's nae living thing, after a'," said Hobbie, approaching, "but the very bag o' siller he flung out o' the window yesterday! and that other queer lang creature has just brought it sae nauckle farther o' the way to me." He then advanced and lifted the heavy far pouch, which was quite full of gold. "Mercy on us!" said Hobbie, whose heart fluttered between glee at the revival of his hopes and prospects in life, and suspicion of the purpose for which this assistance was afforded him. "Mercy on us! it 's an awfu' thing to touch what has been sae lately in the claws of something ne canny. I canna shake mysell loose o' the belief that there has been some jookery-paukery of Satan's in a' this: but I am determined to conduct mysell like an honest man and a good Christian, come o't what will."

He advanced accordingly to the cottage door, and having knocked repeatedly without receiving any answer, he at length elevated his voice and addressed the inmate of the hut. "Elshie! Father Elshie! I ken ye 're within doors, and wauking, for I saw ye at the door-cheek as I cam ower the bent; will ye come out and speak just a gliff to ane that has mony thanks to gie ye:—It was a' true ye tell'd me about Westburnflat: but he 's sent back Grace safe and skaithless, sae there 's nae ill happened yet but what may be suffered or sustained. Wad ye but come out a gliff, man, or but say ye 're listening? Aweel, since ye winna answer, I'se e'en proceed wi' my tale. Ye see I hae been thinking it wad be a sair thing on twa young folk, like Grace and me, to put aff our marriage for mony years till I was abroad and came back again wi' some gear; and they say folk maunna take booty in the wars as they did lang syne, and the queen's pay is a sma' matter; there 's nae gathering gear on that—and then my grandame 's auld—and my sisters wad sit pingin' at the ingle-side for want o' me to ding them about—and Ean Scliff, or the neighbourhood, or maybe your ain sell, Elshie, might want some good turn that Hob Elliot could do ye—and it 's a pity that the auld house o' the Heugh-foot should be wrecked a'thegither. Sae I was thinking—but deil hae me, that I should say sae," continued he, checking himself, "if I can bring mysell to ask a favour

of ane that winna sae muckle as ware a word on me, to tell me if he hears me speaking till him."

"Say what thou will—do what thou will," answered the Dwarf from his cabin, "but begone, and leave me at peace."

"Weel, weel," replied Elliot, "since ye are willing to hear me, I se make my tale short. Since ye are sae kind as to say ye are content to lend me as muckle siller as will stock and plenish the Heugh-foot, I am content, on my part, to accept the courtesy wi' mony kind thanks; and troth, I think it will be as safe in my hands as yours, if ye leave it flang about in that gate for the first loon body to lift, forbye the risk o' sae neighbours that can win through steekit doors and lockfast places, as I can tell to my cost. I say, since ye hae sae muckle consideration for me, I'se be blithe to accept your kindness; and my mother and me (she's a liferenter, and I am her, o' the lands o' Wideopen) would grant you a wadset, or an heritable bond, for the siller, and to pay the annual-rent half-yearly: and Saunders Wylie coat to draw the bond, and you to be at nae charge wi' the writing."

"Cut short thy jargon, and begone," said the Dwarf: "thy loquacious bull-headed honesty makes thee a more intolerable plague than the light-fingered courtier who would take a man's all without troubling him with either thanks, explanation, or apology. Hence, I say, thou art one of those tame slaves whose word is as good as their bond. Keep the money, principal and interest, until I demand it of thee."

"But," continued the pertinacious Borderer, "we are a' life-like and death-like, Elshie, and there really should be some black and white on this transaction. Sae just make me a minute, or missive, in ony form ye like, and I'se write it fair ower, and subscribe it before famous witnesses. Only, Elshie, I wad wuss ye to put naething in't that may be prejudicial to my salvation: for I'll hae the minister to read it ower, and it wad only be exposing yoursel to nae purpose. And now I'm ganging awa', for ye'll be wearied o' my crackss, and I am wearied wi' cracking without an answer—and I se bring ye a bit o' bride's-cake ane o' thae days, and maybe bring Grace to see you. Ye wad like to see Grace, man, for as dour as ye are—Eh, Lord! I wish he may be weel, that was a sair grane! or, maybe, he thought I was speaking of heavenly grace, and no of Grace Armstrong. Poor man, I am very doubtfu' o' his condition; but I am sure he is as kind to me as if I were his son, and a queer-looking father I wad hae had, if that had been e'en sae."

Hobbie now relieved his benefactor of his presence, and rode blithely home to display his treasure, and consult upon the means of repairing the damage which his fortune had sustained through the aggression of the Red Reiver of Westburnflat.

CHAPTER XI.

Three ruffians seized me yester morn.
Alas! a maiden most forlorn,
They choked my cries with wicked might,
And bound me on a palfrey white
As sure as Heaven shall pity me,
I cannot tell what men they be.
Christabelle.

and followers, before the Tower of Westburnflat.

to Friendship."

wood and bushes.

"O, the practices of the [illegible] easily vindicated," replied her father, with a sneer. "You know, Miss Vere, (for you, I am well aware, are a learned young lady,) you know, that the Romans were not satisfied with only having, for the purpose of worship, each useful quality and moral virtue to which they could give a name: but they, moreover, worshipped the same under each variety of titles and attributes which could give a distinct shade or individual character, to the virtue in question. Now, for example, the Friendship to whom a temple should be here dedicated, is not Masculine Friendship, which abhors and despises duplicity, art, and disguise; but Female Friendship, which consists in little else than a mutual disposition on the part of the friends, as they call themselves, to cheat each other in obscure fraud and petty intrigue."

"You are severe, sir," said Miss Vere.

"Only just," said her father; "a humble copier I am from nature, with the advantage of contemplating two such excellent studies as Lucy Ilderton and yourself."

"If I have been unfortunate enough to offend, sir, I can conscientiously excuse Miss Ilderton from being either my counsellor or confidant."

"Indeed! how came you there," said Mr Vere, "by the flippancy of speech, and pertness of argument, by which you have disgusted Sir Frederick, and given me of late such deep offence?"

"If any manner has been so unfortunate as to displease you, sir, it is impossible for me to apologize too amply, or too sincerely: but I cannot confess the same contrition for having answered Sir Frederick flippantly, when he pressed me rudely. Since he forgot I was a lady, it was time to shew him that I am at least a woman."

"Reserve, then, your pertness for those who press you on the topic, Isabella," said her father coldly; "for my part, I am weary of the subject, and will never speak upon it again."

"God bless you, my dear father," said Isabella, seizing his reluctant hand; "there is nothing you can impose on me, save the task of listening to this man's persecutions, that I will call, or think, a hardship."

"You are very obliging, Miss Vere, when it happens to suit you to be dutiful," said her unmoved father, forcing [illegible] at the same time from the affectionate grasp of her hand: "but henceforward, child, I shall save myself the trouble of offering you unpleasant advice on any topic. You must look to yourself."

At this moment four ruffians rushed upon them. Mr Vere and his servant drew their swords, which it was the fashion of the time to wear, and attempted to defend themselves and protect Isabella. But while each of them was engaged by an antagonist, she was forced into the thicket by the two remaining villains, who placed her and themselves on horses which stood ready behind the copse-wood. They mounted at the same time, and, placing her between them, set off at a round gallop, leaving the noise of her father on each side. By many an obscure and [illegible] path, over hills and dales, through moss and moor, she was conveyed to the tower of Westharmilat, where she remained strictly watched, but not otherwise ill-treated,

under the guardianship of the old woman, to whose son that retreat belonged. No entreaties could prevail upon the hag to give Miss Vere any information on the object of her being carried forcibly off, and confined in this secluded place. The arrival of Burnscliff, with a strong party of horsemen, before the door, alarmed the robber. As he had already directed Grace Armstrong to be restored to her friends, it did not occur to him that this unwelcome visit was on her account; and seeing at the head of the party, Burnscliff, whose attachment to Miss Vere was whispered in the country, he doubted not that her liberation was the sole object of the attack upon his fastness. The dread of personal consequences compelled him to deliver up his prisoner in the manner we have already related.

At the moment the tramp of horses was heard which carried off the daughter of Ellieslaw, her father fell to the earth, and his servant, a stout young fellow, who was gaining ground on the ruffian with whom he had been engaged, left the combat to come to his master's assistance, little doubting that he had received a mortal wound. Both the villains immediately desisted from farther combat, and, retreating into the thicket, mounted their horses, and went off at full speed after their companions. Meantime, Dixon had the satisfaction to find Mr Vere not only alive, but unwounded. He had overreached himself, and stumbled, it seemed, over the root of a tree, in making too eager a blow at his antagonist. The despair he felt at his daughter's disappearance, was, in Dixon's phrase, such as would have melted the heart of a whin stane, and he was so much exhausted by his feelings, and the vain researches which he made to discover the track of the ravishers, that a considerable time elapsed ere he reached home, and communicated the alarm to his domestics.

All his conduct and gestures were those of a desperate man.

"Speak not to me, Sir Frederick," he said impatiently; "you are no father — he was my child, an ungrateful one, I fear, but still my child — my only child. Where is Miss Ilderton? she must know something of this. It corresponds with what I was informed of her schemes. Go, Dixon, call Ratcliffe here. Let him come without a minute's delay."

The person he had named at this moment entered the room.

"I say, Dixon," continued Mr Vere, in an altered tone, "let Mr Ratcliffe know, I beg the favour of his company on particular business. — Ah! my dear sir," he proceeded, as if noticing him for the first time, "you are the very man whose advice can be of the utmost service to me in this cruel extremity."

"What has happened, Mr Vere, to discompose you?" said Mr Ratcliffe, gravely; and while the Laird of Ellieslaw details to him, with the most animated gestures of grief and indignation, the singular adventure of the morning, we shall take the opportunity to inform our readers of the relative circumstances in which these gentlemen stood to each other.

In early youth, Mr Vere of Ellieslaw had been remarkable for a career of dissipation, which, in advanced life, he had exchanged for the no less destructive career of dark and turbulent ambition. In both cases he had gratified the predominant passion without respect

to the diminution of his private fortune, although, where such inducements were wanting, he was deemed close, avaricious, and grasping. His affairs being much embarrassed by his earlier extravagance, he went to England, where he was understood to have formed a very advantageous matrimonial connection. He was many years absent from his family estate. Suddenly and unexpectedly he returned a widower, bringing with him his daughter, then a girl of about ten years old. From this moment his expense seemed unbounded, in the eyes of the simple inhabitants of his native mountains. It was supposed he must necessarily have plunged himself deeply in debt. Yet he continued to live in the same lavish expense, until some months before the commencement of our narrative, when the public opinion of his embarrassed circumstances was confirmed, by the residence of Mr Ratcliffe at Ellieslaw Castle, who, by the tacit consent, though obviously to the great displeasure, of the lord of the mansion, seemed, from the moment of his arrival, to assume and exercise a predominant and unaccountable influence in the management of his private affairs.

Mr Ratcliffe was a grave, steady, reserved man, in an advanced period of life. To those with whom he had occasion to speak upon business, he appeared uncommonly well versed in all its forms. With others he held little communication; but in any casual intercourse or conversation, displayed the powers of an active and well-informed mind. For some time before taking up his final residence at the castle, he had been an occasional visitor there, and was at such times treated by Mr Vere (contrary to his general practice towards those who were inferior to him in rank) with marked attention, and even deference. Yet his arrival always appeared to be an embarrassment to his host, and his departure a relief; so that, when he became a constant inmate of the family it was impossible not to observe indications of the displeasure with which Mr Vere regarded his presence. Indeed, their intercourse formed a singular mixture of confidence and constraint. Mr Vere's most important affairs were regulated by Mr Ratcliffe; and although he was none of those indulgent men of fortune, who, too indolent to manage their own business, are glad to devolve it upon another, yet, in many instances, he was observed to give up his own judgment, and submit to the contrary opinions which Mr Ratcliffe did not hesitate distinctly to express.

Nothing seemed to vex Mr Vere more than when strangers indicated any observation of the state of tutelage under which he appeared to labour. When it was noticed by Sir Frederick, or any of his intimates, he sometimes repelled their remarks haughtily and indignantly, and sometimes endeavoured to evade them, by saying, with a forced laugh, "That Ratcliffe knew his own importance, but that he was the most honest and skilful fellow in the world: and that it would be impossible for him to manage his English affairs without his advice and assistance." Such was the person who entered the room at the moment Mr Vere was summoning him to his presence, and who now heard with surprise, mingled with obvious incredulity the hasty narrative of what had befallen Isabella.

Her father concluded, addressing Sir Frederick and the other gentlemen, who stood aloof in consultation. "And you, my friends, you see the most unhappy father in Scotland. Lend me your assistance, gentlemen, give me your advice. Mr Ratcliffe, I am incapable of acting or thinking under the unexpected violence of such a blow."

"Let us take our horses and our blunderbusses, and scour the country in pursuit of the villains," said Sir Frederick.

"Is there no one whom you can suspect?" said Ratcliffe, gravely; "of having some motive for this strange crime? There are not the days of forcible rape when ladies are carried off merely for their beauty."

"I fear," said Mr Vere, "I can but well account for this strange incident. Read this letter, which Miss Lucy Ilderton thought fit to address from my house of Ellieslaw to young Mr Earnscliff, whom, of all men, I have a horrible reason to avoid as an enemy. You see she writes to him at the conclusion of a paroxysm which he has the assurance to ascribe to her love: tells him she owns his cause with her mother very ardently, but that he has a friend in the garrison who can do him very essential service. Look you, gentlemen of the sword and musquet, Mr Ratcliffe, there's this meddling girl recommends to her lover, with an assurance that his suit would be successful any where beyond the bounds of the barony of Ellieslaw."

"And you suppose, from this romantic letter of a very romantic young lady, Mr Vere," said Ratcliffe, "that young Earnscliff has carried off your daughter and unmarried heiress, and principal set of tenants, to be Border sheriff and statesman there, that is Miss Lucy Ilderton?"

"What else can I think?" said Ellieslaw.

"What else can you think?" said Sir Frederick; "or who else could have any motive for committing such a crime?"

"We see that the two men of Thrieplaw," said Mr Ratcliffe, calmly, "have an ill-will to be pleased on persons to whom such actions are more congenial, and who have also sufficient motive of indignation. Supposing it were judged advisable to remove Miss Vere to some place in which a solicitation might be exercised upon her inclinations to a degree which cannot at present be attempted under the roof of Ellieslaw Castle. What say Sir Frederick Langley to that supposition?"

"I say," returned Sir Frederick, "that although Mr Vere must know how to endure in Mr Ratcliffe freedoms totally inconsistent with the situation in life, I will not permit such license of innuendo, by word or look, to be extended to me, with impunity."

"And I say," said young Marschal of Marschal-Wells, who was also a guest at the castle, "that you are all stark-mad to be standing wrangling here, instead of going in pursuit of the ruffians."

"I have ordered all the domestics already in the track most likely to overtake them," said Mr Vere; "if you will favour me with your company, we will follow them, and assist in the search."

The efforts of the party were totally unsuccessful, probably because Ellieslaw directed the pursuit to proceed in the direction of Earnscliff-Tower, under the supposition that the owner would prove to be the author of the violence, so that they followed a direction diametrically opposite to that in which the ruffians had actually proceeded. In the evening they returned, harassed and out of spirits. But other guests had, in the meanwhile, arrived at the castle; and, after the recent loss sustained by the owner had been recited, wondered at, and lamented, the recollection of it was, for the present, drowned in the discussion of deep political intrigues, of which the crisis and explosion, were momentarily looked for.

Several of the gentlemen who took part in this divan were Catholics, and all of them staunch Jacobites, whose hopes were at present at the highest pitch, as an invasion, in favour of the Pretender, was daily expected from France, which Scotland, between the defenceless state of its garrisons and fortified places, and the general disaffection of the inhabitants, was rather prepared to welcome than to resist. Ratcliffe, who neither sought assistance in their consultations on this subject, nor was invited to do so, had, in the meanwhile, retired to his own apartment. Miss Alderton was sequestered from society in a sort of honourable confinement. "Until," said Mr Vere, "she should be safely conveyed home to her father's house," an opportunity for which occurred on the following day.

The domestics could not help thinking it remarkable how soon the loss of Miss Vere, and the strange manner in which it had happened, seemed to be forgotten by the other guests at the castle. They knew not, that those the most interested in her fate were well acquainted with the cause of her being carried off, and the place of her retreat; and that the others, in the anxious and doubtful moments which preceded the breaking forth of a conspiracy, were little accessible to any feelings but what arose immediately out of their own machinations.

CHAPTER XII.

> Some one way, some another—Do you know
> Where we may apprehend her?

The researches after Miss Vere were (for the sake of appearances, perhaps) resumed on the succeeding day, with similar bad success, and the party were returning towards Ellieslaw at the evening.

"It is singular," said Marschal to Ratcliffe, "that four horsemen and a female on foot could have passed through the country without having been discovered by more persons. One would think they had traversed the air, or sunk through the ground."

[illegible] of that which arose from discovering that Vere was not [illegible]. We have every scoured every road, path, and track leading from the castle, and

the various points of the compass, saving only that intricate and difficult pass which leads southward down the Westburn, and through the morasses."

"And why have we not examined that?" said Mareschal.

"O, Mr Vere can best answer that question," replied his companion dryly.

"Then I will ask it instantly," said Mareschal; and, addressing Mr Vere, "I am informed, sir," said he, "there is a path we have not examined, leading by Westburnflat."

"O," said Sir Frederick, laughing, "we know the owner of Westburnflat well—a wild lad, that knows little difference between his neighbour's goods and his own: but, withal, very honest to his principles: He would disturb nothing belonging to Ellieslaw."

"Besides," said Mr Vere, smiling mysteriously, "he had other tow on his distaff last night. Have you not heard young Elliot of the Heugh-foot has had his house burnt, and his cattle driven away, because he refused to give up his arms to some honest men that think of starting for the king."

The company smiled upon each other, as at hearing of an exploit which favoured their own views.

"Yet, nevertheless," resumed Mareschal, "I think we ought to ride in this direction also, otherwise we shall certainly be blamed for our negligence."

No reasonable objection could be offered to this proposal, and the party turned their horses' heads towards Westburnflat.

They had not proceeded very far in that direction when the trampling of horses was heard, and a small body of riders were perceived advancing to meet them.

"There comes Earnscliff," said Mareschal: "I know his bright bay with the star in his front."

"And there is my daughter along with him," exclaimed Vere, furiously. "Who shall call my suspicions false or injurious now? Gentlemen—friends—lend me the assistance of your swords for the recovery of my child."

He unsheathed his weapon, and was imitated by Sir Frederick and several of the party, who prepared to charge those that were advancing towards them. But the greater part hesitated.

"They come to us in all peace and security," said Mareschal-Wells; "let us first hear what account they give us of this mysterious affair. If Miss Vere has sustained the slightest insult or injury from Earnscliff, I will be the first to revenge her; but let us hear what they say."

"You do me wrong by your suspicions, Mareschal," continued Vere; "you are the last I would have expected to hear express them."

"You injure yourself, Ellieslaw, by your violence, though the cause may excuse it."

He then advanced a little before the rest, and called out, with a loud voice, "Stand, Mr Earnscliff; or do you and Miss Vere advance alone to meet us. You are charged with having carried that

only off from her father's house: and we are here in arms to shed our last blood for her recovery, and for bringing to justice those who have injured her."

"And who would do that more willingly than I, Mr Mareschal?" said Earnscliff, haughtily,—"than I, who had the satisfaction this morning to liberate her from the dungeon in which I found her confined, and who am now escorting her back to the castle of Ellieslaw?"

"Is this so, Miss Vere?" said Mareschal.

"It is," answered Isabella, eagerly,—"it is so; for Heaven's sake sheathe your swords. I will swear by all that is sacred, that I was carried off by ruffians, whose persons and object were alike unknown to me, and am now restored to freedom by means of this gentleman's gallant interference."

"By whom, and wherefore, could this have been done?" pursued Mareschal.—"Had you no knowledge of the place to which you were conveyed?—Earnscliff, where did you find this lady?"

But ere either question could be answered, Ellieslaw advanced, and, returning his sword to the scabbard, cut short the conference.

"When I know," he said, "exactly how much I owe to Mr Earnscliff, he may rely on suitable acknowledgments: meantime," taking the bridle of Miss Vere's horse, "thus far I thank him for replacing my daughter in the power of her natural guardian."

A sullen bend of the head was returned by Earnscliff with equal haughtiness: and Ellieslaw, turning back with his daughter upon the road to his own house, appeared engaged with her in a conference so earnest, that the rest of the company judged it improper to intrude by approaching them too nearly. In the meantime, Earnscliff, as he took leave of the other gentlemen belonging to Ellieslaw's party, said aloud, "Although I am unconscious of any circumstance in my conduct that can authorize such a suspicion, I cannot but observe, that Mr Vere seems to believe that I have had some hand in the atrocious violence which has been offered to his daughter. I request you, gentlemen, to take notice of my explicit denial of a charge so dishonourable: and that, although I can pardon the bewildering feelings of a father in such a moment, yet, if any other gentleman" (he looked hard at Sir Frederick Langley) "thinks my word and that of Miss Vere, with the evidence of my friends who accompany me, too slight for my exculpation, I will be happy—most happy—to repel the charge, as becomes a man who counts his honour dearer than his life."

"And I'll be his second," said Simon of Hackburn, "and take up ony twa o' ye, gentle or semple, laird or loun: it 's a' ane to Simon."

"Who is that rough-looking fellow?" said Sir Frederick Langley, "and what has he to do with the quarrels of gentlemen?"

"I 'se be a lad frae the Hie Te'iot," said Simon, "and I 'se quarrel wi' ony body I like, except the king, or the laird I live under."

"Come," said Mareschal, "let us have no brawls.—Mr Earnscliff, although we do not think alike in some things, I trust we may be

opponents, even enemies, if fortune will have it so, without losing our respect for birth, fair-play, and each other. I believe you as innocent of this matter as I am myself: and I will undertake myself that my cousin Ellieslaw, as soon as the perplexity attending these sudden events has left his judgment to its free exercise, shall handsomely acknowledge the very important service you have this day rendered him."

"To have served your cousin is a sufficient reward in itself.—Good evening, gentlemen," continued Earnscliff. "I see most of your party are already on their way to Ellieslaw."

Then saluting Mareschal with courtesy, and the rest of the party with indifference, Earnscliff turned his horse and rode towards the Hough-foot, to concert measures with Hobbie Elliot for further research after his bride, of whose restoration to her friends he was still ignorant.

"There he goes," said Mareschal: "he is a fine, gallant young fellow, upon my soul; and yet I should like well to have a thrust with him on the green turf. I was reckoned at college pretty good with the foils, and I dare say I like to try him at sharps."

"In my opinion," answered Sir Frederick Langley, "we have done very ill in having suffered him, and those men who are with him, to go off without taking away their arms: for the whigs are very likely to draw to a head under such a sprightly young fellow as that."

"Her name is Lovelight!" exclaimed Mareschal; "do you think that Ellieslaw could, in honour, consent to any serious proposal of that Earnscliff, when he supposed his friend ought to have been married—or, if not married to all your opinion, as you think many, and the rest of these gentlemen, would disgrace our views by resting in such a transaction? No, no, fair play and Scotland for ever! When the sword is drawn, I will be as ready to use it as any man: but while it is in the sheath, let us behave like gentlemen and neighbours."

Soon after the colloquy they reached the castle, where Ellieslaw, who had arrived a few minutes before, met them in the court-yard.

"How is Miss Vere, and have you learned the cause of her being carried off?" asked Mareschal hastily.

"She is retired to her apartment greatly fatigued: and I cannot expect much light upon her adventure till her spirits are somewhat recruited," replied her father. "She and I were not the less obliged to you, Mareschal, and to your other friends, for their kind enquiries. But I must suppress the father's feelings for a while to give myself up to those of the parties. You know this is the day fixed for our final decision—time presses—our friends are arriving, and I have ceased house, not only for the country, but for the noble sportsmen whom we must necessarily entertain. You have, therefore, little time to prepare to meet them.—Look over these lists, Mareschal (an abbreviation by which Mareschal Wolf was known among his friends), you, Sir Frederick, read these letters from Lothian and the west, and I'll sign the tickets, and we have but to muster out the reapers."

"With all my heart," said Mareschal: "the more mischief the better sport."

Sir Frederick looked grave and disconcerted.

"Walk aside with me, my good friend," said Ellieslaw to the sombre lawyer; "I have something for your private ear, which I know you will be gratified."

They walked into the [illegible] leaving Ratcliffe and Mareschal standing together in the court.

"And so," said Ratcliffe, "the gentlemen of your political persuasion think the downfall of the government so certain, that they disdain even to throw a decent disguise over the machinations of their party?"

"Faith, Mr Ratcliffe," answered Mareschal, "the actions and sentiments of your friends may require to be veiled, but I am better pleased that ours can go barefaced."

"And is it possible," continued Ratcliffe, "that you, who, notwithstanding your thoughtlessness and [illegible] of temper (I beg pardon, Mr Mareschal, I was a plain man)—that you, who, in circumstances more critical than these, possess natural good sense and acquired information, should be so much excited as to embroil yourself in such desperate undertakings? How must your heart feel when you are engaged in these dangerous conferences?"

"Not quite so heavy as you should think," answered Mareschal, "as if I were looking at hunting and hawking. I am rid of an indifferent a rascal as ever eat in Ellieslaw, who speaks treason as if it were a child's nursery rhymes, and I recover that sweet girl, his daughter, with a great deal less exertion on both occasions than would have achieved me had I run and recovered a greyhound puppy. My temper is not quite so inflexible, nor my hate against government so inveterate, as to blind me to the full danger of the attempt."

"Then why involve yourself in it?" said Ratcliffe.

"Why, I love the poor young king with all my heart: and my father was an old Killiecrankie man, and I long to see some auld Whigs on the Unionist courtiers that have bought and sold old Scotland, whose crown has been so long independent."

"And for the sake of these sentiments," said his auditor, "you are willing to involve your country in war, and yourself in treason?"

"I involve? No! Not, remember, for myself, I had rather it came on to-morrow than a month hence. Come, I know it will; and, as your country likes any, better than mine—it will never find me wanting—and in the meantime, as the old Scotch song says, I can become a gallows as well as another. You know the end of the old ballad—

> 'Sae dauntonly, sae wantonly,
> Sae rantingly gaed he,
> He play'd a spring, and danced a round,
> Beneath the gallows tree!'"

"Mr Mareschal, I am sorry for you," said his grave adviser.

"I am obliged to you, Mr Ratcliffe, but I would not have you

judge of our enterprise by my way of vindicating it; there are wiser heads than mine at the work."

"Wiser heads than yours may lie as low," said Ratcliffe, in a warning tone.

"Perhaps so; but no lighter heart shall: and, to prevent it being made heavier by your remonstrances, I will bid you adieu, Mr Ratcliffe, till dinner-time, when you shall see that my apprehensions have not spoiled my appetite."

CHAPTER XIII.

> To face the garment of rebellion
> With some fine colour, that may please the eye
> Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
> Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
> Of hurlyburly innovation.
>
> *Henry the Fourth, Part II.*

THERE had been great preparations made at Ellieslaw Castle for the entertainment on this important day, when not only the gentlemen of note in the neighbourhood, attached to the Jacobite interest, were expected to rendezvous, but also many subordinate malcontents, whom difficulty of circumstances, love of change, resentment against England, or any of the numerous causes which inflamed men's passions at the time, rendered apt to join in perilous enterprise. The men of rank and substance were not many in number: for almost all the large proprietors stood aloof, and most of the smaller gentry and yeomanry were of the Presbyterian persuasion, and therefore, however displeased with the Union, unwilling to engage in a Jacobite conspiracy. But there were some gentlemen of property, who, either from early principle, from religious motives, or sharing the ambitious views of Ellieslaw, had given countenance to his scheme; and there were, also, some fiery young men, like Mareschal, desirous of signalizing themselves by engaging in a dangerous enterprise, by which they hoped to vindicate the independence of their country. The other members of the party were persons of inferior rank and desperate fortunes, who were now ready to rise in that part of the country, as they did afterwards in the year 1715, under Forster and Derwentwater, when a troop, commanded by a Border gentleman, named Douglas, consisted almost entirely of freebooters, among whom the notorious Luck-in-a-bag, as he was called, held a distinguished command. We think it necessary to mention these particulars, applicable solely to the province in which our scene lies; because, unquestionably, the Jacobite party, in the other parts of the kingdom, consisted of much more formidable, as well as much more respectable, materials.

One long table extended itself down the ample hall of Ellieslaw Castle, which was still left much in the state in which it had been one hundred years before, stretching, that is, in gloomy length, along the whole side of the castle, vaulted with ribbed arches of freestone, the groins of which sprung from projecting figures, that, carved into all

the wild forms which the fantastic imagination of a Gothic architect could devise, grinned, frowned, and gnashed their tusks, at the assembly below. Long narrow windows lighted the banqueting room on each side, filled up with stained glass, through which the sun emitted a dusky and discoloured light. A banner, which tradition averred to have been taken from the English at the battle of Sark, waved over the chair in which Ehieslaw presided, as if to inflame the courage of the guests, by recollecting them of ancient victories over their neighbours. He himself, a portly figure, dressed on this occasion with uncommon care, and with features, which, though of a stern and sinister expression, might well be termed handsome, looked the old feudal baron extremely well. Sir Frederick Langley was placed on his right hand, and Mr Mareschal of Mareschal-Wells on his left. Some gentlemen of consideration, with their sons, brothers, and nephews, were seated at the upper end of the table, and among these Mr Ratcliffe had his place. Beneath the salt-cellar (a massive piece of plate which occupied the midst of the table) sate the *sine nomine turba*, men whose vanity was gratified by holding even this subordinate space at the social board, while the distinction observed in ranking them was a salve to the pride of their superiors. That the lower house was not very select must be admitted, since Willie of Westburnflat was one of the party. The unabashed audacity of this fellow, in daring to present himself in the house of a gentleman, to whom he had just offered so flagrant an insult, can only be accounted for by supposing him conscious that his share in carrying off Miss Vere was a secret, safe in her possession and that of her father.

Before this numerous and miscellaneous party was placed a dinner, consisting, not indeed of the delicacies of the season, as the newspapers express it, but of viands, ample, solid, and sumptuous, under which the very board groaned. But the mirth was not in proportion to the good cheer. The lower end of the table were, for some time, chilled by constraint and respect, on finding themselves members of so august an assembly; and those who were placed around it had those feelings of awe with which P. P., clerk of the parish, describes himself oppressed, when he first uplifted the psalm in presence of those persons of high worship, the wise Mr Justice Freeman, the good Lady Jones, and the great Sir Thomas Truby. This ceremonious frost, however, soon gave way before the incentives to merriment, which were liberally supplied, and as liberally consumed by the guests of the lower description. They became talkative, loud, and even clamorous in their mirth.

But it was not in the power of wine or brandy to elevate the spirits of those who held the higher places at the banquet. They experienced the chilling revulsion of spirits which often takes place, when men are called upon to take a desperate resolution, after having placed themselves in circumstances where it is alike difficult to advance or to recede. The precipice looked deeper and more dangerous as they approached the brink, and each waited with an inward emotion of awe, expecting which of his confederates would set the example by plunging himself down. The inward sensation of fear and reluctance acted differently, according to the various habit and

characters of the company. One looked grave; another looked silly; a third gazed with apprehension on the empty seats at the higher end of the table, designed for the conspiracy whose prudence had prevailed over their political zeal, and who had absented themselves from their consultations at this critical period; and some seemed to be reckoning up at their ease the comparative rank and prospects of those who were present and absent. Sir Frederick Langley was reserved, moody, and discontented. Ellieslaw himself made such forced efforts to raise the spirits of the company, as plainly marked the flagging of his own. Ratcliffe watched the scene with the composure of a vigilant but uninterested spectator. Mareschal alone, true to the thoughtless vivacity of his character, sat and drank, laughed and jested, and seemed even to find entertainment in the embarrassment of the company.

"What has damped our noble courage this morning?" he exclaimed. "We seem to be met at a funeral, where the chief mourners dare not speak above their breath, while the undertakers (looking to the lower end of the table) are carousing below. Father-in-law, when will you *office*? where sleeps your sprightly manly zeal, which has quelled the high hope of the knights of Langley-dale?"

"You speak like a madman," said Ellieslaw; "do you not see how many are absent?"

"And what of that?" said Mareschal. "Did you not know before, that one half of the world are better lacqueys than soldiers? For my part, I am much encouraged by seeing at least two-thirds of our friends true to the rendezvous. I expect one-half of those came to secure the dinner in case of the worst."

"There is no news from the coast which can amount to certainty of the King's arrival," said another of the company, in that tone of solemn and tremulous whisper which implies a bitterness of reproach.

"Not a line from the Earl of ——, nor a single gentleman from the southern side of the Border," said a third.

"Who is he that wishes for more men from England?" exclaimed Mareschal, in a theatrical tone of affected heroism,

> 'My cousin Ellieslaw? No, my fair cousin,
> If we are doomed to die'——'

"For God's sake," said his brother-in-law, "spare us your folly at present, Mareschal."

"Well, then," said his brother, "I'll bestow my wisdom upon you instead, such as it is. If we have true hearts and hard hands, do not let us look like cowards. We have many causes to draw upon us both the suspicion and the displeasure of the government; do not let us give up to them before we have done anything to deserve it. What, will no one speak? Then I'll begin the work the first." And, standing up, he filled a beaker-glass to the brim with claret, and waving his hand, commanded all to follow his example and to rise up from their seats. All obeyed—the more qualified rose as if passively, the others with enthusiasm. "Then, my friends, I give you the pledge of the day,—

[illegible] in the [illegible] of the [illegible] and commencing a general

The i[illegible] [illegible] of Scotland, and the wrath of our lawful sovereign, King James the Eighth, now landed in Lothian, and, as I trust and believe, to full possession of his ancient capital!"

He unrolled the plaid, and threw the plume over his head.

"It should have," he said, "been purchased by a braver blast."

As followed this example, and, amidst the crash of glasses and the shouts of the company, declared themselves to stand or fall with the principles and political interest which their toast expressed.

"You have named the hour with a witness," said Ellieslaw, aside to Mareschal: "but I believe it is all for the best: at all events, we cannot now retreat from our resolution. One word, however, (looking at Hobbie,) "that cursed thick-skulled dog's face of that by and by."

Then, rising up, he addressed the company in a style of inflammatory invective against the government and its measures, but especially the Union; a measure, by means of which, he affirmed, Scotland had been at once deprived of her independence, her resources, and her honour, and he called upon every man of the party again to [illegible] the [illegible] early [illegible] [illegible] through so many dangers, and by so much blood, [illegible] [illegible] defended [illegible] rights. This [illegible] touching [illegible] [illegible] a powerful chord in the bosom of every man present.

"Our commerce is destroyed," he said, "and the down Hotspurstle, a collection smuggled from the [illegible] out of the rates.

"Our agriculture is ruined," said the [illegible] of [illegible] of ill-flow, a [illegible] [illegible], which, since the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

occasioned. "Remember your liberties," he exclaimed; "confound cess, press, and presbytery, and the memory of old Willie that first brought them upon us!"

"Damn the gauger!" echoed old John Rewcastle; "I'll cleave him wi' my ain hand."

"And confound the country-keeper and the constable!" re-echoed Westburnflat: "I'll weize a brace of balls through them before morning."

"We are agreed, then," said Ellieslaw, when the shouts had somewhat subsided, "to hear this state of things no longer!"

"We are agreed to a man," answered his guests.

"Not literally so," said Mr Ratcliffe; "for though I cannot hope to assuage the violent symptoms which seem so suddenly to have seized upon the company, yet I beg to observe, that so far as the opinion of a single member goes, I do not entirely coincide in the list of grievances which has been announced, and that I do utterly protest against the frantic measures which you seem disposed to adopt for removing them. I can easily suppose much of what has been spoken may have arisen out of the heat of the moment, or have been said perhaps in jest. But there are some jests of a nature very apt to transpire; and you ought to remember, gentlemen, that stone-walls have ears."

"Stone-walls may have ears," returned Ellieslaw, eyeing him with a look of triumphant malignity, "but domestic spies, Mr Ratcliffe, will soon find themselves without any, if any such dares to continue his abode in a family where his coming was an unauthorized intrusion, where his conduct has been that of a presumptuous meddler, and from which his exit shall be that of a baffled knave, if he does not know how to take a hint."

"Mr Vere," returned Ratcliffe, with calm contempt, "I am fully aware, that as soon as my presence becomes useless to you, which it must through the rash step you are about to adopt, it will immediately become unsafe to myself, as it has always been hateful to you. But I have one protection, and it is a strong one; for you would not willingly hear me detail before gentlemen, and men of honour, the singular circumstances in which our connection took its rise. As to the rest, I rejoice at its conclusion: and as I think that Mr Marescha and some other gentlemen will guarantee the safety of my ears and of my throat (for which last I have more reason to be apprehensive) during the course of the night, I shall not leave your castle till to-morrow morning."

"Be it so, sir," replied Mr Vere; "you are entirely safe from my resentment, because you are beneath it, and not because I am afraid of your disclosing any family secrets, although, for your own sake, I warn you to beware how you do so. Your agency and intermediation can be of little consequence to one who will win or lose all, as lawful right or unjust usurpation shall succeed in the struggle that is about to ensue. Farewell, sir."

Ratcliffe arose, and cast upon him a look, which Vere seemed to sustain with difficulty, and, bowing to those around him, left the room.

This conversation made an impression on many of the company, which Ellieslaw hastened to dispel, by entering upon the business of the day. Their hasty deliberations went to organize an immediate insurrection. Ellieslaw, Mareschal, and Sir Frederick Langley, were chosen leaders, with powers to direct their farther measures. A place of rendezvous was appointed, at which all agreed to meet early on the ensuing day, with such followers and friends to the cause as each could collect around him. Several of the guests retired to make the necessary preparations; and Ellieslaw made a formal apology to the others, who, with Westburnflat and the old smuggler, continued to ply the bottle stanchly, for leaving the head of the table, as he must necessarily hold a separate and sober conference with the coadjutors whom they had associated with him in the command. The apology was the more readily accepted, as he prayed them, at the same time, to continue to amuse themselves with such refreshments as the cellars of the castle afforded. Shouts of applause followed their retreat; and the names of Vere, Langley, and, above all, of Mareschal, were thundered forth in chorus, and bathed with copious bumpers repeatedly, during the remainder of the evening.

When the principal conspirators had retired into a separate apartment, they gazed on each other for a minute with a sort of embarrassment, which, in Sir Frederick's dark features, amounted to an expression of discontented sullenness. Mareschal was the first to break the pause, saying, with a loud burst of laughter,—"Well! we are fairly embarked now, gentlemen—*coque la galere!*"

"We may thank you for the plunge," said Ellieslaw.

"Yes; but I don't know how far you will thank me," answered Mareschal, "when I shew you this letter, which I received just before we sat down. My servant told me it was delivered by a man he had never seen before, who went off at the gallop, after charging him to put it into my own hand."

Ellieslaw impatiently opened the letter, and read aloud—

Edinburgh, ——.

HOND. SIR,

Having obligations to your family, which shall be nameless, and learning that you are one of the company of adventurers doing business for the house of James and Company, late merchants in London, now in Dunkirk, I think it right to send you this early and private information, that the vessels you expected have been driven off the coast, without having been able to break bulk, or to land any part of their cargo; and that the west-country partners have resolved to withdraw their names from the firm, as it must prove a losing concern. Having good hope you will avail yourself of this early information, to do what is needful for your own security, I rest your humble servant,

NIHIL NAMELESS.

For RALPH MARESCHAL, *of Mareschal-Wells*
—These, with care and speed.

Sir Frederick's jaw dropped, and his countenance blackened, as the letter was read, and Ellieslaw exclaimed,—"Why, this affects the very mainspring of our enterprise. If the French fleet, with the

King on board, has been cleared out by the English, as this [illegible] scrawl seems to intimate, where are we?"

"Just where we were this morning, I think," said Marischal, still laughing.

"Pardon me, and a truce to your diamond rustic, Mr Marischal: this morning we were not assaulted pickthanks, as we now stand contained by your own mandate, when you had a letter in your pocket apprizing you that our movements were desperate."

"Ay, ay, I expected you would say so. This to the first place, my friend Niall Naiseless and his letter may be all a mare; and, moreover, I would have you know that I am tired of a party that does nothing but form loyal resolutions over night, and keep them away with their wine before morning. The circumstances are now unpromising of men and emanation: [illegible] will serve enough of both: the country is now in a [illegible] days or a few weeks, because the effects of self-interest, of fear, and of abhorrence [illegible] once, which are already so visible, that time between will be made as Christmas. [illegible] you are determined to go the vote, I have given care you shall get as short as I [illegible] anything glum-like. You are fairly in the boat, and trust [illegible]."

"You are mistaken with respect to one of us, Mr Marischal," said Sir Frederick Lansley, and, applying himself to the bell, he summoned the person who entered as orderly [illegible] instantly.

"[illegible] Frederick," said Lauderdale; "we have our musters to go over."

"I will go in a light, Mr Lauderdale," said Sir Frederick, "and write you my intentions in this matter when I am at home."

"Ay," said Marischal, "and send them in a troop of horse from [illegible]. [illegible] you, Sir Frederick. I for one will [illegible] and if you have Lauderdale's weight, it shall be in [illegible] my dear boy."

"I'm sorry, Marischal," said Sir Frederick, "that you so much misinterpret [illegible]. I am sure Sir Frederick can [illegible] with me; he seems to me [illegible] a desire of deserting the cause, [illegible] remember the full proof we have of his accession to it, and he cannot [illegible]."

"You should say so, and [illegible] you talk of principles in such a case of treachery: for my part, I would enter my house with a pair," said Marischal, [illegible] his teeth, "A pretty pair of fellows to trust a man's neck with!"

"[illegible] Frederick Lansley;" [illegible] step shall be as heavy [illegible]

"I have no reason to keep [illegible] one" (looking at Vere), "who has kept none with me."

"[illegible] with a [illegible] Marischal, [illegible] Frederick?"

"In the nearest and most tender point you have trifled with me concerning our proposed alliance, which you well knew was the gage of our political undertaking. This carrying off and this bringing back of Miss Vere,—the cold reception I have met with from her, and the pretexts with which you cover it, I feel, were but evasions, that you may yourself retain possession of the estates which are her's by right, and invite me, in the meanwhile, a tool in your desperate enterprise, by holding out hopes and expectations which you are resolved never to realize."

"Sir Frederick, I protest, by all that is sacred——"

"I will listen to no protestations: I have been cheated with them too long," answered Sir Frederick.

"If you leave us," said Ellieslaw, "you cannot but know both your peril and ours is certain: all depends on our adhering together."

"Leave me to take care of myself," returned the knight: "but were what you say true, I would rather perish than be fooled any farther."

"Can nothing ease sweet creature you of my sincerity?" said Ellieslaw, anxiously: "this morning I should have recalled your unjust suspicions as an insult: but circumstances are now ——"

"You find yourself compelled to be sincere?" retorted Sir Frederick. "If you would have me think so, there is but one way to convince me of it—Let your daughter bestow her hand on me this evening."

"Sooner?—impossible!" answered Vere: "think of her late alarm—of our present undertaking."

"I will listen to nothing else to love or consent, I tell you at once. You have a chapel in the castle—There is a priest among the company—this proof of your good faith to-night, and we are again joined in heart and hand. If you refuse me when it is so much for your advantage to consent, how can I trust you to-morrow, when I shall stand committed in your undertaking, and unable to retract?"

"And am I to understand, that, if you can be made my son-in-law to-night, our friendship is renewed?" said Ellieslaw.

"Most infallibly, and most inviolably," replied Sir Frederick.

"Then," said Vere, "though what you ask is premature, indecent, and unjust towards my character, sir Sir Frederick, give me your hand—my daughter shall be your wife."

"This night?"

"This very night," replied Ellieslaw, "before the clock strikes twelve."

"With her own consent, I trust," said Marschal: "for I promise you both, gentlemen, I will not stand tamely by, and see any violence put on the will of my pretty kinswoman."

"Another word in this hot-headed fellow," muttered Ellieslaw: and then aloud, "With her own consent? For what do you take me, Marschal, that you should suppose your interference necessary to protect my daughter against her father? I repeat it, she has no repugnance to Sir Frederick Langley."

"Or rather to be called Lady Langley," said Sir Frederick, "though there are many women might be of her mind: and I beg your pardon, but

these sudden demands and concessions alarmed me a little on her account."

"It is only the suddenness of the proposal that embarrasses me," said Ellieslaw; "but perhaps if she is found intractable, Sir Frederick will consider——"

"I will consider nothing, Mr Vere—your daughter's hand to-night, or I depart, were it at midnight—there is my ultimatum."

"I embrace it," said Ellieslaw; "and I will leave you to talk upon our military preparations, while I go to prepare my daughter for so sudden a change of condition."

So saying, he left the company

CHAPTER XIV.

> He brings Earl Osmond to receive my vows.
> O dreadful change! for Tancred, haughty Osmond.
> *Tancred and Sigismunda.*

Mr Vere, whom long practice of dissimulation had enabled to model his very gait and footsteps to aid the purposes of deception, walked along the stone passage, and up the first flight of steps towards Miss Vere's apartment, with the alert, firm, and steady pace of one, who is bound, indeed, upon important business, but who entertains no doubt he can terminate his affairs satisfactorily. But when out of hearing of the gentlemen whom he had left, his step became so slow and irresolute, as to correspond with his doubts and his fears. At length he paused in an antechamber to collect his ideas, and form his plan of argument, before approaching his daughter.

"In what more hopeless and inextricable dilemma was ever an unfortunate man involved!"—Such was the tenor of his reflections.—"If we now fall to pieces by dissension, there can be little doubt that the government will take my life as the prime agitator of the insurrection. Or, grant I could stoop to save myself by a hasty submission, am I not, even in that case, utterly ruined? I have broken irreconcileably with Ratcliffe, and can have nothing to expect from that quarter but insult and persecution. I must wander forth an impoverished and dishonoured man, without even the means of sustaining life, far less wealth sufficient to counterbalance the infamy which my countrymen, both those whom I desert and those whom I join, will attach to the name of the political renegade. It is not to be thought of. And yet, what choice remains between this lot and the ignominious scaffold? Nothing can save me but reconciliation with these men: and, to accomplish this, I have promised to Langley that Isabella shall marry him ere midnight, and to Mareschal, that she shall do so without compulsion. I have but one remedy betwixt me and ruin—her consent to take a suitor whom she dislikes, upon such short notice as would disgust her, even were he a favoured lover—But I must trust to the romantic generosity of her disposition; and let me paint the necessity of her obedience ever so strongly, I cannot overcharge its reality."

Having finished this sad chain of reflections upon his perilous condition, he entered his daughter's apartment with every nerve bent up to the support of the argument which he was about to sustain. Though a deceitful and ambitious man, he was not so devoid of natural affection but that he was shocked at the part he was about to act, in practising on the feelings of a dutiful and affectionate child; but the recollections, that, if he succeeded, his daughter would only be trepanned into an advantageous match, and that, if he failed, he himself was a lost man, were quite sufficient to drown all scruples.

He found Miss Vere seated by the window of her dressing-room, her head reclining on her hand, and either sunk in slumber, or so deeply engaged in meditation, that she did not hear the noise he made at his entrance. He approached with his features composed to a deep expression of sorrow and sympathy, and, sitting down beside her, solicited her attention by quietly taking her hand, a motion which he did not fail to accompany with a deep sigh.

"My father!" said Isabella, with a sort of start which expressed at least as much fear, as joy or affection.

"Yes, Isabella," said Vere, "your unhappy father, who comes now as a penitent to crave forgiveness of his daughter for an injury done to her in the excess of his affection, and then to take leave of her for ever."

"Sir? Offence to me! Take leave for ever! What does all this mean?" said Miss Vere.

"Yes, Isabella, I am serious. But first let me ask you, have you no suspicion that I may have been privy to the strange chance which befell you yesterday morning?"

"You, sir?" answered Isabella, stammering between a consciousness that he had guessed her thoughts justly, and the shame as well as fear which forbade her to acknowledge a suspicion so degrading and so unnatural.

"Yes!" he continued, "your hesitation confesses that you entertained such an opinion, and I have now the painful task of acknowledging that your suspicions have done me no injustice. But listen to my motives. In an evil hour I countenanced the addresses of Sir Frederick Langley, conceiving it impossible that you could have any permanent objections to a match where the advantages were, in most respects, on your side. In a worse, I entered with him into measures calculated to restore our banished monarch, and the independence of my country. He has taken advantage of my unguarded confidence, and now has my life at his disposal."

"Your life, sir!" said Isabella, faintly.

"Yes, Isabella," continued her father, "the life of him who gave life to you. So soon as I foresaw the excesses into which his headlong passion (for, to do him justice, I believe his unreasonable conduct arises from excess of attachment to you) was likely to hurry him, I endeavoured, by finding a plausible pretext for your absence for some weeks, to extricate myself from the dilemma in which I am placed. For this purpose I wished, in case your objections to the match continued insurmountable, to have sent you privately for a few months to the convent of your maternal aunt at Paris. By a series

of mistakes you have been brought from the place of secrecy and security which I had destined for your temporary abode. Fate has baffled my last chance of escape, and I have only to give you my blessing, and send you from the castle with Mr Ratcliffe, who now leaves it; my own fate will soon be decided."

"Good Heaven, sir! can this be possible?" exclaimed Isabella. "O, why was I freed from the restraint in which you placed me? or why did you not impart your pleasure to me?"

"Think an instant, Isabella. Would you have had me prejudice, in your opinion, the friend I was most desirous of serving, by communicating to you the injurious eagerness with which he pursued his object? Could I do so honourably, having promised to assist his suit? —But it is all over. I and Maresehal have made up our minds to die like men; it only remains to send you from hence under a safe escort."

"Great powers! and is there no remedy?" said the terrified young woman.

"None, my child," answered Vere, gently, "unless one which you would not advise your father to adopt—to be the first to betray his friends."

"O, no! no!" she answered, abhorrently yet hastily, as if to reject the temptation which the alternative presented to her. "But is there no other hope—through flight—through mediation—through supplication?—I will bend my knee to Sir Frederick!"

"It would be a fruitless degradation: he is determined on his course, and I am equally resolved to stand the hazard of my fate. On one condition only he will turn aside from his purpose, and that condition my lips shall never utter to you."

"Name it, I conjure you, my dear father!" exclaimed Isabella. "What *can* he ask that we ought not to grant, to prevent the hideous catastrophe with which you are threatened?"

"That, Isabella," said Vere, solemnly, "you shall never know, until your father's head has rolled on the bloody scaffold: then, indeed, you will learn there was one sacrifice by which he might have been saved."

"And why not speak it now?" said Isabella: "do you fear I would flinch from the sacrifice of fortune for your preservation? or would you bequeath me the bitter legacy of life-long remorse, so oft as I shall think that you perished, while there remained one mode of preventing the dreadful misfortune that overhangs you?"

"Then, my child," said Vere, "since you press me to name what I would a thousand times rather leave in silence, I must inform you that he will accept for ransom nothing but your hand in marriage, and that conferred before midnight this very evening!"

"This evening, sir!" said the young lady, struck with horror at the proposal—"and to such a man!—A man!—a monster, who could wish to win the daughter by threatening the life of the father—it is indeed impossible."

"You say right, my child," answered her father, "it is indeed impossible; nor have I either the right or the wish to exact such a sacrifice—It is the course of nature that the old should die and be forgot, and the young should live and be happy."

"My father die, and his child can save him!—but no—no—my dear father, pardon me, it is impossible; you only wish to guide me to your wishes. I know your object is what you think my happiness, and this dreadful tale is only told to influence my conduct and subdue my scruples."

"My daughter," replied Ellieslaw, in a tone where offended authority seemed to struggle with parental affection, "my child suspects me of inventing a false tale to work upon her feelings! Even this I must bear, and even from this unworthy suspicion I must descend to vindicate myself. You know the stainless honour of your cousin Mareschal—mark what I shall write to him, and judge from his answer, if the danger in which we stand is not real, and whether I have not used every means to avert it."

He sate down, wrote a few lines hastily, and handed them to Isabella, who, after repeated and painful efforts, cleared her eyes and head sufficiently to discern their purport.

"Dear cousin," said the billet, "I find my daughter, as I expected, in despair at the untimely and premature urgency of Sir Frederick Langley. She cannot even comprehend the peril in which we stand, or how much we are in his power—Use your influence with him, for Heaven's sake, to modify proposals, to the acceptance of which I cannot, and will not, urge my child against all her own feelings, as well as those of delicacy and propriety, and oblige your loving cousin, —R. V."

In the agitation of the moment, when her swimming eyes and dizzy brain could hardly comprehend the sense of what she looked upon, it is not surprising that Miss Vere should have omitted to remark that this letter seemed to rest her scruples rather upon the form and time of the proposed union, than on a rooted dislike to the suitor proposed to her. Mr Vere rang the bell, and gave the letter to a servant to be delivered to Mr Mareschal, and, rising from his chair, continued to traverse the apartment in silence and in great agitation until the answer was returned. He glanced it over, and wrung the hand of his daughter as he gave it to her. The tenor was as follows:—

"My dear kinsman, I have already urged the knight on the point you mention, and I find him as fixed as Cheviot. I am truly sorry my fair cousin should be pressed to give up any of her maidenly rights. Sir Frederick consents, however, to leave the castle with me the instant the ceremony is performed, and we will raise our followers and begin the fray. Thus there is great hope the bridegroom may be knocked on the head before he and the bride can meet again, so Bell has a fair chance to be Lady Langley *à très bon marché*. For the rest, I can only say, that if she can make up her mind to the alliance at all—it is no time for mere maiden ceremony—my pretty cousin must needs consent to marry in haste, or we shall all repent at leisure, or rather have very little leisure to repent; which is all at present from him who rests your affectionate kinsman,—R. M."

"P.S.—Tell Isabella that I would rather cut the knight's throat after all, and end the dilemma that way, than see her constrained to marry him against her will."

When Isabella had read this letter, it dropped from her hand, and she would, at the same time, have fallen from her chair, had she not been supported by her father.

"My God, my child will die!" exclaimed Vere, the feelings of nature overcoming, even in *his* breast, the sentiments of selfish policy; "look up, Isabella—look up, my child—come what will, you shall not be the sacrifice—I will fall myself with the consciousness I leave you happy—My child may weep on my grave, but she shall not—not in this instance—reproach my memory." He called a servant.—"Go, bid Ratcliffe come hither directly."

During this interval, Miss Vere became deadly pale, clenched her hands, pressing the palms strongly together, closed her eyes, and drew her lips with strong compression, as if the severe constraint which she put upon her internal feelings extended even to her muscular organization. Then raising her head, and drawing in her breath strongly ere she spoke, she said with firmness,—"Father, I consent to the marriage."

"You shall not—you shall not,—my child—my dear child—you shall not embrace certain misery to free me from uncertain danger."

So exclaimed Ellieslaw; and, strange and inconsistent beings that we are! he expressed the real though momentary feelings of his heart.

"Father," repeated Isabella, "I will consent to this marriage."

"No, my child, no—not now at least—we will humble ourselves to obtain delay from him; and yet, Isabella, could you overcome a dislike which has no real foundation, think, in other respects, what a match!—wealth—rank—importance."

"Father," reiterated Isabella, "I have consented."

It seemed as if she had lost the power of saying any thing else, or even of varying the phrase which, with such effort, she had compelled herself to utter.

"Heaven bless thee, my child!—Heaven bless thee!—And it *will* bless thee with riches, with pleasure, with power."

Miss Vere faintly entreated to be left by herself for the rest of the evening.

"But will you not receive Sir Frederick?" said her father anxiously.

"I will meet him," she replied, "I will meet him—when I must and where I must; but spare me now."

"Be it so, my dearest; you shall know no restraint that I can save you from. Do not think too hardly of Sir Frederick for this—it is an excess of passion."

Isabella waved her hand impatiently.

"Forgive me, my child—I go—Heaven bless thee. At eleven, if you call me not before—at eleven I come to seek you."

When he left Isabella she dropt upon her knees—"Heaven aid me to support the resolution I have taken—Heaven only can—O, poor Earnscliff! who shall comfort him? and with what contempt will he pronounce her name, who listened to him to-day and gave herself to another at night! But let him despise me—better so than that he

should know the truth—Let him despise me; if it will but lessen his grief, I should feel comfort in the loss of his esteem."

She wept bitterly; attempting in vain, from time to time, to commence the prayer for which she had sunk on her knees, but unable to calm her spirits sufficiently for the exercise of devotion. As she remained in this agony of mind, the door of her apartment was slowly opened.

CHAPTER XV.

> The darksome cave they enter, where they found
> The woful man, low sitting on the ground,
> Musing full sadly in his sullen mind.
> *Faëry Queen.*

The intruder on Miss Vere's sorrows was Ratcliffe. Ellieslaw had, in the agitation of his mind, forgotten to countermand the order he had given to call him thither, so that he opened the door with the words, "You sent for me, Mr Vere." Then looking around—"Miss Vere, alone! on the ground! and in tears!"

"Leave me—leave me, Mr Ratcliffe," said the unhappy young lady.

"I must not leave you," said Ratcliffe; "I have been repeatedly requesting admittance to take my leave of you, and have been refused, until your father himself sent for me. Blame me not, if I am bold and intrusive; I have a duty to discharge which makes me so."

"I cannot listen to you—I cannot speak to you, Mr Ratcliffe; take my best wishes, and for God's sake leave me."

"Tell me only," said Ratcliffe, "is it true that this monstrous match is to go forward, and this very night? I heard the servants proclaim it as I was on the great staircase—I heard the directions given to clear out the chapel."

"Spare me, Mr Ratcliffe," replied the luckless bride; "and from the state in which you see me, judge of the cruelty of these questions."

"Married! to Sir Frederick Langley! and this night! it must not—cannot—shall not be."

"It *must* be, Mr Ratcliffe, or my father is ruined."

"Ah! I understand," answered Ratcliffe; "and you have sacrificed yourself to save him who—But let the virtue of the child atone for the faults of the father—it is no time to rake them up. What *can* be done? Time presses—I know but one remedy—with four-and-twenty hours I might find many—Miss Vere, you must implore the protection of the only human being who has it in his power to control the course of events which threatens to hurry you before it."

"And what human being," answered Miss Vere, "has such power?"

"Start not when I name him," said Ratcliffe, coming near her, and speaking in a low but distinct voice. "It is he who is called Elshender the Recluse of Mucklestane-Moor."

"You are mad, Mr Ratcliffe, or you mean to insult my misery by an ill-timed jest!"

"I am as much in my senses, young lady," answered her adviser,

"as you are; and I am no idle jester, far less with misery, least of all with your misery. I swear to you that this being (who is other far than what he seems) actually possesses the means of redeeming you from this hateful union."

"And of ensuring my father's safety?"

"Yes! even that," said Ratcliffe, "if you plead his cause with him—yet how to obtain admittance to the Recluse."

"Fear not that," said Miss Vere, suddenly recollecting the incident of the rose; "I remember he desired me to call upon him for aid in my extremity, and gave me this flower as a token. Ere it faded away entirely, I would need, he said, his assistance: is it possible his words can have been aught but the ravings of insanity?"

"Doubt it not—fear it not—but, above all," said Ratcliffe, "let us lose no time.—Are you at liberty, and unwatched?"

"I believe so," said Isabella; "but what would you have me to do?"

"Leave the castle instantly," said Ratcliffe, "and throw yourself at the feet of this extraordinary man, who, in circumstances that seem to argue the extremity of the most contemptible poverty, possesses yet an almost absolute influence over your fate.—Guests and servants are deep in their carouse—the leaders sitting in conclave on their treasonable schemes—my horse stands ready in the stable—I will saddle one for you, and meet you at the little garden-gate—O, let no doubt of my prudence or fidelity prevent your taking the only step in your power to escape the dreadful fate which must attend the wife of Sir Frederick Langley."

"Mr Ratcliffe," said Miss Vere, "you have always been esteemed a man of honour and probity, and a drowning wretch will always catch at the feeblest twig.—I will trust you—I will follow your advice—I will meet you at the garden-gate."

She bolted the outer-door of her apartment as soon as Mr Ratcliffe left her, and descended to the garden by a separate stair of communication which opened to her dressing-room. On the way she felt inclined to retract the consent she had so hastily given to a plan so hopeless and extravagant. But as she passed in her descent a private door which entered into the chapel from the back stair, she heard the voice of the female servants as they were employed in the task of cleaning it.

"Married! and to sae bad a man—Ewhow, sirs! ony thing rather than that."

"They are right—they are right," said Miss Vere, "any thing rather than that."

She hurried to the garden. Mr Ratcliffe was true to his appointment—the horses stood saddled at the garden-gate, and in a few minutes they were advancing rapidly towards the hut of the Solitary.

While the ground was favourable, the speed of their journey was such as to prevent much communication; but when a steep ascent compelled them to slacken their pace, a new cause of apprehension occurred to Miss Vere's mind.

"Mr Ratcliffe," she said, pulling up her horse's bridle, "let us prosecute no farther a journey which nothing but the extreme agitation of my mind can vindicate my having undertaken—I am well aware

that this man passes among the vulgar as being possessed of supernatural powers, and carrying on an intercourse with beings of another world; but I would have you aware I am neither to be imposed on by such follies, nor, were I to believe in their existence, durst I, with my feelings of religion, apply to this being in my distress."

"I should have thought, Miss Vere," replied Ratcliffe, "my character and habits of thinking were so well known to you, that you might have held me exculpated from crediting in such absurdity."

"But in what other mode," said Isabella, "can a being, so miserable himself in appearance, possess the power of assisting me?"

"Miss Vere," said Ratcliffe, after a momentary pause, "I am bound by a solemn oath of secrecy—You must, without farther explanation, be satisfied with my pledged assurance, that he does possess the power, if you can inspire him with the will; and that, I doubt not, you will be able to do."

"Mr Ratcliffe," said Miss Vere, "you may yourself be mistaken; you ask an unlimited degree of confidence from me."

"Recollect, Miss Vere," he replied, "that when in your humanity you asked me to interfere with your father in favour of Haswell and his ruined family—when you requested me to prevail on him to do a thing most abhorrent to his nature—to forgive an injury and remit a penalty—I stipulated that you should ask me no questions concerning the sources of my influence—You found no reason to distrust me then, do not distrust me now."

"But the extraordinary mode of life of this man," said Miss Vere; "his seclusion—his figure—the deepness of misanthropy which he is said to express in his language—Mr Ratcliffe, what can I think of him if he really possesses the powers you ascribe to him?"

"This man, young lady, was bred a Catholic, a sect which affords a thousand instances of those who have retired from power and affluence to voluntary privations more strict even than his."

"But he avows no religious motive," replied Miss Vere.

"No," replied Ratcliffe; "disgust with the world has operated his retreat from it without assuming the veil of superstition. Thus far I may tell you—he was born to great wealth, which his parents designed should become greater by his union with a kinswoman, whom for that purpose they bred up in their own house. You have seen his figure; judge what the young lady must have thought of the lot to which she was destined—Yet, habituated to his appearance, she shewed no reluctance, and the friends of —— of the person whom I speak of, doubted not that the excess of his attachment, the various acquisitions of his mind, his many and amiable qualities, had overcome the natural horror which his destined bride must have entertained at an exterior so dreadfully inauspicious."

"And did they judge truly?" said Isabella.

"You shall hear. He, at least, was fully aware of his own deficiency; the sense of it haunted him like a phantom. "I am," was his own expression to me,—I mean to a man whom he trusted,—'I am, in spite of what you would say, a poor miserable outcast, fitter to have been smothered in the cradle than to have been brought up to scare the world in which I crawl.' The person whom he addressed

in vain endeavoured to impress him with the indifference to external form, which is the natural result of philosophy, or entreat him to recall the superiority of mental talents to the more attractive attributes that are merely personal. 'I hear you,' he would reply; 'but you speak the voice of cold-blooded stoicism, or, at least, of friendly partiality. But look at every book which we have read, those excepted of that abstract philosophy which feels no responsive voice in our natural feelings. Is not personal form, such as at least can be tolerated without horror and disgust, always represented as essential to our ideas of a friend, far more a lover? Is not such a mis-shapen monster as I am, excluded, by the very fiat of Nature, from her fairest enjoyments? What but my wealth prevents all—perhaps even Letitia, or you—from shunning me as something foreign to your nature, and more odious, by bearing that distorted resemblance to humanity which we observe in the animal tribes that are more hateful to man because they seem his caricature?'"

"You repeat the sentiments of a madman," said Miss Vere.

"No," replied her conductor, "unless a morbid and excessive sensibility on such a subject can be termed insanity. Yet I will not deny that this governing feeling and apprehension carried the person who entertained it, to lengths which indicated a deranged imagination. He appeared to think that it was necessary for him, by exuberant, and not always well-chosen instances of liberality, and even profusion, to unite himself to the human race, from which he conceived himself naturally dissevered. The benefits which he bestowed, from a disposition naturally philanthropical in an uncommon degree, were exaggerated by the influence of the goading reflection, that more was necessary from him than from others,—lavishing his treasures as if to bribe mankind to receive him into their class. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the bounty which flowed from a source so capricious was often abused, and his confidence frequently betrayed. These disappointments, which occur to all, more or less, and most to such as confer benefits without just discrimination, his diseased fancy set down to the hatred and contempt excited by his personal deformity. —But I fatigue you, Miss Vere?"

"No, by no means; I could not prevent my attention from wandering an instant; pray proceed."

"He became at length," continued Ratcliffe, "the most ingenious self-tormentor of whom I have ever heard; the scoff of the rabble, and the sneer of the yet more brutal vulgar of his own rank, were to him agony and breaking on the wheel. He regarded the laugh of the common people whom he passed on the street, and the suppressed titter, or yet more offensive terror, of the young girls to whom he was introduced in company, as proofs of the true sense which the world entertained of him, as a prodigy unfit to be received among them on the usual terms of society, and as vindicating the wisdom of his purpose in withdrawing himself from among them. On the faith and sincerity of two persons alone, he seemed to rely implicitly—on that of his betrothed bride, and of a friend eminently gifted in personal accomplishments, who seemed, and indeed probably was, sincerely attached to him. He ought to have been so at least, for he

was literally loaded with benefits by him whom you are now about to see. The parents of the subject of my story died within a short space of each other. Their death postponed the marriage, for which the day had been fixed. The lady did not seem greatly to mourn this delay,—perhaps that was not to have been expected; but she intimated no change of intention, when, after a decent interval, a second day was named for their union. The friend of whom I spoke was then a constant resident at the Hall. In an evil hour, at the earnest request and entreaty of this friend, they joined a general party, where men of different political opinions were mingled, and where they drank deep. A quarrel ensued; the friend of the Recluse drew his sword with others, and was thrown down and disarmed by a more powerful antagonist. They fell in the struggle at the feet of the Recluse, who, maimed and truncated as his form appears, possesses, nevertheless, great strength, as well as violent passions. He caught up a sword, pierced the heart of his friend's antagonist, was tried, and his life, with difficulty, redeemed from justice at the expense of a year's close imprisonment, the punishment of manslaughter. The incident affected him most deeply, the more that the deceased was a man of excellent character, and had sustained gross insult and injury ere he drew his sword. I think, from that moment, I observed—I beg pardon—the fits of morbid sensibility which had tormented this unfortunate gentleman, were rendered henceforth more acute by remorse, which he, of all men, was least capable of having incurred, or of sustaining when it became his unhappy lot. His paroxysms of agony could not be concealed from the lady to whom he was betrothed; and it must be confessed they were of an alarming and fearful nature. He comforted himself, that, at the expiry of his imprisonment, he could form with his wife and friend a society, encircled by which he might dispense with more extensive communication with the world. He was deceived; before that term elapsed, his friend and his betrothed bride were man and wife. The effects of a shock so dreadful on an ardent temperament, a disposition already soured by bitter remorse, and loosened by the indulgence of a gloomy imagination from the rest of mankind, I cannot describe to you; it was as if the last cable at which the vessel rode had suddenly parted, and left her abandoned to all the wild fury of the tempest. He was placed under medical restraint. As a temporary measure this might have been justifiable; but his hard-hearted friend, who in consequence of his marriage, was now his nearest ally, prolonged his confinement, in order to enjoy the management of his immense estates. There was one who owed his all to the sufferer, an humble friend, but grateful and faithful. By unceasing exertion, and repeated invocation of justice, he at length succeeded in obtaining his patron's freedom, and reinstatement in the management of his own property, to which was soon added that of his intended bride, who, having died without male issue, her estates reverted to him, as heir of entail. But freedom, and wealth, were unable to restore the equipoise of his mind; to the former his grief made him indifferent—the latter only served him as far as it afforded him the means of indulging his strange and wayward fancy. He had renounced the Catholic religion, but per-

haps some of its doctrines continued to influence a mind, over which remorse and misanthropy now assumed, in appearance, an unbounded authority. His life has since been that alternately of a pilgrim and a hermit, suffering the most severe privations, not indeed in ascetic devotion, but in abhorrence of mankind. Yet no man's words and actions have been at such a wide difference, nor has any hypocritical wretch ever been more ingenious in assigning good motives for his vile actions, than this unfortunate in reconciling to his abstract principles of misanthropy a conduct which flows from his natural generosity and kindness of feeling."

"Still, Mr Ratcliffe—still you describe the inconsistencies of a madman."

"By no means," replied Ratcliffe. "That the imagination of this gentleman is disordered, I will not pretend to dispute; I have already told you that it has sometimes broken out into paroxysms approaching to real mental alienation. But it is of his common state of mind that I speak; it is irregular, but not deranged; the shades are as gradual as those that divide the light of noon-day from midnight. The courtier who ruins his fortune for the attainment of a title which can do him no good, or power of which he can make no suitable or creditable use, the miser who hoards his useless wealth, and the prodigal who squanders it, are all marked with a certain shade of insanity. To criminals who are guilty of enormities, when the temptation, to a sober mind, bears no proportion to the horror of the act, or the probability of detection and punishment, the same observation applies; and every violent passion, as well as anger, may be termed a short madness."

"This may be all good philosophy, Mr Ratcliffe," answered Miss Vere; "but excuse me, it by no means imboldens me to visit, at this late hour, a person whose extravagance of imagination you yourself can only palliate."

"Rather, then," said Ratcliffe, "receive my solemn assurances, that you do not incur the slightest danger. But what I have been hitherto afraid to mention for fear of alarming you, is, that now when we are within sight of his retreat, for I can discover it through the twilight, I must go no farther with you; you must proceed alone."

"Alone?—I dare not."

"You must," continued Ratcliffe; "I will remain here and wait for you."

"You will not, then, stir from this place," said Miss Vere; "yet the distance is so great, you could not hear me were I to cry for assistance."

"Fear nothing," said her guide; "or observe, at least, the utmost caution in stifling every expression of timidity. Remember that his predominant and most harassing apprehension arises from a consciousness of the hideousness of his appearance. Your path lies straight beside yon half-fallen willow; keep the left side of it; the marsh lies on the right. Farewell for a time. Remember the evil you are threatened with, and let it overcome at once your fears and scruples."

"Mr Ratcliffe," said Isabella, "farewell; if you have deceived one

so unfortunate as myself, you have for ever forfeited the fair character for probity and honour to which I have trusted."

"On my life—on my soul," continued Ratcliffe, raising his voice as the distance between them increased, "you are safe—perfectly safe."

CHAPTER XVI.

——'Twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: Time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him.—Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may,

Old Play.

THE sounds of Ratcliffe's voice had died on Isabella's ear; but as she frequently looked back, it was some encouragement to her to discern his form now darkening in the gloom. Ere, however, she went much farther, she lost the object in the increasing shade. The last glimmer of the twilight placed her before the hut of the Solitary. She twice extended her hand to the door, and twice she withdrew it; and when she did at length make the effort, the knock did not equal in violence the throb of her own bosom. Her next effort was louder; her third was reiterated, for the fear of not obtaining the protection from which Ratcliffe promised so much, began to overpower the terrors of his presence from whom she was to request it. At length, as she still received no answer, she repeatedly called upon the Dwarf by his assumed name, and requested him to answer and open to her.

"What miserable being is reduced," said the appalling voice of the Solitary, "to seek refuge here? Go hence; when the heath-fowl need shelter, they seek it not in the nest of the night-raven."

"I come to you, father," said Isabella, "in my hour of adversity, even as you yourself commanded, when you promised your heart and your door should be open to my distress; but I fear——"

"Ha!" said the Solitary, "then thou art Isabella Vere? Give me a token that thou art she."

"I have brought you back the rose which you gave me; it has not had time to fade ere the hard fate you foretold has come upon me!"

"And if thou hast thus redeemed thy pledge," said the Dwarf, "I will not forfeit mine. The heart and the door that are shut against every other earthly being, *shall* be open to thee and to thy sorrows."

She heard him move in his hut, and presently afterwards strike a light. One by one, bolt and bar were then withdrawn, the heart of Isabella throbbing higher as these obstacles to their meeting were successively removed. The door opened, and the Solitary stood before her, his uncouth form and features illuminated by the iron lamp which he held in his hand.

"Enter, daughter of affliction," he said,—"enter the house of misery."

She entered, and observed, with a precaution which increased her trepidation, that the Recluse's first act, after setting the lamp upon

the table, was to replace the numerous bolts which secured the door of his hut. She shrunk as she heard the noise which accompanied this ominous operation, yet remembered Ratcliffe's caution, and endeavoured to suppress all appearance of apprehension. The light of the lamp was weak and uncertain; but the Solitary, without taking immediate notice of Isabella, otherwise than by motioning her to sit down on a small settle beside the fire-place, made haste to kindle some dry furze, which presently cast a blaze through the cottage. Wooden shelves, which bore a few books, some bundles of dried herbs, and one or two wooden cups and platters, were on one side of the fire; on the other were placed some ordinary tools of field-labour, mingled with those used by mechanics. Where the bed should have been, there was a wooden frame, strewed with withered moss and rushes, the couch of the ascetic. The whole space of the cottage did not exceed ten feet by six within the walls; and its only furniture, besides what we have mentioned, was a table and two stools formed of rough deals.

Within these narrow precincts Isabella now found herself enclosed with a being, whose history had nothing to reassure her, and the fearful conformation of whose hideous countenance inspired an almost superstitious terror. He occupied the seat opposite to her, and dropping his huge and shaggy eye-brows over his piercing black eyes, gazed at her in silence, as if agitated by a variety of contending feelings. On the other side sate Isabella, pale as death, her long hair uncurled by the evening damps, and falling over her shoulders and breast, as the wet streamers droop from the mast when the storm has passed away, and left the vessel stranded on the beach. The Dwarf first broke the silence with the sudden, abrupt, and alarming question,—"Woman, what evil fate has brought thee hither?"

"My father's danger, and your own command," she replied faintly, but firmly.

"And you hope for aid from me?"

"If you can bestow it," she replied, still in the same tone of mild submission.

"And how should I possess that power?" continued the Dwarf, with a bitter sneer: "Is mine the form of a redresser of wrongs? Is this the castle in which one powerful enough to be sued to by a fair suppliant is likely to hold his residence? I but mocked thee, girl, when I said I would relieve thee."

"Then must I depart, and face my fate as I best may!"

"No!" said the Dwarf, rising and interposing between her and the door, and motioning to her sternly to resume her seat—"No! you leave me not in this way; we must have farther conference. Why should one being desire aid of another? Why should not each be sufficient to itself! Look round you—I, the most despised and most decrepit on Nature's common, have required sympathy and help from no one. These stones are of my own piling; these utensils I framed with my own hands; and with this"——and he laid his hand with a fierce smile on the long dagger which he always wore beneath his garment, and unsheathed it so far that the blade glimmered clear in the firelight—"With this," he pursued, as he thrust the weapon back into

the scabbard, "I can, if necessary, defend the vital spark enclosed in this poor trunk, against the fairest and strongest that shall threaten me with injury."

It was with difficulty Isabella refrained from screaming out aloud; but she *did* refrain.

"This," continued the Recluse, "is the life of nature, solitary, self-sufficing, and independent. The wolf calls not the wolf to aid him in forming his den; and the vulture invites not another to assist her in striking down her prey."

"And when they are unable to procure themselves support," said Isabella, judiciously thinking that he would be most accessible to argument couched in his own metaphorical style, "what then is to befall them?"

"Let them starve, die, and be forgotten: it is the common lot of humanity."

"It is the lot of the wild tribes of nature," said Isabella, "but chiefly of those who are destined to support themselves by rapine, which brooks no partner; but it is not the law of nature in general; even the lower orders have confederacies for mutual defence. But mankind—the race would perish did they cease to aid each other.—From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have right to ask it of their fellow-mortals; no one who has the power of granting can refuse it without guilt."

"And in this simple hope, poor maiden," said the Solitary, "thou has come into the desert, to seek one whose wish it were that the league thou has spoken of were broken for ever, and that, in very truth, the whole race should perish? Wert thou not frightened?"

"Misery," said Isabella, firmly, "is superior to fear."

"Hast thou not heard it said in thy mortal world, that I have leagued myself with other powers, deformed to the eye and malevolent to the human race as myself? Hast thou not heard this?—And dost thou seek my cell at midnight?"

"The Being I worship supports me against such idle fears," said Isabella; but the increasing agitation of her bosom belied the affected courage which her words expressed.

"Ho! ho!" said the Dwarf, "thou vauntest thyself a philosopher? Yet, shouldst thou not have thought of the danger of intrusting thyself, young and beautiful, in the power of one so spited against humanity, as to place his chief pleasure in defacing, destroying, and degrading her fairest works?"

Isabella, much alarmed, continued to answer with firmness, "Whatever injuries you may have sustained in the world, you are incapable of revenging them on one who never wronged you, nor, wilfully, any other."

"Ay, but maiden," he continued, his dark eyes flashing with an expression of malignity which communicated itself to his wild and distorted features, "revenge is the hungry wolf, which asks only to tear flesh and lap blood. Think you the lamb's plea of innocence would be listened to by him?"

"Man!" said Isabella, rising, and expressing herself with much dignity, "I fear not the horrible ideas with which you would impress me. I cast them from me with disdain. Be you mortal or fiend, you would not offer injury to one who sought you as a suppliant in her utmost need. You would not—you durst not."

"Thou say'st truly maiden," rejoined the Solitary; "I dare not—I would not. Begone to thy dwelling. Fear nothing with which they threaten thee. Thou hast asked my protection—thou shalt find it effectual."

"But, father, this very night I have consented to wed the man that I abhor, or I must put the seal to my father's ruin."

"This night?—at what hour?"

"Ere midnight."

"And twilight," said the Dwarf, "has already passed away But fear nothing, there is ample time to protect thee."

"And my father?" continued Isabella, in a suppliant tone.

"Thy father," replied the Dwarf, "has been, and is, my most bitter enemy. But fear not; thy virtue shall save him. And now, begone; were I to keep thee longer by me, I might again fall into the stupid dreams concerning human worth from which I have been so fearfully awakened. But fear nothing—at the very foot of the altar I will redeem thee. Adieu, time presses, and I must act!"

He led her to the door of the hut, which he opened for her departure. She remounted her horse, which had been feeding in the outer enclosure, and pressed him forward by the light of the moon, which was now rising, to the spot where she had left Ratcliffe.

"Have you succeeded?" was his first eager question.

"I have obtained promises from him to whom you sent me; but how can he possibly accomplish them?"

"Thank God!" said Ratcliffe; "doubt not his power to fulfil his promise."

At this moment a shrill whistle was heard to resound along the heath.

"Hark!" said Ratcliffe, "he calls me—Miss Vere, return home, and leave unbolted the postern-door of the garden; to that which opens on the back-stairs I have a private key."

A second whistle was heard, yet more shrill and prolonged than the first.

"I come, I come," said Ratcliffe; and setting spurs to his horse, rode over the heath in the direction of the Recluse's hut. Miss Vere returned to the castle, the mettle of the animal on which she rode, and her own anxiety of mind, combining to accelerate her journey.

She obeyed Ratcliffe's directions, though without well apprehending their purpose, and leaving her horse at large in a paddock near the garden, hurried to her own apartment, which she reached without observation. She now unbolted her door, and rang her bell for lights. Her father appeared along with the servant who answered her summons.

"He had been twice," he said "listening at her door during the two hours that had elapsed since he left her, and, not hearing her speak, had become apprehensive that she was taken ill."

"And now, my dear father," she said, "permit me to claim the promise you so kindly gave; let the last moments of freedom which I am to enjoy be mine without interruption; and protract to the last moment the respite which is allowed me."

"I will," said her father; "nor shall you be again interrupted. But this disordered dress—this dishevelled hair—do not let me find you thus when I call on you again; the sacrifice, to be beneficial, must be voluntary."

"Must it be so?" she replied· "then fear not, my father! the victim shall be adorned."

CHAPTER XVII.

This looks not like a nuptial.
Much Ado about Nothing.

THE chapel in the castle of Ellieslaw, destined to be the scene of this ill-omened union, was a building of much older date than the castle itself, though that claimed considerable antiquity. Before the wars between England and Scotland had become so common and of such long duration, that the buildings along both sides of the Border were chiefly dedicated to warlike purposes, there had been a small settlement of monks at Ellieslaw, a dependency, it is believed by antiquaries, on the rich Abbey of Jedburgh. Their possessions had long passed away under the changes introduced by war and mutual ravage. A feudal castle had arisen on the ruin of their cells, and their chapel was included in its precincts.

The edifice, in its round arches and massive pillars, the simplicity of which referred their date to what has been called the Saxon architecture, presented at all times a dark and sombre appearance, and had been frequently used as the cemetery of the family of the feudal lords, as well as formerly of the monastic brethren. But it looked doubly gloomy by the effect of the few and smoky torches which were used to enlighten it on the present occasion, and which, spreading a glare of yellow light in their immediate vicinity, were surrounded beyond by a red and purple halo reflected from their own smoke, and beyond that again by a zone of darkness which magnified the extent of the chapel, while it rendered it impossible for the eye to ascertain its limits. Some injudicious ornaments, adopted in haste for the occasion, rather added to the dreariness of the scene. Old fragments of tapestry, torn from the walls of other apartments, had been hastily and partially disposed around those of the chapel, and mingled inconsistently with scutcheons and funeral emblems of the dead, which they elsewhere exhibited. On each side of the stone altar was a monument, the appearance of which formed an equally strange contrast. On the one was the figure, in stone, of some grim hermit, or monk, who had died in the odour of sanctity; he was represented as recumbent, in his cowl and scapulaire, with his face turned upward as in the act of devotion, and his hands folded, from

which his string of beads was dependent. On the other side was a tomb, in the Italian taste, composed of the most beautiful statuary marble, and accounted a model of modern art. It was erected to the memory of Isabella's mother, the late Mrs Vere of Ellieslaw, who was represented as in a dying posture, while a weeping cherub, with eyes averted, seemed in the act of extinguishing a dying lamp as emblematic of her speedy dissolution. It was, indeed, a masterpiece of art, but misplaced in the rude vault to which it had been consigned. Many were surprised, and even scandalized, that Ellieslaw, not remarkable for attention to his lady while alive, should erect after her death such a costly mausoleum in affected sorrow; others cleared him from the imputation of hypocrisy, and averred that the monument had been constructed under the direction and at the sole expense of Mr Ratcliffe.

Before these monuments the wedding guests were assembled. They were few in number; for many had left the castle to prepare for the ensuing political explosion, and Ellieslaw was, in the circumstances of the case, far from being desirous to extend invitations farther than to those near relations whose presence the custom of the country rendered indispensable. Next to the altar stood Sir Frederick Langley, dark, moody, and thoughtful, even beyond his wont, and near him, Mareschal, who was to play the part of bridesman, as it was called. The thoughtless humour of this young gentleman, on which he never deigned to place the least restraint, added to the cloud which overhung the brow of the bridegroom.

"The bride is not yet come out of her chamber," he whispered to Sir Frederick; "I trust that we must not have recourse to the violent expedients of the Romans which I read of at College. It would be hard upon my pretty cousin to be run away with twice in two days, though I know none better worth such a violent compliment."

Sir Frederick attempted to turn a deaf ear to this discourse, humming a tune, and looking another way, but Mareschal proceeded in the same wild manner.

"This delay is hard upon Dr Hobbler, who was disturbed to accelerate preparations for this joyful event when he had successfully extracted the cork of his third bottle. I hope you will keep him free of the censure of his superiors, for I take it this is beyond canonical hours. — But here come Ellieslaw and my pretty cousin—prettier than ever, I think, were it not she seems so faint and so deadly pale.—Hark ye, Sir Knight, if she says not YES with right good-will, it shall be no wedding, for all that has come and gone yet."

"No wedding, sir?" returned Sir Frederick, in a loud whisper, the tone of which indicated that his angry feelings were suppressed with difficulty.

"No—no marriage," replied Mareschal, "there's my hand and glove on't."

Sir Frederick Langley took his hand, and as he wrung it hard, said in a lower whisper, "Mareschal, you shall answer this," and then flung his hand from him.

"That I will readily do," said Mareschal, "for never word escaped my lips that my hand was not ready to guarantee.—So, speak up, my pretty cousin, and tell me if it be your free will and unbiassed resolution to accept of this gallant knight for your lord and husband; for if you have the tenth part of a scruple upon the subject, fall back, fall edge, he shall not have you."

"Are you mad, Mr Mareschal?" said Ellieslaw, who, having been this young man's guardian during his minority, often employed a tone of authority to him. "Do you suppose I would drag my daughter to the foot of the altar, were it not her own choice?"

"Tut, Ellieslaw," retorted the young gentleman, "never tell me of the contrary; her eyes are full of tears, and her cheeks are whiter than her white dress. I must insist, in the name of common humanity, that the ceremony be adjourned till to-morrow."

"She shall tell you herself, thou incorrigible intermeddler in what concerns thee not, that it is her wish the ceremony should go on.—Is it not, Isabella, my dear?"

"It is," said Isabella, half fainting—"since there is no help either in God or man."

The first word alone was distinctly audible. Mareschal shrugged up his shoulders and stepped back. Ellieslaw led, or rather supported, his daughter to the altar. Sir Frederick moved forward and placed himself by her side. The clergyman opened his prayer-book, and looked to Mr Vere for the signal to commence the service.

"Proceed," said the latter.

But a voice, as if issuing from the tomb of his deceased wife, called, in such loud and harsh accents as awakened every echo in the vaulted chapel, "Forbear!"

All were mute and motionless, till a distant rustle, and the clash of swords, or something resembling it, was heard from the remote apartments. It ceased almost instantly.

"What new device is this?" said Sir Frederick, fiercely, eyeing Ellieslaw and Mareschal with a glance of malignant suspicion.

"It can be but the frolic of some intemperate guest," said Ellieslaw, though greatly confounded; "we must make large allowances for the excess of this evening's festivity. Proceed with the service."

Before the clergyman could obey, the same prohibition which they had before heard, was repeated from the same spot. The female attendants screamed, and fled from the chapel; the gentlemen laid their hands on their swords. Ere the first moment of surprise had passed by, the Dwarf stepped from behind the monument, and placed himself full in front of Mr Vere. The effect of so strange and hideous an apparition in such a place and in such circumstances, appalled all present, but seemed to annihilate the Laird of Ellieslaw, who, dropping his daughter's arm, staggered against the nearest pillar, and, clasping it with his hands as if for support, laid his brow against the column.

"Who is this fellow?" said Sir Frederick; "and what does he mean by this intrusion?"

"It is one who comes to tell you," said the Dwarf, with the peculiar acrimony which usually marked his manner, "that, in marrying

that young lady, you wed neither the heiress of Ellieslaw, nor of Mauley-Hall, nor of Polverton, nor of one furrow of land, unless she marries with MY consent; and to thee that consent shall never be given. Down—down on thy knees, and thank Heaven that thou art prevented from wedding qualities with which thou hast no concern—portionless truth, virtue, and innocence. And thou, base ingrate," he continued, addressing himself to Ellieslaw, "what is thy wretched subterfuge now? Thou, who wouldst sell thy daughter to relieve thee from danger, as in famine thou wouldst have slain and devoured her to preserve thy own vile life! Ay, hide thy face with thy hands; well mayst thou blush to look on him whose body thou didst consign to chains, his hand to guilt, and his soul to misery. Saved once more by the virtue of her who calls you father, go hence, and may the pardon and benefits I confer on thee prove literal coals of fire, till thy brain is seared and scorched like mine!"

Ellieslaw left the chapel with a gesture of mute despair.

"Follow him, Hubert Ratcliffe," said the Dwarf, "and inform him of his destiny. He will rejoice—for to breathe air and to handle gold is to him happiness."

"I understand nothing of all this," said Sir Frederick Langley; "but we are here a body of gentlemen in arms and authority for King James; and whether you really, sir, be that Sir Edward Mauley, who has been so long supposed dead in confinement, or whether you be an impostor assuming his name and title, we will use the freedom of detaining you, till your appearance here, at this moment, is better accounted for; we will have no spies among us. Seize on him, my friends."

But the domestics shrunk back in doubt and alarm. Sir Frederick himself stepped forward towards the Recluse, as if to lay hands on his person, when his progress was suddenly stopped by the glittering point of a partisan, which the sturdy hand of Hobbie Elliot presented against his bosom.

"I'll gar day-light shine through ye, if you offer to steer him!" said the stout Borderer; "stand back, or I'll strike ye through! Nae-body shall lay a finger on Elshie: he's a canny neighbourly man, aye ready to make a friend help; and, though ye may think him a lamiter, yet, grippie for grippie, friend, I'll wad a wether he'll make the bluid spin frae under your nails. He's a teugh carle, Elshie! he grips like a smith's vice."

"What has brought you here, Elliot?" said Mareschal; "who called on you for interference?"

"Troth, Mareschal-Wells," answered Hobbie, "I am just come here, wi' twenty or thretty mair o' us, in my ain name and the King's—or Queen's, ca' they her? and Canny Elshie's into the bargain, to keep the peace, and pay back some ill usage Ellieslaw has gien me. A bonny breakfast the loons gae me the ither morning, and him at the bottom on't; and trow ye I wasna ready to supper him up? Ye needna lay your hands on your swords, gentlemen, the house is ours wi' little din; for the doors were open, and there had been ower muckle punch amang your folk; we took their swords and pistols as easily as ye wad shiel peacods."

Mareschal rushed out, and immediately re-entered the chapel.

"By Heaven! it is true, Sir Frederick; the house is filled with armed men, and our drunken beasts are all disarmed. Draw, and let us fight our way."

"Binna rash—binna rash," exclaimed Hobbie; "hear me a bit, hear me a bit. We mean ye nae harm; but, as ye are in arms for King James, as ye ca' him, and the prelates, we thought it right to keep up the auld neighbour war, and stand up for the t'other ane and the Kirk; but we'll no hurt a hair o' your heads, if ye like to gang hame quietly. And it will be your best way, for there's sure news come frae Loudoun, that him they ca' Bang, or Byng, or what is't, has bang'd the French ships and the new king aff the coast however; sae ye had best bide content wi' auld Nanse for want of a better Queen."

Ratcliffe, who at this moment entered, confirmed these accounts so unfavourable to the Jacobite interest. Sir Frederick, almost instantly, and without taking leave of any one, left the castle, with such of his attendants as were able to follow him.

"And what will you do, Mr Mareschal?" said Ratcliffe.

"Why, faith," answered he, smiling, "I hardly know; my spirit is too great, and my fortune too small, for me to follow the example of the doughty bridegroom. It is not in my nature, and it is hardly worth my while."

"Well, then, disperse your men, and remain quiet, and this will be overlooked, as there has been no overt act."

"Hout, ay," said Elliot, "just let byganes be byganes, and a' friends again; deil ane I bear malice at but Westburnflat, and I hae gien him baith a het skin and a cauld ane. I hadna changed three blows of the broadsword wi' him before he lap the window into the castle-moat, and swattered through it like a wild-duck. He's a clever fallow, indeed! maun kilt awa wi' ae bonny lass in the morning, and another at night, less wadna serve him! but if he disna kilt himself out o' the country, I'se kilt him wi' a tow, for the Castleton meeting's clean blawn ower; his friends will no countenance him."

During the general confusion, Isabella had thrown herself at the feet of her kinsman, Sir Edward Mauley, for so we must now call the Solitary, to express at once her gratitude, and to beseech forgiveness for her father. The eyes of all began to be fixed on them, as soon as their own agitation and the bustle of the attendants had somewhat abated. Miss Vere kneeled beside the tomb of her mother, to whose statue her features exhibited a marked resemblance. She held the hand of the Dwarf, which she kissed repeatedly and bathed with tears. He stood fixed and motionless, excepting that his eyes glanced alternately on the marble figure and the living suppliant. At length, the large drops which gathered on his eye-lashes compelled him to draw his hand across them.

"I thought," he said, "that tears and I had done; but we shed them at our birth, and their spring dries not until we are in our graves. But no melting of the heart shall dissolve my resolution. I part here, at once, and for ever, with all of which the memory," (looking to the tomb,) "or the presence," (he pressed Isabella's hand,) "is

dear to me. Speak not to me! attempt not to thwart my determination! it will avail nothing; you will hear of and see this lump of deformity no more. To you I shall be dead ere I am actually in my grave, and you will think of me as of a friend disencumbered from the toils and crimes of existence."

He kissed Isabella on the forehead, impressed another kiss on the brow of the statue by which she knelt, and left the chapel, followed by Ratcliffe. Isabella, almost exhausted by the emotions of the day, was carried to her apartment by her women. Most of the other guests dispersed, after having separately endeavoured to impress on all who would listen to them their disapprobation of the plots formed against the government, or their regret for having engaged in them. Hobbie Elliot assumed the command of the castle for the night, and mounted a regular guard. He boasted not a little of the alacrity with which his friends and he had obeyed a hasty summons received from Elshie through the faithful Ratcliffe. And it was a lucky chance, he said, that on that very day they had got notice that Westburnflat did not intend to keep his tryste at Castleton, but to hold them at defiance; so that a considerable party had assembled at the Heugh-foot, with the intention of paying a visit to the robber's tower on the ensuing morning, and their course was easily directed to Ellieslaw Castle.

CHAPTER XVIII.

——— Last scene of all,
To close this strange eventful history.
As You Like it.

On the next morning, Mr Ratcliffe presented Miss Vere with a letter from her father, of which the following is the tenor:—

"My dearest Child,

"The malice of a persecuting government will compel me, for my own safety, to retreat abroad, and to remain for some time in foreign parts. I do not ask you to accompany, or follow me; you will attend to my interest and your own more effectually by remaining where you are. It is unnecessary to enter into a minute detail concerning the causes of the strange events which yesterday took place. I think I have reason to complain of the usage I have received from Sir Edward Mauley, who is your nearest kinsman by the mother's side; but as he has declared you his heir, and is to put you in immediate possession of a large part of his fortune, I account it a full atonement. I am aware he has never forgiven the preference which your mother gave to my addresses, instead of complying with the terms of a sort of family compact, which absurdly and tyrannically destined her to wed her deformed relative. The shock was even sufficient to unsettle his wits, (which, indeed, were never over-well arranged,) and I had, as the husband of his nearest kinswoman and heir, the delicate task of taking care of his person and property, until he was

reinstated in the management of the latter by those who, no doubt, thought they were doing him justice; although if some parts of his subsequent conduct be examined, it will appear that he ought, for his own sake, to have been left under the influence of a mild and salutary restraint.

"In one particular, however, he shewed a sense of the ties of blood, as well as of his own frailty; for while he sequestered himself closely from the world, under various names and disguises, and insisted on spreading a report of his own death, (in which to gratify him I willingly acquiesced,) he left at my disposal the rents of a great proportion of his estates, and especially all those, which, having belonged to your mother, reverted to him as a male fief. In this he may have thought that he was acting with extreme generosity, while, in the opinion of all impartial men, he will only be considered as having fulfilled a natural obligation, seeing that, in justice, if not in strict law, you must be considered as the heir of your mother, and I as your legal administrator. Instead, therefore, of considering myself as loaded with obligations to Sir Edward on this account, I think I had reason to complain that these remittances were only doled out to me at the pleasure of Mr Ratcliffe, who, moreover, exacted from me mortgages over my paternal estate of Ellieslaw for any sums which I required as an extra advance; and thus may be said to have insinuated himself into the absolute management and control of my property. Or, if all this seeming friendship was employed by Sir Edward for the purpose of obtaining a complete command of my affairs, and acquiring the power of ruining me at his pleasure, I feel myself, I must repeat, still less bound by the alleged obligation.

"About the autumn of last year, as I understand, either his own crazed imagination, or the accomplishment of some such scheme as I have hinted, brought him down to this country. His alleged motive, it seems, was a desire of seeing a monument which he had directed to be raised in the chapel over the tomb of your mother. Mr Ratcliffe, who at this time had done me the honour to make my house his own, had the complaisance to introduce him secretly into the chapel. The consequence, as he informs me, was a frenzy of several hours, during which he fled into the neighbouring moors, in one of the wildest spots of which he chose, when he was somewhat recovered, to fix his mansion, and set up for a sort of country empiric, a character which, even in his best days, he was fond of assuming. It is remarkable, that, instead of informing me of these circumstances, that I might have had the relative of my late wife taken such care of as his calamitous condition required, Mr Ratcliffe seems to have had such culpable indulgence for his irregular plans as to promise and even swear secrecy concerning them. He visited Sir Edward often, and assisted in the fantastic task he had taken upon him of constructing a hermitage. Nothing they appear to have dreaded more than a discovery of their intercourse.

"The ground was open in every direction around, and a small subterranean cave, probably sepulchral, which their researches had detected near the great granite pillar, served to conceal Ratcliffe when any one approached his master. I think you will be of opinion

my love, that this secrecy must have had some strong motive. It is also remarkable, that while I thought my unhappy friend was residing among the Monks of La Trappe, he should have been actually living, for many months, in this bizarre disguise, within five miles of my house, and obtaining regular information of my most private movements, either by Ratcliffe, or through Westburnflat or others, whom he had the means to bribe to any extent. He makes it a crime against me that I endeavoured to establish your marriage with Sir Frederick. I acted for the best; but if Sir Edward Mauley thought otherwise, why did he not step manfully forward, express his own purpose of becoming a party to the settlements, and take that interest which he is entitled to claim in you as heir to his great property?

"Even now, though your rash and eccentric relation is somewhat tardy in announcing his purpose, I am far from opposing my authority against his wishes, although the person he desires you to regard as your future husband be young Earnscliff, the very last whom I should have thought likely to be acceptable to him, considering a certain fatal event. But I give my free and hearty consent, providing the settlements are drawn in such an irrevocable form as may secure my child from suffering by that state of dependence, and that sudden and causeless revocation of allowances, of which I have so much reason to complain. Of Sir Frederick Langley, I augur, you will hear no more. He is not likely to claim the hand of a dowerless maiden. I therefore commit you, my dear Isabella, to the wisdom of Providence and to your own prudence, begging you to lose no time in securing those advantages, which the fickleness of your kinsman has withdrawn from me to shower upon you.

"Mr Ratcliffe mentioned Sir Edward's intention to settle a considerable sum upon me yearly, for my maintenance in foreign parts; but this my heart is too proud to accept from him. I told him I had a dear child, who, while in affluence herself, would never suffer me to be in poverty. I thought it right to intimate this to him pretty roundly, that whatever increase be settled upon you, it may be calculated so as to cover this necessary and natural encumbrance. I shall willingly settle upon you the castle and manor of Ellieslaw, to shew my parental affection and disinterested zeal for promoting your settlement in life. The annual interest of debts charged on the estate somewhat exceeds the income, even after a reasonable rent has been put upon the mansion and mains. But as all the debts are in the person of Mr Ratcliffe, as your kinsman's trustee, he will not be a troublesome creditor. And here I must make you aware, that though I have to complain of Mr Ratcliffe's conduct to me personally, I, nevertheless, believe him a just and upright man, with whom you may safely consult on your affairs, not to mention that to cherish his good opinion will be the best way to retain that of your kinsman. Remember me to Marchie—I hope he will not be troubled on account of late matters. I will write more fully from the Continent. Meanwhile, I rest your loving father,

"Richard Vere."

The above letter throws the only additional light which we have been able to procure upon the earlier part of our story. It was Hobbie's opinion, and may be that of most of our readers, that the Recluse of Mucklestane-Moor had but a kind of gloaming, or twilight understanding; and that he had neither very clear views as to what he himself wanted, nor was apt to pursue his ends by the clearest and most direct means: so that to seek the clew of his conduct, was likened, by Hobbie, to looking for a straight path through a common, over which are a hundred devious tracts, but not one distinct line of road.

When Isabella had perused the letter, her first enquiry was after her father. He had left the castle, she was informed, early in the morning, after a long interview with Mr Ratcliffe, and 'was already far on his way to the next port, where he might expect to find shipping for the Continent.

"Where was Sir Edward Mauley?"

No one had seen the Dwarf since the eventful scene of the preceding evening.

"Odd, if ony thing has befa'en puir Elshie," said Hobbie Elliot, "I wad rather I were harried ower again."

He immediately rode to his dwelling, and the remaining she-goat came bleating to meet him, for her milking-time was long past. The Solitary was nowhere to be seen; his door, contrary to wont, was open, his fire extinguished, and the whole hut was left in the state which it exhibited on Isabella's visit to him. It was pretty clear that the means of conveyance which had brought the Dwarf to Ellieslaw on the preceding evening, had removed him from it to some other place of abode. Hobbie returned disconsolate to the castle.

"I am doubting we hae lost Canny Elshie for gude an' a'."

"You have indeed," said Ratcliffe, producing a paper, which he put into Hobbie's hands; "but read that, and you will perceive you have been no loser by having known him."

It was a short deed of gift, by which "Sir Edward Mauley, otherwise called Elshender the Recluse, endowed Halbert or Hobbie Elliot, and Grace Armstrong, in full property, with a considerable sum borrowed by Elliot from him."

Hobbie's joy was mingled with feelings which brought tears down his rough cheeks.

"It's a queer thing," he said; "but I canna joy in the gear, unless I kend the puir body was happy that gave it me."

"Next to enjoying happiness ourselves," said Ratcliffe, "is the consciousness of having bestowed it on others. Had all my master's benefits been conferred like the present, what a different return would they have produced! But the indiscriminate profusion that would glut avarice, or supply prodigality, neither does good, nor is rewarded by gratitude. It is sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind."

"And that wad be a light har'st," said Hobbie; "but, wi' my young leddie's leave, I wad fain take down Elshie's skeps o' bees, and set them in Grace's bit flower yard at the Heugh-foot—they shall ne'er be smeekit by ony o' huz. And the puir goat, she would be negleckit about a great toun like this; and she could feed bonnily on

our lily lea by the burn side, and the hounds wad ken her in a day' time, and never fash her, and Grace wad milk her ilka morning wi her ain hand, for Elshie's sake; for though he was thrawn an cankered in his converse, he likeit dumb creatures weel."

Hobbie's requests were readily granted, not without some wonde at the natural delicacy of feeling which pointed out to him this mod of displaying his gratitude. He was delighted when Ratcliffe informe him that his benefactor should not remain ignorant of the care whic he took of his favourite.

"And mind be sure and tell him that grannie and the titties, and abune a', Grace and mysell, are weel and thriving, and that it's a' his doing—that canna but please him, ane wad think."

And Elliot and the family at Heugh-foot were, and continued to be as fortunate and happy as his undaunted honesty, tenderness, an gallantry, so well merited.

All bar between the marriage of Earnscliff and Isabella was now removed, and the settlements which Ratcliffe produced on the part o Sir Edward Mauley, might have satisfied the cupidity of Ellieslaw himself. But Miss Vere and Ratcliffe thought it unnecessary t mention to Earnscliff that one great motive of Sir Edward, in thus loading the young pair with benefits, was to expiate his having, many years before, shed the blood of his father in a hasty brawl. If it be true as Ratcliffe asserted, that the Dwarf's extreme misanthropy seemed to relax somewhat, under the consciousness of having diffused happiness among so many, the recollection of this circumstance might probably be one of his chief motives for refusing obstinately ever t witness their state of contentment.

Mareschal hunted, shot, and drank claret—tired of the country went abroad, served three campaigns, came home, and married Lucy Ilderton.

Years fled over the heads of Earnscliff and his wife, and found an left them contented and happy. The scheming ambition of Sir Frederick Langley engaged him in the unfortunate insurrection of 1715. He was made prisoner at Preston, in Lancashire, with the Earl o Derwentwater, and others. His defence, and the dying speech whic he made at his execution, may be found in the State Trials. Mr Vere, supplied by his daughter with an ample income, continued t reside abroad, engaged deeply in the affair of Law's bank during the regency of the Duke of Orleans, and was at one time supposed to be immensely rich. But, on the bursting of that famous bubble, he was so much chagrined at being again reduced to a moderate annuity (although he saw thousands of his companions in misfortune absolutely starving,) that vexation of mind brought on a paralytic stroke, o which he died, after lingering under its effects a few weeks.

Willie of Westburnflat fled from the wrath of Hobbie Elliot, as his betters did from the pursuit of the law. His patriotism urged him to serve his country abroad, while his reluctance to leave his native soil pressed him rather to remain in the beloved island, and collect purses, watches, and rings on the highroads at home. Fortunately for him, the first impulse prevailed, and he joined the army under Marlborough; obtained a commission, to which he was recommended

by his services in collecting cattle for the commissariat; returned home after many years, with some money, (how come by Heaven only knows,)—demolished the peel-house at Westburnflat, and built, in its stead, a high narrow *onstead*, of three stories, with a chimney at each end—drank brandy with the neighbours, whom, in his younger days, he had plundered—died in his bed, and is recorded upon his tombstone at Kirkwhistle, (still extant,) as having played all the parts of a brave soldier, a discreet neighbour, and a sincere Christian.

Mr Ratcliffe resided usually with the family at Ellieslaw, but regularly every spring and autumn he absented himself for about a month. On the direction and purpose of his periodical journey he remained steadily silent; but it was well understood that he was then in attendence on his unfortunate patron. At length, on his return from one of these visits, his grave countenance, and deep mourning dress, announced to the Ellieslaw family that their benefactor was no more. Sir Edward's death made no addition to their fortune, for he had divested himself of his property during his lifetime, and chiefly in their favour. Ratcliffe, his sole confidant, died at a good old age, but without ever naming the place to which his master had finally retired, or the manner of his death, or the place of his burial. It was supposed that on all these particulars his patron had enjoined him strict secrecy.

The sudden disappearance of Elshie from his extraordinary hermitage corroborated the reports which the common people had spread concerning him. Many believed that, having ventured to enter a consecrated building, contrary to his paction with the Evil One, he had been bodily carried off while on his return to his cottage; but most are of opinion that he only disappeared for a season, and continues to be seen from time to time among the hills. And retaining, according to custom, a more vivid recollection of his wild and desperate language, than of the benevolent tendency of most of his actions, he is usually identified with the malignant demon called the Man of the Moors, whose feats were quoted by Mrs Elliot to her grandsons; and, accordingly, is generally represented as bewitching the sheep, causing the ewes to *keb*, that is, to cast their lambs, or seen loosening the impending wreath of snow to precipitate its weight on such as take shelter, during the storm, beneath the bank of a torrent, or under the shelter of a deep glen. In short, the evils most dreaded and deprecated by the inhabitants of that pastoral country, are ascribed to the agency of the BLACK DWARF.

END OF THE BLACK DWARF.

RAVENSWOOD INTERRUPTS THE BETROTHAL.

THE

BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR

DICK TINTO PLYING HIS BRUSH.

EDINBURGH: A. & C. BLACK

THE

BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats',
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel 's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it!

BURNS

EDINBURGH
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1879

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INTRODUCTION

TO

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

THE author, on a former occasion,[1] declined giving the real source from which he drew the tragic subject of this history, because, though occurring at a distant period, it might possibly be unpleasing to the feelings of the descendants of the parties. But as he finds an account of the circumstances given in the Notes to Law's Memorials,[2] by his ingenious friend Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., and also indicated in his reprint of the Rev. Mr Symson's Poems, appended to the Description of Galloway, as the original of the Bride of Lammermoor, the author feels himself now at liberty to tell the tale as he had it from connections of his own, who lived very near the period, and were closely related to the family of the Bride.

It is well known that the family of Dalrymple, which has produced, within the space of two centuries, as many men of talent, civil and military, and of literary, political, and professional eminence, as any house in Scotland, first rose into distinction in the person of James Dalrymple, one of the most eminent lawyers that ever lived, though the labours of his powerful mind were unhappily exercised on a subject so limited as Scottish Jurisprudence, on which he has composed an admirable work.

He married Margaret, daughter to Ross of Balniel, with whom he obtained a considerable estate. She was an able, politic, and high-minded woman, so successful in what she undertook, that the vulgar, no way partial to her husband or her family, imputed her success to necromancy. According to the popular belief, this Dame Margaret purchased the temporal prosperity of her family from the Master whom she served, under a singular condition, which is thus narrated by the historian of her grandson, the great Earl of Stair. "She lived to a great age, and at her death desired that she might not be put under ground, but that her coffin should be placed upright on one end of it, promising that, while she remained in that situation, the Dalrymples should continue in prosperity. What was the old lady's motive for such a request, or whether she really made such a promise, I cannot take upon me to determine; but it is certain her coffin stands upright in the aisle of the church of Kirkliston, the burial place of

[1] See Introduction to the Chronicles of the Canongate.
[2] Law's Memorials, p. 226.

the family."[1] The talents of this accomplished race were sufficient to have accounted for the dignities which many members of the family attained without any supernatural assistance. But their extraordinary prosperity was attended by some equally singular family misfortunes, of which that which befell their eldest daughter was at once unaccountable and melancholy.

Miss Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair and Dame Margaret Ross, had engaged herself without the knowledge of her parents to the Lord Rutherford, who was not acceptable to them, either on account of his political principles or his want of fortune. The young couple broke a piece of gold together, and pledged their troth in the most solemn manner; and it is said the young lady imprecated dreadful evils on herself should she break her plighted faith. Shortly after, a suitor who was favoured by Lord Stair, and still more so by his lady, paid his addresses to Miss Dalrymple. The young lady refused the proposal, and being pressed on the subject, confessed her secret engagement. Lady Stair, a woman accustomed to universal submission (for even her husband did not dare to contradict her), treated this objection as a trifle, and insisted upon her daughter yielding her consent to marry the new suitor, David Dunbar, son and heir to David Dunbar of Baldoon, in Wigtonshire. The first lover, a man of very high spirit, then interfered by letter, and insisted on the right he had acquired by his troth plighted with the young lady. Lady Stair sent him for answer, that her daughter, sensible of her undutiful behaviour in entering into a contract unsanctioned by her parents, had retracted her unlawful vow, and now refused to fulfil her engagement with him.

The lover, in return, declined positively to receive such an answer from any one but his mistress in person; and as she had to deal with a man who was both of a most determined character, and of too high condition to be trifled with, Lady Stair was obliged to consent to an interview between Lord Rutherford and her daughter. But she took care to be present in person, and argued the point with the disappointed and incensed lover with pertinacity equal to his own. She particularly insisted on the Levitical law, which declares, that a woman shall be free of a vow which her parents dissent from. This is the passage of Scripture she founded on:—

"If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond; he shall not break his word, he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth.

"If a woman also vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father's house in her youth;

"And her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold his peace at her: then all her vows shall stand, and every bond wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand.

"But if her father disallow her in the day that he heareth; not any of her vows, or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand: and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father disallowed her."—Numbers, xxx. 2, 3, 4, 5.

While the mother insisted on these topics, the lover in vain conjured the daughter to declare her own opinion and feelings. She remained totally overwhelmed, as it seemed,—mute, pale, and motionless as a statue. Only at her mother's command, sternly uttered, she summoned strength enough to restore to her plighted suitor the piece of broken gold, which was the emblem of her troth. On this he burst forth into a tremendous passion, took leave of the mother with maledictions, and as he left the apartment, turned back to say to his weak, if not fickle mistress, "For you, madam, you will be

[1] Memoirs of John Earl of Stair, by an Impartial Hand. London, printed for C. Cobbet, p. 7.

a world's wonder;" a phrase by which some remarkable degree of calamity is usually implied. He went abroad, and returned not again. If the last Lord Rutherford was the unfortunate party, he must have been the third who bore that title, and who died in 1685.

The marriage betwixt Janet Dalrymple and David Dunbar of Baldoon now went forward, the bride showing no repugnance, but being absolutely passive in everything her mother commanded or advised. On the day of the marriage, which, as was then usual, was celebrated by a great assemblage of friends and relations, she was the same—sad, silent, and resigned, as it seemed, to her destiny. A lady, very nearly connected with the family, told the author that she had conversed on the subject with one of the brothers of the bride, a mere lad at the time, who had ridden before his sister to church. He said her hand, which lay on his as she held her arm round his waist, was as cold and damp as marble. But, full of his new dress, and the part he acted in the procession, the circumstance, which he long afterwards remembered with bitter sorrow and compunction, made no impression on him at the time.

The bridal feast was followed by dancing; the bride and bridegroom retired as usual, when of a sudden the most wild and piercing cries were heard from the nuptial chamber. It was then the custom, to prevent any coarse pleasantry which old times perhaps admitted, that the key of the nuptial chamber should be intrusted to the brideman. He was called upon, but refused at first to give it up, till the shrieks became so hideous that he was compelled to hasten with others to learn the cause. On opening the door they found the bridegroom lying across the threshold, dreadfully wounded, and streaming with blood. The bride was then sought for: She was found in the corner of the large chimney, having no covering save her shift, and that dabbled in gore. There she sat grinning at them, mopping and mowing, as I heard the expression used; in a word, absolutely insane. The only words she spoke were, "Tak up your bonny bridegroom." She survived this horrible scene little more than a fortnight, having been married on the 24th of August, and dying on the 12th of September, 1669.

The unfortunate Baldoon recovered from his wounds, but sternly prohibited all inquiries respecting the manner in which he had received them. If a lady, he said, asked him any question upon the subject, he would neither answer her nor speak to her again while he lived; if a gentleman, he would consider it as a mortal affront, and demand satisfaction as having received such. He did not very long survive the dreadful catastrophe, having met with a fatal injury by a fall from his horse, as he rode between Leith and Holyrood-house, of which he died the next day, 28th March 1682. Thus a few years removed all the principal actors in this frightful tragedy.

Various reports went abroad on this mysterious affair, many of them very inaccurate, though they could hardly be said to be exaggerated. It was difficult at that time to become acquainted with the history of a Scottish family above the lower rank; and strange things sometimes took place there, into which even the law did not scrupulously inquire.

The credulous Mr Law says, generally, that the Lord President Stair had a daughter, who "being married, the night she was *bride in* [that is, bedded bride], was taken from her bridegroom and *harled* [dragged] through the house (by spirits, we are given to understand), and soon afterwards died. Another daughter," he says, "was possessed by an evil spirit."

My friend, Mr Sharpe, gives another edition of the tale. According to his information, it was the bridegroom who wounded the bride. The marriage, according to this account, had been against her mother's inclination, who had given her consent in these ominous words: "You may marry him, but soon shall you repent it."

I find still another account darkly insinuated in some highly scurrilous and abusive verses, of which I have an original copy. They are docketed as being written "Upon the late Viscount Stair and his family, by Sir William Hamilton of Whitelaw. The marginals by William Dunlop, writer in Edinburgh, a son of the Laird of Household, and nephew to the said Sir William Hamilton." There was a bitter and personal quarrel and rivalry betwixt the author of this libel, a name which it richly deserves, and Lord President Stair; and the lampoon, which is written with much more malice than art, bears the following motto:—

> "Stair's neck, mind, wife, sons, grandson, and the rest,
> Are wry, false, witch, pests, parricide, possessed."

This malignant satirist, who calls up all the misfortunes of the family, does not forget the fatal bridal of Baldoon. He seems, though his verses are as obscure as unpoetical, to intimate, that the violence done to the bridegroom was by the intervention of the foul fiend to whom the young lady had resigned herself, in case she should break her contract with her first lover. His hypothesis is inconsistent with the account given in the note upon Law's Memorials, but easily reconcilable to the family tradition.

> "In al S_ ir's offspring we no difference know,
> They doe the females as the males bestow;
> So he of 's daughter's marriage gave the ward,
> Like a true vassal to Glenluce's Laird;
> He knew what she did to her suitor plight,
> If she her faith to Rutherfurd should slight,
> Which, like his own, for greed he broke outright.
> Nick did Baldoon's posterior right deride,
> And, as first substitute, did seize the bride;
> Whate'er he to his mistress did or said,
> He threw the bridegroom from the nuptial bed,
> Into the chimney did so his rival maul,
> His bruised bones ne'er were cured but by the fall."[1]

One of the marginal notes ascribed to William Dunlop, applies to the above lines. "She had betrothed herself to Lord Rutherfoord under horrid imprecations, and afterwards married Baldoon, his nevoy, and her mother was the cause of her breach of faith."

The same tragedy is alluded to in the following couplet and note:—

> "What train of curses that base brood pursues,
> When the young nephew weds old uncle's spouse."

The note on the word *uncle* explains it as meaning "Rutherfoord, who should have married the Lady Baldoon, was Baldoon's uncle." The poetry of this satire on Lord Stair and his family was, as already noticed, written by Sir William Hamilton of Whitelaw, a rival of Lord Stair for the situation of President of the Court of Session; a person much inferior to that great lawyer in talents, and equally ill-treated by the calumny or just satire of his contemporaries, as an unjust and partial judge. Some of the notes are by that curious and laborious antiquary, Robert Milne, who, as a virulent Jacobite, willingly lent a hand to blacken the family of Stair.[2]

[1] The fall from his horse, by which he was killed.

[2] I have compared the satire, which occurs in the first volume of the curious little collection called a Book of Scottish Pasquils, 1827, with that which has a more full text, and more extended notes, and which is in my own possession, by gift of Thomas Thomson, Esq. Register-Depute. In the second Book of Pasquils, p. 72, is a most abusive epitaph on Sir James Hamilton of Whitelaw.

Another poet of the period, with a very different purpose, has left an elegy, in which he darkly hints at and bemoans the fate of the ill-starred young person, whose very uncommon calamity Whitelaw, Dunlop, and Milne, thought a fitting subject for buffoonery and ribaldry. This bard of milder mood was Andrew Symson, before the Revolution minister of Kirkinner, in Galloway, and after his expulsion as an Episcopalian, following the humble occupation of a printer in Edinburgh. He furnished the family of Baldoon, with which he appears to have been intimate, with an elegy on the tragic event in their family. In this piece he treats the mournful occasion of the bride's death with mysterious solemnity.

The verses bear this title,—"On the unexpected death of the virtuous Lady Mrs Janet Dalrymple, Lady Baldoon, younger," and afford us the the precise dates of the catastrophe, which could not otherwise have been easily ascertained. "Nupta August 12. Domum Ducta August 24. Obiit September 12. Sepult. September 30, 1669." The form of the elegy is a dialogue betwixt a passenger and a domestic servant. The first, recollecting that he had passed that way lately, and seen all around enlivened by the appearances of mirth and festivity, is desirous to know what had changed so gay a scene into mourning. We preserve the reply of the servant as a specimen of Mr Symson's verses, which are not of the first quality:—

——— "Sir, 'tis truth you've told,
We did enjoy great mirth; but now, ah me!
Our joyful song's turn'd to an elegie.
A virtuous lady, not long since a bride,
Was to a hopeful plant by marriage tied,
And brought home hither. We did all rejoice,
Even for her sake. But presently our voice
Was turn'd to mourning for that little time
That she'd enjoy: She waned in her prime,
For Atropos, with her impartial knife,
Soon cut her thread, and therewithal her life;
And for the time we may it well remember,
It being in unfortunate September;
Where we must leave her till the resurrection,
'Tis then the Saints enjoy their full perfection."[1]

Mr Symson also poured forth his elegiac strains upon the fate of the widowed bridegroom, on which subject, after a long and querulous effusion, the poet arrives at the sound conclusion, that if Baldoon had walked on foot, which it seems was his general custom, he would have escaped perishing by a fall from horseback. As the work in which it occurs is so scarce as almost to be unique, and as it gives us the most full account of one of the actors in this tragic tale which we have rehearsed, we will, at the risk of being tedious, insert some short specimens of Mr Symson's composition. It is entitled,—

"A Funeral Elegie, occasioned by the sad and much lamented death of that worthily respected, and very much accomplished gentleman, David Dunbar, younger of Baldoon, only son and apparent heir to the right worshipful Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon, Knight Baronet. He departed this life on March 28, 1682, having received a bruise by a fall, as he was riding the day preceding betwixt Leith and Holy Rood House; and was honourably interred in the Abbey church of Holy-Rood House, on April 4, 1682."

[1] This elegy is reprinted in the appendix to a topographical work by the same author, entitled, "A Large Description of Galloway, by Andrew Symson, Minister of Kirkinner," 8vo, Taits, Edinburgh, 1823. The reverend gentleman's elegies are extremely rare, nor did the author ever see a copy but his own, which is bound up with the Tripartite, a religious poem from the Biblical History, by the same author.

"Men might, and very justly too, conclude
Me guilty of the worst ingratitude,
Should I be silent, or should I forbear
At this sad accident to shed a tear;
A tear! said I? ah! that's a petit thing,
A very lean, slight, slender offering,
Too mean, I'm sure, for me, wherewith t' attend
The unexpected funeral of my friend—
A glass of briny tears charged up to th' brim,
Would be too few for me to shed for him."

The poet proceeds to state his intimacy with the deceased, and the constancy of the young man's attendance on public worship, which was regular, and had such effect upon two or three others that were influenced by his example,

"So that my Muse 'gainst Friscian avers,
He, only he, *were* my parishioners:
Yea, and my only hearers."

He then describes the deceased in person and manners, from which it appears that more accomplishments were expected in the composition of a fine gentleman in ancient than modern times:

"His body, though not very large or tall,
Was sprightly, active, yea and strong withal.
His constitution was, if right I've guess'd,
Blood mixt with choler, said to be the best.
In 's gesture, converse, speech, discourse, attire,
He practis'd that which wise men still admire,
Commend, and recommend. What's that? you'll say
'Tis this: He ever choos'd the middle way
'Twixt both th' extremes. Amost in ev'rything
He did the like, 'tis worth our noticing:
Sparing, yet not a niggard; liberal,
And yet not lavish or a prodigal,
As knowing when to spend and when to spare;
And that's a lesson which not many are
Acquainted with. He bashful was, yet daring
When he saw cause, and yet therein but sparing;
Familiar, yet not common, for he knew
To condescend, and keep his distance too.
He us'd, and that most commonly, to go
On foot; I wish that he had still done so.
Th' affairs of court were unto him well known:
And yet meanwhile he slighted not his own.
He knew full well how to behave at court,
And yet but seldome did thereto resort;
But lov'd the country life, choos'd to inure
Himself to past'rage and agriculture;
Proving, improving, ditching, trenching, draining,
Viewing, reviewing, and by those means gaining;
Planting, transplanting, levelling, erecting
Walls, chambers, houses, terraces; projecting
Now this, now that device, this draught, that measur
That might advance his profit with his pleasure.
Quick in his bargains, honest in commerce,
Just in his dealings, being much averse
From quirks of law, still ready to refer
His cause t' an honest country arbiter.
He was acquainted with cosmography,
Arithmetic, and modern history;
With architecture and such arts as these,
Which I may call specifick sciences
Fit for a gentleman; and surely he
That knows them not, at least in some degree,

May brook the title, but he wants the thing,
Is but a shadow scarce worth noticing.
He learned the French, be 't spoken to his praise,
In very little more than fourty days."

Then comes the full burst of woe, in which, instead of saying much himself, the poet informs us what the ancients would have said on such an occasion :

" A heathen poet, at the news, no doubt,
Would have exclaim'd, and furiously cry'd out
Against the fates, the destinies and starrs,
What ! this the effect of planetarie warrs !
We might have seen him rage and rave, yea worse,
'Tis very like we might have heard him curse
The year, the month, the day, the hour, the place,
The company, the wager, and the race ;
Decry all recreations, with the names
Of Isthmian, Pythian, and Olmypic games ;
Exclaim against them all both old and new,
Both the Nemæan and the Lethæan too :
Adjudge all persons under highest pain,
Always to walk on foot, and then again
Order all horses to be hough'd, that we
Might never more the like adventure see."

Supposing our readers have had enough of Mr Symson's verses, and finding nothing more in his poem worthy of transcription, we return to the tragic story.

It is needless to point out to the intelligent reader, that the witchcraft of the mother consisted only in the ascendency of a powerful mind over a weak and melancholy one, and that the harshness with which she exercised her superiority in a case of delicacy, had driven her daughter first to despair, then to frenzy. Accordingly, the author has endeavoured to explain the tragic tale on this principle. Whatever resemblance Lady Ashton may be supposed to possess to the celebrated Dame Margaret Ross, the reader must not suppose that there was any idea of tracing the portrait of the first Lord Viscount Stair in the tricky and mean-spirited Sir William Ashton. Lord Stair, whatever might be his moral qualities, was certainly one of the first statesmen and lawyers of his age.

The imaginary castle of Wolf's Crag has been identified by some lover of locality with that of Fast Castle. The author is not competent to judge of the resemblance betwixt the real and imaginary scene, having never seen Fast Castle except from the sea. But fortalices of this description are found occupying, like osprey's nests, projecting rocks, or promontories, in many parts of the eastern coast of Scotland, and the position of Fast Castle seems certainly to resemble that of Wolf's Crag as much as any other, while its vicinity to the mountain ridge of Lammermoor, renders the assimilation a probable one.

We have only to add, that the death of the unfortunate bridegroom by a fall from horseback, has been in the novel transferred to the no less unfortunate lover.

* * * *The figures within parenthesis throughout the text refer to the notes at the end of the volume.*

THE

BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

CHAPTER I.

By cauk and keel to win your bread,
Wi' whigmaleeries for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed
To carry the gaberlunzie o
Old Song

Few have been in my secret while I was compiling these narratives, nor is it probable that they will ever become public during the life of their author. Even were that event to happen, I am not ambitious of the honoured distinction, *digito monstrari*. I confess, that, were it safe to cherish such dreams at all, I should more enjoy the thought of remaining behind the curtain unseen, like the ingenious manager of Punch and his wife Joan, and enjoying the astonishment and conjectures of my audience. Then might I, perchance, hear the productions of the obscure Peter Pattieson praised by the judicious, and admired by the feeling, engrossing the young, and attracting even the old; while the critic traced their fame up to some name of literary celebrity, and the question when, and by whom, these tales were written, filled up the pause of conversation in a hundred circles and coteries. This I may never enjoy during my lifetime; but farther than this, I am certain, my vanity should never induce me to aspire.

I am too stubborn in habits, and too little polished in manners, to envy or aspire to the honours assigned to my literary contemporaries. I could not think a whit more highly of myself, were I even found worthy to "come in place as a lion," for a winter in the great metropolis. I could not rise, turn round, and show all my honours, from the shaggy mane to the tufted tail, roar you an 'twere any nightingale, and so lie down again like a well-behaved beast of show, and all at the cheap and easy rate of a cup of coffee, and a slice of bread and butter as thin as a wafer. And I could ill stomach the fulsome flattery with which the lady of the evening indulges her show-monsters on such occasions, as she crams her parrots with sugar-plums, in order to make them talk before company. I cannot be tempted to "come aloft" for these marks of distinction, and, like imprisoned

Sampson, I would rather remain—if such must be the alternative—all my life in the mill-house, grinding for my very bread, than be brought forth to make sport for the Philistine lords and ladies. This proceeds from no dislike, real or affected, to the aristocracy of these realms. But they have their place, and I have mine; and, like the iron and earthen vessels in the old fable, we can scarce come into collision without my being the sufferer in every sense. It may be otherwise with the sheets which I am now writing. These may be opened and laid aside at pleasure; by amusing themselves with the perusal, the great will excite no false hopes; by neglecting or condemning them, they will inflict no pain; and how seldom can they converse with those whose minds have toiled for their delight, without doing either the one or the other?

In the better and wiser tone of feeling, which Ovid only expresses in one line to retract in that which follows, I can address these quires—

Parve, nec invideo, sine me, liber, ibis in urbem.

Nor do I join the regret of the illustrious exile, that he himself could not in person accompany the volume, which he sent forth to the mart of literature, pleasure, and luxury. Were there not a hundred similar instances on record, the fate of my poor friend and schoolfellow, Dick Tinto, would be sufficient to warn me against seeking happiness, in the celebrity which attaches itself to a successful cultivator of the fine arts.

Dick Tinto, when he wrote himself artist, was wont to derive his origin from the ancient family of Tinto, of that ilk, in Lanarkshire, and occasionally hinted that he had somewhat derogated from his gentle blood, in using the pencil for his principal means of support. But if Dick's pedigree was correct, some of his ancestors must have suffered a more heavy declension, since the good man his father executed the necessary, and, I trust, the honest, but certainly not very distinguished employment, of tailor in ordinary to the village of Langdirdum in the west. Under his humble roof was Richard born, and to his father's humble trade was Richard, greatly contrary to his inclination, early indentured. Old Mr Tinto had, however, no reason to congratulate himself upon having compelled the youthful genius of his son to forsake its natural bent. He fared like the schoolboy, who attempts to stop with his finger the spout of a water cistern, while the stream, exasperated at this compression, escapes by a thousand uncalculated spirts, and wets him all over for his pains. Even so fared the senior Tinto, when his hopeful apprentice not only exhausted all the chalk in making sketches upon the shop-board, but even executed several caricatures of his father's best customers, who began loudly to murmur, that it was too hard to have their persons deformed by the vestments of the father, and to be at the same time turned into ridicule by the pencil of the son. This led to discredit and loss of practice, until the old tailor, yielding to destiny and to the entreaties of his son, permitted him to attempt his fortune in a line for which he was better qualified.

There was about this time, in the village of Langdirdum, a peri-

patetic brother of the brush, who exercised his vocation *sub Jove frigido*, the object of admiration to all the boys of the village, but especially to Dick Tinto. The age had not yet adopted, amongst other unworthy retrenchments, that illiberal measure of economy, which, supplying by written characters the lack of symbolical representation, closes one open and easily accessible avenue of instruction and emolument against the students of the fine arts. It was not yet permitted to write upon the plastered doorway of an alehouse, or the suspended sign of an inn, "The Old Magpie," or "The Saracen's Head," substituting that cold description for the lively effigies of the plumed chatterer, or the turban'd frown of the terrific soldan. That early and more simple age considered alike the necessities of all ranks, and depicted the symbols of good cheer so as to be obvious to all capacities; well judging, that a man who could not read a syllable, might nevertheless love a pot of good ale as well as his better educated neighbours, or even as the parson himself. Acting upon this liberal principle, publicans as yet hung forth the painted emblems of their calling, and sign painters, if they seldom feasted, did not at least absolutely starve.

To a worthy of this decayed profession, as we have already intimated, Dick Tinto became an assistant; and thus, as is not unusual among heaven-born geniuses in this department of the fine arts, began to paint before he had any notion of drawing.

His talent for observing nature soon induced him to rectify the errors, and soar above the instructions, of his teacher. He particularly shone in painting horses, that being a favourite sign in the Scottish villages; and, in tracing his progress, it is beautiful to observe, how by degrees he learned to shorten the backs, and prolong the legs, of these noble animals, until they came to look less like crocodiles, and more like nags. Detraction, which always pursues merit with strides proportioned to its advancement, has indeed alleged, that Dick once upon a time painted a horse with five legs, instead of four. I might have rested his defence upon the license allowed to that branch of his profession, which, as it permits all sorts of singular and irregular combinations, may be allowed to extend itself so far as to bestow a limb supernumerary on a favourite subject. But the cause of a deceased friend is sacred; and I disdain to bottom it so superficially. I have visited the sign in question, which yet swings exalted in the village of Langdirdum; and I am ready to depone upon oath, that what has been idly mistaken or misrepresented as being the fifth leg of the horse, is, in fact, the tail of that quadruped, and, considered with reference to the posture in which he is delineated, forms a circumstance, introduced and managed with great and successful, though daring art. The nag being represented in a rampant or rearing posture, the tail, which is prolonged till it touches the ground, appears to form a *point d'appui*, and gives the firmness of a tripod to the figure, without which it would be difficult to conceive, placed as the feet are, how the courser could maintain his ground without tumbling backwards. This bold conception has fortunately fallen into the custody of one by whom it is duly valued; for when Dick, in his more advanced state of proficiency, became dubious

of the propriety of so daring a deviation from the established rules of art, and was desirous to execute a picture of the publican himself in exchange for this juvenile production, the courteous offer was declined by his judicious employer, who had observed, it seems, that when his ale failed to do its duty in conciliating his guests, one glance at his sign was sure to put them in good humour.

It would be foreign to my present purpose to trace the steps by which Dick Tinto improved his touch, and corrected, by the rules of art, the luxuriance of a fervid imagination. The scales fell from his eyes on viewing the sketches of a contemporary, the Scottish Teniers, as Wilkie has been deservedly styled. He threw down the brush, took up the crayons, and, amid hunger and toil, and suspense and uncertainty, pursued the path of his profession under better auspices than those of his original master. Still the first rude emanations of his genius (like the nursery rhymes of Pope, could these be recovered) will be dear to the companions of Dick Tinto's youth. There is a tankard and gridiron painted over the door of an obscure change-house in the Back-wynd of Ganderclengh—But I feel I must tear myself from the subject, or dwell on it too long.

Amid his wants and struggles, Dick Tinto had recourse, like his brethren, to levying that tax upon the vanity of mankind which he could not extract from their taste and liberality in a word, he painted portraits. It was in this more advanced state of proficiency, when Dick had soared above his original line of business, and highly disdained any allusion to it, that, after having been estranged for several years, we again met in the village of Ganderclengh, I holding my present situation, and Dick painting copies of the human face divine at a guinea per head. This was a small premium, yet, in the first burst of business, it more than sufficed for all Dick's moderate wants: so that he occupied an apartment at the Wallace Inn, cracked his jest with impunity even upon mine host himself, and lived in respect and observance with the chambermaid, hostler, and waiter.

Those halcyon days were too serene to last long. When his honour the Laird of Ganderclengh, with his wife and three daughters, the minister, the gauger, mine esteemed patron Mr Jedediah Cleishbotham, and some round dozen of the fewars and farmers, had been consigned to immortality by Tinto's brush, custom began to slacken, and it was impossible to wring more than crowns and half-crowns from the hard hands of the peasants, whose ambition led them to Dick's painting room.

Still, though the horizon was overclouded, no storm for some time ensued. Mine host had Christian faith with a lodger, who had been a good paymaster as long as he had the means. And from a portrait of our landlord himself, grouped with his wife and daughters, in the style of Rembens, which suddenly appeared in the best parlour, it was evident that Dick had found some mode of bartering art for the necessaries of life.

Nothing, however, is more precarious than resources of this nature. It was observed, that Dick became in his turn the whetstone of mine host's wit, without venturing either at defence or retaliation; that his easel was transferred to a garret-room, in which there was scarce

space for it to stand upright; and that he no longer ventured to join the weekly club, of which he had been once the life and soul. In short Dick Tinto's friends feared that he had acted like the animal called the sloth, which, having eaten up the last green leaf upon the tree where it has established itself, ends by tumbling down from the top, and dying of inanition. I ventured to hint this to Dick, recommended his transferring the exercise of his inestimable talent to some other sphere, and forsaking the common which he might be said to have eaten bare

"There is an obstacle to my change of residence," said my friend, grasping my hand with a look of solemnity.

"A bill due to my landlord, I am afraid?" replied I, with heartfelt sympathy; "if any part of my slender means can assist in this emergence——"

"No, by the soul of Sir Joshua!" answered the generous youth, "I will never involve a friend in the consequences of my own misfortune.—There is a mode by which I can regain my liberty; and to creep even through a common sewer, is better than to remain in prison."

I did not perfectly understand what my friend meant. The muse of painting appeared to have failed him, and what other goddess he could invoke in his distress, was a mystery to me. We parted, however, without farther explanation, and I did not again see him until three days after, when he summoned me to partake of the *foy* with which his landlord proposed to regale him ere his departure for Edinburgh.

I found Dick in high spirits, whistling while he buckled the small knapsack, which contained his colours, brushes, pallets, and clean shirt. That he parted on the best terms with mine host, was obvious from the cold beef set forth in the low parlour, flanked by two mugs of admirable brown stout; and I own my curiosity was excited concerning the means through which the face of my friend's affairs had been so suddenly improved. I did not suspect Dick of dealing with the devil, and by what earthly means he had extricated himself thus happily, I was at a total loss to conjecture.

He perceived my curiosity, and took me by the hand. "My friend," he said, "fain would I conceal, even from you, the degradation to which it has been necessary to submit, in order to accomplish an honourable retreat from Gandercleugh. But what avails attempting to conceal that, which must needs betray itself even by its superior excellence? All the village—all the parish—all the world—will soon discover to what poverty has reduced Richard Tinto."

A sudden thought here struck me—I had observed that our landlord wore, on that memorable morning, a pair of brand new velveteens, instead of his ancient thicksets.

"What," said I, drawing my right hand, with the fore-finger and thumb pressed together, nimbly from my right haunch to my left shoulder, "you have condescended to resume the paternal arts to which you were first bred—long stitches, ha, Dick?"

He repelled this unlucky conjecture with a frown and a pshaw, indicative of indignant contempt, and leading me into another room

showed me, resting against the wall, the majestic head of Sir William Wallace, grim as when severed from the trunk by the orders of the felon Edward.

The painting was executed on boards of a substantial thickness, and the top decorated with irons, for suspending the honoured effigy upon a sign-post.

"There," he said, "my friend, stands the honour of Scotland, and my shame—yet not so—rather the shame of those, who, instead of encouraging art in its proper sphere, reduce it to these unbecoming and unworthy extremities."

I endeavoured to smooth the ruffled feelings of my misused and indignant friend. I reminded him, that he ought not, like the stag in the fable, to despise the quality which had extricated him from difficulties, in which his talents, as a portrait or landscape painter, had been found unavailing. Above all, I praised the execution, as well as conception, of his painting, and reminded him, that far from feeling dishonoured by so superb a specimen of his talents being exposed to the general view of the public, he ought rather to congratulate himself upon the augmentation of his celebrity, to which its public exhibition must necessarily give rise.

"You are right, my friend—you are right," replied poor Dick, his eye kindling with enthusiasm; "why should I shun the name of an—an"—(he hesitated for a phrase) —"an out-of-doors artist! Hogarth has introduced himself in that character in one of his best engravings—Domenichino, or somebody else in ancient times—Moreland in our own, have exercised their talents in this manner. And wherefore limit to the rich and higher classes alone the delight which the exhibition of works of art is calculated to inspire into all classes? Statues are placed in the open air, why should Painting be more niggardly in displaying her masterpieces than her sister Sculpture? And yet, my friend, we must part suddenly: the carpenter is coming in an hour to put up the—the emblem; and truly, with all my philosophy, and your consolatory encouragement to boot, I would rather wish to leave Gandercleugh before that operation commences."

We partook of our genial host's parting banquet, and I escorted Dick on his walk to Edinburgh. We parted about a mile from the village, just as we heard the distant cheer of the boys which accompanied the mounting of the new symbol of the Wallace-Head. Dick Tinto mended his pace to get out of hearing—so little had either early practice or recent philosophy reconciled him to the character of a sign-painter.

In Edinburgh, Dick's talents were discovered and appreciated, and he received dinners and hints from several distinguished judges of the fine arts. But these gentlemen dispensed their criticism more willingly than their cash, and Dick thought he needed cash more than criticism. He therefore sought London, the universal mart of talent, and where, as is usual in general marts of most descriptions, much more of each commodity is exposed to sale than can ever find purchasers.

Dick, who, in serious earnest, was supposed to have considerable natural talents for his profession, and whose vain and sanguine dis-

position never permitted him to doubt for a moment of ultimate success, threw himself headlong into the crowd which jostled and struggled for notice and preferment. He elbowed others, and was elbowed himself; and finally, by dint of intrepidity, fought his way into some notice, painted for the prize at the Institution, had pictures at the exhibition at Somerset-house, and damned the hanging committee. But poor Dick was doomed to lose the field he fought so gallantly. In the fine arts, there is scarce an alternative betwixt distinguished success and absolute failure; and as Dick's zeal and industry were unable to ensure the first, he fell into the distresses which, in his condition, were the natural consequences of the latter alternative. He was for a time patronised by one or two of those judicious persons who make a virtue of being singular, and of pitching their own opinions against those of the world in matters of taste and criticism. But they soon tired of poor Tinto, and laid him down as a load, upon the principle of which a spoilt child throws away its plaything. Misery, I fear, took him up, and accompanied him to a premature grave, to which he was carried from an obscure lodging in Swallow-street, where he had been dunned by his landlady within doors, and watched by bailiffs without, until death came to his relief. A corner of the Morning Post noticed his death, generously adding, that his manner displayed considerable genius, though his style was rather sketchy; and referred to an advertisement, which announced that Mr Varnish, a well-known printseller, had still on hand a very few drawings and paintings by Richard Tinto, Esquire, which those of the nobility and gentry, who might wish to complete their collections of modern art, were invited to visit without delay. So ended Dick Tinto! a lamentable proof of the great truth, that in the fine arts mediocrity is not permitted, and that he who cannot ascend to the very top of the ladder, will do well not to put his foot upon it at all.

The memory of Tinto is dear to me, from the recollection of the many conversations which we have had together, most of them turning upon my present task. He was delighted with my progress, and talked of an ornamented and illustrated edition, with heads, vignettes, and *culs de lampe*, all to be designed by his own patriotic and friendly pencil. He prevailed upon an old sergeant of invalids to sit to him in the character of Bothwell, the life-guard's-man of Charles the Second, and the bell-man of Gandercleugh in that of David Deans. But while he thus proposed to unite his own powers with mine for the illustration of these narratives, he mixed many a dose of salutary criticism with the panegyrics which my composition was at times so fortunate as to call forth.

"Your characters," he said, "my dear Pattieson, make too much use of the *gob box;* they *patter* too much—(an elegant phraseology, which Dick had learned while painting the scenes of an itinerant company of players)—there is nothing in whole pages but mere chat and dialogue."

"The ancient philosopher," said I, in reply, "was wont to say, 'Speak, that I may know thee;' and how is it possible for an author to introduce his *personæ dramatis* to his readers in a more interest-

ing and effectual manner, than by the dialogue in which each is represented as supporting his own appropriate character?"

"It is a false conclusion," said Tinto; "I hate it, Peter, as I hate an unfilled cann. I will grant you, indeed, that speech is a faculty of some value in the intercourse of human affairs, and I will not even insist on the doctrine of that Pythagorean toper, who was of opinion, that over a bottle speaking spoiled conversation. But I will not allow that a professor of the fine arts has occasion to embody the idea of his scene in language, in order to impress upon the reader its reality and its effect. On the contrary, I will be judged by most of your readers, Peter, should these tales ever become public, whether you have not given us a page of talk for every single idea which two words might have communicated, while the posture, and manner, and incident, accurately drawn, and brought out by appropriate colouring, would have preserved all that was worthy of preservation, and saved these everlasting said he's and said she's, with which it has been your pleasure to encumber your pages."

I replied, "That he confounded the operations of the pencil and the pen; that the serene and silent art, as painting has been called by one of our first living poets, necessarily appealed to the eye, because it had not the organs for addressing the ear: whereas poetry, or that species of composition which approached to it, lay under the necessity of doing absolutely the reverse, and addressed itself to the ear, for the purpose of exciting that interest which it could not attain through the medium of the eye."

Dick was not a whit staggered by my argument, which he contended was founded on misrepresentation. "Description," he said, "was to the author of a romance exactly what drawing and tinting were to a painter; words were his colours, and, if properly employed, they could not fail to place the scene, which he wished to conjure up, as effectually before the mind's eye, as the tablet or canvas presents it to the bodily organ. The same rules," he contended, "applied to both, and an exuberance of dialogue, in the former case, was a verbose and laborious mode of composition which went to confound the proper art of fictitious narrative with that of the drama, a widely different species of composition, of which dialogue was the very essence, because all, excepting the language to be made use of, was presented to the eye by the dresses, and persons, and actions of the performers upon the stage. But as nothing," said Dick, "can be more dull than a long narrative written upon the plan of a drama, so where you have approached most near to that species of composition, by indulging in prolonged scenes of mere conversation, the course of your story has become chill and constrained, and you have lost the power of arresting the attention and exciting the imagination, in which upon other occasions you may be considered as having succeeded tolerably well."

I made my bow in requital of the compliment, which was probably thrown in by way of *placebo*, and expressed myself willing at least to make one trial of a more straightforward style of composition, in which my actors should do more, and say less, than in my former attempts of this kind. Dick gave me a patronising and approving

nod, and observed, that, finding me so docile, he would communicate, for the benefit of my muse, a subject which he had studied with a view to his own art.

"The story," he said, "was, by tradition, affirmed to be truth, although as upwards of a hundred years had passed away since the events took place, some doubts upon the accuracy of all the particulars might be reasonbly entertained."

When Dick Tinto had thus spoken, he rummaged his portfolio for the sketch from which he proposed one day to execute a picture of four feet by eight. The sketch, which was cleverly executed, to use the appropriate phrase, represented an ancient hall fitted up and furnished in what we now call the taste of Queen Elizabeth's age. The light, admitted from the upper part of a high casement, fell upon a female figure of exquisite beauty, who, in an attitude of speechless terror, appeared to watch the issue of a debate betwixt two other persons. The one was a young man, in the Vandyke dress common to the time of Charles I., who, with an air of indignant pride, testified by the manner in which he raised his head and extended his arm, seemed to be urging a claim of right, rather than of favour, to a lady, whose age, and some resemblance in their features, pointed her out as the mother of the younger female, and who appeared to listen with a mixture of displeasure and impatience.

Tinto produced his sketch with an air of mysterious triumph, and gazed on it as a fond parent looks upon a hopeful child, while he anticipates the future figure he is to make in the world, and the height to which he will raise the honour of his family. He held it at arms' length from me, — he held it closer, — he placed it upon the top of a chest of drawers, closed the lower shutters of the casement, to adjust a downward and favourable light,—fell back to the due distance, dragged me after him,—shaded his face with his hand, as if to exclude all but the favourite object,—and ended by spoiling a child's copy book, which he rolled up so as to serve for the darkened tube of an amateur. I fancy my expressions of enthusiasm had not been in proportion to his own, for he presently exclaimed with vehemence, "Mr Pattieson, I used to think you had an eye in your head."

I vindicated my claim to the usual allowance of visual organs.

"Yet, on my honour," said Dick, "I would swear you had been born blind, since you have failed at the first glance to discover the subject and meaning of that sketch. I do not mean to praise my own performance, I leave these arts to others; I am sensible of my deficiencies, conscious that my drawing and colouring may be improved by the time I intend to dedicate to the art. But the conception—the expression—the positions—these tell the story to every one who looks at the sketch; and if I can finish the picture without diminution of the original conception, the name of Tinto shall no more be smothered by the mists of envy and intrigue."

I replied, "That I admired the sketch exceedingly; but that to understand its full merit, I felt it absolutely necessary to be informed of the subject."

"That is the very thing I complain of," answered Tinto; "you have accustomed yourself so much to these creeping twilight details of

yours, that you are become incapable of receiving that instant and vivid flash of conviction, which darts on the mind from seeing the happy and expressive combinations of a single scene, and which gather from the position, attitude, and countenance of the moment, not only the history of the past lives of the personages represented, and the nature of the business on which they are immediately engaged, but lifts even the veil of futurity, and affords a shrewd guess at their future fortunes."

"In that case," replied I, "Painting excels the Ape of the renowned Gines de Passamont, which only meddled with the past and the present; nay, she excels that very Nature who affords her subjects; for I protest to you, Dick, that were I permitted to peep into that Elizabeth-chamber, and see the persons you have sketched conversing in flesh and blood, I should not be a jot nearer guessing the nature of their business, than I am at this moment while looking at your sketch. Only generally, from the languishing look of the young lady, and the care you have taken to present a very handsome leg on the part of the gentleman, I presume there is some reference to a love affair between them."

"Do you really presume to form such a bold conjecture?" said Tinto. "And the indignant earnestness with which you see the man urge his suit—the unresisting and passive despair of the younger female—the stern air of inflexible determination in the elder woman, whose looks express at once consciousness that she is acting wrong, and a firm determination to persist in the course she has adopted——"

"If her looks express all this, my dear Tinto," replied I, interrupting him, "your pencil rivals the dramatic art of Mr Puff in the Critic, who crammed a whole complicated sentence into the expressive shake of Lord Burleigh's head."

"My good friend, Peter," replied Tinto, "I observe you are perfectly incorrigible; however, I have compassion on your dulness, and am unwilling you should be deprived of the pleasure of understanding my picture, and of gaining, at the same time, a subject for your own pen. You must know then, last summer, while I was taking sketches on the coast of East Lothian and Berwickshire, I was seduced into the mountains of Lammermoor by the account I received of some remains of antiquity in that district. Those with which I was most struck, were the ruins of an ancient castle in which that Elizabeth-chamber, as you call it, once existed. I resided for two or three days at a farm-house in the neighbourhood, where the aged goodwife was well acquainted with the history of the castle, and the events which had taken place in it. One of these was of a nature so interesting and singular, that my attention was divided between my wish to draw the old ruins in landscape, and to represent, in a history-piece, the singular events which have taken place in it. Here are my notes of the tale," said poor Dick, handing a parcel of loose scraps, partly scratched over with his pencil, partly with his pen, where outlines of caricatures, sketches of turrets, mills, old gables, and dovecots, disputed the ground with his written memoranda.

I proceeded, however, to decipher the substance of the manuscript as well as I could, and wove it into the following Tale, in which, fol-

lowing in part, though not entirely, my friend Tinto's advice, I endeavoured to render my narrative rather descriptive than dramatic. My favourite propensity, however, has at times overcome me, and my persons, like many others in this talking world, speak now and then a great deal more than they act.

CHAPTER II.

> Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;
> 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
> Being opposites of such repairing nature.
>
> *Second Part of Henry VI.*

In the gorge of a pass or mountain glen, ascending from the fertile plains of East Lothian, there stood in former times an extensive castle, of which only the ruins are now visible. Its ancient proprietors were a race of powerful and warlike barons, who bore the same name with the castle itself, which was Ravenswood. Their line extended to a remote period of antiquity, and they had intermarried with the Douglasses, Humes, Swintons, Hays, and other families of power and distinction in the same country. Their history was frequently involved in that of Scotland itself, in whose annals their feats are recorded. The Castle of Ravenswood, occupying, and in some measure commanding, a pass betwixt Berwickshire, or the Merse, as the south-eastern province of Scotland is termed, and the Lothians, was of importance both in times of foreign war and domestic discord. It was frequently besieged with ardour, and defended with obstinacy, and, of course, its owners played a conspicuous part in story. But their house had its revolutions, like all sublunary things; it became greatly declined from its splendour about the middle of the 17th century: and towards the period of the Revolution, the last proprietor of Ravenswood Castle saw himself compelled to part with the ancient family seat, and to remove himself to a lonely and sea-beaten tower, which, situated on the bleak shores between Saint Abb's Head and the village of Eyemouth, looked out on the lonely and boisterous German Ocean. A black domain of wild pasture-land surrounded their new residence, and formed the remains of their property.

Lord Ravenswood, the heir of this ruined family, was far from bending his mind to his new condition of life. In the civil war of 1689, he had espoused the sinking side, and although he had escaped without the forfeiture of life or land, his blood had been attainted, and his title abolished. He was now called Lord Ravenswood only in courtesy.

This forfeited nobleman inherited the pride and turbulence, though not the fortune of his house, and, as he imputed the final declension of his family to a particular individual, he honoured that person with his full portion of hatred. This was the very man who had now become, by purchase, proprietor of Ravenswood, and the domains of which the heir of the house now stood dispossessed. He was

descended of a family much less ancient than that of Lord Ravenswood, and which had only risen to wealth and political importance during the great civil wars. He himself had been bred to the bar, and had held high offices in the state, maintaining through life the character of a skilful fisher in the troubled waters of a state divided by factions, and governed by delegated authority; and of one who contrived to amass considerable sums of money in a country where there was but little to be gathered, and who equally knew the value of wealth, and the various means of augmenting it, and using it as an engine of increasing his power and influence.

Thus qualified and gifted, he was a dangerous antagonist to the fierce and imprudent Ravenswood. Whether he had given him good cause for the enmity with which the Baron regarded him, was a point on which men spoke differently. Some said the quarrel arose merely from the vindictive spirit and envy of Lord Ravenswood, who could not patiently behold another, though by just and fair purchase, become the proprietor of the estate and castle of his forefathers. But the greater part of the public, prone to slander the wealthy in their absence, as to flatter them in their presence, held a less charitable opinion. They said, that the Lord Keeper (for to this height Sir William Ashton had ascended) had, previous to the final purchase of the estate of Ravenswood, been concerned in extensive pecuniary transactions with the former proprietor; and, rather intimating what was probable, than affirming anything positively, they asked which party was likely to have the advantage in stating and enforcing the claims arising out of these complicated affairs, and more than hinted the advantages which the cool lawyer and able politician must necessarily possess over the hot, fiery, and imprudent character, whom he had involved in legal toils, and pecuniary snares.

The character of the times aggravated these suspicions. "In those days there was no king in Israel." Since the departure of James VI. to assume the richer and more powerful crown of England, there had existed in Scotland contending parties, formed among the aristocracy, by whom, as their intrigues at the court of St James's chanced to prevail, the delegated powers of sovereignty were alternately swayed. The evils attending upon this system of government, resemble those which afflict the tenants of an Irish estate, the property of an absentee. There was no supreme power, claiming and possessing a general interest with the community at large, to whom the oppressed might appeal from subordinate tyranny, either for justice or for mercy. Let a monarch be as indolent, as selfish, as much disposed to arbitrary power as he will, still, in a free country, his own interests are so clearly connected with those of the public at large, and the evil consequences to his own authority are so obvious and imminent when a different course is pursued, that common policy, as well as common feeling, point to the equal distribution of justice, and to the establishment of the throne in righteousness. Thus, even sovereigns, remarkable for usurpation and tyranny, have been found rigorous in the administration of justice among their subjects, in cases where their own power and passions were not compromised.

It is very different when the powers of sovereignty are delegated

to the head of an aristocratic faction, rivalled and pressed closely in the race of ambition by an adverse leader. His brief and precarious enjoyment of power must be employed in rewarding his partisans, in extending his influence, in oppressing and crushing his adversaries. Even Abou Hassan, the most disinterested of all viceroys, forgot not, during his caliphate of one day, to send a *douceur* of one thousand pieces of gold to his own household; and the Scottish vicegerents, raised to power by the strength of their faction, failed not to embrace the same means of rewarding them.

The administration of justice, in particular, was infected by the most gross partiality. A case of importance scarcely occurred, in which there was not some ground for bias or partiality on the part of the judges, who were so little able to withstand the temptation, that the adage, "Show me the man, and I will show you the law," became as prevalent as it was scandalous. One corruption led the way to others still more gross and profligate. The judge who lent his sacred authority in one case to support a friend, and in another to crush an enemy, and whose decisions were founded on family connections, or political relations, could not be supposed inaccessible to direct personal motives; and the purse of the wealthy was too often believed to be thrown into the scale to weigh down the cause of the poor litigant. The subordinate officers of the law affected little scruple concerning bribery. Pieces of plate, and bags of money, were sent in presents to the king's counsel, to influence their conduct, and poured forth, says a contemporary writer, like billets of wood upon their floors, without even the decency of concealment.

In such times, it was not over uncharitable to suppose, that the statesman, practised in courts of law, and a powerful member of a triumphant cabal, might find and use means of advantage over his less skilful and less favoured adversary: and if it had been supposed that Sir William Ashton's conscience had been too delicate to profit by these advantages, it was believed that his ambition and desire of extending his wealth and consequence, found as strong a stimulus in the exhortations of his lady, as the daring aim of Macbeth in the days of yore.

Lady Ashton was of a family more distinguished than that of her lord, an advantage which she did not fail to use to the uttermost, in maintaining and extending her husband's influence over others, and, unless she was greatly belied, her own over him. She had been beautiful, and was stately and majestic in her appearance. Endowed by nature with strong powers and violent passions, experience had taught her to employ the one, and to conceal, if not to moderate, the other. She was a severe and strict observer of the external forms, at least, of devotion; her hospitality was splendid even to ostentation; her address and manners, agreeable to the pattern most valued in Scotland at the period, were grave, dignified, and severely regulated by the rules of etiquette. Her character had always been beyond the breath of slander. And yet, with all these qualities to excite respect, Lady Ashton was seldom mentioned in the terms of love or affection. Interest,—the interest of her family, if not her own,—seemed too obviously the motive of her actions: and where this is the case, the sharp judging and malignant public are not easily im-

posed upon by outward show. It was seen and ascertained, that, in her most graceful courtesies and compliments, Lady Ashton no more lost sight of her object, than the falcon in his airy wheel turns his quick eyes from his destined quarry; and hence, something of doubt and suspicion qualified the feelings with which her equals received her attentions. With her inferiors these feelings were mingled with fear; an impression useful to her purposes, so far as it enforced ready compliance with her requests, and implicit obedience to her commands, but detrimental, because it cannot exist with affection or regard.

Even her husband, it is said, upon whose fortunes her talents and address had produced such emphatic influence, regarded her with respectful awe rather than confiding attachment; and report said, there were times when he considered his grandeur as dearly purchased at the expense of domestic thraldom. Of this, however, much might be suspected, but little could be accurately known: Lady Ashton regarded the honour of her husband as her own, and was well aware how much that would suffer in the public eye should he appear a vassal to his wife. In all her arguments, his opinion was quoted as infallible; his taste was appealed to, and his sentiments received, with the air of deference which a dutiful wife might seem to owe to a husband of Sir William Ashton's rank and character. But there was something under all this which rung false and hollow; and to those who watched this couple with close, and perhaps malicious scrutiny, it seemed evident, that, in the haughtiness of a firmer character, higher birth, and more decided views of aggrandizement, the lady looked with some contempt on the husband, and that he regarded her with jealous fear, rather than with love or admiration.

Still, however, the leading and favourite interests of Sir William Ashton and his lady were the same, and they failed not to work in concert, although without cordiality, and to testify, in all exterior circumstances, that respect for each other, which they were aware was necessary to secure that of the public.

Their union was crowned with several children, of whom three survived. One, the eldest son, was absent on his travels; the second, a girl of seventeen, and the third, a boy about three years younger, resided with their parents in Edinburgh, during the sessions of the Scottish Parliament and Privy-Council, at other times in the old Gothic castle of Ravenswood, to which the Lord Keeper had made large additions in the style of the seventeenth century.

Allan Lord Ravenswood, the late proprietor of that ancient mansion and the large estate annexed to it, continued for some time to wage ineffectual war with his successor concerning various points to which their former transactions had given rise, and which were successively determined in favour of the wealthy and powerful competitor, until death closed the litigation, by summoning Ravenswood to a higher bar. The thread of life, which had been long wasting, gave way during a fit of violent and impotent fury, with which he was assailed on receiving the news of the loss of a cause, founded, perhaps, rather in equity than in law, the last which he had maintained against his powerful antagonist. His son witnessed his dying agonies, and heard the curses which he breathed against his adver-

eary, as if they had conveyed to him a legacy of vengeance. Other circumstances happened to exasperate a passion, which was, and had long been, a prevalent vice in the Scottish disposition.

It was a November morning, and the cliffs which overlooked the ocean were hung with thick and heavy mist, when the portals of the ancient and half-ruinous tower, in which Lord Ravenswood had spent the last and troubled years of his life, opened, that his mortal remains might pass forward to an abode yet more dreary and lonely. The pomp of attendance, to which the deceased had, in his latter years, been a stranger, was revived as he was about to be consigned to the realms of forgetfulness.

Banner after banner, with the various devices and coats of this ancient family and its connections, followed each other in mournful procession from under the low-browed archway of the courtyard. The principal gentry of the country attended in the deepest mourning, and tempered the pace of their long train of horses to the solemn march befitting the occasion. Trumpets, with banners of crape attached to them, sent forth their long and melancholy notes to regulate the movements of the procession. An immense train of inferior mourners and menials closed the rear, which had not yet issued from the castle-gate, when the van had reached the chapel where the body was to be deposited.

Contrary to the custom, and even to the law of the time, the body was met by a priest of the Scottish Episcopal communion, arrayed in his surplice, and prepared to read over the coffin of the deceased the funeral service of the church. Such had been the desire of Lord Ravenswood in his last illness, and it was readily complied with by the tory gentlemen, or cavaliers, as they affected to style themselves, in which faction most of his kinsmen were enrolled. The presbyterian church-judicatory of the bounds, considering the ceremony as a bravading insult upon their authority, had applied to the Lord Keeper, as the nearest privy-councillor, for a warrant to prevent its being carried into effect; so that, when the clergyman had opened his prayer-book, an officer of the law, supported by some armed men, commanded him to be silent. An insult, which fired the whole assembly with indignation, was particularly and instantly resented by the only son of the deceased, Edgar, popularly called the Master of Ravenswood, a youth of about twenty years of age. He clapped his hand on his sword, and, bidding the official person to desist at his peril from farther interruption, commanded the clergyman to proceed. The man attempted to enforce his commission, but as an hundred swords at once glittered in the air, he contented himself with protesting against the violence which had been offered to him in the execution of his duty, and stood aloof, a sullen and moody spectator of the ceremonial, muttering as one who should say, "You'll rue the day that clogs me with this answer."

The scene was worthy of an artist's pencil. Under the very arch of the house of death, the clergyman, affrighted at the scene, and trembling for his own safety, hastily and unwillingly rehearsed the solemn service of the church, and spoke dust to dust, and ashes to ashes, over ruined pride and decayed prosperity. Around stood the

relations of the deceased, their countenances more in anger than in sorrow, and the drawn swords which they brandished forming a violent contrast with their deep mourning habits. In the countenance of the young man alone, resentment seemed for the moment overpowered by the deep agony with which he beheld his nearest, and almost his only friend, consigned to the tomb of his ancestry. A relative observed him turn deadly pale, when, all rites being now duly observed, it became the duty of the chief mourner to lower down into the charnel vault, where mouldering coffins showed their tattered velvet and decayed plating, the head of the corpse which was to be their partner in corruption. He stept to the youth and offered his assistance, which, by a mute motion, Edgar Ravenswood rejected. Firmly, and without a tear, he performed that last duty. The stone was laid on the sepulchre, the door of the aisle was locked, and the youth took possession of its massive key.

As the crowd left the chapel, he paused on the steps which led to its Gothic chancel. "Gentlemen and friends," he said, "you have this day done no common duty to the body of your deceased kinsman. The rites of due observance, which, in other countries, are allowed as the due of the meanest Christian, would this day have been denied to the body of your relative—not certainly sprung of the meanest house in Scotland—had it not been assured to him by your courage. Others bury their dead in sorrow and tears, in silence and in reverence; our funeral rites are marred by the intrusion of bailiffs and ruffians, and our grief—the grief due to our departed friend—is chased from our cheeks by the glow of just indignation. But it is well that I know from what quiver this arrow has come forth. It was only he that dug the grave who could have the mean cruelty to disturb the obsequies; and Heaven do as much to me and more, if I requite not to this man and his house the ruin and disgrace he has brought on me and mine!"

A numerous part of the assembly applauded this speech, as the spirited expression of just resentment; but the more cool and judicious regretted that it had been uttered. The fortunes of the heir of Ravenswood were too low to brave the farther hostility which they imagined these open expressions of resentment must necessarily provoke. Their apprehensions, however, proved groundless, at least in the immediate consequences of this affair.

The mourners returned to the tower, there, according to a custom but recently abolished in Scotland, to carouse deep healths to the memory of the deceased, to make the house of sorrow ring with sounds of joviality and debauch, and to diminish, by the expense of a large and profuse entertainment, the limited revenues of the heir of him whose funeral they thus strangely honoured. It was the custom, however, and on the present occasion it was fully observed. The tables swam in wine, the populace feasted in the court-yard, the yeomen in the kitchen and buttery; and two years' rent of Ravenswood's remaining property hardly defrayed the charge of the funeral revel. The wine did its office on all but the Master of Ravenswood, a title which he still retained, though forfeiture had attached to that of his father. He, while passing around the cup which he himself did not taste, soon listened to a thousand exclamations against the

ord Keeper, and passionate protestations of attachment to himself, nd to the honour of his house. He listened with dark and sullen row to ebullitions which he considered justly as equally evanescent ith the crimson bubbles on the brink of the goblet, or at least with he vapours which its contents excited in the brains of the revellers round him.

When the last flask was emptied, they took their leave, with deep rotestations—to be forgotten on the morrow, if, indeed, those who ade them should not think it necessary for their safety to make a ore solemn retractation.

Accepting their adieus with an air of contempt which he could arce conceal, Ravenswood at length beheld his ruinous habitation leared of this confluence of riotous guests, and returned to the eserted hall, which now appeared doubly lonely from the cessation f that clamour to which it had so lately echoed. But its space was eopled by phantoms, which the imagination of the young heir conured up before him—the tarnished honour and degraded fortunes of is house, the destruction of his own hopes, and the triumph of that mily by whom they had been ruined. To a mind naturally of a loomy cast, here was ample room for meditation, and the musings f young Ravenswood were deep and unwitnessed.

The peasant, who shows the ruins of the tower, which still crown he beetling cliff and behold the war of the waves, though no more nanted save by the sea-mew and cormorant, even yet affirms, that n this fatal night the Master of Ravenswood, by the bitter exclamaons of his despair, evoked some evil fiend, under whose malignant nfluence the future tissue of incidents was woven. Alas! what fiend an suggest more desperate counsels, than those adopted under the uidance of our own violent and unresisted passions?

CHAPTER III.

> Over Gods forebode, then said the King,
> That thou shouldst shoot at me.
> *William Bell, Clim o' the Cleugh, &c.*

On the morning after the funeral, the legal officer, whose authority ad been found insufficient to effect an interruption of the funeral blemnities of the late Lord Ravenswood, hastened to state before the eeper the resistance which he had met with in the execution of his ffice.

The statesman was seated in a spacious library, once a banqueting-oom in the old Castle of Ravenswood, as was evident from the morial insignia still displayed on the carved roof, which was vaulted ith Spanish chestnut, and on the stained glass of the casement, rough which gleamed a dim yet rich light, on the long rows of elves, bending under the weight of legal commentators and monk-h historians, whose ponderous volumes formed the chief and most alued contents of a Scottish historian of the period. On the massive

oaken table and reading-desk, lay a confused mass of letters, petitions, and parchments; to toil amongst which was the pleasure at once and the plague of Sir William Ashton's life. His appearance was grave and even noble, well becoming one who held a high office in the state; and it was not, save after long and intimate conversation with him upon topics of pressing and personal interest, that a stranger could have discovered something vacillating and uncertain in his resolutions; an infirmity of purpose, arising from a cautious and timid disposition, which, as he was conscious of its internal influence on his mind, he was, from pride as well as policy, most anxious to conceal from others.

He listened with great apparent composure to an exaggerated account of the tumult which had taken place at the funeral, of the contempt thrown on his own authority, and that of the church and state; nor did he seem moved even by the faithful report of the insulting and threatening language which had been uttered by young Ravenswood and others, and obviously directed against himself. He heard, also, what the man had been able to collect, in a very distorted and aggravated shape, of the toasts which had been drunk, and the menaces uttered, at the subsequent entertainment. In fine, he made careful notes of all these particulars, and of the names of the persons by whom, in case of need, an accusation, founded upon these violent proceedings, could be witnessed and made good, and dismissed his informer, secure that he was now master of the remaining fortune, and even of the personal liberty, of young Ravenswood.

When the door had closed upon the officer of the law, the Lord Keeper remained for a moment in deep meditation: then, starting from his seat, paced the apartment as one about to take a sudden and energetic resolution. "Young Ravenswood," he muttered, "is now mine—he is my own—he has placed himself in my hand, and he shall bend or break. I have not forgot the determined and dogged obstinacy with which his father fought every point to the last, resisted every effort at compromise, embroiled me in lawsuits, and attempted to assail my character when he could not otherwise impugn my rights. This boy he has left behind him—this Edgar—this hot-headed, hair-brained fool, has wrecked his vessel before she has cleared the harbour. I must see that he gains no advantage of some turning tide which may again float him off. These memoranda, properly stated to the Privy Council, cannot but be construed into an aggravated riot, in which the dignity both of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities stand committed. A heavy fine might be imposed; an order for committing him to Edinburgh or Blackness castle seems not improper; even a charge of treason might be laid on many of these words and expressions, though God forbid I should prosecute the matter to that extent. No, I will not;—I will not touch his life, even if it should be in my power;—and yet, if he lives till a change of times, what follows?—Restitution—perhaps revenge. I know Athole promised his interest to old Ravenswood, and here is his son already bandying and making a faction by his own contemptible influence. What a ready tool he would be for the use of those who are watching the downfall of our administration!"

While these thoughts were agitating the mind of the wily statesman, and while he was persuading himself that his own interest and safety, as well as those of his friends and party, depended on using the present advantage to the uttermost against young Ravenswood, the Lord Keeper sat down to his desk, and proceeded to draw up, for the information of the Privy Council, an account of the disorderly proceedings which, in contempt of his warrant, had taken place at the funeral of Lord Ravenswood. The names of most of the parties concerned, as well as the fact itself, would, he was well aware, sound odiously in the ears of his colleagues in administration, and most likely instigate them to make an example of young Ravenswood, at least, *in terrorem*.

It was a point of delicacy, however, to select such expressions as might infer the young man's culpability, without seeming directly to urge it, which on the part of Sir William Ashton, his father's ancient antagonist, could not but appear odious and invidious. While he was in the act of composition, labouring to find words which might indicate Edgar Ravenswood to be the cause of the uproar, without specifically making such a charge, Sir William, in a pause of his task, chanced, in looking upward, to see the crest of the family (for whose heir he was whetting the arrows, and disposing the toils of the law), carved upon one of the corbeilles from which the vaulted roof of the apartment sprung. It was a black bull's head, with the legend, "I bide my time;" and the occasion upon which it was adopted mingled itself singularly and impressively with the subject of his present reflections.

It was said by a constant tradition, that a Malisius de Ravenswood had, in the thirteenth century, been deprived of his castle and lands by a powerful usurper, who had for a while enjoyed his spoils in quiet. At length, on the eve of a costly banquet, Ravenswood, who had watched his opportunity, introduced himself into the castle with a small band of faithful retainers. The serving of the expected feast was impatiently looked for by the guests, and clamorously demanded by the temporary master of the castle. Ravenswood, who had assumed the disguise of a sewer upon the occasion, answered, in a stern voice, "I bide my time;" and at the same moment, a bull's head, the ancient symbol of death, was placed upon the table. The explosion of the conspiracy took place upon the signal, and the usurper and his followers were put to death. Perhaps there was something in this still known and often repeated story, which came immediately home to the breast and conscience of the Lord Keeper; for, putting from him the paper on which he had begun his report, and carefully locking the memoranda which he had prepared, into a cabinet which stood beside him, he proceeded to walk abroad, as if for the purpose of collecting his ideas, and reflecting further on the consequences of the step which he was about to take, ere yet they became inevitable.

In passing through a large Gothic anteroom, Sir William Ashton heard the sound of his daughter's lute. Music, when the performers are concealed, affects us with a pleasure mingled with surprise, and reminds us of the natural concert of birds among the leafy bowers. The statesman, though little accustomed to give way to emotions of

this natural and simple class, was still a man and a father. He stopped, therefore, and listened, while the silver tones of Lucy Ashton's voice mingled with the accompaniment in an ancient air, to which some one had adapted the following words:—

"Look not thou on beauty's charming,—
Sit thou still when kings are arming,—
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,—
Speak not when the people listens,—
Stop thine ear against the singer,—
From the red gold keep thy finger,—
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,—
Easy live and quiet die."

The sound ceased, and the Keeper entered his daughter's apartment.

The words she had chosen seemed particularly adapted to her character; for Lucy Ashton's exquisitely beautiful, yet somewhat girlish features, were formed to express peace of mind, serenity, and indifference to the tinsel of worldly pleasure. Her locks, which were of shadowy gold, divided on a brow of exquisite whiteness, like a gleam of broken and pallid sunshine upon a hill of snow. The expression of the countenance was in the last degree gentle, soft, timid, and feminine, and seemed rather to shrink from the most casual look of a stranger, than to court his admiration. Something there was of a Madonna cast, perhaps the result of delicate health, and of residence in a family, where the dispositions of the inmates were fiercer, more active, and energetic, than her own.

Yet her passiveness of disposition was by no means owing to an indifferent or unfeeling mind. Left to the impulse of her own taste and feeling, Lucy Ashton was peculiarly accessible to those of a romantic cast. Her secret delight was in the old legendary tales of ardent devotion and unalterable affection, chequered as they so often are with strange adventures and supernatural horrors. This was her favoured fairy realm, and here she erected her aerial palaces. But it was only in secret that she laboured at this delusive, though delightful architecture. In her retired chamber, or in the woodland bower which she had chosen for her own, and called after her name, she was in fancy distributing the prizes at the tournament, or raining down influence from her eyes on the valiant combatants; or she was wandering in the wilderness with Una, under escort of the generous lion; or she was identifying herself with the simple, yet noble-minded Miranda, in the isle of wonder and enchantment.

But in her exterior relations to things of this world, Lucy willingly received the ruling impulse from those around her. The alternative was, in general, too indifferent to her to render resistance desirable, and she willingly found a motive for decision in the opinion of her friends, which perhaps she might have sought for in vain in her own choice. Every reader must have observed in some family of his acquaintance, some individual of a temper soft and yielding, who, mixed with stronger and more ardent minds, is borne along by the will of others, with as little power of opposition as the flower which

is flung into a running stream. It usually happens that such a compliant and easy disposition, which resigns itself without murmur to the guidance of others, becomes the darling of those to whose inclinations its own seem to be offered, in ungrudging and ready sacrifice.

This was eminently the case with Lucy Ashton. Her politic, wary, and worldly father, felt for her an affection, the strength of which sometimes surprised him into an unusual emotion. Her elder brother, who trode the path of ambition with a haughtier step than his father, had also more of human affection. A soldier, and in a dissolute age, he preferred his sister Lucy even to pleasure, and to military preferment and distinction. Her younger brother, at an age when trifles chiefly occupied his mind, made her the confidant of all his pleasures and anxieties, his success in field-sports, and his quarrels with his tutor and instructors. To these details, however trivial, Lucy lent patient and not indifferent attention. They moved and interested Henry, and that was enough to secure her ear.

Her mother alone did not feel that distinguished and predominating affection, with which the rest of the family cherished Lucy. She regarded what she termed her daughter's want of spirit, as a decided mark, that the more plebeian blood of her father predominated in Lucy's veins, and used to call her in derision her Lammermoor Shepherdess. To dislike so gentle and inoffensive a being was impossible; but Lady Ashton preferred her eldest son, on whom had descended a large portion of her own ambitious and undaunted disposition, to a daughter whose softness of temper seemed allied to feebleness of mind. Her eldest son was the more partially beloved by his mother, because, contrary to the usual custom of Scottish families of distinction, he had been named after the head of the house.

"My Sholto," she said, "will support the untarnished honour of his maternal house, and elevate and support that of his father. Poor Lucy is unfit for courts or crowded halls. Some country laird must be her husband, rich enough to supply her with every comfort, without an effort on her own part, so that she may have nothing to shed a tear for but the tender apprehension lest he may break his neck in a fox-chase. It was not so, however, that our house was raised, nor is it so that it can be fortified and augmented. The Lord Keeper's dignity is yet new; it must be borne as if we were used to its weight, worthy of it, and prompt to assert and maintain it. Before ancient authorities, men bend, from customary and hereditary deference; in our presence, they will stand erect, unless they are compelled to prostrate themselves. A daughter fit for the sheepfold, or the cloister, is ill qualified to exact respect where it is yielded with reluctance; and since Heaven refused us a third boy, Lucy should have held a character fit to supply his place. The hour will be a happy one which disposes her hand in marriage to some one whose energy is greater than her own, or whose ambition is of as low an order."

So meditated a mother, to whom the qualities of her children's hearts, as well as the prospect of their domestic happiness, seemed light in comparison to their rank and temporal greatness. But, like

many a parent of hot and impatient character, she was mistaken in estimating the feelings of her daughter, who, under a semblance of extreme indifference, nourished the germ of those passions which sometimes spring up in one night, like the gourd of the prophet, and astonish the observer by their unexpected ardour and intensity. In fact, Lucy's sentiments seemed chill, because nothing had occurred to interest or awaken them. Her life had hitherto flowed on in a uniform and gentle tenor, and happy for her had not its present smoothness of current resembled that of the stream as it glides downwards to the waterfall!

"So, Lucy," said her father, entering as her song was ended, "does your musical philosopher teach you to contemn the world before you know it?—that is surely something premature. Or did you but speak according to the fashion of fair maidens, who are always to hold the pleasures of life in contempt till they are pressed upon them by the address of some gentle knight?"

Lucy blushed, disclaimed any inference respecting her own choice being drawn from her selection of a song, and readily laid aside her instrument at her father's request that she would attend him in his walk.

A large and well-wooded park, or rather chase, stretched along the hill behind the castle, which occupying, as we have noticed, a pass ascending from the plain, seemed built in its very gorge to defend the forest ground which arose behind it in shaggy majesty. Into this romantic region the father and daughter proceeded, arm in arm, by a noble avenue overarched by embowering elms, beneath which groups of the fallow-deer were seen to stray in distant perspective. As they paced slowly on, admiring the different points of view, for which Sir William Ashton, notwithstanding the nature of his usual avocations, had considerable taste and feeling, they were overtaken by the forester, or park-keeper, who, intent on sylvan sport, was proceeding with his crossbow over his arm, and a hound led in leash by his boy, into the interior of the wood.

"Going to shoot us a piece of venison, Norman?" said his master, as he returned the woodman's salutation.

"Saul, your honour, and that I am. Will it please you to see the sport?"

"O no," said his lordship, after looking at his daughter, whose colour fled at the idea of seeing the deer shot, although had her father expressed his wish that they should accompany Norman, it was probable she would not even have hinted her reluctance.

The forester shrugged his shoulders. "It was a disheartening thing," he said, "when none of the gentles came down to see the sport. He hoped Captain Sludfo would be soon hame, or he might shut up his shop entirely; for Mr Harry was kept sae close wi' his Latin nonsense, that, though his will was very gude to be in the wood frae morning till night, there would be a hopeful lad lost, and no making a man of him. It was not so, he had heard, in Lord Ravenswood's time—when a buck was to be killed, man and mother's son ran to see; and when the deer fell, the knife was always presented to the knight, and he never gave less than a dollar for the compli-

ment. And there was Edgar Ravenswood—Master of Ravenswood that is now—when he goes up to the wood—there hasna been a better hunter since Tristrem's time—when Sir Edgar hauds out,[1] down goes the deer, faith. But we hae lost a' sense of wood-craft on this side of the hill."

There was much in this harangue highly displeasing to the Lord Keeper's feelings; he could not help observing that his menial despised him almost avowedly for not possessing that taste for sport, which in those times was deemed the natural and indispensable attribute of a real gentleman. But the master of the game is, in all country houses, a man of great importance, and entitled to use considerable freedom of speech. Sir William, therefore, only smiled and replied, he had something else to think upon to-day than killing deer; meantime, taking out his purse, he gave the ranger a dollar for his encouragement. The fellow received it as the waiter of a fashionable hotel receives double his proper fee from the hands of a country gentleman,—that is, with a smile, in which pleasure at the gift is mingled with contempt for the ignorance of the donor. "Your honour is the bad paymaster," he said, "who pays before it is done. What would you do were I to miss the buck after you have paid me my wood-fee?"

"I suppose," said the Keeper, smiling, "you would hardly guess what I mean were I to tell you of a *condictio indebiti?*"

"Not I, on my saul—I guess it is some law phrase—but sue a beggar, and—your honour knows what follows.—Well, but I will be just with you, and if bow and brach fail not, you shall have a piece of game two fingers fat on the brisket."

As he was about to go off, his master again called him, and asked, as if by accident, whether the Master of Ravenswood was actually so brave a man and so good a shooter as the world spoke him?"

"Brave!—brave enough, I warrant you," answered Norman; "I was in the wood at Tyninghame, when there was a sort of gallants hunting with my lord; on my saul, there was a buck turned to bay made us all stand back: a stout old Trojan of the first head, ten-tyned branches, and a brow as broad as e'er a bullock's. Egad, he dashed at the old lord, and there would have been inlake among the peerage, if the Master had not whipt roundly in, and hamstrung him with his cuthass. He was but sixteen then, bless his heart!"

"And is he as ready with the gun as with the couteau?" said Sir William.

"He'll strike this silver dollar out from between my finger and thumb at fourscore yards, and I'll hold it out for a gold merk; what more would ye have of eye, hand, lead, and gunpowder?"

"O no more to be wished, certainly," said the Lord Keeper; "but e keep you from your sport, Norman. Good-morrow, good Norman."

And humming his rustic roundelay, the yeoman went on his road, he sound of his rough voice gradually dying away as the distance etwixt them increased:—

[1] *Hauds out.* Holds out, *i. e.* presents his piece.

The monk must arise when the matins ring,
The abbot may sleep to their chime;
But the yeoman must start when the bugles sing,
'Tis time, my hearts, 'tis time.

There's bucks and raes on Bilhope braes,
There's a herd on Shortwood Shaw;
But a lily-white doe in the garden goes,
She's fairly worth them a'.

"Has this fellow," said the Lord Keeper, when the yeoman's song had died on the wind, "ever served the Ravenswood people, that he seems so much interested in them? I suppose you know, Lucy, for you make it a point of conscience to record the special history of every boor about the castle."

"I am not quite so faithful a chronicler, my dear father; but I believe that Norman once served here while a boy, and before he went to Ledington, whence you hired him. But if you want to know anything of the former family, Old Alice is the best authority."

"And what should I have to do with them, pray, Lucy," said her father, "or with their history or accomplishments?"

"Nay, I do not know, sir; only that you were asking questions of Norman about young Ravenswood."

"Pshaw, child!"—replied her father, yet immediately added, "And who is old Alice? I think you know all the old women in the country."

"To be sure I do, or how could I help the old creatures when they are in hard times? And as to old Alice, she is the very empress of old women, and queen of gossips, so far as legendary lore is concerned. She is blind, poor old soul, but when she speaks to you, you would think she has some way of looking into your very heart. I am sure I often cover my face, or turn it away, for it seems as if she saw one change colour, though she has been blind these twenty years. She is worth visiting, were it but to say you have seen a blind and paralytic old woman have so much acuteness of perception, and dignity of manners. I assure you, she might be a countess from her language and behaviour.—Come, you must go to see Alice; we are not a quarter of a mile from her cottage."

"All this, my dear," said the Lord Keeper, "is no answer to my question, who this woman is, and what is her connection with the former proprietor's family?"

"O, it was something of a sea-faring kin-ship, I believe; and she remained here, because her two grand-sons were engaged in your service. But it was against her will, I fancy; for the poor old creature is always regretting the change of times and of property."

"I am much obliged to her," answered the Lord Keeper. "She and her folk eat my bread, and drink my cup, and are lamenting all the while that they are not still under a family which never could do good either to themselves or any one else!"

"Indeed," replied Lucy, "I am certain you do old Alice injustice. She has nothing mercenary about her, and would not accept a penny in charity, if it were to save her from being starved. She is only talkative, like all old folk, when you put them upon stories of their

youth: and she speaks about the Ravenswood people, because she lived under them so many years. But I am sure she is grateful to you, sir, for your protection, and that she would rather speak to you than to any other person in the whole world beside. Do, sir, come and see old Alice."

And with the freedom of an indulged daughter, she dragged the Lord Keeper in the direction she desired.

CHAPTER IV.

Through tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapour, thin, and light,
Reeking aloft, uprolled to the sky,
Which cheerful sign did send unto her sight,
That in the same did wonne some living wight.

SPENSER.

Lucy acted as her father's guide, for he was too much engrossed with his political labours, or with society, to be perfectly acquainted with his own extensive domains, and, moreover, was generally an inhabitant of the city of Edinburgh; and she, on the other hand, had, with her mother, resided the whole summer in Ravenswood, and, partly from taste, partly from want of any other amusement, had, by her frequent rambles, learned to know each lane, alley, dingle, or bushy dell,

"And every bosky bourne from side to side."

We have said that the Lord Keeper was not indifferent to the beauties of nature; and we add, in justice to him, that he felt them doubly, when pointed out by the beautiful, simple, and interesting girl, who, hanging on his arm with filial kindness, now called him to admire the size of some ancient oak, and now the unexpected turn, where the path developing its maze from glen or dingle, suddenly reached an eminence commanding an extensive view of the plain beneath them, and then gradually glided away from the prospect to lose itself among rocks and thickets, and gain to scenes of deeper seclusion.

It was when passing one of these points of extensive and commanding view, that Lucy told her father there were close by the cottage of her blind protegée; and on turning off from the little hill, a path which led around it, worn by the daily steps of the infirm inmate, brought them in sight of the hut, which, embowered in a deep and obscure dell, seemed to have been selected purposely to bear a correspondence with the darkened state of its inhabitant.

The cottage was situated immediately under a tall rock, which in some measure beetled over it, as if threatening to drop some detached fragment from its brow on the frail tenement beneath. The hut itself was constructed of turf and stones, and rudely roofed over with thatch, much of which was in a dilapidated condition. The thin blue smoke rose from it in a light column, and curled upward above

the white face of the incumbent rock, giving the scene a tint of exquisite softness. In a small and rude garden, surrounded by straggling elder-bushes, which formed a sort of imperfect hedge, sat near to the bee-hives, by the produce of which she lived, that "woman old," whom Lucy had brought her father hither to visit.

Whatever there had been which was disastrous in her fortune—whatever there was miserable in her dwelling, it was easy to judge, by the first glance, that neither years, poverty, misfortune, nor infirmity, had broken the spirit of this remarkable woman.

She occupied a turf-seat, placed under a weeping birch of unusual magnitude and age, as Judah is represented sitting under her palm-tree, with an air at once of majesty and of dejection. Her figure was tall, commanding, and but little bent by the infirmities of old age. Her dress, though that of a peasant, was uncommonly clean, forming in that particular a strong contrast to most of her rank, and was disposed with an attention to neatness, and even to taste, equally unusual. But it was her expression of countenance which chiefly struck the spectator, and induced most persons to address her with a degree of deference and civility very inconsistent with the miserable state of her dwelling, and which, nevertheless, she received with that easy composure which showed she felt it to be her due. She had once been beautiful, but her beauty had been of a bold and masculine cast, such as does not survive the bloom of youth; yet her features continued to express strong sense, deep reflection, and a character of sober pride, which, as we have already said of her dress, appeared to argue a conscious superiority to those of her own rank. It scarce seemed possible that a face, deprived of the advantage of sight, could have expressed character so strongly; but her eyes, which were almost totally closed, did not, by the display of their sightless orbs, mar the countenance to which they could add nothing. She seemed in a ruminating posture, soothed, perhaps, by the murmurs of the busy tribe around her, to abstraction, though not to slumber.

Lucy undid the latch of the little garden gate, and solicited the old woman's attention. "My father, Alice, is come to see you."

"He is welcome, Miss Ashton, and so are you," said the old woman, turning and inclining her head towards her visiters.

"This is a fine morning for your bee-hives, mother," said the Lord Keeper, who, struck with the outward appearance of Alice, was somewhat curious to know if her conversation would correspond with it.

"I believe so, my lord," she replied; "I feel the air breathe milder than of late."

"You do not," resumed the statesman, "take charge of these bees yourself, mother?—How do you manage them?"

"By delegates, as kings do their subjects," resumed Alice; "and I am fortunate in a prime minister—Here, Babie."

She whistled on a small silver call which hung around her neck, and which at that time was sometimes used to summon domesties, and Babie, a girl of fifteen, made her appearance from the hut, not altogether so cleanly arrayed as she would probably have been had Alice had the use of her eyes, but with a greater air of neatness than was upon the whole to have been expected.

"Babie," said her mistress, "offer some bread and honey to the Lord Keeper and Miss Ashton—they will excuse your awkwardness, if you use cleanliness and despatch."

Babie performed her mistress's command with the grace which was naturally to have been expected, moving to and fro with a lobster-like gesture, her feet and legs tending one way, while her head, turned in a different direction, was fixed in wonder upon the laird, who was more frequently heard of than seen by his tenants and dependents. The bread and honey, however, deposited on a plantain leaf, was offered and accepted in all due courtesy. The Lord Keeper, still retaining the place which he had occupied on the decayed trunk of a fallen tree, looked as if he wished to prolong the interview, but was at a loss how to introduce a suitable subject.

"You have been long a resident on this property?" he said, after a pause.

"It is now nearly sixty years since I first knew Ravenswood," answered the old dame, whose conversation, though perfectly civil and respectful, seemed cautiously limited to the unavoidable and necessary task of replying to Sir William.

"You are not, I should judge by your accent, of this country originally?" said the Lord Keeper, in continuation.

"No; I am by birth an Englishwoman."

"Yet you seem attached to this country as if it were your own."

"It is here," replied the blind woman, "that I have drunk the cup of joy and of sorrow which Heaven destined for me. I was here the wife of an upright and affectionate husband for more than twenty years—I was here the mother of six promising children—it was here that God deprived me of all these blessings—it was here they died, and yonder, by yon ruined chapel, they lie all buried—I had no country but theirs while they lived—I have none but theirs now they are no more."

"But your house," said the Lord Keeper, looking at it, "is miserably ruinous?"

"Do, my dear father," said Lucy, eagerly, yet bashfully, catching at the hint, "give orders to make it better,—that is, if you think it proper."

"It will last my time, my dear Miss Lucy," said the blind woman; "I would not have my lord give himself the least trouble about it."

"But," said Lucy, "you once had a much better house, and were rich, and now in your old age to live in this hovel!"

"It is as good as I deserve, Miss Lucy; if my heart has not broke with what I have suffered, and seen others suffer, it must have been strong enough, and the rest of this old frame has no right to call itself weaker."

"You have probably witnessed many changes," said the Lord Keeper; "but your experience must have taught you to expect them."

"It has taught me to endure them, my lord," was the reply.

"Yet you knew that they must needs arrive in the course of years?" said the statesman.

"Ay; as I know that the stump on or beside which you sit, once

a tall and lofty tree, must needs one day fall by decay, or by the axe; yet I hoped my eyes might not witness the downfall of the tree which overshadowed my dwelling."

"Do not suppose," said the Lord Keeper, "that you will lose any interest with me, for looking back with regret to the days when another family possessed my estates. You had reason, doubtless, to love them, and I respect your gratitude. I will order some repairs in your cottage, and I hope we shall live to be friends when we know each other better."

"Those of my age," returned the dame, "make no new friends. I thank you for your bounty—it is well intended undoubtedly; but I have all I want, and I cannot accept more at your lordship's hands."

"Well, then," continued the Lord Keeper, "at least allow me to say, that I look upon you as a woman of sense and education beyond your appearance, and that I hope you will continue to reside on this property of mine rent-free for your life."

"I hope I shall," said the old dame, composedly: "I believe that was made an article in the sale of Ravenswood to your lordship, though such a trifling circumstance may have escaped your recollection."

"I remember—I recollect," said his lordship, somewhat confused. "I perceive you are too much attached to your old friends to accept any benefit from their successor."

"Far from it, my lord; I am grateful for the benefits which I decline, and I wish I could pay you for offering them, better than what I am now about to say." The Lord Keeper looked at her in some surprise, but said not a word. "My lord," she continued, in an impressive and solemn tone, "take care what you do; you are on the brink of a precipice."

"Indeed?" said the Lord Keeper, his mind reverting to the political circumstances of the country. "Has anything come to your knowledge—any plot or conspiracy?"

"No, my lord; those who traffic in such commodities do not call into their councils the old, blind, and infirm. My warning is of another kind. You have driven matters heard with the house of Ravenswood. Believe a true tale—they are a fierce house, and there is danger in dealing with men when they become desperate."

"Tush," answered the Keeper; "what has been between us has been the work of the law, not my doing; and to the law they must look, if they would impugn my proceedings."

"Ay, but they may think otherwise, and take the law into their own hand, when they fail of other means of redress."

"What mean you?" said the Lord Keeper. "Young Ravenswood would not have recourse to personal violence?"

"God forbid I should say so! I know nothing of the youth but what is honourable and open—honourable and open, said I,—I should have added, free, generous, noble. But he is still a Ravenswood, and may bide his time. Remember the fate of Sir George Lockhart."(1)

The Lord Keeper started as she called to his recollection a tragedy so deep and so recent. The old woman proceeded: "Chiesley, who

did the deed, was a relative of Lord Ravenswood. In the hall of Ravenswood, in my presence, and in that of others, he avowed publicly his determination to do the cruelty which he afterwards committed. I could not keep silence, though to speak it ill became my station. 'You are devising a dreadful crime,' I said, 'for which you must reckon before the judgment-seat.' Never shall I forget his look, as he replied, 'I must reckon then for many things, and will reckon for this also.' Therefore I may well say, beware of pressing a desperate man with the hand of authority. There is blood of Chiesley in the veins of Ravenswood, and one drop of it were enough to fire him in the circumstances in which he is placed—I say, beware of him."

The old dame had, either intentionally or by accident, harped aright the fear of the Lord Keeper. The desperate and dark resource of private assassination, so familiar to a Scottish baron in former times had even in the present age been too frequently resorted to under the pressure of unusual temptation, or where the mind of the actor was prepared for such a crime. Sir William Ashton was aware of this; as also that young Ravenswood had received injuries sufficient to prompt him to that sort of revenge, which becomes a frequent though fearful consequence of the partial administration of justice. He endeavoured to disguise from Alice the nature of the apprehensions which he entertained; but so ineffectually, that a person even of less penetration than nature had endowed her with must necessarily have been aware that the subject lay near his bosom. His voice was changed in its accent as he replied to her, that the Master of Ravenswood was a man of honour; and were it otherwise, that the fate of Chiesley of Dalry was a sufficient warning to any one who should dare to assume the office of avenger of his own imaginary wrongs And having hastily uttered these expressions, he rose and left the place without waiting for a reply.

CHAPTER V.

——Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
SHAKESPEARE.

The Lord Keeper walked for nearly a quarter of a mile in profound silence. His daughter, naturally timid, and bred up in those ideas of filial awe and implicit obedience which were inculcated upon the youth of that period, did not venture to interrupt his meditations.

"Why do you look so pale, Lucy?" said her father, turning suddenly round and breaking silence.

According to the ideas of the time, which did not permit a young woman to offer her sentiments on any subject of importance unless especially required to do so, Lucy was bound to appear ignorant of the meaning of all that had passed betwixt Alice and her father, and imputed the emotion he had observed to the fear of the wild cattle

which grazed in that part of the extensive chase through which they were now walking.

Of these animals, the descendants of the savage herds which anciently roamed free in the Caledonian forests, it was formerly a point of state to preserve a few in the parks of the Scottish nobility. Specimens continued within the memory of man to be kept at least at three houses of distinction, Hamilton, namely, Drumlanrick, and Cumbernauld. They had degenerated from the ancient race in size and strength, if we are to judge from the accounts of old chronicles, and from the formidable remains frequently discovered in bogs and morasses when drained and laid open. The bull had lost the shaggy honours of his mane, and the race was small and light made, in colour a dingy white, or rather a pale yellow, with black horns and hoofs. They retained, however, in some measure, the ferocity of their ancestry, could not be domesticated on account of their antipathy to the human race, and were often dangerous if approached unguardedly, or wantonly disturbed. It was this last reason which has occasioned their being extirpated at the places we have mentioned, where probably they would otherwise have been retained as appropriate inhabitants of a Scottish woodland, and fit tenants for a baronial forest. A few, if I mistake not, are still preserved at Chillingham Castle, in Northumberland, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville.

It was to her finding herself in the vicinity of a group of three or four of these animals, that Lucy thought proper to impute those signs of fear, which had arisen in her countenance for a different reason. For she had been familiarised with the appearance of the wild cattle, during her walks in the chase; and it was not then, as it may be now, a necessary part of a young lady's demeanour, to indulge in causeless tremors of the nerves. On the present occasion, however, she speedily found cause for real terror.

Lucy had scarcely replied to her father in the words we have mentioned, and he was just about to rebuke her supposed timidity, when a bull, stimulated either by the scarlet colour of Miss Ashton's mantle, or by one of those fits of capricious ferocity to which their dispositions are liable, detached himself suddenly from the group which was feeding at the upper extremity of a grassy glade that seemed to lose itself among the crossing and entangled boughs. The animal approached the intruders on his pasture ground, at first slowly, pawing the ground with his hoof, bellowing from time to time, and tearing up the sand with his horns, as if to lash himself up to rage and violence.

The Lord Keeper, who observed the animal's demeanour, was aware that he was about to become mischievous, and, drawing his daughter's arm under his own, began to walk fast along the avenue, in hopes to get out of his sight and his reach. This was the most injudicious course he could have adopted, for, encouraged by the appearance of flight, the bull began to pursue them at full speed. Assailed by a danger so imminent, firmer courage than that of the Lord Keeper might have given way. But paternal tenderness, "love strong as death," sustained him. He continued to support and drag onward his daughter, until, her fears altogether depriving her of

flight, she sunk down by his side; and when he could no longer assist her to escape, he turned round and placed himself betwixt her and the raging animal, which advancing in full career, its brutal fury enhanced by the rapidity of the pursuit, was now within a few yards of them. The Lord Keeper had no weapons; his age and gravity dispensed even with the usual appendage of a walking sword,—could such appendage have availed him anything.

It seemed inevitable that the father or daughter, or both, should have fallen victims to the impending danger, when a shot from the neighbouring thicket arrested the progress of the animal. He was so truly struck between the junction of the spine with the skull, that the wound, which in any other part of his body might scarce have impeded his career, proved instantly fatal. Stumbling forward with a hideous bellow, the progressive force of his previous motion, rather than any operation of his limbs, carried him up to within three yards of the astonished Lord Keeper, where he rolled on the ground, his limbs darkened with the black death-sweat, and quivering with the last convulsions of muscular motion.

Lucy lay senseless on the ground, insensible of the wonderful deliverance which she had experienced. Her father was almost equally stupified, so rapid and unexpected had been the transition from the horrid death which seemed inevitable, to perfect security. He gazed on the animal, terrible even in death, with a species of mute and confused astonishment, which did not permit him distinctly to understand what had taken place; and so inaccurate was his consciousness of what had passed, that he might have supposed the bull had been arrested in its career by a thunderbolt, had he not observed among the branches of the thicket the figure of a man, with a short gun or musquetoon in his hand.

This instantly recalled him to a sense of their situation—a glance at his daughter reminded him of the necessity of procuring her assistance. He called to the man, whom he concluded to be one of his foresters, to give immediate attention to Miss Ashton, while he himself hastened to call assistance. The huntsman approached them accordingly, and the Lord Keeper saw he was a stranger, but was too much agitated to make any further remarks. In a few hurried words, he directed the shooter, as stronger and more active than himself, to carry the young lady to a neighbouring fountain, while he went back to Alice's hut to procure more aid.

The man to whose timely interference they had been so much indebted, did not seem inclined to leave his good work half finished. He raised Lucy from the ground in his arms, and conveying her through the glades of the forest by paths with which he seemed well acquainted, stopped not until he laid her in safety by the side of a plentiful and pellucid fountain, which had been once covered in, screened and decorated with architectural ornaments of a Gothic character. But now the vault which had covered it being broken down and riven, and the Gothic font ruined and demolished, the stream burst forth from the recess of the earth in open day, and winded its way among the broken sculpture and moss-grown stones which lay in confusion around its source.

Tradition, always busy, at least in Scotland, to grace with a legendary tale a spot in itself interesting, had ascribed a cause of peculiar veneration to this fountain. A beautiful young lady met one of the Lords of Ravenswood while hunting near this spot, and like a second Egeria, had captivated the affections of the feudal Numa. They met frequently afterwards, and always at sunset, the charms of the nymph's mind completing the conquest which her beauty had begun, and the mystery of the intrigue adding zest to both. She always appeared and disappeared close by the fountain, with which, therefore, her lover judged she had some inexplicable connection. She placed certain restrictions on their intercourse, which also savoured of mystery. They met only once a-week—Friday was the appointed day—and she explained to the Lord of Ravenswood, that they were under the necessity of separating so soon as the bell of a chapel, belonging to a hermitage in the adjoining wood, now long ruinous, should toll the hour of vespers. In the course of his confession, the Baron of Ravenswood intrusted the Hermit with the secret of this singular amour, and Father Zachary drew the necessary and obvious consequence, that his patron was enveloped in the toils of Satan, and in danger of destruction, both to body and soul. He urged these perils to the Baron with all the force of monkish rhetoric, and described, in the most frightful colours, the real character and person of the apparently lovely Naiad, whom he hesitated not to denounce as a limb of the kingdom of darkness. The lover listened with obstinate incredulity; and it was not until worn out by the obstinacy of the anchoret, that he consented to put the state and condition of his mistress to a certain trial, and for that purpose acquiesced in Zachary's proposal, that on their next interview the vespers bell should be rung half an hour later than usual. The hermit maintained, and bucklered his opinion by quotations from *Malleus Maleficarum*, *Sprengerus*, *Remigius*, and other learned demonologists, that the Evil One, thus seduced to remain behind the appointed hour, would assume her true shape, and, having appeared to her terrified lover as a fiend of hell, would vanish from him in a flash of sulphurous lightning. Raymond of Ravenswood acquiesced in the experiment, not incurious concerning the issue, though confident it would disappoint the expectations of the hermit.

At the appointed hour the lovers met, and their interview was protracted beyond that at which they usually parted, by the delay of the priest to ring his usual curfew. No change took place upon the nymph's outward form; but as soon as the lengthening shadows made her aware that the usual hour of the vespers chime was past, she tore herself from her lover's arms with a shriek of despair, bid him adieu for ever, and plunging into the fountain, disappeared from his eyes. The bubbles occasioned by her descent were crimsoned with blood as they arose, leading the distracted Baron to infer, that his ill-judged curiosity had occasioned the death of this interesting and mysterious being. The remorse which he felt, as well as the recollection of her charms, proved the penance of his future life, which he lost in the battle of Flodden not many months after. But, in memory of his Naiad, he had previously ornamented the fountain in which she

appeared to reside, and secured its waters from profanation or pollution, by the small vaulted building of which the fragments still remained scattered around it. From this period the house of Ravenswood was supposed to have dated its decay.

Such was the generally received legend, what some, who would seem wiser than the vulgar, explained, as obscurely intimating the fate of a beautiful maid of plebeian rank, the mistress of this Raymond, whom he slew in a fit of jealousy, and whose blood was mingled with the waters of the locked fountain, as it was commonly called. Others imagined that the tale had a more remote origin in the ancient heathen mythology. All however agreed, that the spot was fatal to the Ravenswood family; and that to drink of the waters of the well, or even approach its brink, was as ominous to a descendant of that house, as for a Grahame to wear green, a Bruce to kill a spider, or a St Clair to cross the Ord on a Monday.

It was on this ominous spot that Lucy Ashton first drew breath after her long and almost deadly swoon. Beautiful and pale as the fabulous Naiad in the last agony of separation from her lover, she was seated so as to rest with her back against a part of the ruined wall, while her mantle, dripping with the water which her protector had used profusely to recal her senses, clung to her slender and beautifully proportioned form.

The first moment of recollection brought to her mind the danger which had overpowered her senses—the next called to remembrance that of her father. She looked around—he was nowhere to be seen —"My father—my father!" was all that she could ejaculate.

"Sir William is safe," answered the voice of a stranger—"perfectly safe, and will be with you instantly."

"Are you sure of that?" exclaimed Lucy—"the bull was close by us—do not stop me—I must go to seek my father!"

And she arose with that purpose; but her strength was so much exhausted, that, far from possessing the power to execute her purpose, she must have fallen against the stone on which she had leant, probably not without sustaining serious injury.

The stranger was so near to her, that, without actually suffering her to fall, he could not avoid catching her in his arms, which, however, he did with a momentary reluctance, very unusual when youth interposes to prevent beauty from danger. It seemed as if her weight, light as it was, proved too heavy for her young and athletic assistant, for, without feeling the temptation of detaining her in his arms even for a single instant, he again placed her on the stone from which she had risen, and retreating a few steps, repeated hastily, "Sir William Ashton is perfectly safe, and will be here instantly. Do not make yourself anxious on his account—Fate has singularly preserved him. You, madam, are exhausted, and must not think of rising until you have some assistance more suitable than mine."

Lucy, whose senses were by this time more effectually collected, was naturally led to look at the stranger with attention. There was nothing in his appearance which should have rendered him unwilling to offer his arm to a young lady who required support, or which could have induced her to refuse his assistance; and she could not

help thinking, even in that moment, that he seemed cold and reluctant to offer it. A shooting-dress of dark cloth intimated the rank of the wearer, though concealed in part by a large and loose cloak of a dark brown colour. A Montero cap and a black feather drooped over the wearer's brow, and partly concealed his features, which, so far as seen, were dark, regular, and full of majestic, though somewhat sullen, expression. Some secret sorrow, or the brooding spirit of some moody passion, had quenched the light and ingenuous vivacity of youth in a countenance singularly fitted to display both, and it was not easy to gaze on the stranger without a secret impression either of pity or awe, or at least of doubt and curiosity allied to both.

The impression which we have necessarily been long in describing, Lucy felt in the glance of a moment, and had no sooner encountered the keen black eyes of the stranger, than her own were bent on the ground with a mixture of bashful embarrassment and fear. Yet there was a necessity to speak, or at least she thought so, and in a fluttered accent she began to mention her wonderful escape, in which she was sure that the stranger must, under Heaven, have been her father's protector, and her own.

He seemed to shrink from her expressions of gratitude, while he replied abruptly, "I leave you, madam,"—the deep melody of his voice rendered powerful, but not harsh, by something like a severity of tone—"I leave you to the protection of those to whom it is possible you may have this day been a guardian angel."

Lucy was surprised at the ambiguity of his language, and, with a feeling of artless and unaffected gratitude, began to deprecate the idea of having intended to give her deliverer any offence, as if such a thing had been possible. "I have been unfortunate," she said, "in endeavouring to express my thanks—I am sure it must be so, though I cannot recollect what I said—but would you but stay till my father—till the Lord Keeper comes—would you only permit him to pay you his thanks, and to inquire your name?"

"My name is unnecessary," answered the stranger; "your father—I would rather say Sir William Ashton—will learn it soon enough, for all the pleasure it is likely to afford him."

"You mistake him," said Lucy earnestly; "he will be grateful for my sake and for his own. You do not know my father, or you are deceiving me with a story of his safety, when he has already fallen a victim to the fury of that animal."

When she had caught this idea, she started from the ground, and endeavoured to press towards the avenue in which the accident had taken place, while the stranger, though he seemed to hesitate between the desire to assist and the wish to leave her, was obliged, in common humanity, to oppose her both by entreaty and action.

"On the word of a gentleman, madam, I tell you the truth: your father is in perfect safety; you will expose yourself to injury if you venture back where the herd of wild cattle grazed.—If you will go"—for, having once adopted the idea that her father was still in danger, she pressed forward in spite of him—"If you *will* go, accept my arm, though I am not perhaps the person who can with most propriety offer you support."

But, without heeding this intimation, Lucy took him at his word. "O if you be a man," she said,—"if you be a gentleman, assist me to find my father! You shall not leave me—you must go with me—he is dying perhaps while we are talking here!"

Then, without listening to excuse or apology, and holding fast by the stranger's arm, though unconscious of anything save the support which it gave, and without which she could not have moved, mixed with a vague feeling of preventing his escape from her, she was urging, and almost dragging him forward, when Sir William Ashton came up, followed by the female attendant of blind Alice, and by two wood-cutters, whom he had summoned from their occupation to his assistance. His joy at seeing his daughter safe, overcame the surprise with which he would at another time have beheld her hanging as familiarly on the arm of a stranger, as she might have done upon his own.

"Lucy, my dear Lucy, are you safe?—are you well?" were the only words that broke from him as he embraced her in ecstasy.

"I am well, sir, thank God! and still more that I see you so;—but this gentleman," she said, quitting his arm, and shrinking from him, "what must he think of me?" and her eloquent blood, flushing over neck and brow, spoke how much she was ashamed of the freedom with which she had craved, and even compelled his assistance.

"This gentleman," said Sir William Ashton, "will, I trust, not regret the trouble we have given him, when I assure him of the gratitude of the Lord Keeper for the greatest service which one man ever rendered to another—for the life of my child—for my own life, which he has saved by his bravery and presence of mind. He will, I am sure, permit us to request——"

"Request nothing of ME, my lord," said the stranger, in a stern and peremptory tone; "I am the Master of Ravenswood."

There was a dead pause of surprise, not unmixed with less pleasant feelings. The Master wrapt himself in his cloak, made a haughty inclination towards Lucy, muttering a few words of courtesy, as indistinctly heard as they seemed to be reluctantly uttered, and, turning from them, was immediately lost in the thicket.

"The Master of Ravenswood!" said the Lord Keeper, when he had recovered from his momentary astonishment—"Hasten after him—stop him—beg him to speak to me for a single moment."

The two foresters accordingly set off in pursuit of the stranger. They speedily reappeared, and, in an embarrassed and awkward manner, said the gentleman would not return. The Lord Keeper took one of the fellows aside, and questioned him more closely what the Master of Ravenswood had said.

"He just said he wadna come back," said the man, with the caution of a prudent Scotsman, who cared not to be the bearer of an unpleasant errand.

"He said something more, sir," said the Lord Keeper, "and I insist on knowing what it was."

"Why, then, my lord," said the man, looking down, "he said—But it wad be nae pleasure to your lordship to hear it, for I daresay the Master meant nae ill."

"That's none of your concern, sir; I desire to hear the very words."

"Weel, then," replied the man, "he said, Tell Sir William Ashton, that the next time he and I forgather, he will not be half sae blithe of our meeting as of our parting."

"Very well, sir," said the Lord Keeper, "I believe he alludes to a wager we have on our hawks—it is a matter of no consequence."

He turned to his daughter, who was by this time so much recovered as to be able to walk home. But the effect which the various recollections, connected with a scene so terrific, made upon a mind which was susceptible in an extreme degree, was more permanent than the injury which her nerves had sustained. Visions of terror, both in sleep and in waking reveries, recalled to her the form of the furious animal, and the dreadful bellow with which he accompanied his career; and it was always the image of the Master of Ravenswood, with his native nobleness of countenance and form, that seemed to interpose betwixt her and assured death. It is, perhaps, at all times dangerous for a young person to suffer recollection to dwell repeatedly, and with too much complacency, on the same individual; but in Lucy's situation it was almost unavoidable. She had never happened to see a young man of mien and features so romantic and so striking as young Ravenswood: but had she seen an hundred his equals or his superiors in those particulars, no one else could have been linked to her heart by the strong associations of remembered danger and escape, of gratitude, wonder, and curiosity. I say curiosity, for it is likely that the singularly restrained and unaccommodating manners of the Master of Ravenswood, so much at variance with the natural expression of his features and grace of his deportment, as they excited wonder by the contrast, had their effect in riveting her attention to the recollection. She knew little of Ravenswood, or the disputes which had existed betwixt her father and his, and perhaps could in her gentleness of mind hardly have comprehended the angry and bitter passions which they had engendered. But she knew that he was come of noble stem; was poor, though descended from the noble and the wealthy; and she felt that she could sympathise with the feelings of a proud mind, which urged him to recoil from the profered gratitude of the new proprietors of his father's house and domains. Would he have equally shunned their acknowledgments and avoided their intimacy, had her father's request been urged more mildly, less abruptly, and softened with the grace which women so well know how to throw into their manner, when they mean to mediate betwixt the headlong passions of the ruder sex? This was a perilous question to ask her own mind—perilous both in the idea and in its consequences.

Lucy Ashton, in short, was involved in those mazes of the imagination which are most dangerous to the young and the sensitive. Time, it is true, absence, change of scene and new faces, might probably have destroyed the illusion in her instance as it has done in many others; but her residence remained solitary, and her mind without those means of dissipating her pleasing visions. This solitude was chiefly owing to the absence of Lady Ashton, who was at this time in Edinburgh, watching the progress of some state intrigue; the Lord Keeper only received society out of policy or ostentation,

and was by nature rather reserved and unsociable; and thus no cavalier appeared to rival or to obscure the ideal picture of chivalrous excellence which Lucy had pictured to herself in the Master of Ravenswood.

While Lucy indulged in these dreams, she made frequent visits to old blind Alice, hoping it would be easy to lead her to talk on the subject, which at present she had so imprudently admitted to occupy so large a portion of her thoughts. But Alice did not in this particular gratify her wishes and expectations. She spoke readily, and with pathetic feeling, concerning the family in general, but seemed to observe an especial and cautious silence on the subject of the present representative. The little she said of him was not altogether so favourable as Lucy had anticipated. She hinted that he was of a stern and unforgiving character, more ready to resent than to pardon injuries; and Lucy combined with great alarm the hints which she now dropped of these dangerous qualities, with Alice's advice to her father, so emphatically given, "to beware of Ravenswood."

But that very Ravenswood, of whom such unjust suspicions had been entertained, had, almost immediately after they had been uttered, confuted them, by saving at once her father's life and her own. Had he nourished such black revenge as Alice's dark hints seemed to indicate, no deed of active guilt was necessary to the full gratification of that evil passion. He needed but to have withheld for an instant his indispensable and effective assistance, and the object of his resentment must have perished, without any direct aggression on his part, by a death equally fearful and certain. She conceived, therefore, that some secret prejudice, or the suspicions incident to age and misfortune, had led Alice to form conclusions injurious to the character, and irreconcilable both with the generous conduct and noble features of the Master of Ravenswood. And in this belief Lucy reposed her hope, and went on weaving her enchanted web of fairy tissue, as beautiful and transient as the film of the gossamer, when it is pearled with the morning dew and glimmering to the sun.

Her father, in the meanwhile, as well as the Master of Ravenswood, were making reflections as frequent though more solid than those of Lucy, upon the singular event which had taken place. The Lord Keeper's first task, when he returned home, was to exercise by medical advice that his daughter had sustained no injury from the dangerous and alarming situation in which she had been placed. Satisfied on this topic, he proceeded to revise the memoranda which he had taken down from the mouth of the person employed to interrupt the funeral service of the late Lord Ravenswood. Bred to chicanery, and well accustomed to practise the sad dexterity of the bar, it cost him little trouble to soften the features of the tumult which he had been at first so anxious to exaggerate. He preached to his colleagues of the Privy Council the necessity of using conciliatory measures with young men, whose blood and temper were hot, and their experience of life limited. He did not hesitate to attribute some censure to the conduct of the officer, as having been unnecessarily irritating.

These were the contents of his public despatches. The letters which he wrote to those private friends into whose management the matter was likely to fall, were of a yet more favourable tenor. He represented that lenity in this case would be equally politic and popular, whereas, considering the high respect with which the rites of interment are regarded in Scotland, any severity exercised against the Master of Ravenswood for protecting those of his father from interruption, would be on all sides most unfavourably construed. And, finally, assuming the language of a generous and high-spirited man, he made it his particular request, that this affair should be passed over without severe notice. He alluded with delicacy to the predicament in which he himself stood with young Ravenswood, as having succeeded in the long train of litigation by which the fortunes of that noble house had been so much reduced, and confessed it would be most peculiarly acceptable to his own feelings, could he find means in some sort to counterbalance the disadvantages which he had occasioned the family, though only in the prosecution of his just and lawful rights. He therefore made it his particular and personal request that the matter should have no farther consequences, and insinuated a desire that he himself should have the merit of having put a stop to it by his favourable report and intercession. It was particularly remarkable, that, contrary to his uniform practice, he made no special communication to Lady Ashton upon the subject of the tumult: and although he mentioned the alarm which Lucy had received from one of the wild cattle, yet he gave no detailed account of an incident so interesting and terrible.

There was much surprise among Sir William Ashton's political friends and colleagues on receiving letters of a tenor so unexpected. On comparing notes together, one smiled, one put up his eyebrows, a third nodded acquiescence in the general wonder, and a fourth asked, if they were sure these were *all* the letters the Lord Keeper had written on the subject. "It runs strangely in my mind, my lords, that none of these advices contain the root of the matter."

But no secret letters of a contrary nature had been received, although the question seemed to imply the possibility of their existence.

"Well," said an old grey-headed statesman, who had contrived, by shifting and trimming, to maintain his post at the steerage through all the changes of course which the vessel had held for thirty years, "I thought Sir William would hae verified the auld Scottish saying, 'As soon comes the lamb's skin to market as the auld tup's.'"

"We must please him after his own fashion," said another, "though it be an unlooked-for one."

"A wilful man maun hae his way," answered the old counsellor.

"The Keeper will rue this before year and day are out," said a third; "the Master of Ravenswood is the lad to wind him a pirn."[1]

"Why, what would you do, my lords, with the poor young fellow?" said a noble Marquess present; "the Lord Keeper has got all his estates—he has not a cross to bless himself with."

[1] *Wind him a pirn*, proverbial for preparing a troublesome business for some person.

On which the ancient Lord Turntippet replied.—

"'If he hasna gear to fine
He has shins to pine'—

And that was our way before the Revolution—*Luitur cum persona, qui luere non potest cum crumena*'—Hegh, my lords, that's gude law Latin."

"I can see no motive," replied the Marquis, "that any noble lord can have for urging this matter farther; let the Lord Keeper have the power to deal in it as he pleases."

"Agree, agree—remit to the Lord Keeper, with any other person for fashion's sake—Lord Hirplehooly, who is bed-ridden—one to be a quorum—Make your entry in the minutes, Mr Clerk—And now, my lords, there is that young scattergood, the Laird of Bucklaw's fine to be disponed upon—I suppose it goes to my Lord Treasurer?"

"Shame be in my meal-poke, then," exclaimed Lord Turntippet, "and your hand aye in the nook of it! I had set that down for a by bit between meals for mysell."

"To use one of your favourite saws, my lord," replied the Marquis, "you are like the miller's dog, that licks his lips before the bag is untied—the man is not fined yet."

"But that costs but twa skarts of a pen," said Lord Turntippet; "and surely there is nae noble lord that will presume to say, that I, wha hae complied wi' a' compliances, taue all manner of tests, abjured all that was to be abjured, and sworn a' that was to be sworn, for these thirty years bypast, sticking fast by my duty to the state through good report and bad report, shouldna hae something now and then to synd my mouth wi' after sic drouthy wark? Eh?"

"It would be very unreasonable indeed, my lord," replied the Marquis, "had we either thought that your lordship's drought was quenchable, or observed anything stick in your throat that required washing down."

And so we close the scene on the Privy Council of that period

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CHAPTER VI.

For this are all these warriors come,
To hear an idle tale;
And o'er our death-accustom'd arms
Shall silly tears prevail?

HENRY MACKENZIE.

On the evening of the day when the Lord Keeper and his daughter were saved from such imminent peril, two strangers were seated in the most private apartment of a small obscure inn, or rather alehouse, called the Tod's Den, about three or four miles from the Castle of Ravenswood, and as far from the ruinous tower of Wolf's Craig, betwixt which two places it was situated.

One of these strangers was about forty years of age, tall, and thin

i. e. Let him pay with his person, who cannot pay with his purse.

in the flanks, with an aquiline nose, dark penetrating eyes, and a shrewd but sinister cast of countenance. The other was about fifteen years younger, short, stout, ruddy-faced, and red-haired, with an open, resolute, and cheerful eye, to which careless and fearless freedom, and inward daring, gave fire and expression, notwithstanding its light grey colour. A stoup of wine (for in those days it was served out from the cask in pewter flagons) was placed on the table, and each had his quaigh or bicker[1] before him. But there was little appearance of conviviality. With folded arms, and looks of anxious expectation, they eyed each other in silence, each wrapt in his own thoughts, and holding no communication with his neighbour.

At length the younger broke silence by exclaiming, "What the foul fiend can detain the Master so long? he must have miscarried in his enterprise.—Why did you dissuade me from going with him?"

"One man is enough to right his own wrong," said the taller and older personage; "we venture our lives for him in coming thus far on such an errand."

"You are but a craven after all, Craigengelt," answered the younger, "and that's what many folk have thought you before now."

"But what none has dared to tell me," said Craigengelt, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword; "and, but that I hold a hasty man no better than a fool, I would"—he paused for his companion's answer.

"*Would* you?" said the other coolly; "and why do you not, then?"

Craigengelt drew his cutlass an inch or two, and then returned it with violence into the scabbard—"Because there is a deeper stake to be played for, than the lives of twenty harebrained gowks like you."

"You are right there," said his companion, "for if it were not that these forfeitures, and that last fine that the old driveller Turntippet is gaping for, and which, I daresay, is laid on by this time, have fairly driven me out of house and home, I were a coxcomb and a cuckoo to boot, to trust your fair promises of getting me a commission in the Irish brigade.—what have I to do with the Irish brigade? I am a plain Scotsman, as my father was before me; and my grand-aunt, Lady Girnington, cannot live for ever."

"Ay, Bucklaw," observed Craigengelt, "but she may live for many a long day; and for your father, he had land and living, kept himself close from wadsetters and money-lenders, paid each man his due, and lived on his own."

"And whose fault is it that I have not done so too?" said Bucklaw —"whose but the devil's and yours, and such like as you, that have led me to the far end of a fair estate? and now I shall be obliged, I suppose, to shelter and shift about like yourself—live one week upon a line of secret intelligence from Saint Germains—another upon a report of a rising in the Highlands—get my breakfast and no morning-draught of sack from old Jacobite ladies, and give them locks of my

[1] Drinking cups of different sizes, made out of staves hooped together. The *quaigh* was used chiefly for drinking wine or brandy; it might hold about a gill, and was often composed of rare wood, and curiously ornamented with silver.

old wig for the Chevalier's hair—second my friend in his quarrel till he comes to the field, and then flinch from him lest so important a political agent should perish from the way. All this I must do for bread, besides calling myself a Captain!"

"You think you are making a fine speech now," said Craigengelt, "and showing much wit at my expense. Is starving or hanging better than the life I am obliged to lead, because the present fortunes of the king cannot sufficiently support his envoys?"

"Starving is honester, Craigengelt, and hanging is like to be the end on't—But what you mean to make of this poor fellow Ravenswood, I know not—he has no money left, any more than I—his lands are all pawned and pledged, and the interest eats up the rents, and is not satisfied, and what do you hope to make by meddling in his affairs?"

"Content yourself, Bucklaw; I know my business," replied Craigengelt. "Besides that his name, and his father's services in 1689, will make such an acquisition sound well both at Versailles and Saint Germains—you will also please be informed, that the Master of Ravenswood is a very different kind of young fellow from you. He has parts and address, as well as courage and talents, and will present himself abroad like a young man of head as well as heart, who knows something more than the speed of a horse or the flight of a hawk. I have lost credit of late, by bringing over no one that had sense to know more than how to unharbour a stag, or take and reclaim an eyess. The Master has education, sense, and penetration."

"And yet is not wise enough to escape the tricks of a kidnapper, Craigengelt?" replied the younger man. "But don't be angry; you know you will not fight, and so it is as well to leave your hilt in peace and quiet, and tell me in sober guise how you drew the Master into your confidence?"

"By flattering his love of vengeance, Bucklaw," answered Craigengelt. "He has always distrusted me, but I watched my time, and struck while his temper was red-hot with the sense of insult and of wrong. He goes now to expostulate, as he says, and perhaps thinks, with Sir William Ashton. I say, that if they meet, and the lawyer puts him to his defence, the Master will kill him; for he had that sparkle in his eye which never deceives you when you would read a man's purpose. At any rate, he will give him such a bullying as will be construed into an assault on a privy-councillor: so there will be a total breach betwixt him and government; Scotland will be too hot for him, France will gain him, and we will all set sail together in the French brig L'Espoir, which is hovering for us off Eyemouth."

"Content am I," said Bucklaw; "Scotland has little left that I care about; and if carrying the Master with us will get us a better reception in France, why, so be it, a God's name. I doubt our own merits will procure us slender preferment; and I trust he will send a ball through the Keeper's head before he joins us. One or two of these scoundrel statesmen should be shot once a-year, just to keep the others on their good behaviour."

"That is very true," replied Craigengelt; "and it reminds me that

I must go and see that our horses have been fed, and are in readiness! for, should such deed be done, it will be no time for grass to grow beneath their heels." He proceeded as far as the door, then turned back with a look of earnestness, and said to Bucklaw, "Whatever should come of this business, I am sure you will do me the justice to remember, that I said nothing to the Master which could imply my accession to any act of violence which he may take into his head to commit."

"No, no, not a single word like accession," replied Bucklaw; "you know too well the risk belonging to these two terrible words, art and part." Then, as if to himself, he recited the following lines:—

> "The dial spoke not, but it made shrewd signs,
> And pointed full upon the stroke of murder."

"What is that you are talking to yourself?" said Craigengelt, turning back with some anxiety.

"Nothing—only two lines I have heard upon the stage," replied his companion.

"Bucklaw," said Craigengelt, "I sometimes think you should have been a stage-player yourself; all is fancy and frolic with you."

"I have often thought so myself," said Bucklaw. "I believe it would be safer than acting with you in the Fatal Conspiracy. But away, play your own part, and look after the horses like a groom as you are. A play-actor—a stage-player!" he repeated to himself; "that would have deserved a stab, but that Craigengelt's a coward—And yet I should like the profession well enough.—Stay—let me see—ay—I would come out in Alexander—

> 'Thus from the grave I rise to save my love,
> Draw all your swords, and quick as lightning move;
> When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay,
> 'Tis love commands, and glory lead the way.'"

As with a voice of thunder, and his hand upon his sword, Bucklaw repeated the ranting couplets of poor Lee, Craigengelt re-entered with a face of alarm.

"We are undone, Bucklaw! the Master's led horse has cast himself over his halter in the stable, and is dead lame—his hackney will be set up with the day's work, and now he has no fresh horse; he will never get off."

"Egad, their will be no moving with the speed of lightning this bout," said Bucklaw, drily. "But stay, you can give him yours."

"What! and be taken myself? I thank you for the proposal," said Craigengelt.

"Why," replied Bucklaw, "if the Lord Keeper should have met with a mischance, which for my part I cannot suppose, for the Master is not the lad to shoot an old and unarmed man—but *if* there should have been a fray at the Castle, you are neither art nor part in it, you know, so have nothing to fear."

"True, true," answered the other, with embarrassment; "but consider my commission from Saint Germains."

"Which many men think is a commission of your own making,

noble captain. Well, if you will not give him your horse, why, d—n it, he must have mine."

"Yours?" said Craigengelt.

"Ay, mine," repeated Bucklaw; "it shall never be said that I agreed to back a gentleman in a little affair of honour, and neither helped him on with it nor off from it."

"You will give him your horse? and have you considered the loss?"

"Loss! why, Grey Gilbert cost me twenty Jacobuses, that's true; but then his hackney is worth something, and his Black Moor is worth twice as much were he sound, and I know how to handle him. Take a fat sucking mastiff whelp, flay and bowel him, stuff the body full of black and grey snails, roast a reasonable time, and baste with oil of spikenard, saffron, cinnamon and honey, anoint with the dripping, working it in——"

"Yes, Bucklaw; but in the meanwhile, before the sprain is cured, nay, before the whelp is roasted, you will be caught and hung. Depend on it, the chase will be hard after Ravenswood. I wish we had made our place of rendezvous nearer to the coast."

"On my faith, then," said Bucklaw, "I had best go off just now, and leave my horse for him—Stay, stay, he comes, I hear a horse's feet."

"Are you sure there is only one?" said Craigengelt; "I fear there is a chase; I think I hear three or four galloping together—I am sure I hear more horses than one."

"Pooh, pooh, it is the wench of the house clattering to the well in her pattens. By my faith, Captain, you should give up both your captainship and your secret service, for you are as easily scared as a wild goose. But here comes the Master alone, and looking as gloomy as a night in November."

The Master of Ravenswood entered the room accordingly, his cloak muffled around him, his arms folded, his looks stern, and at the same time dejected. He flung his cloak from him as he entered, threw himself upon a chair, and appeared sunk in a profound reverie.

"What has happened? What have you done?" was hastily demanded by Craigengelt and Bucklaw in the same moment.

"Nothing," was the short and sullen answer.

"Nothing? and left us, determined to call the old villain to account for all the injuries that you, we, and the country, have received at his hand? Have you seen him?"

"I have," replied the Master of Ravenswood.

"Seen him? and come away without settling scores which have been so long due?" said Bucklaw; "I would not have expected that at the hand of the Master of Ravenswood."

"No matter what you expected," replied Ravenswood; "it is not to you, sir, that I shall be disposed to render any reason for my conduct."

"Patience, Bucklaw," said Craigengelt, interrupting his companion, who seemed about to make an angry reply. "The Master has been interrupted in his purpose by some accident; but he must excuse the anxious curiosity of friends, who are devoted to his cause like you and me."

"Friends, Captain Craigengelt!" retorted Ravenswood, haughtily; "I am ignorant what familiarity has passed betwixt us to entitle you to use that expression. I think our friendship amounts to this, that we agreed to leave Scotland together so soon as I should have visited the alienated mansion of my fathers, and had an interview with its present possessor—I will not call him proprietor."

"Very true, Master," answered Bucklaw: "and as we thought you had a mind to do something to put your neck in jeopardy, Craigie and I very courteously agreed to tarry for you, although ours might run some risk in consequence. As to Craigie, indeed, it does not very much signify, he had gallows written on his brow in the hour of his birth; but I should not like to discredit my parentage by coming to such an end in another man's cause."

"Gentlemen," said the Master of Ravenswood, "I am sorry if I have occasioned you any inconvenience, but I must claim the right of judging what is best for my own affairs, without rendering explanations to any one. I have altered my mind, and do not design to leave the country this season."

"Not to leave the country, Master!" exclaimed Craigengelt. "Not to go over, after all the trouble and expense I have incurred—after all the risk of discovery, and the expense of demurrage!"

"Sir," replied the Master of Ravenswood, "when I designed to leave this country in this haste, I made use of your obliging offer to procure me means of conveyance; but I do not recollect that I pledged myself to go off, if I found occasion to alter my mind. For your trouble on my account, I am sorry, and I thank you; your expense," he added, putting his hand into his pocket, "admits a more solid compensation—freight and demurrage are matters with which I am unacquainted, Captain Craigengelt, but take my purse and pay yourself according to your own conscience." And accordingly he tendered a purse with some gold in it to the soi-disant captain.

But here Bucklaw interposed in his turn. "Your fingers, Craigie, seem to itch for that same piece of green net-work," said he; "but I make my vow to God, that if they offer to close upon it I will chop them off with my whinger. Since the Master has changed his mind, I suppose we need stay here no longer; but in the first place I beg leave to tell him ——"

"Tell him anything you will," said Craigengelt, "if you will first allow me to state the inconveniences to which he will expose himself by quitting our society, to remind him of the obstacles to his remaining here, and of the difficulties attending his proper introduction at Versailles and Saint Germains, without the countenance of those who have established useful connections."

"Besides forfeiting the friendship," said Bucklaw, "of at least one man of spirit and honour."

"Gentlemen," said Ravenswood, "permit me once more to assure you, that you have been pleased to attach to our temporary connection more importance than I ever meant that it should have. When I repair to foreign courts, I shall not need the introduction of an intriguing adventurer, nor is it necessary for me to set value on the

friendship of a hot-headed bully." With these words, and without waiting for an answer, he left the apartment, remounted his horse, and was heard to ride off.

"Mordblieu!" said Captain Craigengelt, "my recruit is lost!"

"Ay, Captain," said Bucklaw, "the salmon is off with hook and all. But I will after him, for I have had more of his insolence than I can well digest."

Craigengelt offered to accompany him; but Bucklaw replied, "No, no, Captain, keep you the cheek of the chimney-nook till I come back; it's good sleeping in a haill skin.

> 'Little kens the auld wife that sits by the fire,
> How cauld the wind blaws in hurle-burle swire.'"

And singing as he went, he left the apartment.

CHAPTER VII.

> Now, Billy Bewick, keep good heart,
> And of thy talking let me be;
> But if thou art a man, as I am sure thou art,
> Come over the dike and fight with me.
>
> *Old Ballad.*

THE Master of Ravenswood had mounted the ambling hackney which he before rode, on finding the accident which had happened to his led horse, and, for the animal's ease, was proceeding at a slow pace from the Tod's Den towards his old tower of Wolf's Crag, when he heard the galloping of a horse behind him, and, looking back, perceived that he was pursued by young Bucklaw, who had been delayed a few minutes in the pursuit by the irresistible temptation of giving the hostler at the Tod's Den some recipe for treating the lame horse. This brief delay he had made up by hard galloping, and now overtook the Master where the road traversed a waste moor. "Halt, sir," cried Bucklaw; "I am no political agent—no Captain Craigengelt, whose life is too important to be hazarded in defence of his honour. I am Frank Hayston of Bucklaw, and no man injures me by word, deed, sign, or look, but he must render me an account of it."

"This is all very well, Mr Hayston of Bucklaw," replied the Master of Ravenswood, in a tone the most calm and indifferent; "but I have no quarrel with you, and desire to have none. Our roads homeward, as well as our roads through life, lie in different directions; there is no occasion for us crossing each other."

"Is there not?" said Bucklaw, impetuously. "By Heaven! but I say that there is, though—you called us intriguing adventurers."

"Be correct in your recollection, Mr Hayston; it was to your companion only I applied that epithet, and you know him to be no better."

"And what then? He was my companion for the time, and no

man shall insult my companion, right or wrong, while he is in my company."

"Then, Mr Hayston," replied Ravenswood, with the same composure, "you should choose your society better, or you are like to have much work in your capacity of their champion. Go home, sir, sleep, and have more reason in your wrath to-morrow."

"Not so, Master, you have mistaken your man: high airs and wise saws shall not carry it off thus. Besides, you termed me bully, and you shall retract the word before we part."

"Faith, scarcely," said Ravenswood, "unless you show me better reason for thinking myself mistaken than you are now producing."

"Then, Master," said Bucklaw, "though I should be sorry to offer it to a man of your quality, if you will not justify your incivility, or retract it, or name a place of meeting, you must here undergo the hard word and the hard blow."

"Neither will be necessary," said Ravenswood: "I am satisfied with what I have done to avoid an affair with you. If you are serious, this place will serve as well as another."

"Dismount, then, and draw," said Bucklaw, setting him an example. "I always thought and said you were a pretty man; I should be sorry to report you otherwise."

"You shall have no reason, sir," said Ravenswood, alighting, and putting himself into a posture of defence.

Their swords crossed, and the combat commenced with great spirit on the part of Bucklaw, who was well accustomed to affairs of the kind, and distinguished by address and dexterity at his weapon. In the present case, however, he did not use his skill to advantage; for, having lost temper at the cool and contemptuous manner in which the Master of Ravenswood had long refused, and at length granted him satisfaction, and urged by his impatience, he adopted the part of an assailant with inconsiderate eagerness. The Master, with equal skill, and much greater composure, remained chiefly on the defensive, and even declined to avail himself of one or two advantages afforded him by the eagerness of his adversary. At length, in a desperate lunge, which he followed with an attempt to close, Bucklaw's foot slipped, and he fell on the short grassy turf on which they were fighting. "Take your life, sir," said the Master of Ravenswood, "and mend it, if you can."

"It would be but a cobbled piece of work, I fear," said Bucklaw, rising slowly, and gathering up his sword, much less disconcerted with the issue of the combat than could have been expected from the impetuosity of his temper. "I thank you for my life, Master," he pursued. "There is my hand, I bear no ill-will to you, either for my bad luck or your better swordmanship."

The Master looked steadily at him for an instant, then extended his hand to him.—"Bucklaw," he said, "you are a generous fellow, and I have done you wrong. I heartily ask your pardon for the expression which offended you; it was hastily and incautiously uttered, and I am convinced it is totally misapplied."

"Are you indeed, Master?" said Bucklaw, his face resuming at once its natural expression of light-hearted carelessness and audacity;

"that is more than I expected of you: for, Master, men say you are not ready to retract your opinions and your language."

"Not when I have well considered them," said the Master.

"Then you are a little wiser than I am, for I always give my friend satisfaction first and explanation afterwards. If one of us falls, all accounts are settled; if not, men are never so ready for peace as after war.—But what does that bawling brat of a boy want?" said Bucklaw. "I wish to Heaven he had come a few minutes sooner! and yet it must have been ended some time, and perhaps this way is as well as any other."

As he spoke, the boy he mentioned came up, cudgelling an ass, on which he was mounted, to the top of its speed, and sending, like one of Ossian's heroes, his voice before him.—"Gentlemen,—gentlemen, save yourselves! for the gudewife bade us tell ye there were folk in her house had taen Captain Craigengelt, and were seeking for Bucklaw, and that ye behoved to ride for it."

"By my faith, and that's very true, my man," said Bucklaw; "and there's a silver sixpence for your news, and I would give any man twice as much would tell me which way I should ride."

"That will I, Bucklaw," said Ravenswood; "ride home to Wolf's Crag with me. There are places in the old tower where you might lie hid were a thousand men to seek you.

"But that will bring you into trouble yourself, Master; and unless you be in the Jacobite scrape already, it is quite needless for me to drag you in."

"Not a whit; I have nothing to fear."

"Then I will ride with you blithely, for, to say the truth, I do not know the rendezvous that Craigie was to guide us to this night; and I am sure that, if he is taken, he will tell all the truth of me, and twenty lies of you, in order to save himself from the withie."

They mounted and rode off in company accordingly, striking off the ordinary road, and holding their way by wild moorish unfrequented paths, with which the gentlemen were well acquainted from the exercise of the chase, but through which others would have had much difficulty in tracing their course. They rode for some time in silence, making such haste as the condition of Ravenswood's horse permitted, until night having gradually closed around them, they discontinued their speed, both from the difficulty of discovering their path, and from the hope that they were beyond the reach of pursuit or observation.

"And now that we have drawn bridle a bit," said Bucklaw, "I would fain ask you a question, Master."

"Ask, and welcome," said Ravenswood, "but forgive my not answering it, unless I think proper."

"Well, it is simply this," answered his late antagonist,—"What, in the name of old Sathan, could make you, who stand so highly on your reputation, think for a moment of drawing up with such a rogue as Craigengelt, and such a scape-grace as folk call Bucklaw?"

"Simply, because I was desperate, and sought desperate associates."

"And what made you break off from us at the nearest?" again demanded Bucklaw.

"Because I had changed my mind," said the Master, "and renounced my enterprise, at least for the present. And now that I have answered your questions fairly and frankly, tell me what makes you associate with Craigengelt, so much beneath you both in birth and in spirit?"

"In plain terms," answered Bucklaw, "because I am a fool, who have gambled away my land in these times. My grand-aunt, Lady Girnington, has taen a new tack of life, I think, and I could only hope to get something by a change of government. Craigie was a sort of gambling acquaintance: he saw my condition; and, as the devil is always at one's elbow, told me fifty lies about his credentials from Versailles, and his interest at Saint Germains, promised me a captain's commission at Paris, and I have been ass enough to put my thumb under his belt. I daresay, by this time, he has told a dozen pretty stories of me to the government. And this is what I have got by wine, women, and dice, cocks, dogs, and horses."

"Yes, Bucklaw," said the Master, "you have indeed nourished in your bosom the snakes that are now stinging you."

"That's home as well as true, Master," replied his companion; "but, by your leave, you have nursed in your bosom one great goodly snake that has swallowed all the rest, and is as sure to devour you as my half dozen are to make a meal on all that's left of Bucklaw, which is but what lies between bonnet and boot-heel."

"I must not," answered the Master of Ravenswood, "challenge the freedom of speech in which I have set example. What, to speak without a metaphor, do you call this monstrous passion, which you charge me with fostering?"

"Revenge, my good sir, revenge; which, if it be as gentlemanlike a sin as wine and wassail, with their *et cæteras*, is equally unchristian, and not so bloodless. It is better breaking a park-pale, to watch a doe or damsel, than to shoot an old man."

"I deny the purpose," said the Master of Ravenswood. "On my soul, I had no such intention: I meant but to confront the oppressor ere I left my native land, and upbraid him with his tyranny and its consequences. I would have stated my wrongs so that they would have shaken his soul within him."

"Yes," answered Bucklaw, "and he would have collared you, and cried help, and then you would have shaken the soul *out* of him, I suppose. Your very look and manner would have frightened the old man to death."

"Consider the provocation," answered Ravenswood—"consider the ruin and death procured and caused by his hard-hearted cruelty—an ancient house destroyed, an affectionate father murdered! Why, in our old Scottish days, he that sat quiet under such wrongs, would have been held neither fit to back a friend nor face a foe."

"Well, Master, I am glad to see that the devil deals as cunningly with other folk as he deals with me; for whenever I am about to commit any folly, he persuades me it is the most necessary, gallant, gentlemanlike thing on earth, and I am up to saddle-girths in the bog

before I see that the ground is soft. And you, Master, might have turned out a murd—— a homicide, just out of pure respect for your father's memory."

"There is more sense in your language, Bucklaw," replied the Master, "than might have been expected from your conduct. It is too true, our vices steal upon us in forms outwardly as fair as those of the demons whom the superstitious represent as intriguing with the human race, and are not discovered in their native hideousness until we have clasped them in our arms."

"But we may throw them from us, though," said Bucklaw, "and that is what I shall think of doing one of those days, – that is, when old Lady Girnington dies."

"Did you ever hear the expression of the English divine?" said Ravenswood –"'Hell is paved with good intentions'—as much as to say, they are more often formed than executed."

"Well," replied Bucklaw, "but I will begin this blessed night, and have determined not to drink above one quart of wine, unless your claret be of extraordinary quality."

"You will find little to tempt you at Wolf's Crag," said the Master. "I know not that I can promise you more than the shelter of my roof; all, and more than all, our stock of wine and provisions was exhausted at the late occasion."

"Long may it be ere provision is needed for the like purpose," answered Bucklaw; "but you should not drink up the last flask at a dirge; there is ill luck in that."

"There is ill luck, I think, in whatever belongs to me," said Ravenswood. "But yonder is Wolf's Crag, and whatever it still contains is at your service."

The roar of the sea had long announced their approach to the cliffs, on the summit of which, like the nest of some sea-eagle, the founder of the fortalice had perched his eyry. The pale moon, which had hitherto been contending with flitting clouds, now shone out, and gave them a view of the solitary and naked tower, situated on a projecting cliff that beetled on the German Ocean. On three sides the rock was precipitous; on the fourth, which was that towards the land, it had been originally fenced by an artificial ditch and drawbridge, but the latter was broken down and ruinous, and the former had been in part filled up, so as to allow passage for a horseman in to the narrow court-yard, encircled on two sides with low offices and stables, partly ruinous, and closed on the landward front by a low embattled wall, while the remaining side of the quadrangle was occupied by the tower itself, which, tall and narrow, and built of a greyish stone, stood glimmering in the moonlight, like the sheeted spectre of some huge giant. A wilder or more disconsolate dwelling, it was perhaps difficult to conceive. The sombrous and heavy sound of the billows, successively dashing against the rocky beach at a profound distance beneath, was to the ear what the landscape was to the eye—a symbol of unvaried and monotonous melancholy, not unmingled with horror.

Although the night was not far advanced, there was no sign of living inhabitant about this forlorn abode, excepting that one, and only one, of the narrow, and scanchelled windows which appeared at

irregular heights and distances in the walls of the building, showed a small glimmer of light.

"There," said Ravenswood, "sits the only male domestic that remains to the house of Ravenswood: and it is well that he does remain there, since otherwise, we had little hope to find either light or fire. But follow me cautiously; the road is narrow, and admits only one horse in front."

In effect, the path led along a kind of isthmus, at the peninsular extremity of which the tower was situated, with that exclusive attention to strength and security, in preference to every circumstance of convenience, which dictated to the Scottish barons the choice of their situations, as well as their style of building.

By adopting the cautious mode of approach recommended by the proprietor of this wild hold, they entered the court-yard in safety. But it was long ere the efforts of Ravenswood, though loudly exerted by knocking at the low-browed entrance, and repeated shouts to Caleb to open the gate and admit them, received any answer.

"The old man must be departed," he began to say, "or fallen into some fit: for the noise I have made would have waked the seven sleepers."

At length a timid and hesitating voice replied,—"Master—Master of Ravenswood, is it you?"

"Yes, it is I, Caleb; open the door quickly."

"But is it you in very blood and body? For I would sooner face fifty deevils as my master's ghaist, or even his wraith,—wherefore, aroint ye, if ye were ten times my master, unless ye come in bodily shape, lith and limb."

"It is I, you old fool," answered Ravenswood, "in bodily shape, and alive, save that I am half dead with cold."

The light at the upper window disappeared, and glancing from loop-hole to loop-hole in slow succession, gave intimation that the bearer was in the act of descending, with great deliberation, a winding staircase occupying one of the turrets which graced the angles of the old tower. The tardiness of his descent extracted some exclamations of impatience from Ravenswood, and several oaths from his less patient and more mercurial companion. Caleb again paused ere he unbolted the door, and once more asked, if they were men of mould that demanded entrance at this time of night?

"Were I near you, you old fool," said Bucklaw, "I would give you sufficient proofs of *my* bodily condition."

"Open the gate, Caleb," said his master, in a more soothing tone, partly from his regard to the ancient and faithful seneschal, partly perhaps because he thought that angry words would be thrown away, so long as Caleb had a stout iron-clenched oaken door betwixt his person and the speakers.

At length Caleb, with a trembling hand, undid the bars, opened the heavy door, and stood before them, exhibiting his thin grey hairs, bald forehead, and sharp high features, illuminated by a quivering lamp which he held in one hand, while he shaded and protected its flame with the other. The timorous courteous glance which he threw around him - the effect of the partial light upon his white hair

and illumined features, might have made a good painting; but our travellers were too impatient for security against the rising storm, to permit them to indulge themselves in studying the picturesque. "Is it you, my dear master? is it you yourself, indeed?" exclaimed the old domestic. "I am wae ye suld hae stude waiting at your ain gate; but wha wad hae thought o' seeing ye sae sune, and a strange gentlemen with a—(Here he exclaimed apart, as it were, and to some inmate of the tower, in a voice not meant to be heard by those in the court—Mysie—Mysie, woman! stir for dear life, and get the fire mended; take the auld three-legged stool, or ony thing that's readiest that will make a lowe.)—I doubt we are but puirly provided, no expecting ye this some months, when doubtless ye wad hae been received conform till your rank, as gude right is; but natheless——"

"Natheless, Caleb," said the Master, "we must have our horses put up, and ourselves too, the best way we can. I hope you are not sorry to see me sooner than you expected?"

"Sorry, my lord!—I am sure ye sall aye be my lord wi' honest folk, as your noble ancestors hae been these three hundred years, and never asked a whig's leave. Sorry to see the Lord of Ravenswood at ane o' his ain castles! (Then again apart to his unseen associate behind the screen—Mysie, kill the brood-hen without thinking twice on it; let them care that come ahint.)—No to say it's our best dwelling," he added, turning to Bucklaw; "but just a strength for the Lord of Ravenswood to flee until,—that is, not to *flee*, but to retreat until in troublous times, like the present, when it was ill convenient for him to live farther in the country in ony of his better and mair principal manors; but, for its antiquity, maist folk think that the outside of Wolf's Crag is worthy of a large perusal."

"And you are determined we shall have time to make it," said Ravenswood, somewhat amused with the shifts the old man used to detain them without doors, until his confederate Mysie had made her preparations within.

"O, never mind the outside of the house, my good friend," said Bucklaw; "let's see the inside, and let our horses see the stable, that's all."

"O yes, sir—ay, sir,—unquestionably, sir—my lord and ony of his honourable companions——"

"But our horses, my old friend—our horses; they will be dead-foundered by standing here in the cold after riding hard, and mine is too good to be spoiled; therefore, once more, our horses," exclaimed Bucklaw.

"True—ay—your horses—yes—I will call the grooms;" and sturdily did Caleb roar till the old tower rang again,—"John—William—Saunders!—The lads are gane out, or sleeping," he observed, after pausing for an answer, which he knew that he had no human chance of receiving. "A' gaes wrang when the Master's out by; but I'll take care o' your cattle mysell."

"I think you had better," said Ravenswood, "otherwise I see little chance of their being attended to at all."

"Whisht, my lord,—whisht, for God's sake," said Caleb, in an im-

plaring tone, and apart to his master: "if ye dinna regard your ain credit, think on mine; we'll hae hard enough wark to mak a decent night o't, wi' a' the lees I can tell."

"Well, well, never mind," said his master; "go to the stable There is hay and corn, I trust?"

"Ou ay, plenty of hay and corn:" this was uttered boldly and aloud, and, in a lower tone, "there was some half-fous o' aits, and some taits o' meadow-hay, left after the burial."

"Very well," said Ravenswood, taking the lamp from his domestic's unwilling hand, "I will show the stranger upstairs myself."

"I canna think o' that, my lord:—if ye wad but have five minutes, or ten minutes, or, at maist, a quarter of an hour's patience, and look at the fine moonlight prospect of the Bass and North-Berwick Law till I sort the horses, I would marshal ye up, as reason is ye suld be marshalled, your lordship and your honourable visiter. And I hae lockit up the siller candlesticks, and the lamp is not fit——"

"It will do very well in the meantime," said Ravenswood, "and you will have no difficulty for want of light in the stable, for, if I recollect, half the roof is off."

"Very true, my lord," replied the trusty adherent, and with ready wit instantly added, "and the lazy slater loons have never come to put it on a' this while, your lordship."

"If I were disposed to jest at the calamities of my house," said Ravenswood, as he led the way up-stairs, "poor old Caleb would furnish me with ample means. His passion consists in representing things about our miserable *menage*, not as they are, but as, in his opinion, they ought to be: and, to say the truth, I have been often diverted with the poor wretch's expedients to supply what he thought was essential for the credit of the family, and his still more generous apologies for the want of those articles for which his ingenuity could discover no substitute. But though the tower is none of the largest, I shall have some trouble without him to find the apartment in which there is a fire."

As he spoke thus, he opened the door of the hall. "Here, at least," he said, "there is neither hearth nor harbour."

It was indeed a scene of desolation. A large vaulted room, the beams of which, combined like those of Westminster-Hall, were rudely carved at the extremities, remained nearly in the situation in which it had been left after the entertainment at Allan Lord Ravenswood's funeral. Overturned pitchers, and black jacks, and pewter stoups, and flagons, still encumbered the large oaken table: glasses, those more perishable implements of conviviality, many of which had been voluntarily sacrificed by the guests in their enthusiastic pledges to favourite toasts, strewed the stone floor with their fragments. As for the articles of plate lent for the purpose by friends and kinsfolk, those had been carefully withdrawn so soon as the ostentatious display of festivity, equally unnecessary and strangely timed, had been made and ended. Nothing, in short, remained that indicated wealth; all the signs were those of recent wastefulness, and present desolation. The black cloth hangings, which on the late mournful occasion, replaced the tattered moth-eaten tapestries, had been partly pulled

down, and, dangling from the wall in irregular festoons, disclosed the rough stone-work of the building, unsmoothed either by plaster or the chisel. The seats thrown down, or left in disorder, intimated the carelessly confusion which had concluded the mournful revel. "This room," said Ravenswood, looking up the lamp—"this room, Mr Hayston, was right as when it should have been said: it is a just retribution that it should now be sad when it ought to be cheerful."

They left this disconsolate apartment, and went up-stairs, where, after opening one or two doors in vain, Ravenswood led the way into a little matted antechamber, in which, to their great joy, they found a tolerable good fire, which Mysie, by some such expedient as Caleb had suggested, had supplied with a reasonable quantity of fuel. Glad at the heart to see more of comfort than the castle had yet seemed to offer, Bucklaw rubbed his hands heartily over the fire, and now listened with more complacency to the apologies which the Master of Ravenswood offered. "Comfort," he said, "I cannot provide for you, for I have it not for myself: it is long since these walls have known it, if, indeed, they were ever acquainted with it. Shelter and safety, I think, I can promise you."

"Excellent matters, Master," replied Bucklaw, "and with a mouthful of food and wine, positively all I can require to-night."

"I fear," said the Master, "your supper will be a poor one: I hear the matter in discussion betwixt Caleb and Mysie. Poor Balderston is something deaf, amongst his other accomplishments, so that much of what he means should be spoken aside is overheard by the whole audience, and especially by those from whom he is most anxious to conceal his private manœuvres—Hark!"

They listened, and heard the old domestic's voice in conversation with Mysie to the following effect. "Just mak the best o't, mak the best o't, woman: it's easy to put a fair face on anything."

"But the auld brood-hen!—she'll be as tough as bow-strings and bend leather!"

"Say ye made a mistake—say ye made a mistake, Mysie," replied the faithful seneschal, in a soothing and undertoned voice; "tak it a' on yoursell; never let the credit o' the house suffer."

"But the brood-hen," remonstrated Mysie,—"ou, she's sitting some gate aneath the dais in the hall, and I am feared to gae in in the dark for the bogle: and if I didna see the bogle, I could as ill see the hen, for it's pit mirk, and there's no another light in the house, save that very blessed lamp whilk the Master has in his ain hand. And if I had the hen, she's to pu', and to draw, and to dress; how can I do that, and them sitting by the only fire we have?"

"Weel, weel, Mysie," said the butler, "bide ye there a wee, and I'll try to get the lamp wiled away frae them."

Accordingly, Caleb Balderston entered the apartment, little aware that so much of his by-play had been audible there. "Well, Caleb, my old friend, is there any chance of supper?" said the Master of Ravenswood.

"*Chance* of supper, your lordship!" said Caleb, with an emphasis of strong scorn at the implied doubt,—"How should there be ony question of that, and us in your lordship's house?—Chance of

supper, indeed! — But ye'll no be for butcher meat? There's walth o' fat poultry, ready either for spit or brander — The fat capon, Mysie!" he added, calling out as boldly as if such a thing had been in existence.

"Quite unnecessary," said Bucklaw, who deemed himself bound in courtesy to relieve some part of the anxious butler's perplexity, "if you have anything cold, or a morsel of bread."

"The best of bannocks!" exclaimed Caleb, much relieved: "and for cauld meat, a' that we hae is cauld enough,—howbeit maist of the cauld meat and pastry was gien to the puir folk after the ceremony of interment, as gude reason was; nevertheless ——"

"Come, Caleb," said the Master of Ravenswood, "I must cut this matter short. This is the young laird of Bucklaw; he is under hiding, and therefore, you know ——"

"He'll be nae nicer than your lordship's honour, I'se warrant," answered Caleb, cheerfully, with a nod of intelligence: "I am sorry that the gentleman is under distress, but I am blithe that he canna say muckle again our house-keeping, for I believe his ain pinches may match ours;—no that we are pinched, thank God," he added, retracting the admission which he had made in his first burst of joy, "but nae doubt we are waur aff than we hae been, or suld be. And for eating, what signifies telling a lee? there's just the hinder end of the mutton-ham that has been but three times on the table, and the nearer the bane the sweeter, as your honours weel ken: and—there's the heel of the ewe-milk kebbuck, wi' a bit of nice butter, and—and—that's a' that's to trust to." And with great alacrity he produced his slender stock of provisions, and placed them with much formality upon a small round table betwixt the two gentlemen, who were not deterred either by the homely quality or limited quantity of the repast from doing it full justice. Caleb in the meanwhile waited on them with grave officiousness, as if anxious to make up, by his own respectful assiduity, for the want of all other attendance.

But, alas! how little on such occasions can form, however anxiously and scrupulously observed, supply the lack of substantial fare? Bucklaw, who had eagerly eaten a considerable portion of the thrice-sacked mutton-ham, now began to demand ale.

"I wadna just presume to recommend our ale," said Caleb; "the maut was ill made, and there was awfu' thunner last week: but sic-can water as the Tower well has ye'll seldom see, Bucklaw, and that I'se engage for."

"But if your ale is bad, you can let us have some wine," said Bucklaw, making a grimace at the mention of the pure element which Caleb so earnestly recommended.

"Wine!" answered Caleb, undauntedly, "eneugh of wine: it was but twa days syne—wae's me for the cause—there was as much wine drunk in this house as would have floated a pinnace. There never was lack of wine at Wolf's Crag."

"Do fetch us some, then," said his master, "instead of talking about it." And Caleb boldly departed.

Every expended butt in the old cellar did he set a-tilt, and shake with a desperate expectation of collecting enough of the grounds of

claret to fill the large pewter measure which he carried in his hand. Alas! each had been too devoutly drained: and, with all the squeezing and manœuvring which his craft as a butler suggested, he could only collect about half a quart that seemed presentable. Still, however, Caleb was too good a general to renounce the field without a stratagem to cover his retreat. He undauntedly threw down an empty flagon, as if he had stumbled at the entrance of the apartment: called upon Mysie to wipe up the wine that had never been spilt, and placing the other vessel on the table, hoped there was still enough left for their honours. There was indeed; for even Bucklaw, a sworn friend to the grape, found no encouragement to renew his first attack on the vintage of Wolf's Crag, but contented himself, however reluctantly, with a draught of fair water. Arrangements were now made for his repose; and as the secret chamber was assigned for this purpose, it furnished Caleb with a first-rate and most plausible apology for all deficiencies of furniture, bedding, &c.

"For wha," said he, "would have thought of the secret chaumer being needed? it has not been used since the time of the Gowrie Conspiracy, and I durst never let a woman ken of the entrance to it, or your honour will allow that it wad not hae been a secret chaumer lang."

CHAPTER VIII.

> The hearth in hall was black and dead,
> No board was dight in bower within,
> Nor merry bowl nor welcome bed;
> "Here's sorry cheer," quoth the Heir of Linne.
>
> *Old Ballad.*

The feelings of the prodigal Heir of Linne, as expressed in that excellent old song, when, after dissipating his whole fortune, he found himself the deserted inhabitant of "the lonely lodge," might perhaps have some resemblance to those of the Master of Ravenswood in his deserted mansion of Wolf's Crag. The Master, however, had this advantage over the spendthrift in the legend, that if he was in similar distress, he could not impute it to his own imprudence. His misery had been bequeathed to him by his father, and, joined to his high blood, and to a title which the courteous might give, or the churlish withhold at their pleasure, it was the whole inheritance he had derived from his ancestry.

Perhaps this melancholy, yet consolatory reflection, crossed the mind of the unfortunate young nobleman with a breathing of comfort. Favourable to calm reflection, as well as to the Muses, the morning, while it dispelled the shades of night, had a composing and sedative effect upon the stormy passions by which the Master of Ravenswood had been agitated on the preceding day. He now felt himself able to analyse the different feelings by which he was agitated, and much resolved to combat and to subdue them. The morning, which had arisen calm and bright, gave a pleasant effect even to the waste moorland view which was seen from the castle on looking to

the landward: and the glorious ocean, crisped with a thousand rippling waves of silver, extended on the other side, in awful yet complacent majesty to the verge of the horizon. With such scenes of calm sublimity the human heart sympathises even in its most disturbed moods, and deeds of honour and virtue are inspired by their majestic influence.

To seek out Bucklaw in the retreat which he had afforded him was the first occupation of the Master, after he had performed, with a scrutiny unusually severe, the important task of self-examination. "How now, Bucklaw?" was his morning salutation—"how like you the couch in which the exiled Earl of Angus once slept in security when he was pursued by the full energy of a king's resentment?"

"Umph!" returned the sleeper awakened: "I have little to complain of where so great a man was quartered before me, only the mattress was of the hardest, the vault somewhat damp, the rats rather more mutinous than I would have expected from the state of Caleb's larder; and if there had been shutters to that grated window, or a curtain to the bed, I should think it, upon the whole, an improvement in your accommodations."

"It is, to be sure, forlorn enough," said the Master, looking around the small vault: "but if you will rise and leave it, Caleb will endeavour to find you a better breakfast than your supper of last night."

"Pray, let it be no better," said Bucklaw, getting up, and endeavouring to dress himself as well as the obscurity of the place would permit, —"let it, I say, be no better, if you mean me to persevere in my proposed reformation. The very recollection of Caleb's beverage has done more to suppress my longing to open the day with a morning-draught than twenty sermons would have done. And you, Master, have you been able to give battle valiantly to your bosom-snake? You see I am in the way of smothering my vipers one by one."

"I have commenced the battle, at least, Bucklaw, and I have had a fair vision of an angel who descended to my assistance," replied the Master.

"Who, me!" said his guest, "no vision can I expect, unless my aunt, Lady Girnington, should betake herself to the tomb: and then it would be the substance of her heritage rather than the appearance of her phantom that I should consider as the support of my good resolutions. But this same breakfast, Master, does the deer that is to make the pasty run yet on foot, as the ballad has it?"

"I will inquire into that matter," said his entertainer; and leaving the apartment, he went in search of Caleb, whom, after some difficulty, he found in an obscure sort of dungeon, which had been in former times the buttery of the castle. Here the old man was employed busily in the doubtful task of burnishing a pewter flagon until it should take the hue and semblance of silver-plate. "I think it may do—I think it might pass, if they winna bring it ower muckle in the light o' the window!" were the ejaculations which he muttered from time to time, as if to encourage himself in his undertaking, when he was interrupted by the voice of his master. "Take this," said the Master of Ravenswood, "and get what is necessary for the family." And with these words he gave to the old butler the purse which had on

the preceding evening so narrowly escaped the fangs of Craigengelt. The old man shook his silvery and thin locks, and looked with an expression of the most heartfelt anguish at his master as he weighed in his hand the slender treasure, and said in a sorrowful voice, "And is this a' that's left?"

"All that is left at present," said the Master, affecting more cheerfulness than perhaps he really felt, "is just the green purse and the wee penny-fowl, as the old song says; but we shall do better one day, Caleb."

"Before that day comes," said Caleb, "I doubt there will be an end of auld sang, and an auld serving-man to boot. But it disna become me to speak that gate to your honour, and you looking sae pale. Tak back the purse, and keep it to be making a show before company; for if your honour would just tak a bidding, and be while taking it out afore folk and putting it up again, there's naebody would refuse us trust, for a' that's come and gane yet."

"But, Caleb," said the Master, "I still intend to leave this country very soon, and I desire to do so with the reputation of an honest man, leaving no debt behind me, at least of my own contracting."

"And gude right ye suld gang your way as a true man, and so ye shall; for auld Caleb can tak the wyte of whatever is taen on for the house, and then it will be a' just ae man's burden; and I will live just as well in the tolbooth as out of it, and the credit of the family will be a' safe and sound."

The Master endeavoured, in vain, to make Caleb comprehend, that the butler's incurring the responsibility of debts in his own person, would rather add to than remove the objections which he had to their being contracted. He spoke to a prompter, too busy in devising ways and means to puzzle himself with refuting the arguments offered against their justice or expediency.

"There's Eppie Muirhead will trust us for ale," said Caleb to himself; "she has lived a' her life under the family—and maybe will a scup brandy—I cannot say for wine, she is but a puir woman, and gude kens [illegible] work a week [illegible] its credit as lang as auld Caleb is to the fore."

The [illegible] days, was certainly [illegible] believed it was set [illegible] excuses, evasions, and [illegible] young men, and added [illegible] gular style of their [illegible] every circumstance that might serve to diversify or enliven time, which otherwise passed away so heavily.

Bucklaw, [illegible] by the necessity of remaining [illegible] became a joyless and uninteresting companion. When the Master of

Ravenswood would no longer fence or play at shovel-board—when he himself had polished to the extremity the coat of his palfrey with brush, currycomb, and hair-cloth—when he had seen him eat his provender, and gently lie down in his stall, he could hardly help envying the animal's apparent acquiescence in a life so monotonous. "The stupid brute," he said, "thinks neither of the race-ground or the hunting-field, or his green paddock at Bucklaw, but enjoys himself as comfortably when haltered to the rack in this ruinous vault, as if he had been foaled in it: and I who have the freedom of a prisoner at large, to range through the dungeons of this wretched old tower, can hardly, betwixt whistling and sleeping, contrive to pass away the hour till dinner-time."

And with this disconsolate reflection, he wended his way to the bartizan or battlements of the tower, to watch what objects might appear on the distant moor, or to pelt, with pebbles and pieces of lime, the sea-mews and cormorants which establish themselves incautiously within the reach of an idle young man.

Ravenswood, with a mind incalculably deeper and more powerful than that of his companion, had his own anxious subjects of reflection, which wrought for him the same unhappiness that sheer ennui and want of occupation inflicted on his companion. The first sight of Lucy Ashton had been less impressive than her image proved to be upon reflection. As the depth and violence of that revengeful passion, by which he had been actuated in seeking an interview with the father, began to abate by degrees, he looked back on his conduct towards the daughter as harsh and unworthy towards a female of rank and beauty. Her looks of grateful acknowledgment, her words of affectionate courtesy, had been repelled with something which approached to disdain: and if the Master of Ravenswood had sustained wrongs at the hand of Sir William Ashton, his conscience told him they had been unhandsomely resented towards his daughter. When his thoughts took this turn of self-reproach, the recollection of Lucy Ashton's beautiful features, rendered yet more interesting by the circumstances in which their meeting had taken place, made an impression upon his mind at once soothing and painful. The sweetness of her voice, the delicacy of her expressions, the vivid glow of her filial affection, embittered his regret at having repulsed her gratitude with rudeness, while, at the same time, they placed before his imagination a picture of the most seducing sweetness.

Even young Ravenswood's strength of moral feeling and rectitude of purpose at once increased the danger of cherishing these recollections, and the propensity to entertain them. Firmly resolved as he was to subdue, if possible, the predominating vice in his character, he admitted with willingness—nay, he summoned up, in his imagination, the ideas by which it could be most powerfully counteracted: and, while he did so, a sense of his own harsh conduct towards the daughter of his enemy naturally induced him, as if by way of recompense, to invest her with more of grace and beauty than perhaps she could actually claim.

Had any one at this period told the Master of Ravenswood that he had so lately vowed vengeance against the whole lineage of him

whom he considered, not unjustly, as author of his father's ruin and death, he might at first have repelled the charge as a foul calumny; yet, upon serious self-examination, he would have been compelled to admit, that it had, at one period, some foundation in truth, though, according to the present tone of his sentiments, it was difficult to believe that this had really been the case.

There already existed in his bosom two contradictory passions,—a desire to revenge the death of his father strangely qualified by admiration of his enemy's daughter. Against the former feeling he had struggled, until it seemed to him upon the wane; against the latter he used no means of resistance, for he did not suspect its existence. That this was actually the case, was chiefly evinced by his resuming his resolution to leave Scotland. Yet, though such was his purpose, he remained day after day at Wolf's Crag, without taking measures for carrying it into execution. It is true that he had written to one or two kinsmen, who resided in a distant quarter of Scotland, and particularly to the Marquis of A——, intimating his purpose; and when pressed upon the subject by Bucklaw, he was wont to allege the necessity of waiting for their reply, especially that of the Marquis, before taking so decisive a measure.

The Marquis was rich and powerful; and although he was suspected to entertain sentiments unfavourable to the government established at the Revolution, he had nevertheless address enough to head a party in the Scottish Privy Council, connected with the high church faction in England, and powerful enough to menace those to whom the Lord Keeper adhered, with a probable subversion of their power. The consulting with a personage of such importance was a plausible excuse, which Ravenswood used to Bucklaw, and probably to himself, for continuing his residence at Wolf's Crag; and it was rendered yet more so by a general report which began to be current, of a probable change of ministers and measures in the Scottish administration. These rumours, strongly asserted by some, and as resolutely denied by others, as their wishes or interest dictated, found their way even to the ruinous Tower of Wolf's Crag, chiefly through the medium of Caleb the butler, who, among his other excellencies, was an ardent politician, and seldom made an excursion from the old fortress to the neighbouring village of Wolf's-hope, without bringing back what tidings were current in the vicinity.

But if Bucklaw could not offer any satisfactory objections to the delay of the Master in leaving Scotland, he did not the less suffer with impatience the state of inaction to which it confined him: and it was only the ascendency which his new companion had acquired over him, that induced him to submit to a course of life so alien to his habits and inclinations.

"You were wont to be thought a stirring active young fellow, Master," was his frequent remonstrance; "yet here you seem determined to live on and on like a rat in a hole, with this trifling difference, that the wiser vermin chooses a hermitage where he can find food at least; but as for us, Caleb's excuses become longer as his diet turns more spare, and I fear we shall realise the stories they tell of the sloth,—we have almost eat up the last green leaf on the plant,

and have nothing left for it but to drop from the tree and break our necks."

"Do not fear," said Ravenswood: "there is a fate watches for us, and we too have a stake in the revolution that is now impending, and which already has alarmed many a bosom."

"What fate — what revolution?" inquired his companion. "We have had one revolution too much already, I think."

Ravenswood interrupted him by putting into his hands a letter.

"O," answered Bucklaw, "my dream's out — I thought I heard Caleb this morning pressing some unfortunate fellow to a drink of cold water, and assuring him it was better for his stomach in the morning than ale or brandy."

"It was my Lord of A——'s courier," said Ravenswood, "who was doomed to experience his ostentatious hospitality, which I believe ended in sour beer and herrings. Read, and you will see the news he has brought us."

"I will as fast as I can," said Bucklaw: "but I am no great clerk, nor does his lordship seem to be the first of scribes."

The reader will peruse, in a few seconds, by the aid of our friend Ballantyne's types, what took Bucklaw a good half hour in perusal, though assisted by the Master of Ravenswood. The tenor was as follows:—

"*Right Honourable our Cousin,*

"Our hearty commendations premised, these come to assure you of the interest which we take in your welfare, and in your purposes towards its augmentation. If we have been less active in showing forth our effective goodwill towards you than, as a loving kinsman and blood-relative, we would willingly have desired, we request that you will impute it to lack of opportunity to show our good-liking, not to any coldness of our will. Touching your resolution to travel in foreign parts, as at this time we hold the same little advisable, in respect that your ill-willers may, according to the custom of such persons, impute motives for your journey, whereof, although we know and believe you to be as clear as ourselves, yet natheless their words may find credence in places where the belief in them may much prejudice you, and which we should see with more unwillingness and displeasure than with means of remedy.

"Having thus, as becometh our kindred, given you our poor mind on the subject of your journeying forth of Scotland, we would willingly add reasons of weight, which might materially advantage you and your father's house, therein to determine you to abide at Wolf's Crag, until this harvest season shall be passed over. But what sayeth the proverb, *verbum sapienti*, a word is more to him that hath wisdom than a sermon to a fool. And albeit we have written this poor scroll with our own hand, and are well assured of the fidelity of our messenger, as him that is many ways bounden to us, yet so it is, that slippery ways crave wary walking, and that we may not peril upon paper matters which we would gladly impart to you by word of mouth. Wherefore, it was our purpose to have prayed you heartily to come to this barren Highland country to kill a stag, and to treat of the

matters which we are now more painfully inditing to you anent. But commodity does not serve at present for such our meeting, which, therefore, shall be deferred until sic time as we may in all mirth rehearse those things whereof we now keep silence. Meantime, we pray you to think that we are, and will still be, your good kinsman and well-wisher, waiting but for times of whilk we do, as it were, entertain a twilight prospect, and appear and hope to be also your effectual well-doer. And in which hope we heartily write ourself,

"Right Honourable,

"Your loving cousin,

"Given from our poor house of B ——, &c." "A ———.

Superscribed—"For the right honourable, and our honoured kinsman, the Master of Ravenswood.—These, with haste, haste, post haste—ride and run until these be delivered."

"What think you of this epistle, Bucklaw?" said the Master, when his companion had hammered out all the sense, and almost all the words of which it consisted.

"Truly, that the Marquis's meaning is as great a riddle as his manuscript. He is really in much need of Wit's Interpreter, or the Complete Letter Writer, and were I you, I would send him a copy by the bearer. He writes you very kindly to remain wasting your time and your money in this vile, stupid, oppressed country, without so much as offering you the countenance and shelter of his house. In my opinion, he has some scheme in view in which he supposes you can be useful, and he wishes to keep you at hand, to make use of you when it ripens, reserving the power of turning you adrift, should his plot fail in the concoction."

"His plot!—then you suppose it is a treasonable business?" answered Ravenswood.

"What else can it be?" replied Bucklaw; "the Marquis has been long suspected to have an eye to Saint Germains."

"He should not engage me rashly in such an adventure," said Ravenswood; "when I recollect the times of the first and second Charles, and of the last James, truly I see little reason, that, as a man or a patriot, I should draw my sword for their descendants."

"Humph!" replied Bucklaw; "so you have set yourself down to mourn over the crop-eared dogs, whom honest Claver'se treated as they deserved?"

"They first gave the dogs an ill-name, and then hanged them," replied Ravenswood. "I hope to see the day when justice shall be open to Whig and Tory, and when these nick-names shall only be used among coffee-house politicians, as slut and jade are among apple-women, as cant terms of idle spite and rancour."

"That will not be in our days, Master—the iron has entered too deeply into our sides and our souls."

"It will be, however, one day," replied the Master; "men will not always start at these nick-names as at a trumpet-sound. A social

life is better protected, its comforts will become too dear to be hazarded without some better reason than speculative politics."

"It is fine talking," answered Bucklaw; "but my heart is with the old song,—

> 'To see good corn upon the rigs,
> And a gallows built to hang the Whigs,
> And the right restored where the right should be,
> O, that is the thing that would wanton me.'"

"You may sing as loudly as you will, *cantabit vacuus*," answered the Master; "but I believe the Marquis is too wise, at least too wary, to join you in such a burden. I suspect he alludes to a revolution in the Scottish Privy Council, rather than in the British kingdoms."

"O, confusion to your state tricks!" exclaimed Bucklaw, your cold calculating manœuvres, which old gentlemen in wrought nightcaps and furred gowns execute like so many games at chess, and displace a treasurer or lord commissioner as they would take a rook or a pawn. Tennis for my sport, and battle for my earnest! My racket and my sword for my plaything and bread-winner! And you, Master, so deep and considerate as you would seem, you have that within you makes the blood boil faster than suits your present humour of moralising on political truths. You are one of those wise men who see everything with great composure till their blood is up, and then—wo to any one who should put them in mind of their own prudential maxims!"

"Perhaps," said Ravenswood, "you read me more rightly than I can myself. But to think justly will certainly go some length in helping me to act so. But, hark! I hear Caleb tolling the dinner-bell."

"Which he always does with the more sonorous grace, in proportion to the meagreness of the cheer which he has provided," said Bucklaw; "as if that infernal clang and jangle, which will one day bring the belfry down the cliff, could convert a starved hen into a fat capon, and a blade bone of mutton into a haunch of venison."

"I wish we may be so well off as your worst conjectures surmise, Bucklaw, from the extreme solemnity and ceremony with which Caleb seems to place on the table that solitary covered dish."

"Uncover, Caleb! uncover, for Heaven's sake!" said Bucklaw; "let us have what you can give us without preface.—Why, it stands well enough, man," he continued, addressing impatiently the ancient butler, who, without reply, kept shifting the dish, until he had at length placed it with mathematical precision in the very midst of the table.

"What have we got here, Caleb?" inquired the Master in his turn.

"Ahem! sir, ye suld have known before: but his honour the Laird of Bucklaw is so impatient," answered Caleb, still holding the dish with one hand, and the cover with the other, with evident reluctance to disclose the contents.

"But what is it, a God's name—not a pair of clean spurs, I hope, in the Border fashion of old times!"

"Ahem! ahem!" reiterated Caleb, "your honour is pleased to be facetious—natheless, I might presume to say it was a convenient fashion, and used, as I have heard, in an honourable and thriving family. But touching your present dinner, I judged that this being Saint Magdalene's Eve, who was a worthy queen of Scotland in her day, you honours might judge it decorous, if not altogether to fast, yet only to sustain nature with some slight refection, as ane saulted herring or the like." And, uncovering the dish, he displayed four of the savoury fishes which he mentioned, adding, in a subdued tone, "that they were no just common herring, neither, being every ane melters, and sauted with uncommon care by the housekeeper (poor Mysie) for his honour's especial use."

"Out upon all apologies!" said the Master, "let us eat the herrings, since there is nothing better to be had—but I begin to think with you, Bucklaw, that we are consuming the last green leaf, and that, in spite of the Marquis's political machinations, we must positively shift camp for want of forage, without waiting the issue of them."

CHAPTER IX

> Ay, and when huntsmen wind the merry horn,
> And from its covert starts the fearful prey,
> Who, warm'd with youth's blood in his swelling veins,
> Would, like a lifeless clod, outstretched lie,
> Shut out from all the fair creation offers?
>
> *Ethwald, Act I. Scene I.*

Light meals procure light slumbers: and therefore it is not surprising, that, considering the fare which Caleb's conscience, or his necessity, assuming, as will sometimes happen, that disguise, had assigned to the guests of Wolf's Crag, their slumbers should have been short.

In the morning Bucklaw rushed into his host's apartment with a loud halloo, which might have awaked the dead.

"Up! up! in the name of Heaven—the hunters are out, the only piece of sport I have seen this month; and you lie here, Master, on a bed that has little to recommend it, except that it may be something softer than the stone floor of your ancestor's vault."

"I wish," said Ravenswood, raising his head peevishly, "you had forborne so early a jest, Mr Hayston—it is really no pleasure to lose the very short repose which I had just begun to enjoy, after a night spent in thoughts upon fortune far harder than my couch, Bucklaw."

"Pshaw, pshaw!" replied his guest; "get up—get up—the hounds are abroad—I have saddled the horses myself, for old Caleb was calling for grooms and lackeys, and would never have proceeded without two hours' apology, for the absence of the men who were a hundred miles off.—Get up, Master—I say the hounds are out—get up, I say—the hunt is up." And off ran Bucklaw.

"And I say," said the Master, rising slowly, "that nothing can concern me less. Whose hounds come so near to us?"

"The Honourable Lord Bittlebrains?" answered Caleb, who had followed the impatient Laird of Bucklaw into his master's bedroom, "and truly I ken nae title they have to be yowling and howling within the freedoms and immunities of your lordship's right of free forestry."

"Nor I, Caleb," replied Ravenswood, "excepting that they have bought both the lands and the right of forestry, and may think themselves entitled to exercise the rights they have paid their money for.

"It may be sae, my lord," replied Caleb; "but it's no gentleman's deed of them to come here and exercise such like right, and your lordship living at your ain castle of Wolf's Crag. Lord Bittlebrains would do weel to remember what his folk have been."

"And we what we now are," said the Master, with suppressed bitterness of feeling. "But reach me my cloak, Caleb, and I will indulge Bucklaw with a sight of this chase. It is selfish to sacrifice my guest's pleasure to my own."

"Sacrifice!" echoed Caleb, in a tone which seemed to imply the total absurdity of his master making the least concession in deference to any one—"Sacrifice, indeed!—but I crave your honour's pardon—and whilk doublet is it your pleasure to wear?"

"Any one you will, Caleb—my wardrobe, I suppose, is not very extensive."

"Not extensive!" echoed his assistant; "when there is the grey and silver that your lordship bestowed on Hew Hildebrand, your outrider—and the French velvet that went with my lord your father—(he gracious to him!)—my lord your father's auld wardrobe to the puir friends of the family,—and the drap-de-berry——"

"Which I gave to you, Caleb, and which, I suppose, is the only dress we have any chance to come at, except that I wore yesterday—pray hand me that, and say no more about it."

"If your honour has a fancy," replied Caleb, "and doubtless it's a sad-coloured suit, and you are in mourning—nevertheless, I have never tried on the drap-de-berry—ill wad it become me—and your honour having no change of claiths at this present—and it's weel brushed, and as there are leddies down yonder—"

"Ladies!" said Ravenswood; "and what ladies, pray?"

"What do I ken, your lordship? looking down at them from the Warden's Tower, I could but see them a gaent by wi' their bridles ringing, and their feathers fluttering, like the court of Elfland."

"Well, well, Caleb," replied the Master, "help me on with my cloak, and hand me my sword-belt. What clatter is that in the court yard?"

"Just Bucklaw bringing out the horses," said Caleb, after a glance through the window, "as if there were'na men eneugh in the castle, or as if I couldna serve the turn of ony o' them that are out o' the gate."

"Alas! Caleb, we should want little, if your ability were equal to your will," replied his master.

"And I hope your lordship disna want that muckle," said Caleb;

"for, considering a' things, I trust we support the credit of the family as weel as things will permit of.—only Bucklaw is aye sae frank and sae forward.—And there he has brought out your lordship's palfrey, without the saddle being decored wi' the broidered sumpter-cloth! and I could have brushed it in a minute."

"It is all very well," said his master, escaping from him, and descending the narrow and steep winding staircase, which led to the court-yard.

"It *may* be a' very weel," said Caleb, somewhat peevishly; "but if your lordship wad tarry a bit, I will tell you what will *not* be very weel."

"And what is that?" said Ravenswood, impatiently, but stopping at the same time.

"Why, just that ye suld speer ony gentleman hame to dinner; for I canna mak anither fast on a feast day, as when I cam ower Bucklaw wi' Queen Margaret—and, to speak truth, if your lordship wad but please to cast yourself in the way of dining wi' Lord Bittlebrains, I'se warrand I wad cast about brawly for the morn; or if, stead o' that, ye wad but ding wi' them at the change-house, ye might mak your shift for the lawing: ye might say ye had forgot your purse—or that the carline awed ye rent, and that ye wad allow it in the settlement."

"Or any other lie that came uppermost, I suppose?" said his master. "Good by, Caleb; I commend your care for the honour of the family." And, throwing himself on his horse, he followed Bucklaw, who, at the manifest risk of his neck, had begun to gallop down the steep path which led from the tower, as soon as he saw Ravenswood have his foot in the stirrup.

Caleb Balderston looked anxiously after them, and shook his thin grey locks—"And I trust that they will come to no evil—but they have reached the plain, and folk cannot say but that the horse are hearty and in spirits."

Animated by the natural impetuosity and fire of his temper, young Bucklaw rushed on with the careless speed of a whirlwind. Ravenswood was scarce more moderate in his pace, for his was a mind unwillingly roused from contemplative inactivity, but which, when once put into motion, acquired a spirit of forcible and violent progression. Neither was his eagerness proportioned in all cases to the motive of impulse, but might be compared to the speed of a stone, which rushes with like fury down the hill, whether it was first put in motion by the arm of a giant or the hand of a boy. He felt, therefore, in no ordinary degree, the headlong impulse of the chase, a pastime so natural to youth of all ranks, that it seems rather to be an inherent passion in our animal nature, which levels all differences of rank and education, than an acquired habit of rapid exercise.

The repeated bursts of the French horn, which was then always used for the encouragement and direction of the hounds—the deep, though distant baying of the pack—the half-heard cries of the huntsmen—the half-seen forms which were discovered, now emerging from glens which crossed the moor, now sweeping over its surface, now picking their way where it was impeded by morass—and, above all, the feeling of his own rapid motion, animated the Master of Ravenswood, at least for the moment, above the recollections of a more painful

nature by which he was surrounded. The first thing which recalled him to those unpleasing circumstances, was feeling that his horse, notwithstanding all the advantages which he received from his rider's knowledge of the country, was unable to keep up with the chase. As he drew his bridle up with the bitter feeling, that his poverty excluded him from the favourite recreation of his forefathers, and indeed, their sole employment when not engaged in military pursuits, he was accosted by a well-mounted stranger, who, unobserved, had kept near him during the earlier part of his career.

"Your horse is blown," said the man, with a complaisance seldom used in a hunting-field. "Might I crave your honour to make use of mine?"

"Sir," said Ravenswood, more surprised than pleased at such a proposal, "I really do not know how I have merited such a favour at a stranger's hands."

"Never ask a question about it, Master," said Bucklaw, who, with great unwillingness, had hitherto reined in his own gallant steed, not to outride his host and entertainer. "Take the goods the gods provide you, as the great John Dryden says—or stay—here, my friend, lend me that horse; I see you have been puzzled, to rein him up this half hour. I'll take the devil out of him for you. Now, Master, do you ride mine, which will carry you like an eagle."

And throwing the rein of his own horse to the Master of Ravenswood, he sprung upon that which the stranger resigned to him, and continued his career at full speed.

"Was ever so thoughtless a being!" said the Master; "and you, my friend, how could you trust him with your horse?"

"The horse," said the man, "belongs to a person who will make your honour, or any of your honourable friends, most welcome to him, flesh and fell."

"And the owner's name is ——?" asked Ravenswood.

"Your honour must excuse me, you will learn that from himself.—If you please to take your friend's horse, and leave me your galloway, I will meet you after the fall of the stag, for I hear they are blowing him at bay."

"I believe, my friend, it will be the best way to recover your good horse for you," answered Ravenswood; and mounting the nag of his friend Bucklaw, he made all the haste in his power to the spot where the blast of the horn announced that the stag's career was nearly terminated.

These jovial sounds were intermixed with the huntsmen's shouts of "Hyke a Talbot! Hyke a Teviot! now, boys, now!" and similar cheering halloos of the olden hunting-field, to which the impatient yelling of the hounds, now close on the object of their pursuit, gave a lively and unremitting chorus. The straggling riders beg n now to rally towards the scene of action, collecting from different points as to a common centre.

Bucklaw kept the start which he had gotten, and arrived first at the spot, where the stag, incapable of sustaining a more prolonged flight, had turned upon the hounds, and, in the hunter's phrase, was at bay. With his stately head bent down, his sides white with foam, his eyes

strained betwixt rage and terror, the hunted animal had now in his turn become an object of intimidation to his pursuers. The hunters came up one by one, and watched an opportunity to assail him with some advantage, which, in such circumstances, can only be done with caution. The dogs stood aloof and bayed loudly, intimating at once eagerness and fear, and each of the sportsmen seemed to expect that his comrade would take upon him the perilous task of assaulting and disabling the animal. The ground, which was a hollow in the common or moor, afforded little advantage for approaching the stag unobserved; and general was the shout of triumph when Bucklaw, with the dexterity proper to an accomplished cavalier of the day, sprang from his horse, and dashing suddenly and swiftly at the stag, brought him to the ground by a cut on the hind leg with his short hunting-sword. The pack, rushing in upon their disabled enemy, soon ended his painful struggles, and solemnised his fall with their clamour—the hunters, with their horns and voices, whooping and blowing a *mort*, or death-note, which resounded far over the billows of the adjacent ocean.

The huntsman then withdrew the hounds from the throttled stag, and on his knee presented his knife to a fair female form, on a white palfrey, whose terror, or perhaps her compassion, had till then kept her at some distance. She wore a black silk riding-mask, which was then a common fashion, as well for preserving the complexion from sun and rain, as from an idea of decorum, which did not permit a lady to appear barefaced while engaged in a boisterous sport, and attended by a promiscuous company. The richness of her dress, however, as well as the mettle and form of her palfrey, together with the silvan compliment paid to her by the huntsman, pointed her out to Bucklaw as the principal person in the field. It was not without a feeling of pity, approaching even to contempt, that this enthusiastic hunter observed her refuse the huntsman's knife, presented to her for the purpose of making the first incision in the stag's breast, and thereby discovering the quality of the venison. He felt more than half inclined to pay his compliments to her; but it had been Bucklaw's misfortune, that his habits of life had not rendered him familiarly acquainted with the higher and better classes of female society, so that, with all his natural audacity, he felt sheepish and bashful when it became necessary to address a lady of distinction.

Taking unto himself heart of grace (to use his own phrase), he did at length summon up resolution enough to give the fair huntress good time of the day, and trust that her sport had answered her expectation. Her answer was very courteously and modestly expressed, and testified some gratitude to the gallant cavalier, whose exploit had terminated the chase so adroitly, when the hounds and huntsmen seemed somewhat at a stand.

"Uds daggers and scabbard, madam," said Bucklaw, whom this observation brought at once upon his own ground, "there is no difficulty or merit in that matter at all, so that a fellow is not too much afraid of having a pair of antlers in his guts. I have hunted at force five hundred times, madam; and I never yet saw the stag at bay, by land or water, but I durst have gone roundly in on him. It is all use

and wont, madam; and I'll tell you, madam, for all that, it must be done with good heed and caution: and you will do well, madam, to have your hunting-sword both right sharp and double-edged, that you may strike either fore-handed or back-handed, as you see need, for a hurt with a buck's horn is a perilous and somewhat venomous matter."

"I am afraid, sir," said the young lady, and her smile was somewhat concealed by her vizard, "I shall have little use for such careful preparation."

"But the gentleman says very right for all that, my lady," said the old huntsman, who had been two Bucklaws's bairns(one with his second edification), "and I have heard my father say, who was a forester at the Cabrach, that a wild boar's gash was more easily healed than a hurt from the deer's horn, for so say the old woodmen's rhyme, —

> 'If thou be hurt with horn of hart, it brings thee to thy bier;
> But tusk of boar shall leeches heal—thereof have lesser fear.'"

"An I might advise," continued Buckhaw, who was now in his element, and desirous of assuming the whole management, "as the hounds are surbated and weary, the head of the stag should be cabaged in order to reward them; and if I may presume to speak, the huntsman, who is to break up the stag, ought to drink to your good lady-ship's health a good mighty bicker of ale, or a tass of brandy; for he breaks unto up without drinking, the venison will not keep well."

This very agreeable prescription received, as was readily to be, all acceptation from the functionary, who, in requital, offered to perform the complimentary office with his knife, which the young lady had declined. This polite proffer was seconded by his mistress.

"I believe, sir," she said, withdrawing herself from the circle, "that my father, for whose amusement Lord Ringwood hounds have been out to-day, will readily arrange all care of these matters to a gentleman of your experience."

Then, having gracefully drawn her horse, she with a few quiet words, and attended by one or two domestics, who seemed to be immediately attached to her service, retired from the circle of those which lived, [illegible] with an appropriate share of his woodcraft to [illegible] with [illegible] fellow, but who was [illegible] with [illegible] naked arm up to the elbows in blood and grease, slashing, cutting, hacking, and hewing, with the precision of Sir Tristrem, himself, at wrenching and disjointing with all around him [illegible] broken, flankers, and raven-bone, then usual terms of the art of hunting, or of butchery, which ever the reader chooses to call it, which are now probably antiquated.

When Ravenswood, who followed a short space behind his friend, saw that the stag had fallen, his temporary ardour for the chase gave way to that feeling of reluctance which he endured, at present, owning in his fallen frames the gaze whether of equals or inferiors. He reined up his horse on the top of a gentle eminence, from which he observed the busy and gay scene beneath him, and heard the whoops of the huntsmen gaily mingled with the cry of the dogs, and the

neighing and trampling of the horses. But these jovial sounds fell sadly on the ear of the ruined nobleman. The chase, with all its train of excitations, has ever since feudal times been accounted the almost exclusive privilege of the aristocracy, and was anciently their chief employment in times of peace. The sense that he was excluded by his situation from enjoying the silvan sport, which his rank assigned to him as a special prerogative, and the feeling that new men were now exercising it over the downs, which had been jealously reserved by his ancestors for their own amusement, while he, the Lord of the domain, was fain to hold himself at a distance from their party, awakened reflections calculated to depress deeply a mind like Ravenswood's, which was naturally contemplative and melancholy. His pride, however, soon shook off this feeling of dejection, and it gave way to impatience upon finding that his volatile friend Bucklaw seemed in no hurry to return with his borrowed steed, which Ravenswood, before leaving the field, wished to see restored to the obliging owner. As he was about to move towards the group of assembled huntsmen, he was joined by a horseman, who like himself had kept aloof during the fall of the deer.

This personage seemed stricken in years. He wore a scarlet cloak, buttoning high upon his face, and his hat was unlooped and slouched, probably by way of defence against the weather. His horse, a strong and steady palfrey, was calculated for a rider who proposed to witness the sport of the day, rather than to share it. An attendant waited at some distance, and the whole equipment was that of an elderly gentleman of rank and fashion. He accosted Ravenswood very politely, but not without some embarrassment.

"You seem a gallant young gentleman, sir," he said, "and yet appear as indifferent to this brave sport as if you had my load of years on your shoulders."

"I have followed the sport with more spirit on other occasions," replied the Master; "at present, late events in my family must be my apology—and besides," he added, "I was but indifferently mounted at the beginning of the sport."

"I think," said the stranger, "one of my attendants had the means to accommodate your friend with a horse."

"I was much indebted to his politeness and yours," replied Ravenswood. "My friend is Mr Hayston of the Bush, whom I dare say you will be sure to find in the thick of the hottest sport-ance. He will return your servant's horse, and take my nearly in exchange—and will add," he concluded, turning his horse's head from the stranger, "his best acknowledgements to mine for the accommodation."

The Master of Ravenswood having thus expressed himself, began to move homeward, with the manner of one who has taken leave of his company. But the stranger was not so to be shaken off. He turned his horse at the same time, and rode in the same direction so near to the Master, that, without outriding him, which the formal civility of the time, and the respect due to the stranger's age and recent civility, would have rendered improper, he could not easily escape from his company.

The stranger did not long remain silent. "This, then," he said, "is the ancient Castle of Wolf's Crag, often mentioned in the Scottish records," looking to the old tower, then darkening under the influence of a stormy cloud, that formed its background: for at the distance of a short mile, the chase, having been circuitous, had brought the hunters nearly back to the point which they had attained, when Ravenswood and Bucklaw had set forward to join them.

Ravenswood answered this observation with a cold and distant assent.

"It was, as I have heard," continued the stranger, unabashed by his coldness, "one of the most early possessions of the honourable family of Ravenswood."

"Their earliest possession," answered the Master, "and probably their latest."

"I—I—I should hope not, sir," answered the stranger, clearing his voice with more than one cough, and making an effort to overcome a certain degree of hesitation. "Scotland knows what she owes to this ancient family, and remembers their frequent and honourable achievements. I have little doubt, that, were it properly represented to her majesty, that so ancient and noble a family were subjected to dilapidation—I mean to decay—means might be found *ad re-ædificandum antiquam domum*—"

"I will save you the trouble, sir, of discussing this point farther," interrupted the Master, haughtily. "I am the heir of that unfortunate house—I am the Master of Ravenswood. And you, sir, who seem to be a gentleman of fashion and education, must be sensible, that the next mortification after being unhappy, is the being loaded with undesired commiseration."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the elder horseman—"I did not know—I am sensible I ought not to have mentioned—nothing could be farther from my thoughts than to suppose——"

"There are no apologies necessary, sir," answered Ravenswood, "for here, I suppose, our roads separate, and I assure you that we part in perfect equanimity on my side."

As speaking these words, he directed his horse's head towards a narrow causeway, the ancient approach to Wolf's Crag, of which it might be truly said, in the words of the Bard of Hope, that

> "Frequented by few was the grass-cover'd road,
> Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
> To his hills that encircle the sea."

But, ere he could disengage himself from his companion, the young lady we have already mentioned came up to join the stranger, followed by her servants.

"Daughter," said the stranger to the masked damsel, "this is the Master of Ravenswood."

It would have been natural that the gentleman should have replied to this introduction; but there was something in the graceful form and retiring modesty of the female to whom he was thus presented, which not only prevented him from inquiring to whom, and by whom, the annunciation had been made, but which even for the time struck him absolutely mute. At this moment the cloud which had long

lowered above the height on which Wolf's Crag is situated, and which now, as it advanced, spread itself in darker and denser folds both over land and sea, hiding the distant objects, and obscuring those which were nearer, turning the sea to a leaden complexion, and the heath to a darker brown, began now, by one or two distant peals, to announce the thunders with which it was fraught; while two flashes of lightning, following each other very closely, showed in the distance the grey turrets of Wolf's Crag, and, more nearly, the rolling billows of the ocean, crested suddenly with red and dazzling light.

The horse of the fair huntress showed symptoms of impatience and restiveness, and it became impossible for Ravenswood, as a man or a gentleman, to leave her abruptly to the care of an aged father or her menial attendants. He was, or believed himself, obliged in courtesy to take hold of her bridle, and assist her in managing the unruly animal. While he was thus engaged, the old gentleman observed that the storm seemed to increase—that they were far from Lord Bittlebrains', whose guests they were for the present—and that he would be obliged to the Master of Ravenswood to point him the way to the nearest place of refuge from the storm. At the same time he cast a wistful and embarrassed look towards the Tower of Wolf's Crag, which seemed to render it almost impossible for the owner to avoid offering an old man and a lady, in such an emergency, the temporary use of his house. Indeed, the condition of the young huntress made this courtesy indispensable; for, in the course of the services which he rendered, he could not but perceive that she trembled much, and was extremely agitated, from her apprehensions, doubtless, of the coming storm.

I know not if the Master of Ravenswood shared her terrors, but he was not entirely free from something like a similar disorder of nerves, as he observed. "The Tower of Wolf's Crag has nothing to offer beyond the shelter of its roof, but if that can be acceptable at such a moment—" he paused, as if the rest of the invitation stuck in his throat. But the old gentleman, his self-constituted companion, did not allow him to recede from the invitation, which he had rather suffered to be implied than directly expressed.

"The storm," said the stranger, "must be an apology for waving ceremony—his daughter's health was weak—she had suffered much from a recent alarm—he trusted their intrusion on the Master of Ravenswood's hospitality would not be altogether unpardonable in the circumstances of the case—his child's safety must be dearer to him than ceremony."

There was no room to retreat. The Master of Ravenswood led the way, continuing to keep hold of the lady's bridle to prevent her horse from starting at some unexpected explosion of thunder. He was not so bewildered in his own hurried reflections, but that he remarked, that the deadly paleness which had occupied her neck and temples, and such of her features as the riding-mask left exposed, gave place to a deep and rosy suffusion; and he felt with embarrassment that a flush was by tacit sympathy excited in his own cheeks. The stranger, with watchfulness which he disguised under apprehensions for the safety of his daughter, continued to observe the expres-

sion of the Master's countenance as they ascended the hill to Wolf's Crag. When they stood in front of that ancient fortress, Ravenswood's emotions were of a very complicated description; and as he led the way into the rude court-yard, and halloo'd to Caleb to give attendance, there was a tone of sternness, almost of fierceness, which seemed somewhat alien from the courtesies of one who is receiving honoured guests.

Caleb came; and not the paleness of the fair stranger at the first approach of the tempest, nor the paleness of any other person, in any other circumstances whatever, equalled that which overcame the thin cheeks of the disconsolate seneschal, when he beheld this accession of guests to the castle, and reflected that the dinner hour was fast approaching. "Is he daft?" he muttered to himself, — "is he clean daft a'thegither, to bring lords and ladies, and a' kind of folk behint them, and twal-o-clock chappit?" Then approaching the Master, he craved pardon for having permitted the rest of his people to go out to see the hunt, observing, that "they wad never think of his lordship coming back till mirk night, and that he dreaded they might play the truant."

"Silence, Balderston!" said Ravenswood, sternly; "your folly is unseasonable. Sir and madam," he said, turning to his guests, "this old man, and a yet older and more imbecile female domestic, form my whole retinue. Our means of refreshing you are more scanty than even so miserable a retinue, and a mansion so dilapidated, might seem to promise you; but, such as they may chance to be, you may command them."

The elder stranger, struck with the ruined and even savage appearance of the Tower, rendered still more desolate by the lowering and gloomy sky, and perhaps not altogether unmoved by the grave and determined voice in which their host announced them, looked round him anxiously, as if he half repented the readiness with which he had accepted the offered hospitality. But there was now no opportunity of receding from the situation in which he had placed himself.

As for Caleb, he was so utterly stunned by his master's public and unqualified acknowledgment of the nakedness of the land, that for two minutes he could only mutter within his hebdomadal beard, which had not felt the razor for six days, "He's daft—clean daft—red wud and awa wi't! But deil hae Caleb Balderston," said he, collecting his powers of invention and resource, "if the family shall lose credit, if he were as mad as the seven wise masters!" He then boldly advanced and in spite of his master's frowns and impatience, gravely asked, "if he should not serve up some slight refection for the young leddy, and a glass of tokay, or old sack—or——"

"Truce to this ill-timed foolery," said the Master, sternly, —"put the horses into the stable, and interrupt us no more with your absurdities."

"Your honour's pleasure is to be obeyed aboon a' things," said Caleb; "nevertheless, as for the sack and tokay, which it is not your noble guest's pleasure to accept——"

But here the voice of Bucklaw, heard even above the clattering of

hoofs and braying of horns with which it mingled, announced that he was scaling the pathway to the Tower at the head of the greater part of the gallant hunting train.

"The deil be in me," said Caleb, taking heart in spite of this new invasion of Philistines, "if they shall beat me yet! The hellicat ne'er-do-weel! — to bring such a crew here, that will expect to find brandy as plenty as ditch water, and he kenning sae absolutely the case in whilk we stand for the present! But I trow, could I get rid of these gaping gowks of duddies that hae won into the court-yard at the back of their betters, as mony a man gets preferment, I could make a' right yet."

The measures which he took to execute this dauntless resolution, the reader shall learn in the next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

With throat unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard him call:
Gramercy they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they had been drinking all!
COLERIDGE'S "*Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*"

HAYSTON of Bucklaw was one of the thoughtless class who never hesitate between their friend and their jest. When it was announced that the principal persons of the chase had taken their route towards Wolf's Crag, the huntsmen, as a point of civility, offered to transfer the venison to that mansion: a proffer which was readily accepted by Bucklaw, who thought much of the astonishment which their arrival in full body would occasion poor old Caleb Balderston, and very little of the dilemma to which he was about to expose his friend the Master, so ill circumstanced to receive such a party. But in old Caleb he had to do with a crafty and alert antagonist, prompt at supplying, upon all emergencies, evasions and excuses suitable, as he thought, to the dignity of the family.

"Praise be blest!" said Caleb, to himself, "ae leaf of the muckle gate has been swung to wi' yestreen's wind, and I think I can manage to shut the ither."

But he was desirous, like a prudent governor, at the same time, to get rid, if possible, of the internal enemy, in which light he considered almost every one who ate and drank, ere he took measures to exclude those whom their jocund noise now pronounced to be near at hand. He waited, therefore, with impatience until his master had shown his two principal guests into the Tower, and then commenced his operations.

"I think," he said to the stranger menials, "that as they are bringing the stag's head to the castle in all honour, we, who are in-dwellers, should receive them at the gate."

The unwary grooms had no sooner hurried out, in compliance with this insidious hint, than, one folding-door of the ancient gate being

already closed by the wind, as has been already intimated, honest Caleb lost no time in shutting the other with a clang, which resounded from donjon vault to battlement. Having thus secured the pass, he forthwith indulged the excluded huntsmen in brief parley, from a small projecting window, or shot-hole, through which, in former days, the warders were wont to reconnoitre those who presented themselves before the gates. He gave them to understand, in a short and pithy speech, that the gate of the castle was never on any account opened during meal-times—that his honour, the Master of Ravenswood, and some guests of quality, had just sat down to dinner—that there was excellent brandy at the hostler-wife's at Wolf's-hope down below—and he held out some obscure hint that the reckoning would be discharged by the Master; but this was uttered in a very dubious and oracular strain, for, like Louis XIV., Caleb Balderston hesitated to carry finesse so far as direct falsehood, and was content to deceive, if possible, without directly lying.

This announciation was received with surprise by some, with laughter by others, and with dismay by the expelled lackeys, who endeavoured to demonstrate that their right of re-admission, for the purpose of waiting upon their master and mistress, was at least indisputable. But Caleb was not in a humour to understand or admit any distinctions. He stuck to his original proposition with that dogged, but convenient pertinacity, which is armed against all conviction, and deaf to all reasoning. Bucklaw now came from the rear of the party, and demanded admittance in a very angry tone. But the resolution of Caleb was immovable.

"If the king on the throne were at the gate," he declared, "his ten fingers should never open it contrair to the established use and wont of the family of Ravenswood, and his duty as their head-servant."

Bucklaw was now extremely incensed, and with more oaths and curses than we care to repeat, declared himself most unworthily treated, and demanded peremptorily to speak with the Master of Ravenswood himself. But to this, also, Caleb turned a deaf ear.

"He's as soon a-bleeze as a tap of tow the lad Bucklaw," he said, "but the deil of ony master's face he shall see till he has sleepit and waken'd on't. He'll ken himsell better the morn's morning. It set the like o' him to be bringing a crew of drunken hunters here, when he kens there is but little preparation to sloken his ain drought." And he disappeared from the window, leaving them all to digest their exclusion as they best might.

But another person, of whose presence Caleb, in the animation of the debate, was not aware, had listened in silence to its progress. This was the principal domestic of the stranger—a man of trust and consequence—the same who, in the hunting-field, had accommodated Bucklaw with the use of his horse. He was in the stable when Caleb had contrived the expulsion of his fellow-servants, and thus avoided sharing the same fate from which his personal importance would certainly not have otherwise saved him.

This personage perceived the manœuvre of Caleb, easily appreciated the motive of his conduct, and knowing his master's intention towards the family of Ravenswood, had no difficulty as to the line

conduct he ought to adopt. He took the place of Caleb (unperceived by the latter) at the post of audience which he had just left, and announced to the assembled domestics, "that it was his master's pleasure that Lord Bittlebrains' retinue and his own should go down to the adjacent change-house, and call for what refreshments they might have occasion for, and he should take care to discharge the lawing."

The jolly troop of huntsmen retired from the inhospitable gate of Wolf's Crag, execrating, as they descended the steep path-way, the niggard and unworthy disposition of the proprietor, and damning, with more than silvan license, both the castle and its inhabitants. Bucklaw, with many qualities which would have made him a man of worth and judgment in more favourable circumstances, had been so utterly neglected in point of education, that he was apt to think and feel according to the ideas of the companions of his pleasures. The praises which had recently been heaped upon himself he contrasted with the general abuse now levelled against Ravenswood: he recalled to his mind the dull and monotonous days he had spent in the Tower of Wolf's Crag, compared with the joviality of his usual life—he felt, with great indignation, his exclusion from the castle, which he considered as a gross affront, and every mingled feeling led him to break off the union which he had formed with the Master of Ravenswood.

On arriving at the change-house of the village of Wolf's-hope, he unexpectedly met with an old acquaintance just alighting from his horse. This was no other than the very respectable Captain Craigengelt, who immediately came up to him, and, without appearing to retain any recollection of the indifferent terms on which they had parted, shook him by the hand in the warmest manner possible. A warm grasp of the hand was what Bucklaw could never help returning with cordiality, and no sooner had Craigengelt felt the pressure of his fingers than he knew the terms on which he stood with him.

"Long life to you, Bucklaw!" he exclaimed; "there's life for honest folk in this bad world yet!"

The Jacobites at this period, with what propriety I know not, used, it must be noticed, the term of *honest men* as peculiarly descriptive of their own party.

"Ay, and for others besides, it seems," answered Bucklaw; "otherways, how came you to venture hither, noble Captain?"

"Who—I?—I am as free as the wind at Martinmas, that pays neither land-rent nor annual; all is explained—all settled with the honest old drivellers yonder of Auld Reekie—Pooh! pooh! they dared not keep me a week of days in durance. A certain person has better friends among them than you wot of, and can serve a friend when it is least likely."

"Pshaw!" answered Hayston, who perfectly knew and thoroughly despised the character of this man, "none of your cogging gibberish—tell me truly, are you at liberty and in safety?"

"Free and safe as a whig bailie on the causeway of his own borough, or a canting Presbyterian minister in his own pulpit—and I came to tell you that you need not remain in hiding any longer."

"Then I suppose you call yourself my friend, Captain Craigengelt?" said Bucklaw.

"Friend?" replied Craigengelt, "my cock of the pit! why, I am the very Achates, man, as I have heard scholars say—hand and glove—bark and tree—thine to life and death!"

"I'll try that in a moment," answered Bucklaw. "Thou art never without money, however thou comest by it. Lend me two pieces to wash the dust out of these honest fellows' throats in the first place, and then——"

"Two pieces! twenty are at thy service, my lad—and twenty to back them."

"Ay—say you so?" said Bucklaw, pausing, for his natural penetration led him to suspect some extraordinary motive lay couched under such an excess of generosity. "Craigengelt, you are either an honest fellow in right good earnest, and I scarce know how to believe that—or you are cleverer than I took you for, and I scarce know how to believe that either."

"*L'un n'empeche pas l'autre*," said Craigengelt, "touch and try—the gold is good as ever was weighed."

He put a quantity of gold pieces into Bucklaw's hand, which he thrust into his pocket without either counting or looking at them, only observing, "that he was so circumstanced that he must enlist, though the devil offered the press-money;" and then turning to the huntsmen, he called out, "Come along, my lads—all is at my cost."

"Long life to Bucklaw!" shouted the men of the chase.

"And confusion to him that takes his share of the sport, and leaves the hunters as dry as a drumhead," added another, by way of corollary.

"The house of Ravenswood was ance a gude and an honourable house, in this land," said an old man, "but it's lost its credit this day, and the Master has shown himself no better than a greedy cullion."

And with this conclusion, which was unanimously agreed to by all who heard it, they rushed tumultuously into the house of entertainment, where they revelled till a late hour. The jovial temper of Bucklaw seldom permitted him to be nice in the choice of his associates; and on the present occasion, when his joyous debauch received additional zest from the intervention of an unusual space of sobriety, and almost abstinence, he was as happy in leading the revels, as if his comrades had been sons of princes. Craigengelt had his own purposes, in fooling him up to the top of his bent; and having some low humour, much impudence, and the power of singing a good song, understanding besides thoroughly the disposition of his regained associate, he readily succeeded in involving him bumper deeper in the festivity of the meeting.

A very different scene was in the meantime passing in the Tower of Wolf's Crag. When the Master of Ravenswood left the courtyard, too much busied with his own perplexed reflections to pay attention to the manœuvre of Caleb, he ushered his guests into the great hall of the castle.

The indefatigable Balderston, who, from choice or habit, worked on

from morning to night, had, by degrees, cleared this desolate apartment of the confused relics of the funeral banquet, and restored it to some order. But not all his skill and labour, in disposing to advantage the little furniture which remained, could remove the dark and discoloured appearance of those ancient and disfurnished walls. The narrow windows, flanked by deep incentures into the wall, seemed formed rather to exclude than to admit the cheerful light; and the heavy and gloomy appearance of the thunder-sky added still farther to the obscurity.

As Ravenswood, with the grace of a gallant of that period, but not without a certain stiffness and constraint of manner, handed the young lady to the upper end of the apartment, her father remained standing more near to the door, as if about to disengage himself from his hat and cloak. At this moment the clang of the portal was heard, a sound at which the stranger started, stepped hastily to the window, and looked with an air of alarm at Ravenswood, when he saw that the gate of the court was shut, and his domestics excluded.

"You have nothing to fear, sir," said Ravenswood, gravely; "this roof retains the means of giving protection, though not welcome. Methinks," he added, "it is time that I should know who they are that have thus highly honoured my ruined dwelling!"

The young lady remained silent and motionless, and the father, to whom the question was more directly addressed, seemed in the situation of a performer who has ventured to take upon himself a part which he finds himself unable to present, and who comes to a pause when it is most to be expected that he should speak. While he endeavoured to cover his embarrassment with the exterior ceremonials of a well-bred demeanour, it was obvious, that in making his bow, one foot shuffled forward as if to advance—the other backward, as if with the purpose of escape—and as he undid the cape of his coat, and raised his beaver from his face, his fingers fumbled as if the one had been linked with rusted iron, or the other had weighed equal with a stone of lead. The darkness of the sky seemed to increase, as if to supply the want of those mufflings which he laid aside with such evident reluctance. The impatience of Ravenswood increased also in proportion to the delay of the stranger, and he appeared to struggle under agitation, though probably from a very different cause. He laboured to restrain his desire to speak, while the stranger, to all appearance, was at a loss for words to express what he felt it necessary to say. At length Ravenswood's impatience broke the bound he had imposed upon it.

"I perceive," he said, "that Sir William Ashton is unwilling to announce himself in the Castle of Wolf's Crag."

"I had hoped it was unnecessary," said the Lord Keeper, relieved from his silence, as a spectre by the voice of the exorcist; "and I am obliged to you, Master of Ravenswood, for breaking the ice at once, where circumstances—unhappy circumstances, let me call them—rendered self-introduction peculiarly awkward."

"And am I not, then," said the Master of Ravenswood, gravely, "to consider the honour of this visit as purely accidental?"

"Let us distinguish a little," said the Keeper, assuming an appearance of ease which perhaps his heart was a stranger to: "this is an honour which I have eagerly desired for some time, but which I might never have obtained, save for the accident of the storm. My daughter and I are alike grateful for this opportunity of thanking the brave man, to whom she owes her life and I mine."

The hatred which divided the great families in the feudal times had lost little of its bitterness, though it no longer expressed itself in deeds of open violence. Not the feelings which Ravenswood had begun to entertain towards Lucy Ashton, not the hospitality due to his guests, were able entirely to subdue, though they warmly combated, the deep passions which arose within him, at beholding his father's foe standing in the hall of the family of which he had in a great measure accelerated the ruin. His looks glanced from the father to the daughter with an irresolution, of which Sir William Ashton did not think it proper to await the conclusion. He had now disembarrassed himself of his riding-dress, and walking up to his daughter, he undid the fastening of her mask.

"Lucy, my love," he said, raising her and leading her towards Ravenswood, "lay aside your mask, and let us express our gratitude to the Master openly and barefaced."

"If he will condescend to accept it," was all that Lucy uttered; but in a tone so sweetly modulated, and which seemed to imply at once a feeling and a forgiving of the cold reception to which they were exposed, that, coming from a creature so innocent and so beautiful, her words cut Ravenswood to the very heart for his harshness. He muttered something of surprise, something of confusion, and ending with a warm and eager expression of his happiness at being able to afford her shelter under his roof, he saluted her, as the ceremonial of the time enjoined upon such occasions. Their cheeks had touched and were withdrawn from each other—Ravenswood had not quitted the hand which he had taken in kindly courtesy—a blush, which attached more consequence by far than was usual to such ceremony, still mantled on Lucy Ashton's beautiful cheek, when the apartment was suddenly illuminated by a flash of lightning, which seemed absolutely to swallow the darkness of the hall. Every object might have been for an instant seen distinctly. The slight and half-sinking form of Lucy Ashton, the well-proportioned and stately figure of Ravenswood, his dark features, and the fiery, yet irresolute expression of his eyes,—the old arms and escutcheons which hung on the walls of the apartment, were for an instant distinctly visible to the Keeper by a strong red brilliant glare of light. Its disappearance was almost instantly followed by a burst of thunder, for the storm-cloud was very near the castle; and the peal was so sudden and dreadful, that the old tower rocked to its foundation, and every inmate concluded it was falling upon them. The soot, which had not been disturbed for centuries, showered down the huge tunnelled chimneys—lime and dust flew in clouds from the wall; and, whether the lightning had actually struck the castle, or whether, through the violent concussion of the air, several heavy stones were hurled from the mouldering battlements into the roaring sea beneath, it might

seem as if the ancient founder of the castle were bestriding the thunderstorm, and proclaiming his displeasure at the reconciliation of his descendant with the enemy of his house.

The consternation was general, and it required the efforts of both the Lord Keeper and Ravenswood to keep Lucy from fainting. Thus was the Master a second time engaged in the most delicate and dangerous of all tasks, that of affording support to a beautiful and helpless being, who, as seen before in a similar situation, had already become a favourite of his imagination, both when awake and when slumbering. If the Genius of the House really condemned a union betwixt the Master and his fair guest, the means by which he expressed his sentiments were as unhappily chosen as if he had been a mere mortal. The train of little attentions, absolutely necessary to soothe the young lady's mind, and aid her in composing her spirits, necessarily threw the Master of Ravenswood into such an intercourse with her father, as was calculated, for the moment at least, to break down the barrier of feudal enmity which divided them. To express himself churlishly, or even coldly, towards an old man, whose daughter (and *such* a daughter) lay before them, overpowered with natural terror — and all this under his own roof — the thing was impossible; and by the time that Lucy, extending a hand to each, was able to thank them for their kindness, the Master felt that his sentiments of hostility towards the Lord Keeper were by no means those most predominant in his bosom.

The weather, her state of health, the absence of her attendants, all prevented the possibility of Lucy Ashton renewing her journey to Bittlebrains-House, which was full five miles distant; and the Master of Ravenswood could not but, in common courtesy, offer the shelter of his roof for the rest of the day and for the night. But a flush of less soft expression, a look much more habitual to his features, resumed predominance when he mentioned how meanly he was provided for the entertainment of his guests.

"Do not mention deficiencies," said the Lord Keeper, eager to interrupt him and prevent his resuming an alarming topic; "you are preparing to set out for the Continent, and your house is probably for the present unfurnished. All this we understand; but if you mention inconvenience, you will oblige us to seek accommodations in the hamlet."

As the Master of Ravenswood was about to reply, the door of the hall opened, and Caleb Balderston rushed in.

CHAPTER XI.

> Let them have meat enough, woman—half a hen;
> There be old rotten pilchards—put them off too;
> 'Tis but a little new anointing of them,
> And a strong onion, that confounds the savour
>
> *Love's Pilgrimage.*

The thunderbolt, which had stunned all who were within hearing of it, had only served to awaken the bold and inventive genius of the

flower of Majors-Domo. Almost before the clatter had ceased, and while there was yet scarce an assurance whether the castle was standing or falling, Caleb exclaimed, "Heavens be praised!—this comes to hand like the bowl of a pint-stoup." He then barred the kitchen door in the face of the Lord Keeper's servant, whom he perceived returning from the party at the gate, and muttering, "How the deil cam he in?—but deil mav care—Mysie, what are ye sitting shaking and greeting in the chimney-neuk for? Come here, or stay where ye are, and skirl as loud as ye can—it's a' ye're gude for—I say, ye auld deevil, skirl—skirl louder—louder, woman—gar the gentles hear ye in the ha'—I have heard ye as far off as the Bass for a less matter. And stay—down wi' that crockery—"

And with a sweeping blow, he threw down from a shelf some articles of pewter and earthenware. He exalted his voice amid the clatter, shouting and roaring in a manner which changed Mysie's hysterical terrors of the thunder into fears that her old fellow-servant was gone distracted. "He has dung down a' the bits o' pigs, too—the only thing we had left to haud a soup milk—and he has spilt the hatted kit that was for the Master's dinner. Mercy save us, the auld man's gaen clean and clear wud wi' the thunner!"

"Haud your tongue, ye b——!" said Caleb, in the impetuous and overbearing triumph of successful invention, "a's provided now—dinner and a' thing—the thunner's done a' in a clap of a hand!"

"Puir man, he's muckle astray," said Mysie, looking at him with a mixture of pity and alarm; "I wish he may ever come hame to himsell again."

"Here, ye auld doited deevil," said Caleb, still exulting in his extrication from a dilemma which had seemed insurmountable: "keep the strange man out of the kitchen—swear the thunner came down the chimney, and spoiled the best dinner ye ever dressed—beef—bacon—kid—lark—leveret—wild fowl—venison, and what not. Lay it on thick, and never mind expenses. I'll awa up to the ha'—make a' the confusion ye can—but be sure ye keep out the strange servant."

With these charges to his ally, Caleb posted up to the hall, but stopping to reconnoitre through an aperture, which time, for the convenience of many a domestic in succession, had made in the door, and perceiving the situation of Miss Ashton, he had prudence enough to make a pause, both to avoid adding to her alarm, and in order to secure attention to his account of the disastrous effects of the thunder.

But when he perceived that the lady was recovered, and heard the conversation turn upon the accommodation and refreshment which the castle afforded, he thought it time to burst into the room in the manner announced in the last chapter.

"Wull a' wins!—such a misfortune to befa' the house of Ravenswood, and I to live to see it!"

"What is the matter, Caleb?" said his master, somewhat alarmed in his turn: "has any part of the castle fallen?"

"Castle fa'an?—na, but the suite's fa'an, and the thunner's come right down the kitchen-lumm, and the things are a' lying here awa there awa, like the Laird o' Hotchpotch's lands—and wi' brave guest

CALEB SPOILING THE DINNER.

of honour and quality to entertain"—a low bow here to Sir William Ashton and his daughter—"and naething left in the house fit to present for dinner—or for supper either, for aught that I can see!"

"I verily believe you, Caleb," said Ravenswood drily.

Balderstone here turned to his master a half-upbraiding, half-imploring countenance, and edged towards him as he repeated, "It was nae great matter of preparation; but just something added to your honour's ordinary course of fare—*petty cover*, as they say at the Louvre—three courses and the fruit."

"Keep your intolerable nonsense to yourself, you old fool!" said Ravenswood, mortified at his officiousness, yet not knowing how to contradict him, without the risk of giving rise to scenes yet more ridiculous.

Caleb saw his advantage, and resolved to improve it. But first, observing that the Lord Keeper's servant entered the apartment, and spoke apart with his master, he took the same opportunity to whisper a few words into Ravenswood's ear—"Hand your tongue, for Heaven's sake sir—it is my pleasure to lauzd my ain sel in telling lees for the honour of the family, it's nae business o' yours—and if ye let me gang on quietly, I'se be moderate in my banquet; but if ye contradict me, deil but I dress ye a dinner fit for a duke!"

Ravenswood, in fact, thought it would be best to let his officious butler run on, who proceeded to enumerate upon his fingers—"No muckle provision might hae served four persons of honour,—first course, capons in white broth—roast kid—bacon with reverence,—second course, roasted leveret—butter crabs—a veal florentine,—third course, black-cock—it's black eneugh now wi' the sute—plum-damas—a tart—a flam—and some nonsense sweet things and comfits—and that's a'," he said, seeing the impatience of his master; "that's just a' was o't—forby the apples and pears."

Miss Ashton had by degrees gathered her spirits, so far as to pay some attention to what was going on: and observing the restrained impatience of Ravenswood, contrasted with the peculiar determination of manner with which Caleb detailed his imaginary banquet, the whole struck her as so ridiculous, that, despite every effort to the contrary, she burst into a fit of incontrollable laughter, in which she was joined by her father, though with more moderation, and finally by the Master of Ravenswood himself, though conscious that the jest was at his own expense. Their mirth—for a scene which we read with little emotion often appears extremely ludicrous to the spectators—made the old vault ring again. They ceased—they renewed—they ceased—they renewed again their shouts of laughter! Caleb, in the meantime, stood his ground with a grave, angry, and scornful dignity, which greatly enhanced the ridicule of the scene, and the mirth of the spectators.

At length, when the voices, and nearly the strength of the laughers, were exhausted, he exclaimed, with very little ceremony, "The deil's in the gentles! they breakfast sae lordly, that the loss of the best dinner ever cook put fingers to, makes them as merry as if it were the best jeest in a' George Buchanan. If there was as little in your

honours' wames, as there is in Caleb Balderston's, less caickling wad serve ye on sic a gravaminous subject."

Caleb's blunt expression of resentment again awakened the mirth of the company, which, by the way, he regarded not only as an aggression upon the dignity of the family, but a special contempt of the eloquence with which he himself had summed up the extent of their supposed losses; —"a description of a dinner," as he said afterwards to Mysie, "that wad hae made a fu' man hungry, and them to sit there laughing at it!"

"But," said Miss Ashton, composing her countenance as well as she could, "are all these delicacies so totally destroyed, that no scrap can be collected?"

"Collected, my leddy! what wad ye collect out of the sute and the ass? You may gang down yoursell, and look into our kitchen—the cookmaid in the trembling exies—the gude vivers laying a' about—beef—capons, and white broth—florentine and flams—bacon, wi' reverence, and a' the sweet confections and whim-whams? ye'll see them a', my leddy—that is," said he, correcting himself, "ye'll no see ony of them now, for the cook has soopit them up, as was weel her part; but you will see the white broth where it was spilt. I pat my fingers in it, and it tastes as like sour-milk as onything else; if that isna the effect of thunner, I kenna what is. This gentleman here couldna but hear the clash of our haill dishes, china and silver thegither?"

The Lord Keeper's domestic, though a statesman's attendant, and of course trained to command his countenance upon all occasions, was somewhat discomposed by this appeal, to which he only answered by a bow.

"I think, Mr Butler," said the Lord Keeper, who began to be afraid lest the prolongation of this scene should at length displease Ravenswood, "I think, that were you to retire with my servant Lockhard—he has travelled, and is quite accustomed to accidents and contingencies of every kind, and I hope betwixt you, you may find out some mode of supply at this emergency."

"His honour kens," said Caleb, who, however hopeless of himself of accomplishing what was desirable, would, like the high-spirited elephant, rather have died in the effort, than brooked the aid of a brother in commission, "his honour kens weel I need nae counsellor, when the honour of the house is concerned."

"I should be unjust if I denied it, Caleb," said his master; "but your art lies chiefly in making apologies, upon which we can no more dine, than upon the bill of fare of our thunder-blasted dinner. Now, possibly, Mr Lockhard's talent may consist in finding some substitute for that, which certainly is not, and has in all probability never been."

"Your honour is pleased to be facetious," said Caleb, "but I am sure, that for the warst, for a walk as far as Wolf's-hope, I could dine forty men, no that the folk there deserve your honour's custom. They hae been ill advised in the matter of the duty-eggs and butter, I winna deny that."

"Do go consult together," said the Master; "go down to the village,

and do the best you can. We must not let our guests remain without refreshment, to save the honour of a ruined family. And here, Caleb—take my purse; I believe that will prove your best ally."

"Purse? purse, indeed!" quoth Caleb, indignantly flinging out of the room,—"what suld I do wi' your honour's purse, on your ain grund? I trust we are no to pay for our ain?"

The servants left the hall; and the door was no sooner shut, than the Lord Keeper began to apologise for the rudeness of his mirth; and Lucy to hope she had given no pain nor offence to the kind-hearted faithful old man.

"Caleb and I must both learn, madam, to undergo with good humour, or at least with patience, the ridicule which everywhere attaches itself to poverty."

"You do yourself injustice, Master of Ravenswood, on my word of honour," answered his elder guest. "I believe I know more of your affairs than you do yourself, and I hope to show you, that I am interested in them; and that—in short, that your prospects are better than you apprehend. In the meantime, I can conceive nothing so respectable, as the spirit which rises above misfortune, and prefers honourable privations to debt or dependence."

Whether from fear of offending the delicacy, or awakening the pride of the Master, the Lord Keeper made these allusions with an appearance of fearful and hesitating reserve, and seemed to be afraid that he was intruding too far, in venturing to touch, however lightly, upon such a topic, even when the Master had led to it. In short, he appeared at once pushed on by his desire of appearing friendly, and held back by the fear of intrusion. It was no wonder that the Master of Ravenswood, little acquainted as he then was with life, should have given this consummate courtier credit for more sincerity than was probably to be found in a score of his cast. He answered, however, with reserve, that he was indebted to all who might think well of him; and, apologising to his guests, he left the hall, in order to make such arrangements for their entertainment as circumstances admitted.

Upon consulting with old Mysie, the accommodations for the night were easily completed, as indeed they admitted of little choice. The Master surrendered his apartment for the use of Miss Ashton, and Mysie (once a person of consequence), dressed in a black satin gown which had belonged of yore to the Master's grandmother, and had figured in the court-balls of Henrietta Maria, went to attend her as lady's maid. He next inquired after Bucklaw, and understanding he was at the change-house with the huntsmen and some companions, he desired Caleb to call there, and acquaint him how he was circumstanced at Wolf's Crag—to intimate to him that it would be most convenient if he could find a bed in the hamlet, as the elder guest must necessarily be quartered in the secret chamber, the only spare bedroom which could be made fit to receive him. The Master saw no hardship in passing the night by the hall-fire, wrapt in his campaign-cloak; and to Scottish domestics of the day, even of the highest rank, nay, to young men of family or fashion, on any pinch, clean straw, or a dry hay-loft, was always held good night-quarters.

For the rest, Lockhard had his master's orders to bring some veni-

son from the inn, and Caleb was to trust to his wits for the honour of his family. The Master, indeed, a second time held out his purse; but, as it was in sight of the strange servant, the butler thought himself obliged to decline what his fingers itched to clutch. "Couldna he hae slippit it gently into my hand?" said Caleb—"but his honour will never learn how to bear himself in siccan cases."

Mysie, in the meantime, according to a uniform custom in remote places in Scotland, offered the strangers the produce of her little dairy, "while better meat was getting ready." And according to another custom, not yet wholly in desuetude, as the storm was now drifting off to leeward, the Master carried the Keeper to the top of his highest tower to admire a wide and waste extent of view, and to "weary for his dinner."

CHAPTER XII.

"Now dame," quoth he, "Je vous dis sans doute,
Had I nought of a capon but the liver,
And of your white bread nought but a shiver,
And after that a roasted pigge's head,
(But I ne wold for me no beast were dead),
Then had I with you homely sufferaunce."

CHAUCER, *Sumner's Tale.*

It was not without some secret misgivings that Caleb set out upon his exploratory expedition. In fact, it was attended with a treble difficulty. He dared not tell his master the offence which he had that morning given to Bucklaw (just for the honour of the family)—he dared not acknowledge he had been too hasty in refusing the purse—and, thirdly, he was somewhat apprehensive of unpleasant consequences upon his meeting Hayston under the impression of an affront, and probably by this time under the influence also of no small quantity of brandy.

Caleb, to do him justice, was as bold as any lion where the honour of the family of Ravenswood was concerned; but his was that considerate valour which does not delight in unnecessary risks. This, however, was a secondary consideration; the main point was to veil the indigence of the housekeeping at the castle, and to make good his vaunt of the cheer which his resources could procure, without Lockhard's assistance, and without supplies from his master. This was as prime a point of honour with him, as with the generous elephant with whom we have already compared him, who, being over-tasked, broke his skull through the desperate exertions which he made to discharge his duty, when he perceived they were bringing up another to his assistance.

The village which they now approached had frequently afforded the distressed butler resources upon similar emergencies; but his relations with it had been of late much altered.

It was a little hamlet which straggled along the side of a creek formed by the discharge of a small brook into the sea, and was hidden

from the castle, to which it had been in former times an appendage, by the intervention of the shoulder of a hill forming a projecting headland. It was called Wolf's-hope (*i. e.* Wolf's Haven), and the few inhabitants gained a precarious subsistence by manning two or three fishing-boats in the herring season, and smuggling gin and brandy during the winter months. They paid a kind of hereditary respect to the Lords of Ravenswood; but in the difficulties of the family, most of the inhabitants of Wolf's-hope had contrived to get fen-rights[1] to their little possessions, their bits of kail-yards, and rights of commonty, so that they were emancipated from the claims of feudal dependence, and free from the various exactions with which, under every possible pretext, or without any pretext at all, the Scottish landlords of the period harassed their great poverty, were wont to harass their still poorer tenants at will. They might be, on the whole, termed independent, a circumstance peculiarly galling to Caleb, who had been wont to exercise over them the same sweeping authority in levying contributions which was exercised in former times in England, when "the royal purveyors, salvage forth from under the Gothic portcullis to purchase provisions with power and prerogative, instead of money, brought home the plunder of an hundred markets, and all that could be seized from a flying and hiding country, and deposited their spoil in an hundred caverns."[2]

Caleb loved the memory and resented the downfall of that authority, which mimicked, on a petty scale, the grand contributions exacted by the feudal sovereigns. And as he fondly flattered himself that the awful rule and right supremacy which assigned to the Barons of Ravenswood the first and most effective interest in all productions of nature within five miles of their castle, only slumbered, and was not departed for ever, he used every now and then to give the recollection of the inhabitants a little jog by some petty exaction. These were at first submitted to, with more or less readiness, by the inhabitants of the hamlet; for they had been so long used to consider the wants of the Baron and his family as having a title to be preferred to their own, that their actual independence did not convey to them an immediate sense of freedom. They resembled a man that has been long fettered, who, even at liberty, feels, in imagination, the grasp of the handcuffs still binding his wrists. But the exercise of freedom is quickly followed with the natural consciousness of its immunities, as the enlarged prisoner, by the free use of his limbs, soon dispels the cramped feeling they had acquired when bound.

The inhabitants of Wolf's-hope began to grumble, to resist, and at length positively to refuse compliance with the exactions of Caleb Balderston. It was in vain he reminded them, that when the eleventh Lord Ravenswood, called the Skipper, from his delight in naval matters, had encouraged the trade of their port by building the pier (a bulwark of stones rudely piled together), which protected the fishing-boats from the weather, it had been matter of understanding,

[1] That is, absolute rights of property for the payment of a sum annually, which is usually a trifle in such cases as are alluded to in the text.

[2] Burke's Speech on Economical Reform—Works, vol. iii. p. 250.

that he was to have the first stone of butter after the calving of every cow within the barony, and the first egg, thence called the Monday's egg, laid by every hen on every Monday in the year.

The feuars heard and scratched their heads, coughed, sneezed, and being pressed for answer, rejoined with one voice, "They could not say;"—the universal refuge of a Scottish peasant, when pressed to admit a claim which his conscience owns, or perhaps his feelings, and his interest inclines him to deny.

Caleb, however, furnished the notables of Wolf's-hope with a note of the requisition of butter and eggs, which he claimed as arrears of the aforesaid subsidy, or kindly aid, payable as above mentioned; and having intimated that he would not be averse to compound the same for goods or money, if it was inconvenient to them to pay in kind, left them, as he hoped, to debate the mode of assessing themselves for that purpose. On the contrary, they met with a determined purpose of resisting the exaction, and were only undecided as to the mode of grounding their opposition, when the cooper, a very important person on a fishing station, and one of the Conscript Fathers of the village, observed, "That their hens had caickled mony a day for the Lords of Ravenswood, and it was time they suld caickle for those that gave them roosts and barley." An unanimous grin intimated the assent of the assembly. "And," continued the orator, "if it's your will, I'll just tak a step as far as Dunse for Davie Dingwall the writer, that's come frae the North to settle amang us, and he'll pit this job to rights, I'se warrant him."

A day was accordingly fixed for holding a grand *palaver* at Wolf's-hope on the subject of Caleb's requisitions, and he was invited to attend at the hamlet for that purpose.

He went with open hands and empty stomach, trusting to fill the one on his master's account, and the other on his own score, at the expense of the feuars of Wolf's-hope. But, death to his hopes! as he entered the eastern end of the straggling village, the awful form of Davie Dingwall, a sly, dry, hard-fisted, shrewd country attorney, who had already acted against the family of Ravenswood, and was a principal agent of Sir William Ashton, trotted in at the western extremity, bestriding a leathern port-manteau, stuffed with the feu-charters of the hamlet, and hoping he had not kept Mr Balderston waiting, "as he was instructed and fully empowered to pay or receive, compound or compensate, and, in fine to *agé*[1] as accords respecting all mutual and unsettled claims whatsoever, belonging or competent to the Honourable Edgar Ravenswood, commonly called the Master of Ravenswood——"

"The *Right* Honourable Edgar *Lord Ravenswood*," said Caleb, with great emphasis; for, though conscious he had little chance of advantage in the conflict to ensue, he was resolved not to sacrifice one jot of honour. "Lord Ravenswood, then," said the man of business: "we shall not quarrel with you about titles of courtesy— commonly called Lord Ravenswood, or Master of Ravenswood, heritable proprietor of the lands and barony of Wolf's Crag, on the one part,

[1] i. e. To act as may be necessary and legal, a Scottish law phrase.

and to John Whitefish and others, feuars in the town of Wolf's-hope, within the barony aforesaid, on the other part."

Caleb was conscious, from sad experience, that he would wage a very different strife with this mercenary champion, than with the individual feuars themselves, upon whose old recollections, predilections, and habits of thinking, he might have wrought by an hundred indirect arguments, to which their deputy-representative was totally insensible. The issue of the debate proved the reality of his apprehensions. It was in vain he strained his eloquence and ingenuity, and collected into one mass all arguments arising from antique custom and hereditary respect, from the good deeds done by the Lord of Ravenswood to the community of Wolf's-hope in former days, and from what might be expected from them in future. The writer stuck to the contents of his feu-charters—he could not see it—'twas not in the bond. And when Caleb, determined to try what a little spirit would do, deprecated the consequences of Lord Ravenswood's withdrawing his protection from the burgh, and even hinted at his using active measures of resentment, the man of law sneered in his face.

"His clients," he said, "had determined to do the best they could for their own town, and he thought Lord Ravenswood, since he was a lord, might have enough to do to look after his own castle. As to any threats of stouthrief oppression, by rule of thumb, or *vis facti*, as the law termed it, he would have Mr Balderston recollect, that new times were not as old times—that they lived on the south of the Forth, and far from the Highlands—that his clients thought they were able to protect themselves; but should they find themselves mistaken, they would apply to the government for the protection of a corporal and four red coats, who," said Mr Dingwall, with a grin, "would be perfectly able to secure them against Lord Ravenswood, and all that he or his followers could do by the strong hand."

If Caleb could have concentrated all the lightnings of aristocracy in his eye, to have struck dead this contemner of allegiance and privilege, he would have launched them at his head, without respect to the consequences. As it was, he was compelled to turn his course backward to the castle; and there he remained for full half a day invisible and inaccessible even to Mysie, sequestered in his own peculiar dungeon, where he sat burnishing a single pewter-plate, and whistling Maggy Lauder six hours without intermission.

The issue of this unfortunate requisition had shut against Caleb all resources which could be derived from Wolf's-hope and its purlieus, the El Dorado, or Peru, from which, in all former cases of exigence, he had been able to extract some assistance. He had, indeed, in a manner vowed that the deil should have him, if ever he put the print of his foot within its causeway again. He had hitherto kept his word; and, strange to tell, this secession had, as he intended, in some degree, the effect of a punishment upon the refractory feuars. Mr Balderston had been a person in their eyes connected with a superior order of beings, whose presence used to grace their little festivities, whose advice they found useful on many occasions, and whose communications gave a sort of credit to their village. The place,

they acknowledged, "didna look as it used to do, and should do, since Mr Caleb keepit the castle sae closely—but doubtless, touching the eggs and butter, it was a most unreasonable demand, as Mr Dingwall had justly made manifest."

Thus stood matters betwixt the parties, when the old butler, though it was gall and wormwood to him, found himself obliged either to acknowledge before a strange man of quality, and, what was much worse, before that stranger's servant, the total inability of Wolf's Crag to produce a dinner, or he must trust to the compassion of the fenars of Wolf's-hope. It was a dreadful degradation, but necessity was equally imperious and lawless. With these feelings he entered the street of the village.

Willing to shake himself from his companion as soon as possible, he directed Mr Lockhard to Luckie Smaitrash's change-house, where a din, proceeding from the revels of Bucklaw, Craigengelt, and their party, sounded half-way down the street, while the red glare from the window overpowered the grey twilight which was now settling down, and glimmered against a parcel of old tubs, kegs, and barrels piled up in the cooper's yard, on the other side of the way.

"If you, Mr Lockhard," said the old butler to his companion, "will be pleased to step to the change house where that light comes from, and where, as I judge, they are now singing 'Cauld Kail in Aberdeen,' ye may do your master's errand about the venison, and I will do mine about Bucklaw's bed, as I return frae getting the rest of the vivers.—It's no that the venison is actually needfu'," he added, detaining his colleague by the button, "to make up the dinner; but, as a compliment to the hunters, ye ken—and, Mr Lockhard—if they offer ye a drink o' yill, or a cup o' wine, or a glass o' brandy, ye'll be a wise man to take it, in case the thunner should hae soured ours at the castle,—whilk is ower muckle to be dreaded."

He then permitted Lockhard to depart; and with foot heavy as lead, and yet far lighter than his heart, stepped on through the unequal street of the straggling village, meditating on whom he ought to make his first attack. It was necessary he should find some one with whom old acknowledged greatness should weigh more than recent independence, and to whom his application might appear as a mark of high dignity, relenting at once and soothing. But he could not recollect at the instant of a mind so constructed. "One bold is like to be enough, too," he reflected, as the chorus of "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen" again reached his ears. The minister—he had got his presentation from the late lord, but they had quarrelled about a bull the brewster's wife—she had trusted long—and the kirk was ay scored up—and unless the dignity of the family should actually require it, it would be a sin to distress a widow woman. None was so able—but, on the other hand, none was likely to be less willing, to stand his friend upon the present occasion, than Gibbie Gilver, the cooper of tubs and barrels already mentioned, who had headed the insurrection in the matter of the egg and butter subsidy.—"But it comes o' taking folk on the right side, I trow," quoth Caleb to himself: "and I had ance the ill hap to say he was but a Johnny Newcome in our town, and the earle bore the family an ill will ever since

But he married a bonny young quean, Jean Lightbody, auld Lightbody's daughter, him that was in the steading of Loup-the-Dyke,—and auld Lightbody was married himsell to Marion, that was about my lady in the family forty years syne—I hae had mony a day's daffing wi' Jean's mither, and they say she bides on wi' them—the carle has Jacobuses and Georgiuses baith, an ane could get at them—and sure I am, it's doing him an honour him or his never deserved at our hand, the ungracious sumph; and if he losses by us a'thegither, he is e'en cheap o't, he can spare it brawly."

Shaking off irresolution, therefore, and turning at once upon his heel, Caleb walked hastily back to the cooper's house, lifted the latch without ceremony, and, in a moment, found himself behind the *hallan*, or partition, from which position he could, himself unseen, reconnoitre the interior of the *but*, or kitchen apartment, of the mansion.

Reverse of the sad menage at the Castle of Wolf's Crag, a bickering fire roared up the cooper's chimney. His wife on the one side, in her pearlings and pudding sleeves, put the last finishing touch to her holiday's apparel, while she contemplated a very handsome and good-humoured face in a broken mirror, raised upon the *bink* (the shelves on which the plates are disposed) for her special accommodation. Her mother, old Luckie Loup-the-Dyke, "a canty carline" as was within twenty miles of her, according to the unanimous report of the *cummers*, or gossips, sat by the fire in the full glory of a grogram gown, lammer beads, and a clean cockernony, whiffing a snug pipe of tobacco, and superintending the affairs of the kitchen. For—sight more interesting to the anxious heart and craving entrails of the desponding seneschal, than either buxom dame or canty cummer—there bubbled on the aforesaid bickering fire, a huge pot, or rather cauldron, steaming with beef and brewis; while before it revolved two spits, turned each by one of the cooper's apprentices, seated in the opposite corners of the chimney; the one loaded with a quarter of mutton, while the other was graced with a fat goose and a brace of wild ducks. The sight and scent of such a land of plenty almost wholly overcame the drooping spirits of Caleb. He turned, for a moment's space, to reconnoitre the *ben*, or parlour end of the house, and there saw a sight scarce less affecting to his feelings,—a huge round table, covered for ten or twelve persons, *decored* (according, to his own favourite term) with *napery* as white as snow; grand flagons of pewter intermixed with one or two silver gills, containing, as was probable, something worthy the brilliancy of their outward appearance; clean trenchers, cans, spoons, knives and forks, sharp, burnished, and prompt for action, which lay all displayed as for an especial festival.

"The devil's in the peddling tub-coopering carle!" muttered Caleb, in all the envy of astonishment; "it's a shame to see the like o' them gusting their gabs at sic a rate. But if some o' that gude cheer does not find its way to Wolf's Crag this night, my name is not Caleb Balderston."

So resolving, he entered the apartment, and, in all courteous greeting, saluted both the mother and the daughter. Wolf's Crag was the court of the barony, Caleb prime minister at Wolf's Crag; and it

has ever been remarked, that though the masculine subject who pays the taxes, sometimes growls at the courtiers by whom they are imposed, the said courtiers continue, nevertheless, welcome to the fair sex, to whom they furnish the newest small-talk and the earliest fashions. Both the dames were, therefore, at once about old Caleb's neck, setting up their throats together by way of welcome

"Ay, sirs, Mr Balderston, and is this you?—A sight of you is gude for sair een—sit down—sit down—the gudeman will be blithe to see you—ye nar saw him sae cadgy in your life: but we are to christen our bit wean the night, as ye will hae heard, and doubtless ye will stay and see the ordinance.—We hae killed a wether, and ane o' our lads has been out wi' his gun at the moss—ye used to like wild-fowl."

"Na—na—gudewife," said Caleb, "I just keekit in to wish ye joy, and I wad be glad to hae spoken wi' the gudeman, but ——" moving as if to go away.

"The ne'er a fit ye's gang," said the elder dame, laughing and holding him fast, with a freedom which belonged to their old acquaintance; "wha kens what ill it may bring to the bairn, if ye owerlook it in that gate?"

"But I'm in a preceese hurry, gudewife," said the butler, suffering himself to be dragged to a seat without much resistance; "and as to eating"—for he observed the mistress of the dwelling bustling about to place a trencher for him—"as for eating—lack-a-day, we are just killed up yonder wi' eating frae morning to night—it's shamefu' epicurism; but that's what we hae gotten frae the English pock-puddings."

"Hout—never mind the English pock-puddings," said Luckie Lightbody; "try our puddings, Mr Balderston—there is black pudding and white-hass—try whilk ye like best."

"Baith gude—baith excellent—canna be better: but the very smell is eneugh for me that hae dined sae lately (the faithful wretch had fasted since day-break). But I wadna affront your housewifeskep, gudewife: and, with your permission, I'se e'en pit them in my napkin, and eat them to my supper at e'en, for I am wearied of Mysie's pastry and nonsense—ye ken landward dainties aye pleased me best, Marion—and landward lasses to—(looking at the cooper's wife)—Ne'er a bit but she looks far better than when she married Gilbert, and then she was the bonniest lass in our parochine and the neist till't—But gawsie cow, goodly calf."

The women smiled at the compliment each to herself, and they smiled again to each other as Caleb wrapt up the puddings in a towel which he had brought with him, as a dragoon carries his foraging bag to receive what may fall in his way.

"And what news at the castle?" quo' the gudewife.

"News?—the bravest news ye ever heard—the Lord Keeper's up yonder wi' his fair daughter, just ready to fling her at my lord's head, if he winna tak her out o' his arms; and I'se warrant he'll stitch our auld lands of Ravenswood to her petticoat tail."

"Eh! sirs—ay!—and will he hae her?—and is she weel-favoured?—and what's the colour o' her hair?—and does she wear a habit or a

rally?" were the questions which the females showered upon the butler.

"Hout tout!—it wad tak a man a day to answer a' your questions, and I hae hardly a minute. Where's the gudeman?"

"Awa to fetch the minister," said Mrs Girder, "precious Mr Peter Bide-the-Bent, frae the Moss-head—the honest man has the rheumatism wi' lying in the hills in the persecution."

"Ay!—a whig and a mountain-man—nae less?" said Caleb, with a peevishness he could not suppress; "I hae seen the day, Luckie, when worthy Mr Cuffeushion and the service-book would hae served your turn (to the elder dame), or ony honest woman in like circumstances."

"And that's true too," said Mrs Lightbody, "but what can a body do?—Jean maun baith sing her psalms and busk her cockernony the gate the gudeman likes, and nae ither gate; for he's maister and nair at hame, I can tell ye, Mr Balderston."

"Ay, ay, and does he guide the gear too?" said Caleb, to whose projects masculine rule boded little good.

"Ilka penny on't—but he'll dress her as dink as a daisy, as ye see—sae she has little reason to complain—where there's ane better aff there's ten waur."

"Aweel, gudewife," said Caleb, crest-fallen, but not beaten off, "that wasna the way ye guided your gudeman; but ilka land has its ain lauch. I maun be ganging—I just wanted to round in the gudeman's lug, that I heard them say up by yonder, that Peter Puncheon that was cooper to the Queen's stores at the Timmer Burse at Leith, is dead—sae I thought that maybe a word frae my lord to the Lord Keeper might hae served Gilbert: but since he's frae hame——"

"O but ye maun stay his hame-coming," said the dame. "I aye tell the gudeman ye meant weel to him; but he taks the tout at every bit lippening word."

"Aweel, I'll stay the last minute I can."

"And so," said the handsome young spouse of Mr Girder, "ye think this Miss Ashton is weel-favoured?—troth, and sae should she, to set up for our young lord, with a face, and a hand, and a seat on his horse, that might become a king's son—d'ye ken that he aye glowers up at my window, Mr Balderson, when he chances to ride thro' the town, sae I hae a right to ken what like he is, as weel as onybody."

"I ken that brawly," said Caleb, "for I hae heard his lordship say the cooper's wife had the blackest ee in the barony; and I said, Weel may that be, my lord, for it was her mither's afore her, as I ken to my cost—Eh, Marion? Ha, ha, ha!—Ah! these were merry days!"

"Hout awa, auld carle," said the old dame, "to speak sic daffin to young folk.—But, Jean—fie, woman, dinna ye hear the lairn greet? I'se warrant it's that dreary weid[1] has come ower't again."

Up got mother and grandmother, and scoured away, jostling each other as they ran, into some remote corner of the tenement, where the young hero of the evening was deposited. When Caleb saw the coast fairly clear, he took an invigorating pinch of snuff, to sharpen and confirm his resolution.

[1] *Weid*, a feverish cold; a disorder incident to infants and to females, is so called.

Cauld be my cast, thought he, if either Bide-the-Bent or Girder taste that broche of wild-fowl this evening; and then addressing the eldest turnspit, a boy of about eleven years old, and putting a penny into his hand, he said, "Here is twal' pennies,[1] my man; carry that ower to Mrs Sma'trash, and bid her fill my mill wi' snishing, and I'll turn the broche for ye in the meantime—and she will gie ye a gingerbread snap for your pains."

No sooner was the elder boy departed on this mission, than Caleb, looking the remaining turnspit gravely and steadily in the face, removed from the fire the spit bearing the wild-fowl of which he had undertaken the charge, clapped his hat on his head, and fairly marched off with it. He stopped at the door of the change-house only to say, in a few brief words, that Mr Hayston of Bucklaw was not to expect a bed that evening in the castle.

If this message was too briefly delivered by Caleb, it became absolute rudeness when conveyed through the medium of a suburb landlady; and Bucklaw was, as a more calm and temperate man might have been, highly incensed. Captain Craigengelt proposed, with the unanimous applause of all present, that they should course the old fox (meaning Caleb) ere he got to cover, and toss him in a blanket. But Lockhard intimated to his master's servants, and those of Lord Bittlebrains, in a tone of authority, that the slightest impertinence to the Master of Ravenswood's domestic, would give Sir William Ashton the highest offence. And having so said, in a manner sufficient to prevent any aggression on their part, he left the public-house, taking along with him two servants loaded with such provisions as he had been able to procure, and overtook Caleb just when he had cleared the village.

CHAPTER XIII.

> Should I take aught of you?—'tis true I begged now
> And what is worse than that, I stole a kindness;
> And, what is worst of all, I lost my way in 't.
>
> *Will without Money.*

The face of the little boy, sole witness of Caleb's infringement upon the laws at once of property and hospitality, would have made a good picture. He sat motionless, as if he had witnessed some of the spectral appearances which he had heard told of in a winter's evening, and as he forgot his own duty, and allowed his spit to stand still, he added to the misfortunes of the evening, by suffering the mutton to burn as black as coal. He was first recalled from his trance of astonishment by a hearty cuff, administered by Dame Lightbody, who (in whatever other respects she might conform to her name) was a woman strong of person, and expert in the use of her hands, as some say her deceased husband had known to his cost.

"What garr'd ye let the roast burn, ye ill-cleekit gude-for-nought?"

"I dinna ken," said the boy.

[1] Monetæ Scoticæ, scilicet.

"And where's that ill-deedy gett, Giles?"

"I dinna ken," blubbered the astonished declarant.

"And where's Mr Balderston?—and abune a', and in the name of council and kirk-session, that I suld say sae, where's the broche wi' the wild-fowl?"

As Mrs Girder here entered, and joined her mother's exclamations, screaming into one ear while the old lady deafened the other, they succeeded in so utterly confounding the unhappy urchin, that he could not for some time tell his story at all, and it was only when the elder boy returned, that the truth began to dawn on their minds.

"Weel, sirs!" said Mrs Lightbody, "wha wad hae thought o' Caleb Balderston playing an auld acquaintance sic a pliskie!"

"O, weary on him!" said the spouse of Mr Girder; "and what am I to say to the gudeman?—he'll brain me, if there wasna anither womar in a' Wolf's-hope."

"Hout tout, silly quean," said the mother; "na na—it's come to muckle, but it's no come to that neither: for an he brain you he maun brain me, and I have garr'd his betters stand back—hands aff is fair play—we maunna heed a bit flyting."

The tramp of horses now announced the arrival of the cooper, with the minister. They had no sooner dismounted than they made for the kitchen fire, for the evening was cool after the thunder-storm, and the woods wet and dirty. The young gudewife, strong in the charms of her Sunday gown and biggonets, threw herself in the way of receiving the first attack, while her mother, like the veteran division of the Roman legion, remained in the rear, ready to support her in case of necessity. Both hoped to protract the discovery o' what had happened—the mother by interposing her bustling person betwixt Mr Girder and the fire, and the daughter, by the extreme cordiality with which she received the minister and her husband, and the anxious fears which she expressed lest they should have "gotten cauld."

"Cauld?" quoth the husband surlily—for he was not of that class of lords and masters whose wives are viceroys over them—"we'll be cauld enough, I think, if ye dinna let us in to the fire."

And so saying, he burst his way through both lines of defence; and as he had a careful eye over his property of every kind, he perceived at one glance the absence of the spit with its savoury burden. "What the deil, woman——"

"Fie for shame!" exclaimed both the women: "and before Mr Bide-the-Bent!"

"I stand reproved," said the cooper; "but——"

"The taking in our mouths the name of the great enemy of our souls," said Mr Bide-the-Bent——

"I stand reproved," said the cooper.

"Is an exposing ourselves to his temptations," continued the reverend monitor, "and an inviting, or, in some sort, a compelling, of him to lay aside his other trafficking with unhappy persons, and wait upon those in whose speech his name is frequent."

"Weel, weel, Mr Bide-the-Bent, can a man do mair than stand reproved?" said the cooper; "but just let me ask the women what for may hae dished the wild-fowl before we came."

"They arena dished, Gilbert," said his wife: "but — but an accident——"

"What accident?" said Girder, with flashing eyes—"Nae ill come ower them, I trust? Uh?"

His wife, who stood much in awe of him, durst not reply, but her mother bustled up to her support, with arms disposed as if they were about to be a-kimbo at the next reply.—"I gied them to an acquaintance of mine, Gibbie Girder; and what about it now?"

Her excess of assurance struck Girder mute for an instant. "And *ye* gied the wild-fowl, the best end of our christening dinner, to a friend of yours, ye auld rudas! And what might *his* name be, I pray ye?"

"Just worthy Mr Caleb Balderston, frae Wolf's Crag," answered Marion, prompt and prepared for battle.

Girder's wrath foamed over all restraint. If there was a circumstance which could have added to the resentment he felt, it was, that this extravagant donation had been made in favour of our friend Caleb, towards whom, for reasons to which the reader is no stranger, he nourished a decided resentment. He raised his riding-wand against the elder matron, but she stood firm, collected in herself, and undauntedly brandished the iron ladle with which she had just been *flambing* (*Anglicè*, basting) the roast of mutton. Her weapon was certainly the better, and her arm not the weakest of the two; so that Gilbert thought it safest to turn short off upon his wife, who had by this time hatched a sort of hysterical whine, which greatly moved the minister, who was in fact as simple and kind-hearted a creature as ever breathed. — "And you, ye thowless jadd, to sit still and see my substance disponed upon to an idle, drunken, reprobate, wormeaten serving man, just because he kittles the lugs o' a silly auld vife wi' useless clavers, and every twa words a lee? — I'll gar you as gude——"

Here the minister interposed, both by voice and action, while Dame Lightbody threw herself in front of her daughter, and flourished her ladle.

"Am I no to chastise my ain wife?" exclaimed the cooper, very indignantly.

"Ye may chastise your ain wife if ye like," answered Dame Lightbody; "but ye shall never lay finger on my daughter, and that ye may found upon."

"For shame, Mr Girder," said the clergyman: "this is what I little expected to have seen of you, that you suld give rein to your sinful passions against your nearest and your dearest: and this night too, when ye are called to the most solemn duty of a Christian parent —and a' for what? for a redundancy of creature-comforts, as worthless as they are unneedful."

"Worthless!" exclaimed the cooper; "a better guse never walkit on stubble; twa finer dentier wild-ducks never wat a feather."

"Be it sae, neighbour," rejoined the minister: "but see what superfluities are yet revolving before your fire. I have seen the day when ten of the bannocks which stand upon that board would have been an acceptable dainty to as many men, that were starving on hills and bogs, and in caves of the earth, for the Gospel's sake.

"And that's what vexes me maist of a'," said the cooper, anxious to get some one to sympathise with his not altogether causeless anger; "an the queen had gien it to ony suffering saint, or to onybody ava but that reaving, lying, oppressing tory villain, that rade in the wicked troop of militia when it was commanded out against the saints at Bothwell Brigg by the auld tyrant Aman Ravenswood, that has gane to his place, I wad the less hae minded it. But to gie the principal part o' the feast to the like o' him!——"

"Aweel, Gilbert," said the minister, "and dinna ye see a high judgment in this?—The seed of the righteous are not seen begging their bread—think of the son of a powerful oppressor being brought to the pass of supporting his household from your fulness."

"And besides," said the wife, "it wasna for Lord Ravenswood neither, an he wad hear but a body speak—it was to help to entertain the Lord Keeper, as they ca' him, that's up yonder at Wolf's Crag."

"Sir William Ashton at Wolf's Crag!" ejaculated the astonished man of hoops and staves.

"And hand and glove wi' Lord Ravenswood," added Dame Lightbody.

"Doited idiot!—that auld clavering sneck-drawer wad gar ye trow the moon is made of green cheese. The Lord Keeper and Ravenswood! they are cat and dog, hare and hound."

"I tell ye they are man and wife, and gree better than some others that are sae," retorted the mother-in-law; "forby, Peter Puncheon, that's cooper to the Queen's stores, is dead, and the place is to fill, and——"

"Od guide us, will ye haud your skirling tongues?" said Girder,—for we are to remark, that this explanation was given like a catch for two voices, the younger dame, much encouraged by the turn of the debate, taking up, and repeating in a higher tone, the words as fast as they were uttered by her mother.

"The gudewife says naething but what 's true, maister," said Girder's foreman, who had come in during the fray. "I saw the Lord Keeper's servants drinking and driving ower at Luckie Smatrash's, ower by yonder."

"And is their maister up at Wolf's Crag?" said Girder.

"Ay, troth is he," replied his man of confidence.

"And friends wi' Ravenswood?"

"It's like sae," answered the foreman, "since he is putting up[1] wi' him."

"And Peter Puncheon's dead?"

"Ay, ay—Puncheon has leaked out at last, the auld carle," said the foreman; "mony a dribble o' brandy has gane through him in his day.—But as for the broche and the wild-fowl, the saddle's no aff your mare yet, maister, and I could follow and bring it back, for Mr Balderston's no far aff the town yet."

"Do sae, Will—and come here—I'll tell ye what to do when ye owertake him."

[1] Taking up his abode.

He relieved the females of his presence, and gave Will his private instructions.

"A bony-like thing," said the mother-in-law, as the cooper re-entered the apartment, "to send the innocent lad after an armed man, when ye ken Mr Balderston aye wears a rapier, and whiles a dirk into the bargain.

"I trust," said the minister, "ye have reflected weel on what ye have done, lest you should minister cause of strife, of which it is my duty to say, he who affordeth matter, albeit he himself striketh not, is in no manner guiltless."

"Never fash your beard, Mr Bide-the-Bent," replied Girder: "ane canna get their breath out between wives and ministers—I ken best how to turn my ain cake.—Jean, serve up the dinner, and mak mair about it."

Nor did he again allude to the deficiency in the course of the evening.

Meantime, the foreman, mounted on his master's steed, and charged with his special orders, pricked swiftly forth in pursuit of the marauder Caleb. That personage, it may be imagined, did not linger by the way. He intermitted even his dearly beloved chatter, for the purpose of making more haste, only assuring Mr Lockhard that he had made the purveyor's wife give the wild-fowl a few turns before the fire, in case that Mysie, who had been so much alarmed by the thunder, should not have her kitchen grate in full splendour. Meanwhile, alleging the necessity of being at Wolf's Crag as soon as possible, he pushed on so fast that his companions could scarce keep up with him. He began already to think he was safe from pursuit, having gained the summit of the swelling eminence which divides Wolf's Crag from the village, when he heard the distant tread of a horse, and a voice which shouted at intervals, "Mr Caleb—Mr Balderston—Mr Caleb Balderston—hollo—bide a wee!"

Caleb, it may be well believed, was in no hurry to acknowledge the summons. First, he would not hear it, and faced his companion down, that it was the echo of the wind: then he said it was not worth stopping for: and, at length, halting reluctantly, as the figure of the horseman appeared through the shades of the evening, he bent up his whole soul to the task of defending his prey, threw himself into an attitude of dignity, advanced the spit, which in his grasp might with its burden seem both spear and shield, and firmly resolved to die rather than surrender it.

What was his astonishment, when the cooper's foreman, riding up and addressing him with respect, told him, "his master was very sorry he was absent when he came to his dwelling, and grieved that he could not tarry the christening dinner: and that he had taen the freedom to send a sma' raidlet of sack, and ane anker of brandy, as he understood there were guests at the castle, and that they were short of preparation."

I have heard somewhere a story of an elderly gentleman, who was pursued by a bear that had gotten loose from its muzzle, until completely exhausted. In a fit of desperation, he faced round upon Bruin and lifted his cane: at the sight of which the instinct of dis-

pline prevailed, and the animal, instead of tearing him to pieces, rose up upon his hind-legs, and instantly began to shuffle a saraband. Not less than the joyful surprise of the senior, who had supposed himself in the extremity of peril from which he was thus unexpectedly relieved, was that of our excellent friend Caleb, when he found the pursuer intended to add to his prize, instead of bereaving him of it. He recovered his latitude, however, instantly, so soon as the foreman, stooping from his nag, where he sate perched betwixt the two barrels, whispered in his ear, "Naething about Peter Puncheon's place could be airted their way, John Girder wad mak it better to the Master of Ravenswood than a pair of new gloves; and that he wad be blithe to speak wi' Maister Balderston on that head, and he wad find him as pliant as a hoop-willow in a' that he could wish of him."

Caleb heard all this without rendering any answer, except that of all great men from Louis XIV. downwards, namely, "we will see about it;" and then added aloud, for the edification of Mr Lockhard, —"Your master has acted with becoming civility and attention in forwarding the liquors, and I will not fail to represent it properly to my Lord Ravenswood. And, my lad," he said, "you may ride on to the castle, and if none of the servants are returned, whilk is to be dreaded, as they make day and night of it when they are out of sight, ye may put them into the porter's lodge, whilk is on the right hand of the great entry—the porter has got leave to go to see his friends, sae ye will meet no ane to steer ye."

The foreman, having received his orders, rode on; and having deposited the casks in the deserted and ruinous porter's lodge, he returned unquestioned by any one. Having thus executed his master's commission, and doffed his bonnet to Caleb and his company as he repassed them in his way to the village, he returned to have his share of the christening festivity.(z)

CHAPTER XIV.

> As, to the Autumn breeze's bugle sound,
> Various and vague the dry leaves dance their round;
> Or, from the garner-door, on ether borne,
> The chaff flies devious from the winnow'd corn:
> So vague, so devious, at the breath of heaven,
> From their fix'd aim are mortal counsels driv'n.
>
> *Anonymous.*

We left Caleb Balderston in the extremity of triumph at the success of his various achievements for the honour of the house of Ravenswood. When he had mustered and marshalled his dishes of divers kinds, a more royal provision had not been seen in Wolf's Crag, since the funeral feast of its deceased lord. Great was the glory of the serving-man, as he *decored* the old oaken table with a clean cloth, and arranged upon it carbonaded venison and roasted wild-fowl, with a glance, every now and then, as if to upbraid the incredulity of his master and his guests; and with many a story, more

or less true, was Lockhard that evening regaled concerning the ancient grandeur of Wolf's Crag, and the sway of its Barons over the country in their neighbourhood.

"A vassal scarce held a calf or a lamb his ain, till he had first asked if the Lord of Ravenswood was pleased to accept it; and they were obliged to ask the lord's consent before they married in these days, and mony a merry tale they tell about that right as weel as others. And although," said Caleb, "these times are not like the gude auld times, when authority had its right, yet true it is, Mr Lockhard, and you yourself may partly have remarked, that we of the House of Ravenswood do our endeavour in keeping up, by all just and lawful exertion of our baronial authority, that due and fitting connection betwixt superior and vassal, whilk is in some danger of falling into desuetude, owing to the general licence and misrule of these present unhappy times."

"Umph!" said Mr Lockhard; "and if I may inquire, Mr Balderston, pray do you find your people at the village yonder amenable? for I must needs say, that at Ravenswood Castle, now pertaining to my master, the Lord Keeper, ye have not left behind ye the most compliant set of tenantry."

"Ah! but Mr Lockhard," replied Caleb, "ye must consider there has been a change of hands, and the auld lord might expect twa turns frae them, when the new comer canna get ane. A dour and fractious set they were, thae tenants of Ravenswood, and ill to live wi', when they dinna ken their master—and if your master put them mad ance, the whole country will not put them down."

"Troth," said Mr Lockhard, "an such be the case, I think the wisest thing for us a' wad be to hammer up a match between your young lord and our winsome young leddy up by there: and Sir William might just stitch your auld barony to her gown-sleeve, and he wad sune cuitle[1] another out o' somebody else, sic a lang head as he has."

Caleb shook his head.—"I wish," he said, "I wish that may answer, Mr Lockhard. There are auld prophecies about this house I wad like ill to see fulfilled wi' my auld een, that has seen evil enough already."

"Pshaw! never mind freits," said his brother butler; "if the young folk liked ane anither, they wad make a winsome couple. But, to say truth, there is a leddy sits in our hall-neuk, maun have her hand in that as well as in every other job. But there's no harm in drinking to their healths, and I will fill Mrs Mysie a cup of Mr Girder's canary."

While they thus enjoyed themselves in the kitchen, the company in the hall were not less pleasantly engaged. So soon as Ravenswood had determined upon giving the Lord Keeper such hospitality as he had to offer, he deemed it incumbent on him to assume the open and courteous brow of a well-pleased host. It has been often remarked that when a man commences by acting a character, he frequently ends by adopting it in good earnest. In the course of an hour or two Ravenswood, to his own surprise, found himself in the situation of one who frankly does his best to entertain welcome and honoured guests. How much of this change in his disposition was to be ascribed to the beauty and simplicity of Miss Ashton, to the readiness wit

[1] *Cuitle* may answer to the elegant modern phrase *diddle*.

which she accommodated herself to the inconveniencies of her situation—how much to the smooth and plausible conversation of the Lord Keeper, remarkably gifted with those words which win the ear, must be left to the reader's ingenuity to conjecture. But Ravenswood was insensible to neither.

The Lord Keeper was a veteran statesman, well acquainted with courts and cabinets, and intimate with all the various turns of public affairs during the last eventful years of the seventeenth century. He could talk, from his own knowledge, of men and events, in a way which failed not to win attention, and had the peculiar art, while he never said a word which committed himself, at the same time to persuade the hearer that he was speaking without the least shadow of scrupulous caution or reserve. Ravenswood, in spite of his prejudices and real grounds of resentment, felt himself at once amused and instructed in listening to him, while the statesman, whose inward feelings had at first so much impeded his efforts to make himself known, had now regained all the ease and fluency of a silver-tongued lawyer of the very highest order.

His daughter did not speak much, but she smiled; and what she did say argued a submissive gentleness, and a desire to give pleasure, which, to a proud man like Ravenswood, was more fascinating than the most brilliant wit. Above all, he could not but observe, that whether from gratitude, or from some other motive, he himself, in his deserted and unprovided hall, was as much the object of respectful attention to his guests, as he would have been when surrounded by all the appliances and means of hospitality proper to his high birth. All deficiencies passed unobserved, or if they did not escape notice, it was to praise the substitutes which Caleb had contrived to supply the want of the usual accommodations. Where a smile was unavoidable, it was a very good-humoured one, and often coupled with some well-turned compliment, to show how much the guests esteemed the merits of their noble host, how little they thought of the inconveniences with which they were surrounded. I am not sure whether the pride of being found to outbalance, in virtue of his own personal merit, all the disadvantages of fortune, did not make as favourable an impression upon the haughty heart of the Master of Ravenswood, as the conversation of the father and the beauty of Lucy Ashton.

The hour of repose arrived. The Keeper and his daughter retired to their apartments, which were "decored" more properly than could have been anticipated. In making the necessary arrangements, Mysie had indeed enjoyed the assistance of a gossip who had arrived from the village upon an exploratory expedition, but had been arrested by Caleb, and impressed into the domestic drudgery of the evening. So that, instead of returning home to describe the dress and person of the grand young lady, she found herself compelled to be active in the domestic economy of Wolf's Crag.

According to the custom of the time, the Master of Ravenswood attended the Lord Keeper to his apartment, followed by Caleb, who placed on the table, with all the ceremonials due to torches of wax, two rudely-framed tallow-candles, such as in those days were only used by the peasantry, hooped in paltry clasps of wire, which served

for candlesticks. He then disappeared, and presently entered with two earthen flagons (the china, he said, had been little used since my lady's time), one filled with canary wine, the other with brandy. The canary sack, unheeding all probabilities of detection, he declared had been twenty years in the cellars of Wolf's Crag, "though it was not for him to speak before their honours: the brandy—it was weel-kend liquor, as mild as mead, and as strong as Sampson—it had been in the house ever since the memorable revel, in which auld Mickle-stob had been slain at the head of the stair by Jamie of Jenklebrae, on account of the honour of the worshipful Lady Muriend, wha was in some sort an ally of the family; natheless——"

"But to cut that matter short, Mr Caleb," said the Keeper, "perhaps you will favour me with a ewer of water."

"God forbid your lordship should drink water in this family," replied Caleb, "to the disgrace of so honourable an house!"

"Nevertheless, if his lordship have a fancy," said the Master, smiling, "I think you might indulge him; for, if I mistake not, there has been water drank here at no distant date, and with good relish to."

"To be sure, if his lordship has a fancy," said Caleb; and re-entering with a jug of pure element—"He will scarce find such water onywhere as is drawn fra the well at Wolf's Crag—nevertheless——"

"Nevertheless, we must leave the Lord Keeper to his repose in this poor chamber of ours," said the Master of Ravenswood, interrupting his talkative domestic, who immediately turning to the doorway, with a profound reverence, prepared to usher his master from the secret chamber.

But the Lord Keeper prevented his host's departure.—"I have but one word to say to the Master of Ravenswood, Mr Caleb, and I fancy he will excuse your waiting."

With a second reverence, lower than the former, Caleb withdrew—and his master stood motionless, expecting, with considerable embarrassment, what was to close the events of a day fraught with unexpected incidents.

"Master of Ravenswood," said Sir William Ashton, with some embarrassment, "I hope you understand the Christian law too well to suffer the sun to set upon your anger."

The Master of Ravenswood replied, "He had no occasion that evening to exercise the duty enjoined upon him by his Christian faith."

"I should have thought otherwise," said his guest, "considering the various subjects of dispute and litigation which have unhappily occurred more frequently than was desirable or necessary betwixt the late honourable lord, your father, and myself."

"I could wish, my lord," said Ravenswood, agitated by suppressed emotion, "that reference to these circumstances should be made anywhere rather than under my father's roof."

"I should have felt the delicacy of this appeal at another time," said Sir William Ashton, "but now I must proceed with what I mean to say.—I have suffered too much in my own mind, from the false delicacy which prevented my soliciting with earnestness, what indeed I frequently requested, a personal communing with your father—much distress of mind to him and to me might have been prevented

"It is true," said Ravenswood, after a moment's reflection; "I have heard my father say your lordship had proposed a personal interview."

"Proposed, my dear Master? I did indeed propose it, but I ought to have begged, entreated, beseeched it. I ought to have torn away the veil which interested persons had stretched betwixt us, and shown myself as I was, willing to sacrifice a considerable part even of my legal rights, in order to conciliate feelings so natural as his must be allowed to have been. Let me say for myself, my young friend, for so I will call you, that had your father and I spent the same time together which my good fortune has allowed me to-day to pass in your company, it is possible the land might yet have enjoyed one of the most respectable of its ancient nobility, and I should have been spared the pain of parting in enmity from a person whose general character I so much admired and honoured."

He put his handkerchief to his eyes. Ravenswood also was moved, but awaited in silence the progress of this extraordinary communication.

"It is necessary," continued the Lord Keeper, "and proper that you should understand, that there have been many points betwixt us, in which, although I judged it proper that there should be an exact ascertainment of my legal rights by the decree of a court of justice, yet it was never my intention to press them beyond the verge of equity."

"My Lord," said the Master of Ravenswood, "it is unnecessary to pursue this topic farther. What the law will give you, or has given you, you enjoy—or you shall enjoy; neither my father, nor I myself, would have received anything on the footing of favour."

"Favour?—no—you misunderstand me," resumed the Keeper; "or rather you are no lawyer. A right may be good in law, and ascertained to be so, which yet a man of honour may not in every case care to avail himself of."

"I am sorry for it, my lord," said the Master.

"Nay, nay," resumed his [illegible] "you speak like a young counsel. [illegible] your spirit goes before your wit. There are many things still open for discussion betwixt us. [illegible] and the [illegible] of peace, and in the course of a [illegible] my daughter [illegible] and we can, that I am desirous, [illegible] ons, that these should be settled on the most liberal principles."

The old man here took hold of the Master's passive hand as he spoke, and made it impossible for him, by any determination that it would, to return any other than an acquiescent reply: and shaking his guest cordially, he postponed further conference until the next morning.

Ravenswood hurried into the hall, where he was to spend the night, and for a time traversed its pavement with a disordered and rapid pace. His mental foe was under his roof, and his sentiments towards him were neither those of a [illegible] enemy nor of a true Christian. He felt as if he could neither forgive him in the case of reconciliation, nor allow forth his vengeance in the other, lest that he was making a mean and dishonourable composition betwixt his resentment against the

father and his affection for his daughter. He cursed himself, as he hurried to and fro in the pale moonlight, and more ruddy gleams of the expiring wood-fire. He threw open and shut the latticed windows with violence, as if alike impatient of the admission and exclusion of free air. At length, however, the torrent of passion foamed off its madness, and he flung himself into the chair, which he proposed as his place of repose for the night.

If, in reality,—such were the calmer thoughts that followed the first tempest of his passion,—if, in reality, this man desires no more than the law allows him—if he is willing to adjust even his acknowledged rights upon an equitable footing, what could be my father's cause of complaint? what is mine? Those from whom we won our ancient possessions fell under the sword of my ancestors, and left lands and livings to the conquerors; we sink under the force of the law, now too powerful for the Scottish chivalry. Let us parley with the victors of the day, as if we had been besieged in our fortress, and without hope of relief. This man may be other than I have thought him; and his daughter—but I have resolved not to think of her.

He wrapt his cloak around him, fell asleep, and dreamed of Lucy Ashton till daylight gleamed through the lattices.

CHAPTER XV.

> We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen
> Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
> To lift them up, but rather set our feet
> Upon their heads to press them to the bottom,
> As I must yield with you I practised it;
> But now I see you in a way to rise,
> I can and will assist you.
>
> *New Way to Pay Old Debts.*

The Lord Keeper carried with him to a couch harder than he was accustomed to stretch himself upon, the same ambitious thoughts and political perplexities, which drive sleep from the softest down that ever spread a bed of state. He had sailed long enough amid the contending tides and currents of the time to be sensible of their peril, and of the necessity of trimming his vessel to the prevailing wind, if he would have her escape shipwreck in the storm. The nature of his talents, and the timorousness of disposition connected with them, had made him assume the pliability of the versatile old Earl of Northampton, who explained the art by which he kept his ground during all the changes of state, from the reign of Henry the VIII. to that of Elizabeth, by the frank avowal, that he was born of the willow, not of the oak. It had accordingly been Sir William Ashton's policy, on all occasions, to watch the changes in the political horizon, and, ere yet the conflict was decided, to negotiate some interest for himself with the party most likely to prove victorious. His time-serving disposition was well known, and excited the contempt of the more daring leaders of both factions in the state. But his talents were of

a useful and practical kind, and his legal knowledge held in high estimation: and they so far counterbalanced other deficiencies, that those in power were glad to use and to reward, though without absolutely trusting or greatly respecting him.

The Marquis of A- — had used his utmost influence to effect a change in the Scottish cabinet, and his schemes had been of late so well laid and so ably supported, that there appeared a very great chance of his proving ultimately successful. He did not, however, feel so strong or so confident as to neglect any means of drawing recruits to his standard. The acquisition of the Lord Keeper was deemed of some importance, and a friend, perfectly acquainted with his circumstances and character, became responsible for his political conversion.

When this gentleman arrived at Ravenswood Castle upon a visit, the real purpose of which was disguised under general courtesy, he found the prevailing fear, which at present beset the Lord Keeper, was that of danger to his own person from the Master of Ravenswood. The language which the blind sibyl, old Alice, had used; the sudden appearance of the Master, armed, and within his precincts, immediately after he had been warned against danger from him; the cold and haughty return received in exchange for the acknowledgments with which he loaded him for his timely protection, had all made a strong impression on his imagination.

So soon as the Marquis's political agent found how the wind sat, he began to insinuate fears and doubts of another kind, scarce less calculated to affect the Lord Keeper. He inquired with seeming interest, whether the proceedings in Sir William's complicated litigation with the Ravenswood family was out of court, and settled without the possibility of appeal? The Lord Keeper answered in the affirmative: but his interrogator was too well informed to be imposed upon. He pointed out to him, by unanswerable arguments, that some of the most important points which had been decided in his favour against the house of Ravenswood, were liable, under the Treaty of Union, to be reviewed by the British House of Peers, a court of equity of which the Lord Keeper felt an instinctive dread. This course came instead of an appeal to the old Scottish Parliament, or, as it was technically termed, "a protestation for remeid in law."

The Lord Keeper, after he had for some time disputed the legality of such a proceeding, was compelled at length to comfort himself with the improbability of the young Master of Ravenswood's finding friends in parliament capable of stirring in so weighty an affair.

"Do not comfort yourself with that false hope," said his wily friend; "it is possible that, in the next session of parliament, young Ravenswood may find more friends and favour even than your lordship."

"That would be a sight worth seeing," said the Keeper, scornfully.

"And yet," said his friend, "such things have been seen ere now, and in our own time. There are many at the head of affairs even now, that a few years ago were under hiding for their lives; and many a man now dines on plate of silver, that was fain to eat his

crowdy without a bicker: and many a high head has been brought full low among us in as short a space. Scott of Scotstarvet's 'Staggering State of Scots Statesmen,' of which curious memoir you showed me a manuscript, has been extant-quoted in our time."

The Lord Keeper answered with a deep sigh, "that these innovations were no new sights in Scotland, and had been witnessed long before the time of the satirical author he had quoted. It was many a long year," he said, "since Fordun had quoted as an ancient proverb, '*Nunc dives, nunc pauper sis, sed nec sapiens Scotus, prædominante invidia, diu durabit in terra.*'"

"And be assured, my esteemed friend," was the answer, "that even your long services to the state, or deep legal knowledge, will not save you, or render your estate stable, if the Marquis of A—— comes in with a party in the British Parliament. You know that the deceased Lord Ravenswood was his near ally, his lady being fifth in descent from the Knight of Tillibardine; and I am well assured that he will take young Ravenswood by the hand, and be his very good lord and kinsman. Why should he not?—The Master is an active and stirring young fellow, able to help himself with tongue and hands, and it is such as he that finds friends among their kindred, and not those unarmed and unable Mephibosheths, that are sure to be a burden to every one that takes them up. And so, if these Ravenswood cases be called over the coals in the House of Peers, you will find that the marquis will have a crow to pluck with you."

"That would be an evil requital," said the Lord Keeper, "for my long services to the state, and the ancient respect in which I have held his lordship's honourable family and person."

"Ay, but," rejoined the agent of the Marquis, "it is in vain to look back on past service and auld respect, my lord—it will be present service and immediate proofs of regard, which, in these slidd'ry times, will be expected by a man like the Marquis."

The Lord Keeper now saw the full drift of his friend's argument, but he was too cautious to return any positive answer.

"He knew not," he said, "the service which the Lord Marquis could expect from one of his limited abilities, that had not always stood at his command, still saving and reserving his duty to his king and country.

Having thus said nothing, while he seemed to say everything, for the exception was calculated to cover whatever he might afterward think proper to bring under it, Sir William Ashton changed the conversation, nor did he again permit the same topic to be introduced. His guest departed, without having brought the wily old statesman the length of committing himself, or of pledging himself to any future line of conduct, but with the certainty that he had alarmed his fears in a most sensible point, and laid a foundation for future and farther treaty.

When he rendered an account of his negotiation to the Marquis they both agreed that the Keeper ought not to be permitted to relapse into security, and that he should be plied with new subjects of alarm, especially during the absence of his lady. They were well aware that her proud, vindictive, and predominating spirit, would be

BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

lik is to supply him with the courage in which he was deficient—that she was inviolably attached to the party now in power, with whom she maintained a close correspondence and alliance, and that she hoped, without having the Ravenswood family (whose more ancient descent she did not dispute) to add to the newly acquired grandeur of her husband's house, that she would have yielded the interest of her own [illegible] to have the prospect of an honourable crushing that of her enemy.

[illegible] Lady Ashton was now absent. The business which had long detained her in Edinburgh had afterwards induced her to travel to London, not without the hope that by mingling more in person in the intrigues of the Marquis at court, [illegible] she stood high in favour with the celebrated Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, to whom, in point of character, [illegible] was no unsuitable match. It was necessary to press her husband's hand before her return; and, as a preparatory step, the Marquis wrote to the Master of Ravenswood the letter which we rehearsed in a former chapter. It was cautiously worded, so as to leave it in the power of the writer hereafter to take as deep, or as slight an interest in the fortunes of his kinsman, as the progress of his own schemes might require. But however unwilling, as a statesman, the Marquis might be to commit himself, or assume the character of a patron, while he had nothing to give away, it must be said to his honour, that he felt a strong inclination effectually to befriend the Master of Ravenswood, as well as to use his name as the means of alarming the terrors of the Lord Keeper.

As the messenger who carried this letter was to pass near the house of the Lord Keeper, he had it in direction, that in the village adjoining to the park gate of the castle, his horse should lose a shoe, and that, while it was replaced by the smith of the place, he should express the utmost regret for the necessary loss of time, and in the vehemence of his impatience, give it to be understood, that he was bearing a message from the Marquis of A—— to the Master of Ravenswood, upon a matter of life and death.

This news, with exaggerations, was speedily carried from various quarters to the ears of the Lord Keeper, and each reporter dwelt upon the extreme impatience of the courier, and the surprising short time in which he had executed his journey. The anxious statesman heard in silence; but in private Lockhard received orders to watch the courier on his return, to waylay him in the village, to ply him with liquor if possible, and to use all means, fair or foul, to learn the contents of the letter of which he was the bearer. But as this plot was foreseen, the messenger returned by a different and distant road, and thus escaped the snare that was laid for him.

After he had been in vain expected for some time, Mr Dingwall had orders to make especial inquiry among his clients of Wolf's-hope, whether such a domestic belonging to the Marquis of A—— had actually arrived at the neighbouring castle. This was easily ascertained; for Caleb had been in the village one morning by five o'clock, to borrow twa chappins of ale and a kipper for the messenger's refreshment, and the poor fellow had been ill for twenty-four hours at Luckie Sma'trash's, in consequence of dining upon salt salmon and sour

drink." So that the existence of a correspondence betwixt the Marquis and his distressed kinsman, which Sir William Ashton had sometimes treated as a bugbear, was proved beyond the possibility of farther doubt.

The alarm of the Lord Keeper became very serious. Since the Claim of Right, the power of appealing from the decisions of the civil court to the Estates of Parliament, which had formerly been held incompetent, had in many instances been claimed, and in some allowed, and he had no small reason to apprehend the issue, if the English House of Lords should be disposed to act upon an appeal from the Master of Ravenswood "for remeid in law." It would resolve into an equitable claim, and be decided, perhaps, upon the broad principles of justice, which were not quite so favourable to the Lord Keeper as those of strict law. Besides, judging, though most inaccurately, from courts which he had himself known in the unhappy times preceding the Scottish Union, the Keeper might have too much right to think, that in the House to which his lawsuits were to be transferred, the old maxim might prevail in Scotland which was too well recognised in former times, —"Show me the man, and I'll show you the law." The high and unbiassed character of English judicial proceedings was then little known in Scotland; and the extension of them to that country was one of the most valuable advantages which it gained by the Union. But this was a blessing which the Lord Keeper, who had lived under another system, could not have the means of foreseeing. In the loss of his political consequence, he anticipated the loss of his lawsuit. Meanwhile, every report which reached him served to render the success of the Marquis's intrigues the more probable, and the Lord Keeper began to think it indispensable, that he should look round for some kind of protection against the coming storm. The timidity of his temper induced him to adopt measures of compromise and reconciliation. The affair of the wild bull, properly managed might, he thought, be made to facilitate a personal communication and conciliation betwixt the Master and himself. He would then learn, if possible, what his own ideas were of the extent of his rights and the means of enforcing them; and perhaps matters might be brought to a compromise, where one party was wealthy, and the other so very poor. A reconciliation with Ravenswood was likely to give him an opportunity to play his own game with the Marquis of A——. "And besides," said he to himself, "it will be an act of generosity to raise up the heir of this distressed family; and if he is to be warmly and effectually befriended by the new government, who knows but my virtue may prove its own reward?"

Thus thought Sir William Ashton, covering with no unusual self-delusion his interested views with a hue of virtue: and having attained this point, his fancy strayed still farther. He began to bethink himself, "that if Ravenswood was to have a distinguished place of power and trust—and if such a union should sopite the heavier part of his unadjusted claims—there might be worse matches for his daughte Lucy—the Master might be reponed against the attainder—Lord Ravenswood was an ancient title, and the alliance would, in some measure, legitimate his own possession of the greater part of

the Master's spoils, and make the surrender of the rest a subject of less bitter regret."

With these mingled and multifarious plans occupying his head, the Lord Keeper availed himself of my Lord Bittlebrains' repeated invitation to his residence, and thus came within a very few miles of Wolf's Crag. Here he found the lord of the mansion absent, but was courteously received by the lady, who expected her husband's immediate return. She expressed her particular delight at seeing Miss Ashton, and appointed the hounds to be taken out for the Lord Keeper's special amusement. He readily entered into the proposal, as giving him an opportunity to reconnoitre Wolf's Crag, and perhaps to make some acquaintance with the owner, if he should be tempted from his desolate mansion by the chase. Lockhard had his orders to endeavour on his part to make some acquaintance with the inmates of the castle, and we have seen how he played his part.

The accidental storm did more to farther the Lord Keeper's plan of forming a personal acquaintance with young Ravenswood, than his most sanguine expectations could have anticipated. His fear of the young nobleman's personal resentment had greatly decreased, since he considered him as formidable from his legal claims, and the means he might have of enforcing them. But although he thought, not unreasonably, that only desperate circumstances drove men on desperate measures, it was not without a secret terror, which shook his heart within him, that he first felt himself enclosed within the desolate Tower of Wolf's Crag; a place so well fitted, from solitude and strength, to be a scene of violence and vengeance. The stern reception at first given to them by the Master of Ravenswood, and the difficulty he felt in explaining to that injured nobleman what guests were under the shelter of his roof, did not soothe these alarms; so that when Sir William Ashton heard the door of the courtyard shut behind him with violence, the words of Alice rung in his ears, "that he had drawn on matters too hardly with so fierce a race as those of Ravenswood, and that they would bide their time to be avenged."

The subsequent frankness of the Master's hospitality, as their acquaintance increased, abated the apprehensions these recollections were calculated to excite; and it did not escape Sir William Ashton, that it was to Lucy's grace and beauty he owed the change in their host's behaviour.

All these thoughts thronged upon him when he took possession of the secret chamber. The iron lamp, the unfurnished apartment, more resembling a prison than a place of ordinary repose, the hoarse and ceaseless sound of the waves rushing against the base of the rock on which the castle was founded, saddened and perplexed his mind. To his own successful machinations, the ruin of the family had been in a great measure owing, but his disposition was crafty and not cruel; so that actually to witness the desolation and distress he had himself occasioned, was as painful to him as it would be to the humane mistress of a family to superintend in person the execution of the lambs and poultry which are killed by her own directions. At the same time, when he thought of the alternative, of restoring to

Ravenswood a large proportion of his spoils, or of adopting, as an ally and member of his own family, the heir of this impoverished house, he felt as the spider may be supposed to do, when his whole web, the intricacies of which had been planned with so much art, is destroyed by the chance sweep of a broom. And then, if he should commit himself too far in this matter, it gave rise to a perilous question which many a good husband, when under temptation to act as a free agent, has asked himself without being able to return a satisfactory answer; "What will my wife—what will Lady Ashton say?" On the whole, he came at length to the resolution in which minds of a weaker cast so often take refuge. He resolved to watch events, to take advantage of circumstances as they occurred, and regulate his conduct accordingly. In this spirit of temporising policy, he at length composed his mind to rest.

CHAPTER XVI.

"A slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which I must request pardon. It is an order that friendship calls upon me to do, and in no way offensive to you. Such I desire nothing but right upon both sides."—*King and no King.*

When Ravenswood and his guest met in the morning, the gloom of the Master's spirit had in part returned. He, also, had passed a night rather of reflection than of slumber; and the feelings which he could not but entertain towards Lucy Ashton had to support a severe conflict against those which he had so long nourished against her father. To clasp in friendship the hand of the enemy of his house, to entertain him under his roof, to exchange with him the courtesies and the kindness of domestic familiarity, was a degradation which his proud spirit could not be bent to without a struggle.

But the ice being once broken, the Lord Keeper was resolved it should not have time again to freeze. It had been part of his plan to stun and confuse Ravenswood's ideas, by a complicated and technical statement of the matters which had been in debate betwixt their families, justly thinking that it would be difficult for a youth of his age to follow the expositions of a practised lawyer, concerning actions of compt and reckoning, and of multiplepoindings, and adjudications and wadsets, proper and improper, and poindings of the ground, and declarations of the entry of the legal. Thus, thought Sir William, I shall have all the grace of appearing perfectly communicative, while my party will derive very little advantage from anything I may tell him. He therefore took Ravenswood a little into the deep recess of a window in the hall, and resuming the discourse of the preceding evening, expressed a hope that his young friend would assume some patience, in order to hear him enter into a minute and explanatory detail of those unfortunate circumstances, in which his late honourable father had stood at variance with the Lord Keeper. The Master of Ravenswood coloured highly, but was silent; and the Lord Keeper, though not greatly approving the sudden heightening of his auditor's complexion, commenced the history of a feud in

twenty thousand marks, advanced by his father to the father of Allan Lord Ravenswood, and was proceeding to detail the executorial proceedings by which this large sum had been rendered a *debitum fundi*, when he was interrupted by the Master.

"It is not in this place," he said, "that I can hear Sir William Ashton's explanation of the matters in question between us. It is not here, where my father died of a broken heart, that I can with decency or temper investigate the cause of his distress. I might remember that I was a son, and forget the duties of a host. A time, however, there must come, when these things shall be discussed in a place, and in a presence, where both of us will have equal freedom to speak and to hear."

"Any time," the Lord Keeper said, "any place, was alike to those who sought nothing but justice. Yet it would seem he was, in fairness, entitled to some premonition respecting the grounds upon which the Master proposed to impugn the whole train of legal proceedings, which had been so well and ripely advised in the only courts competent."

"Sir William Ashton," answered the Master, with warmth, "the lands which you now occupy were granted to my remote ancestor for services done with his sword against the English invaders. How they have glided from us by a train of proceedings that seem to be neither sale, nor mortgage, nor adjudication for debt, but a nondescript and entangled mixture of all these rights — how annualrent has been accumulated upon principal, and no nook or coign of legal advantage left unoccupied, until our interest in our hereditary property seems to have melted away like an icicle in thaw—all this you understand better than I do. I am willing, however, to suppose, from the frankness of your conduct towards me, that I may in a great measure have mistaken your personal character, and that things may have appeared right and fitting to you, a skilful and practised lawyer, which to my ignorant understanding seem very little short of injustice and gross oppression."

"And you, my dear Master," answered Sir William, "you, permit me to say, have been equally misrepresented to me. I was taught to believe you a fierce, imperious, hot-headed youth, ready, at the slightest provocation, to throw your sword into the scales of justice, and to appeal to those rude and forcible measures from which civil polity has long protected the people of Scotland. Then, since we were mutually mistaken in each other, why should not the young nobleman be willing to listen to the old lawyer, while, at least, he explains the points of difference betwixt them?"

"No, my lord," answered Ravenswood; "it is in the house of British Peers,(1) whose honour must be equal to their rank—it is in the court of last resort that we must parley together. The belted lord of Britain, her ancient peers, must decide, if it is their will that house, not the least noble of their members, shall be stripped of their possessions, the reward of the patriotism of generations, as the pawn of a wretched mechanic becomes forfeit to the usurer the instant the hour of redemption has passed away. If they yield to the grasping severity of the creditor, and to the gnawing usury that eats into our

lands as moths into a raiment, it will be of more evil consequence to them and their posterity than to Edgar Ravenswood — I shall still have my sword and my cloak, and can follow the profession of arms wherever a trumpet shall sound."

As he pronounced these words, in a firm yet melancholy tone, he raised his eyes, and suddenly encountered those of Lucy Ashton, who had stolen unawares on their interview, and observed her looks fastened on them with an expression of enthusiastic interest and admiration, which had wrapt her for a moment beyond the fear of discovery. The noble form and fine features of Ravenswood, fired with the pride of birth and sense of internal dignity—the mellow and expressive tones of his voice, the desolate state of his fortunes, and the indifference with which he seemed to endure and to dare the worst that might befall, rendered him a dangerous object of contemplation for a maiden already too much disposed to dwell upon recollections connected with him. When their eyes encountered each other, both blushed deeply, conscious of some strong internal emotion, and shunned again to meet each other's looks.

Sir William Ashton had, of course, closely watched the expression of their countenances. "I need fear," said he internally, "neither Parliament nor protestation; I have an effectual mode of reconciling myself with this hot-tempered young fellow, in case he shall become formidable. The present object is, at all events, to avoid committing ourselves. The hook is fixed; we will not strain the line too soon—it is as well to reserve the privilege of slipping it loose, if we do not find the fish worth landing."

In this selfish and cruel calculation upon the supposed attachment of Ravenswood to Lucy, he was so far from considering the pain he might give to the former, by thus dallying with his affections, that he even did not think upon the risk of involving his own daughter in the perils of an unfortunate passion; as if her predilection, which could not escape his attention, were like the flame of a taper, which might be lighted or extinguished at pleasure. But Providence had prepared a dreadful requital for this keen observer of human passions, who had spent his life in securing advantages to himself by artfully working upon the passions of others.

Caleb Balderston now came to announce that breakfast was prepared; for in those days of substantial feeding, the relics of the supper amply furnished forth the morning meal. Neither did he forget to present to the Lord Keeper, with great reverence, a morning-draught in a large pewter cup, garnished with leaves of parsley and scurvy-grass. He craved pardon, of course, for having omitted to serve it in the great silver standing cup as behoved, seeing that it was at present in a silversmith's in Edinburgh, for the purpose of being overlaid with gilt.

"In Edinburgh like enough," said Ravenswood; "but in what place, or for what purpose, I am afraid neither you nor I know."

"Aweel!" said Caleb, peevishly, "there's a man standing at the gate already this morning—that's ae thing that I ken—Does your honour ken whether ye will speak wi' him or no?"

"Does he wish to speak with me, Caleb?"

"Less will no serve him," said Caleb; "but he had best take a visie of him through the wicket before opening the gate—it's no every ane we suld let into this castle."

"What! do you suppose him to be a messenger come to arrest me for debt?" said Ravenswood.

"A messenger arrest your honour for debt, and in your castle of Wolf's Crag!—Your honour is jesting wi' auld Caleb this morning." However, he whispered in his ear as he followed him out, "I would be loath to do ony decent man a prejudice in your honour's gude opinion; but I would tak twa looks o' that chield before I let him within these walls."

He was not an officer of the law, however; being no less a person than Captain Craigengelt, with his nose as red as a comfortable cup of brandy could make it, his laced cocked-hat set a little aside upon the top of his black riding periwig, a sword by his side, and pistols at his holsters, and his person arrayed in a riding suit, laid over with tarnished lace,—the very moral of one who would say, Stand, to a true man.

When the Master had recognised him, he ordered the gates to be opened. "I suppose," he said, "Captain Craigengelt, there are no such weighty matters betwixt you and me, but may be discussed in this place. I have company in the castle at present, and the terms upon which we last parted must excuse my asking you to make part of them."

Craigengelt, although possessing the very perfection of impudence, was somewhat abashed by this unfavourable reception. "He had no intention," he said, "to force himself upon the Master of Ravenswood's hospitality—he was in the honourable service of bearing a message to him from a friend, otherwise the Master of Ravenswood should not have had reason to complain of this intrusion."

"Let it be short, sir," said the Master, "for that will be the best apology. Who is the gentleman who is so fortunate as to have your services as a messenger?"

"My friend Mr Hayston of Bucklaw," answered Craigengelt, with conscious importance, and that confidence which the acknowledged courage of his principal inspired, "who conceives himself to have been treated by you with something much short of the respect which he had reason to demand, and therefore is resolved to exact satisfaction. I bring with me," said he, taking a piece of paper out of his pocket, "the precise length of his sword; and he requests you will meet him, accompanied by a friend, and equally armed, at any place within a mile of the castle, when I shall give attendance as umpire, or second, on his behoof."

"Satisfaction—and equal arms!" repeated Ravenswood, who, the reader will recollect, had no reason to suppose he had given the slightest offence to his late inmate—"upon my word, Captain Craigengelt, either you have invented the most improbable falsehood that ever came into the mind of such a person, or your morning draught has been somewhat of the strongest. What could persuade Bucklaw to send me such a message?"

"For that, sir," replied Craigengelt, "I am desired to refer you

to what, in duty to my friend, I am to term your inhospitality in excluding him from your house without reasons assigned."

"It is impossible," replied the Master; "he cannot be such a fool as to interpret actual necessity as an insult. Nor do I believe, that knowing my opinion of you, Captain, he would have employed the services of so slight and inconsiderable a person as yourself upon such an errand, as I certainly could expect no man of honour to act with you in the office of umpire."

"I slight and inconsiderable!" said Craigengelt, raising his voice, and laying his hand on his cutlass; "if it were not that the quarrel of my friend craves the precedence, and is in dependence before my own, I would give you to understand——"

"I can understand nothing upon your explanation, Captain Craigengelt. Be satisfied of that, and oblige me with your departure."

"D——n!" muttered the bully; "and is this the answer which I am to carry back to an honourable message?"

"Tell the laird of Bucklaw," answered Ravenswood, "if you are really sent by him, that when he sends me his cause of grievance by a person fitting to carry such an errand betwixt him and me, I will either explain it or maintain it."

"Then, Master, you will at least cause to be returned to Hayston, by my hands, his property which is remaining in your possession."

"Whatever property Bucklaw may have left behind him, sir," replied the Master, "shall be returned to him by my servant, as you do not show me any credentials from him which entitle you to receive it."

"Well, Master," said Captain Craigengelt, with malice which even his fear of the consequences could not suppress,—"you have this morning done me an egregious wrong and dishonour, but far more to yourself. A castle indeed!" he continued, looking around him; "why, this is worse than a *coupe-gorge* house, where they receive travellers to plunder them of their property."

"You insolent rascal," said the Master, raising his cane, and making a grasp at the Captain's bridle, "if you do not depart without uttering another syllable, I will batoon you to death."

At the motion of the Master towards him, the bully turned so rapidly round, that with some difficulty he escaped throwing down his horse, whose hoofs struck fire from the rocky pavement in every direction. Recovering him, however, with the bridle, he pushed for the gate, and rode sharply back again in the direction of the village.

As Ravenswood turned round to leave the court-yard after this dialogue, he found that the Lord Keeper had descended from the hall and witnessed, though at the distance prescribed by politeness, his interview with Craigengelt.

"I have seen," said the Lord Keeper, "that gentleman's face, and at no great distance of time—his name is Craig—Craig—something is it not?"

"Craigengelt is the fellow's name," said the Master, "at least that by which he passes at present."

"Craig-in-guilt," said Caleb, punning upon the word *craig*, which in Scotch signifies throat; "if he is Craig-in-guilt just now he is a

likely to be Craig-in-peril as ony chield I ever saw—the loom has woodie written on his very visnomony, and I wad wager twa and a plack that hemp plaits his cravat yet."

"You understand physiognomy, good Mr Caleb," said the Keeper, smiling; "I assure you the gentleman has been near such a consummation before now—for I most distinctly recollect, that, upon occasion of a journey which I made about a fortnight ago to Edinburgh, I saw Mr Craigengelt, or whatever is his name, undergo a severe examination before the Privy Council."

"Upon what account?" said the Master of Ravenswood, with some interest.

The question led immediately to a tale which the Lord Keeper had been very anxious to introduce, when he could find a graceful and fitting opportunity. He took hold of the Master's arm, and led him back towards the hall. "The answer to your question," he said, "though it is a ridiculous business, is only fit for your own ear."

As they entered the hall, he again took the Master apart into one of the recesses of the window, where it will be easily believed that Miss Ashton did not venture again to intrude upon their conference.

CHAPTER XVII.

> —— Here is a father now,
> Will truck his daughter for a foreign venture,
> Make her the stop-gap to some canker'd feud,
> Or fling her o'er, like Jonah, to the fishes,
> To appease the sea at highest.
>
> *Anonymous.*

The Lord Keeper opened his discourse with an appearance of unconcern, marking, however, very carefully, the effect of his communication upon young Ravenswood.

"You are aware," he said, "my young friend, that suspicion is the natural vice of our unsettled times, and exposes the best and wisest of us to the imposition of artful rascals. If I had been disposed to listen to such the other day, or even if I had been the wily politician which you have been taught to believe me, you, Master of Ravenswood, instead of being at freedom, and with full liberty to solicit and act against me as you please, in defence of what you suppose to be your rights, would have been in the Castle of Edinburgh, or some other state prison; or, if you had escaped that destiny, it must have been by flight to a foreign country, and at the risk of a sentence of fugitation."

"My Lord Keeper," said the Master, "I think you would not jest on such a subject—yet it seems impossible you can be in earnest."

"Innocence," said the Lord Keeper, "is also confident, and sometimes, though very excusably, presumptuously so."

"I do not understand," said Ravenswood, "how a consciousness of innocence can be, in any case, accounted presumptuous."

"Imprudent, at least, it may be called," said Sir William Ashton,

"since it is apt to lead us into the mistake of supposing that sufficiently evident to others, of which, in fact, we are only conscious ourselves. I have known a rogue, for this very reason, make a better defence than an innocent man could have done in the same circumstances of suspicion. Having no consciousness of innocence to support him, such a fellow applies himself to all the advantages which the law will afford him, and sometimes (if his counsel be men of talent) succeeds in compelling his judges to receive him as innocent. I remember the celebrated case of Sir Coolie Condiddle, of Condiddle, who was tried for theft under trust, of which all the world knew him guilty, and yet was not only acquitted, but lived to sit in judgment on honester folk."

"Allow me to beg you will return to the point," said the Master; "you seemed to say that I had suffered under some suspicion."

"Suspicion, Master?—ay, truly—and I can show you the proofs of it; if I happen only to have them with me.—Here, Lockhard"—His attendant came—"Fetch me the little private mail with the padlocks, that I recommended to your particular charge—d'ye hear?"

"Yes, my lord." Lockhard vanished; and the Keeper continued, as if half speaking to himself.

"I think the papers are with me—I think so, for as I was to be in this country, it was natural for me to bring them with me. I have them, however, at Ravenswood Castle, that I am sure of—so perhaps you might condescend——"

Here Lockhard entered, and put the leathern scrutoire, or mail box, into his hands. The Keeper produced one or two papers, respecting the information laid before the Privy Council concerning the riot, as it was termed, at the funeral of Allan Lord Ravenswood, and the active share he had himself taken in quashing the proceedings against the Master. These documents had been selected with care, so as to irritate the natural curiosity of Ravenswood upon such a subject, without gratifying it, yet to show that Sir William Ashton had acted upon that trying occasion the part of an advocate and peacemaker betwixt him and the jealous authorities of the day. Having furnished his host with such subjects for examination, the Lord Keeper went to the breakfast-table, and entered into light conversation, addressed partly to old Caleb, whose resentment against the usurper of the Castle of Ravenswood began to be softened by his familiarity, and partly to his daughter.

After perusing these papers, the Master of Ravenswood remained for a minute or two with his hand pressed against his brow, in deep and profound meditation. He then again ran his eye hastily over the papers, as if desirous of discovering in them some deep purpose, or some mark of fabrication, which had escaped him at first perusal. Apparently the second reading confirmed the opinion which had pressed upon him at the first, for he started from the stone bench on which he was sitting, and going to the Lord Keeper, took his hand, and, strongly pressing it, asked his pardon repeatedly for the injustice he had done him, when it appeared he was experiencing, at his hands, the benefit of protection to his person, and vindication to his character.

The statesman received these acknowledgments at first with well-feigned surprise, and then with an affectation of frank cordiality. The tears began already to start from Lucy's blue eyes at viewing this unexpected and moving scene. To see the Master, late so haughty and reserved, and whom she had always supposed the injured person, supplicating her father for forgiveness, was a change at once surprising, flattering, and affecting.

"Dry your eyes, Lucy," said her father; "why should you weep, because your father, though a lawyer, is discovered to be a fair and honourable man?—What have you to thank me for, my dear Master," he continued, addressing Ravenswood, "that you would not have done in my case? '*Suum cuique tribuito*,' was the Roman justice, and I learned it when I studied Justinian. Besides, have ye not overpaid me a thousand times, in saving the life of this dear child?"

"Yes," answered the Master, in all the remorse of self-accusation; 'but the little service *I* did was an act of mere brutal instinct; *your* defence of my cause, when you knew how ill I thought of you, and how much I was disposed to be your enemy, was an act of generous, manly, and considerate wisdom."

"Pshaw!" said the Lord Keeper, "each of us acted in his own way; you as a gallant soldier, I as an upright judge and privy-councillor. We could not, perhaps, have changed parts—at least I should have made a very sorry *Tauridor*, and you, my good Master, though your cause is so excellent, might have pleaded it perhaps worse yourself, than I who acted for you before the council."

"My generous friend!" said Ravenswood;—and with that brief word, which the Keeper had often lavished upon him, but which he himself now pronounced for the first time, he gave to his feudal enemy the full confidence of a haughty but honourable heart. The Master had been remarked among his contemporaries for sense and acuteness, as well as for his reserved, pertinacious, and irascible character His prepossessions accordingly, however obstinate, were of a nature to give way before love and gratitude; and the real charms of the daughter, joined to the supposed services of the father, cancelled in his memory the vows of vengeance which he had taken so deeply on the eve of his father's funeral. But they had been heard and registered in the book of fate.

Caleb was present at this extraordinary scene, and he could conceive no other reason for a proceeding so extraordinary than an alliance betwixt the houses, and Ravenswood Castle assigned for the young lady's dowry. As for Lucy, when Ravenswood uttered the most passionate excuses for his ungrateful negligence, she could but smile through her tears, and, as she abandoned her hand to him, assure him, in broken accents, of the delight with which she beheld the complete reconciliation between her father and her deliverer. Even the statesman was moved and affected by the fiery, unreserved, and generous self-abandonment with which the Master of Ravenswood renounced his feudal enmity, and threw himself without hesitation upon his forgiveness. His eyes glistened as he looked upon a couple who were obviously becoming attached, and who seemed made for each other. He thought how high the proud and chival-

rous character of Ravenswood might rise under many circumstances, in which *he* found himself "over-crowded," to use a phrase of Spenser, and kept under, by his brief prudence, and timidity of disposition. Then his daughter — his favourite child — his constant playmate — seemed formed to live happy in a union with such a commanding spirit as Ravenswood; and over the fine, delicate, fragile form of Lucy Ashton seemed to require the support of the Master's muscular strength and masculine character. And it was not merely during a few minutes that Sir William Ashton looked upon their marriage as a probable and even desirable event, for a full hour intervened ere his imagination was crossed by recollections of the Master's poverty, and the sure displeasure of Lady Ashton. It is certain that the very unusual flow of kindly feeling with which the Lord Keeper had been thus surprised, was one of the circumstances which gave much tacit encouragement to the attachment between the Master and his daughter, and led both the lovers distinctly to believe that it was a connection which would be most agreeable to him. He himself was supposed to have admitted this in effect, when, long after the catastrophe of their love, he used to warn his hearers against permitting their feelings to obtain an ascendency over their judgment, and affirm, that the greatest misfortune of his life was owing to a very temporary predominance of sensibility over self-interest. It must be owned, if such was the case, he was long and severely punished for an offence of very brief duration.

After some pause, the Lord Keeper resumed the conversation. — "In your surprise at finding me an honester man than you expected, you have lost your curiosity about this Craigengelt, my good Master; and yet your name was brought in, in the course of that matter too."

"The scoundrel!" said Ravenswood; "my connection with him was of the most temporary nature possible; and yet I was very foolish to hold any communication with him at all. — What did he say of me?"

"Enough," said the Keeper, "to excite the very loyal terrors of some of our sages, who are for proceeding against men on the mere grounds of suspicion or mercenary information. — Some nonsense about your proposing to enter into the service of France, or of the Pretender, I don't recollect which, but which the Marquis of A——, one of your best friends, and another person, whom some call one of your worst and most interested enemies, could not, somehow, be brought to listen to."

"I am obliged to my honourable friend — and yet"—shaking the Lord Keeper's hand—"and yet I am still more obliged to my honourable enemy."

"*Iniquissimus amicissimus*," said the Lord Keeper, returning the pressure; "but this gentleman — this Mr Hayston of Bucklaw — I am afraid the poor young man—I heard the fellow mention his name — is under very bad guidance."

"He is old enough to govern himself," answered the Master.

"Old enough, perhaps, but scarce wise enough, if he has chosen this fellow for his *fidus Achates*. Why, he lodged an information against him—that is, such a consequence might have ensued from

is examination, had we not looked rather at the character of the witness than the tenor of his evidence."

"Mr Lockhaw of Bucklaw," said the Master, "is, I believe, a most honourable man, and capable of nothing that is mean or disgraceful."

"Capable of much that is unreasonable, though: that you must needs allow, Master. Death will soon put him in possession of a fair estate, if he hath it not already; old Lady Girnington—an excellent person, excepting that her inveterate ill-nature rendered her intolerable to the whole world—is probably dead by this time. Six heirs portioners have successively died to make her wealthy. I know the estates well; they march[1] with my own—a noble property."

"I am glad of it," said Ravenswood, "and should be more so, were I confident that Bucklaw would change his company and habits with his fortunes. This appearance of Craigengelt, acting in the capacity of his friend, is a most vile augury for his future respectability."

"He is a bird of evil omen, to be sure," said the Keeper, "and croaks of jail and gallows-tree.—But I see Mr Caleb grows impatient for our return to breakfast."

CHAPTER XVIII.

> Sir, stay at home and take an old man's counsel;
> Seek not to bask you by a stranger's hearth;
> Our own blue smoke is warmer than their fire;
> Domestic food is wholesome, though 'tis homely,
> And foreign dainties poisonous, though tasteful.
>
> *The French Courtezan.*

THE Master of Ravenswood took an opportunity to leave his guests to prepare for their departure, while he himself made the brief arrangements necessary previous to his absence from Wolf's Crag for a day or two. It was necessary to communicate with Caleb on this occasion, and he found that faithful servitor in his sooty and ruinous den, greatly delighted with the departure of their visiters, and computing how long, with good management, the provisions which had been unexpended might furnish forth the Master's table. "He's nae belly god, that's ae blessing; and Bucklaw's game, that could have eaten a horse behind the saddle. Cresses or water-purple, and a bit oit-cake, can serve the Master for breakfast as weel as Caleb. Then for dinner—there's no muckle left on the spule-bane; it will brander, though—it will brander[2] very well."

His triumphant calculations were interrupted by the Master, who communicated to him, not without some hesitation, his purpose to ride with the Lord Keeper as far as Ravenswood Castle, and to remain there for a day or two.

"The mercy of Heaven forbid!" said the old serving-man, turning as pale as the tablecloth which he was folding up.

[1] i. e. They are bounded by my own. Broil.

"And why, Caleb," said his master, "why should the mercy of Heaven forbid my returning the Lord Keeper's visit?"

"Oh, sir!" replied Caleb—"O Mr Edgar! I am your servant, and it ill becomes me to speak—but I am an auld servant—have served baith your father and gudesire, and mind to have seen Lord Randal, your great-grandfather—but that was when I was a bairn."

"And what of all this, Balderston?" said the Master: "what can it possibly have to do with my paying some ordinary civility to a neighbour?"

"O Mr Edgar,—that is, my lord!" answered the butler, "your ain conscience tells you it isna for your father's son to be neighbouring wi' the like o' him—it isna for the credit of the family. An he were anee come to terms, and to gie ye back your ain, e'en though ye suld honour his house wi' your alliance, I suldna say na—for the young leddy is a winsome sweet creature—But keep your ain state wi' them—I ken the race o' them weel—they will think the mair o' ye."

"Why, now, you go farther than I do, Caleb," said the Master, drowning a certain degree of consciousness in a forced laugh: "you are for marrying me into a family that you will not allow me to visit—how's this?—and you look as pale as death besides."

"O, sir," repeated Caleb again, "you would but laugh if I tauld it; but Thomas the Rhymer, whose tongue couldna be fause, spoke the word of your house that will e'en prove ower true if you go to Ravenswood this day—O, that it should e'er have been fulfilled in my time!"

"And what is it, Caleb?" said Ravenswood, wishing to soothe the fears of his old servant.

Caleb replied, "he had never repeated the lines to living mortal—they were told to him by an auld priest that had been confessor to Lord Allan's father when the family were catholic. But mony a time," he said, "I hae soughed thae dark words ower to mysell, and, well-a-day! little did I think of their coming round this day."

"Truce with your nonsense, and let me hear the doggerel which has put it into your head," said the Master, impatiently.

With a quivering voice, and a cheek pale with apprehension, Caleb faltered out the following lines:—

> "When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,
> And woo a dead maiden to be his bride,
> He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow
> And his name shall be lost for evermoe!"

"I know the Kelpie's flow well enough," said the Master: "I suppose, at least, you mean the quick-sand betwixt this Tower and Wolf's-hope; but why any man in his senses should stable a steed there——"

"O, never speer onything about that, sir—God forbid we should ken what the propheey means—but just bide you at hame, and let the strangers ride to Ravenswood by themselves. We have done enough for them; and to do mair, would be mair against the credit of the family than in its favour."

"Well, Caleb," said the Master, "I give you the best possible credit for your good advice on this occasion; but as I do not go to Ravens-

wood to seek a bride, dead or alive, I hope I shall choose a better stable for my horse than the Kelpie's quicksand, and especially as I have always had a particular dread of it since the patrol of dragoons were lost there ten years since. My father and I saw them from the Tower struggling against the advancing tide, and they were lost long before any help could reach them."

"And they deserved it weel, the southern loons!" said Caleb; "what had they ado capering on our sands, and hindering a wheen honest folk frae bringing on shore a drap brandy? I hae seen them hae busy, that I wad hae fired the auld culverin, or the demisaker that's on the south bartizan at them, only I was feared they might burst in the ganging aff."

Caleb's brain was now fully engaged with abuse of the English soldiery and excisemen, so that his master found no great difficulty in escaping from him and rejoining his guests. All was now ready for their departure; and one of the Lord Keeper's grooms having saddled the Master's steed, they mounted in the court-yard.

Caleb had, with much toil, opened the double doors of the outward gate, and thereat stationed himself, endeavouring, by the reverential, and, at the same time, consequential air which he assumed, to supply, by his own gaunt, wasted, and thin person, the absence of a whole baronial establishment of porters, warders, and liveried menials.

The Keeper returned his deep reverence with a cordial farewell, stooping at the same time from his horse, and sliding into the butler's hand the remuneration, which in those days was always given by a departing guest to the domestics of the family where he had been entertained. Lucy smiled on the old man with her usual sweetness, bade him adieu, and deposited her guerdon with a grace of action, and a gentleness of accent, which could not have failed to have won the faithful retainer's heart, but for Thomas the Rhymer, and the successful lawsuit against his master. As it was, he might have adopted the language of the Duke, in *As you Like it*—

> "Thou wouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
> If thou hadst told me of another father."

Ravenswood was at the lady's bridle-rein encouraging her timidity, and guiding her horse carefully down the rocky path which led to the moor, when one of the servants announced from the rear that Caleb was calling loudly after them, desiring to speak with his master. Ravenswood felt it would look singular to neglect this summons, although inwardly cursing Caleb for his impertinent officiousness; therefore he was compelled to relinquish to Mr Lockhard the agreeable duty in which he was engaged, and to ride back to the gate of the court-yard. Here he was beginning, somewhat peevishly, to ask Caleb the cause of his clamour, when the good old man exclaimed, "Whisht, sir! whisht, and let me speak just ae word that I couldna say afore folk—there"—(putting into his lord's hand the money he had just received)—"there's three gowd pieces—and ye'll want siller up-by yonder—But stay, whisht now!"—for the Master was beginning to exclaim against this transference—"never say a word, but just see

to get them changed in the first town ye ride through, for they are bran new frae the mint, and kenspeckle a wee bit."

"You forget, Caleb," said his master, striving to force back the money on his servant, and extricate the bridle from his hold—"You forget that I have some gold pieces left of my own. Keep these to yourself, my old friend; and, once more, good day to you. I assure you I have plenty. You know you have managed that our living should cost us little or nothing."

"Aweel," said Caleb, "these will serve for you another time: but see ye hae eneugh, for, doubtless, for the credit of the family, there maun be some civility to the servants, and ye maun hae something to mak a show with when they say, Master, will you bet a broad piece? Then ye maun tak out your purse, and say, I carena if I do; and take care no to agree on the articles of the wager, and just put up your purse again, and——"

"This is intolerable, Caleb—I really must be gone."

And you will go, then?" said Caleb, loosening his hold upon the Master's cloak, and changing his didactics into a pathetic and mournful tone—"And you *will* go, for a' I have told you about the prophecy and the dead bride, and the Kelpie's quicksand?—Aweel! a wilful man maun hae his way—he that will to Cupar maun to Cupar. But pity of your life, sir, if ye be fowling or shooting in the Park—beware of drinking at the Mermaiden's well——He's gane! he's down the path, arrow-flight afore her!—The head is as clean taen aff the Ravenswood family this day, as I wad chap the head aff a sybo!"

The old butler looked long after his master, often clearing away the dew as it rose to his eyes, that he might, as long as possible, distinguish his stately form from those of the other horsemen. "Close to her bridle-rein—ay, close to her bridle-rein! Wisely saith the holy man, 'By this also you may know that woman hath dominion over all men;'—and without this lass would not our ruin have been a'thegither fulfilled."

With a heart fraught with such sad auguries did Caleb return to his necessary duties at Wolf's Crag, as soon as he could no longer distinguish the object of his anxiety among the group of riders, which diminished in the distance.

In the meantime the party pursued their route joyfully. Having once taken his resolution, the Master of Ravenswood was not of a character to hesitate or pause upon it. He abandoned himself to the pleasure he felt in Miss Ashton's company, and displayed an assiduous gallantry, which approached as nearly to gaiety as the temper of his mind and state of his family permitted. The Lord Keeper was much struck with his depth of observation, and the unusual improvement which he had derived from his studies. Of these accomplishments Sir William Ashton's profession and habits of society rendered him an excellent judge; and he well knew how to appreciate a quality of which he himself was a total stranger,—the brief and decided dauntlessness of the Master of Ravenswood's disposition, who seemed equally a stranger to doubt and to fear. In his heart the Lord Keeper rejoiced at having conciliated an adversary so formidable, while, with a mixture of pleasure and anxiety, he anticipated the great things he

young companion might achieve, were the breath of court-favour to fill his sails.

"What could she desire," he thought, his mind always conjuring up opposition in the person of Lady Ashton to his now prevailing wish—"What could a woman desire in a match, more than the sopiting of a very dangerous claim, and the alliance of a son-in-law, noble, brave, well-gifted, and highly connected—sure to float whenever the tide sets his way—strong, exactly where we are weak, in pedigree and in the temper of a swordsman?—Sure no reasonable woman would hesitate,—But, alas!" Here his argument was stopped by the consciousness that Lady Ashton was not always reasonable, in his sense of the word. "To prefer some clownish Merse laird to the gallant young nobleman, and to the secure possession of Ravenswood upon terms of easy compromise—it would be the act of a madwoman!"

Thus pondered the veteran politician, until they reached Bittlebrains House, where it had been previously settled they were to dine and repose themselves, and prosecute their journey in the afternoon.

They were received with an excess of hospitality; and the most marked attention was offered to the Master of Ravenswood, in particular, by their noble entertainers. The truth was, that Lord Bittlebrains had obtained his peerage by a good deal of plausibility, an art of building up a character for wisdom upon a very trite style of commonplace eloquence, a steady observation of the changes of the times, and the power of rendering certain political services to those who could best reward them. His lady and he not feeling quite easy under their new honours, to which use had not adapted their feelings, were very desirous to procure the fraternal countenance of those who were born denizens of the regions into which they had been exalted from a lower sphere. The extreme attention which they paid to the Master of Ravenswood, had its usual effect in exalting his importance in the eyes of the Lord Keeper, who, although he had a reasonable degree of contempt for Lord Bittlebrains' general parts, entertained a high opinion of the acuteness of his judgment in all matters of self-interest.

"I wish Lady Ashton had seen this," was his internal reflection; "no man knows so well as Bittlebrains on which side his bread is buttered; and he fawns on the Master like a beggar's messan on a cook. And my lady, too, bringing forward her beetle browed misses to skirl and play upon the virginals, as if she said, pick and choose. They are no more comparable to Lucy than an owl is to a cygnet, and so they may carry their black brows to a farther market."

The entertainment being ended, our travellers, who had still to measure the longest part of their journey, resumed their horses; and after the Lord Keeper, the Master, and the domesties, had drunk *coch-an-dorroch*, or the stirrup-cup, in the liquors adapted to their various ranks, the cavalcade resumed its progress.

It was dark by the time they entered the avenue of Ravenswood Castle, a long straight line leading directly to the front of the house, flanked with huge elm-trees, which sighed to the night-wind, as if they compassionated the heir of their ancient proprietors, who now

returned to their shades in the society, and almost in the retinue, of their new master. Some feelings of the same kind oppressed the mind of the Master himself. He gradually became silent, and dropped a little behind the lady, at whose bridle-rein he had hitherto waited with such devotion. He well recollected the period when, at the same hour in the evening, he had accompanied his father, as that nobleman left, never again to return to it, the mansion from which he derived his name and title. The extensive front of the old castle, on which he remembered having often looked back, was then "as black as mourning weed." The same front now glanced with many lights, some throwing far forward into the night a fixed and stationary blaze, and others hurrying from one window to another, intimating the bustle and busy preparations preceding their arrival, which had been intimated by an avant-courier. The contrast pressed so strongly upon the Master's heart, as to awaken some of the sterner feelings with which he had been accustomed to regard the new lord of his paternal domain, and to impress his countenance with an air of severe gravity, when, alighted from his horse, he stood in the hall no longer his own, surrounded by the numerous menials of its present owner.

The Lord Keeper, when about to welcome him with the cordiality which their late intercourse seemed to render proper, became aware of the change, refrained from his purpose, and only intimated the ceremony of reception by a deep reverence to his guest, seeming thus delicately to share the feelings which predominated on his brow.

Two upper domestics, bearing each a huge pair of silver candlesticks, now marshalled the company into a large saloon, or withdrawing room, where new alterations impressed upon Ravenswood the superior wealth of the present inhabitants of the castle. The mouldering tapestry, which, in his father's time, had half covered the walls of this stately apartment, and half streamed from them in tatters, had given place to a complete finishing of wainscot, the cornice of which, as well as the frames of the various compartments, were ornamented with festoons of flowers, and with birds, which, though carved in oak, seemed, such was the art of the chisel, actually to swell their throats and flutter their wings. Several old family portraits of armed heroes of the house of Ravenswood, together with a suit or two of old armour and some military weapons, had given place to those of King William and Queen Mary, of Sir Thomas Hope and Lord Stair, two distinguished Scottish lawyers. The pictures of the Lord Keeper's father and mother were also to be seen; the latter, sour, shrewish, and solemn, in her black hood and close pinners, with a book of devotion in her hand; the former, exhibiting beneath a black silk Geneva cowl, or skull-cap, which sate as close to the head as if it had been shaven, a pinched, peevish, puritanical set of features, terminating in a hungry, reddish, peaked beard, forming on the whole a countenance in the expression of which the hypocrite seemed to contend with the miser and the knave. And it is to make room for such scarecrows as these, thought Ravenswood, that my ancestors have been torn down from the walls which they erected! He looked at them again, and, as he looked, the recollection of Lucy Ashton (for she had not entered the apartment with them) seemed less lively in his imagination

There were also two or three Dutch drolleries, as the pictures of Ostade and Teniers were then termed, with one good painting of the Italian school. There was, besides, a noble full length of the Lord Keeper in his robes of office, placed beside his lady in silk and ermine, haughty beauty, bearing in her looks all the pride of the House of Douglas, from which she was descended. The painter, notwithstanding his skill, overcome by the reality, or perhaps, from a suppressed sense of humour, had not been able to give the husband on the canvass that air of awful rule and right supremacy, which indicates the full possession of domestic authority. It was obvious, at the first glance, that, despite mace and gold frogs, the Lord Keeper was somewhat henpecked. The floor of this fine saloon was laid with rich carpets, huge fires blazed in the double chimneys, and ten silver sconces, reflecting with their bright plates the lights which they supported, made the whole seem as brilliant as day.

"Would you choose any refreshment, Master?" said Sir William Ashton, not unwilling to break the awkward silence.

He received no answer, the Master being so busily engaged in marking the various changes which had taken place in the apartment, that he hardly heard the Lord Keeper address him. A repetition of the offer of refreshment, with the addition, that the family meal would be presently ready, compelled his attention, and reminded him, that he acted a weak, perhaps even a ridiculous part, in suffering himself to be overcome by the circumstances in which he found himself. He compelled himself, therefore, to enter into conversation with Sir William Ashton, with as much appearance of indifference as he could well command.

"You will not be surprised, Sir William, that I am interested in the changes you have made for the better in this apartment. In my father's time, after our misfortunes compelled him to live in retirement, it was little used, except by me as a play-room, when the weather would not permit me to go abroad. In that recess was my little workshop, where I treasured the few carpenter's tools which old Caleb procured for me, and taught me how to use—there, in yonder corner, under that handsome silver sconce, I kept my fishing-rods and hunting poles, bows and arrows."

"I have a young birkie," said the Lord Keeper, willing to change the tone of the conversation, "of much the same turn—He is never happy, save when he is in the field—I wonder he is not here.—Here, Lockhard—send William Shaw for Mr Henry—I suppose he is, as usual, tied to Lucy's apron string—that foolish girl, Master, draws the whole family after her at her pleasure."

Even this allusion to his daughter, though artfully thrown out, did not recall Ravenswood from his own topic.

"We were obliged to leave," he said, "some armour and portraits in this apartment—may I ask where they have been removed to?"

"Why," answered the Keeper, with some hesitation, "the room was fitted up in our absence—and *cedant arma togæ*, is the maxim of lawyers, you know—I am afraid it has been here somewhat too literally complied with. I hope—I believe they are safe.—I am sure I gave orders—may I hope that when they are recovered, and put in

proper order, you will do me the honour to accept them at my hand, as an atonement for their accidental derangement?"

The Master of Ravenswood bowed stiffly, and, with folded arms, again resumed his survey of the room.

Henry, a spoilt boy of fifteen, burst into the room, and ran up to his father. "Think of Lucy, papa; she has come home so cross and so fractious, that she will not go down to the stable to see my new pony, that Bob Wilson brought from the Mull of Galloway."

"I think you were very unreasonable to ask her," said the Keeper.

"Then you are as cross as she is," answered the boy; "but when mamma comes home, she'll claw up both your mittens."

"Hush your impertinence, you little forward imp!" said his father; "where is your tutor?"

"Gone to a wedding at Dunbar—I hope he'll get a haggis to his dinner;" and he began to sing the old Scottish song,

"There was a haggis in Dunbar,
Fal de ral, &c.
Mony better and few waur,
Fal de ral, &c."

"I am much obliged to Mr Cordery for his attentions," said the Lord Keeper; "and pray who has had the charge of you while I was away, Mr Henry?"

"Norman and Bob Wilson—forby my own self."

"A groom and a gamekeeper, and your own silly self—proper guardians for a young advocate!—Why, you will never know any statutes but those against shooting red-deer, killing salmon, and——"

"And speaking of red-game," said the young scape-grace, interrupting his father without scruple or hesitation, "Norman has shot a buck, and I showed the branches to Lucy, and she says they have but eight tynes; and she says that you killed a deer with Lord Bittlebrains' hounds, when you were west away, and, do you know, she says it had ten tynes—is it true?"

"It may have had twenty, Henry, for what I know; but if you go to that gentleman, he can tell you all about it—Go speak to him, Henry—it is the Master of Ravenswood."

While they conversed thus, the father and son were standing by the fire; and the Master having walked towards the upper end of the apartment, stood with his back towards them, apparently engaged in examining one of the paintings. The boy ran up to him, and pulled him by the skirt of the coat with the freedom of a spoilt child, saying, "I say, sir—if you please to tell me"—— But when the Master turned round, and Henry saw his face, he became suddenly and totally disconcerted—walked two or three steps backward, and still gazed on Ravenswood with an air of fear and wonder, which had totally banished from his features their usual expression of petulant vivacity.

"Come to me, young gentleman," said the Master, "and I will tell you all I know about the hunt."

"Go to the gentleman, Henry," said his father; "you are not used to be so shy."

But neither invitation nor exhortation had any effect on the boy

On the contrary, he turned round as soon as he had completed his survey of the Master, and walking as cautiously as if he had been treading upon eggs, he glided back to his father, and pressed as close to him as possible. Ravenswood, to avoid hearing the dispute betwixt the father and the over-indulged boy, thought it most polite to turn his face once more towards the pictures, and pay no attention to what they said.

"Why do you not speak to the Master, you little fool?" said the Lord Keeper.

"I am afraid," said Henry, in a very low tone of voice.

"Afraid, you goose!" said his father, giving him a slight shake by the collar,—"What makes you afraid?"

"What makes him so like the picture of Sir Malise Ravenswood, then?" said the boy, whispering.

"What picture, you natural?" said his father. "I used to think you only a scape-grace, but I believe you will turn out a born idiot."

"I tell you it is the picture of old Malise of Ravenswood, and he is as like it as if he had loupen out of the canvass; and it is up in the old Baron's hall that the maids launder the clothes in, and it has armour, and not a coat like the gentleman—and he has not a beard and whiskers like the picture—and it has another kind of thing about the throat, and no band-strings as he has—and——"

"And why should not the gentleman be like his ancestor, you silly boy?" said the Lord Keeper.

"Ay; but if he is come to chase us all out of the castle," said the boy, "and has twenty men at his back in disguise—and is come to say, with a hollow voice, *I bide my time*—and is to kill you on the hearth as Malise did the other man, and whose blood is still to be seen!"

"Hush! nonsense!" said the Lord Keeper, not himself much pleased to hear these disagreeable coincidences forced on his notice. "Master, here comes Lockhard to say supper is served."

And, at the same instant, Lucy entered at another door, having changed her dress since her return. The exquisite feminine beauty of her countenance, now shaded only by a profusion of sunny tresses; the sylph-like form disencumbered of her heavy riding-skirt, and mantled in azure silk; the grace of her manner and of her smile, seared, with a celerity which surprised the Master himself, all the gloomy and unfavourable thoughts which had for some time overclouded his fancy. In those features, so simply sweet, he could trace no alliance with the pinched visage of the peak-bearded, black-capped puritan, or his starched, withered spouse, with the craft expressed in the Lord Keeper's countenance, or the haughtiness which predominated in that of his lady; and, while he gazed on Lucy Ashton, she seemed to be an angel descended on earth, unallied to the coarser mortals among whom she deigned to dwell for a season. Such is the power of beauty over a youthful and enthusiastic fancy.

CHAPTER XIX.

——— I do too ill in this,
And must not think but that a parent's plaint
Will move the heavens to pour forth misery
Upon the head of disobediency.
Yet reason tells us, parents are o'erseen,
When with too strict a rein they do hold in
Their child's affection, and control that love,
Which the high powers divine inspire them with.
The Hog hath lost his Pearl.

THE feast of Ravenswood Castle was as remarkable for its profusion, as that of Wolf's Crag had been for its ill-veiled penury. The Lord Keeper might feel internal pride at the contrast, but he had too much tact to suffer it to appear. On the contrary, he seemed to remember with pleasure what he called Mr Balderston's bachelor's meal, and to be rather disgusted than pleased with the display upon his own groaning board.

"We do these things," he said, "because others do them—but I was bred a plain man at my father's frugal table, and I should like well would my wife and family permit me to return to my sowens and my poor-man-of-mutton."[5]

This was a little overstretched. The Master only answered, "That different ranks—I mean," said he, correcting himself, "different degrees of wealth require a different style of housekeeping."

This dry remark put a stop to farther conversation on the subject, nor is it necessary to record that which was substituted in its place. The evening was spent with freedom, and even cordiality; and Henry had so far overcome his first apprehensions, that he had settled a party for coursing a stag with the representative and living resemblance of grim Sir Malise of Ravenswood, called the Revenger. The next morning was the appointed time. It rose upon active sportsmen and successful sport. The banquet came in course; and a pressing invitation to tarry yet another day was given and accepted. This Ravenswood had resolved should be the last of his stay; but he recollected he had not yet visited the ancient and devoted servant of his house, old Alice, and it was but kind to dedicate one morning to the gratification of so ancient an adherent.

To visit Alice, therefore, a day was devoted, and Lucy was the Master's guide upon the way. Henry, it is true, accompanied them, and took from their walk the air of a *tête-à-tête*, while, in reality, it was little else, considering the variety of circumstances which occurred to prevent the boy from giving the least attention to what passed between his companions. Now a rook settled on a branch within shot—anon a hare crossed their path, and Henry and his greyhound went astray in pursuit of it—then he had to hold a long conversation with the forester, which detained him a while behind his companions—and again he went to examine the earth of a badger, which carried him on a good way before them.

The conversation betwixt the Master and his sister, meanwhile, took an interesting, and almost a confidential turn. She could not

help mentioning her sense of the pain he must feel in visiting scenes so well known to him, bearing now an aspect so different; and so gently was her sympathy expressed, that Ravenswood felt it for a moment as a full requital of all his misfortunes. Some such sentiment escaped him, which Lucy heard with more of confusion than displeasure; and she may be forgiven the imprudence of listening to such language, considering that the situation in which she was placed by her father seemed to authorise Ravenswood to use it. Yet she made an effort to turn the conversation, and she succeeded; for the Master also had advanced farther than he intended, and his conscience had instantly checked him when he found himself on the verge of speaking of love to the daughter of Sir William Ashton.

They now approached the hut of old Alice, which had of late been rendered more comfortable, and presented an appearance less picturesque, perhaps, but far neater than before. The old woman was on her accustomed seat beneath the weeping birch, basking, with the listless enjoyment of age and infirmity, in the beams of the autumn sun. At the arrival of her visiters she turned her head towards them. "I hear your step, Miss Ashton," she said, "but the gentleman who attends you is not my lord, your father."

"And why should you think so, Alice?" said Lucy; "or how is it possible for you to judge so accurately by the sound of a step, on this firm earth, and in the open air?"

"My hearing, my child, has been sharpened by my blindness, and I can now draw conclusions from the slightest sounds, which formerly reached my ears as unheeded as they now approach yours. Necessity is a stern, but an excellent schoolmistress, and she that has lost her sight must collect her information from other sources."

"Well, you hear a man's step, I grant it," said Lucy; "but why Alice, may it not be my father's?"

"The pace of age, my love, is timid and cautious—the foot takes leave of the earth slowly, and is planted down upon it with hesitation; it is the hasty and determined step of youth that I now hear, and—could I give credit to so strange a thought—I should say it was the step of a Ravenswood."

"This is indeed," said Ravenswood, "an acuteness of organ which I could not have credited had I not witnessed it.—I am indeed the Master of Ravenswood, Alice—the son of your old master."

"You!" said the old woman, with almost a scream of surprise—"you the Master of Ravenswood—here—in this place, and thus accompanied?—I cannot believe it—Let me pass my old hand over your face, that my touch may bear witness to my ears."

The Master sate down beside her on the earthen bank, and permitted her to touch his features with her trembling hand.

"It is indeed!" she said, "it is the features as well as the voice of Ravenswood—the high lines of pride, as well as the bold and haughty tone.—But what do you here, Master of Ravenswood?—what do you in your enemy's domain, and in company with his child?"

As old Alice spoke, her face kindled, as probably that of an ancient feudal vassal might have done, in whose presence his youthful liege-

lord had showed some symptom of degenerating from the spirit of his ancestors.

"The Master of Ravenswood," said Lucy, who liked not the tone of this expostulation, and was desirous to abridge it, "is upon a visit to my father."

"Indeed!" said the old blind woman, in an accent of surprise.

"I knew," continued Lucy, "I should do him a pleasure by conducting him to your cottage."

"Where, to say the truth, Alice," said Ravenswood, "I expected a more cordial reception."

"It is most wonderful!" said the old woman, muttering to herself; "but the ways of Heaven are not like our ways, and its judgments are brought about by means far beyond our fathoming.—Hearken, young man," she said; "your fathers were implacable, but they were honourable foes; they sought not to ruin their enemies under the mask of hospitality. What have you to do with Lucy Ashton?—why should your steps move in the same footpath with hers?—why should your voice sound in the same chord and time with those of Sir William Ashton's daughter?—Young man, he who aims at revenge by dishonourable means——"

"Be silent, woman!" said Ravenswood, sternly; "is it the devil that prompts your voice?—Know that this young lady has not on earth a friend, who would venture farther to save her from injury or from insult."

"And is it even so?" said the old woman, in an altered but melancholy tone—"Then God help you both!"

"Amen! Alice," said Lucy, who had not comprehended the import of what the blind woman had hinted, "and send you your senses, Alice, and your good-humour. If you hold this mysterious language, instead of welcoming your friends, they will think of you as other people do."

"And how do other people think?" said Ravenswood, for he also began to believe the old woman spoke with incoherence.

"They think," said Henry Ashton, who came up at that moment, and whispered into Ravenswood's ear, "that she is a witch, that should have been burned with them that suffered at Haddington."

"What is that you say?" said Alice, turning towards the boy, her sightless visage inflamed with passion; "that I am a witch, and ought to have suffered with the helpless old wretches who were murdered at Haddington?"

"Hear to that, now," again whispered Henry, "and me whispering lower than a wren cheeps?"

"If the usurer, and the oppressor, and the grinder of the poor man's face, and the remover of ancient landmarks, and the subverter of ancient houses, were at the same stake with me, I could say, light the fire, in God's name!"

"This is dreadful," said Lucy; "I have never seen the poor deserted woman in this state of mind; but age and poverty can ill bear reproach.—Come, Henry, we will leave her for the present—she wishes to speak with the Master alone. We will walk homeward, and rest us," she added, looking at Ravenswood, "by the Mermaiden's Well."

"And Alice," said the boy, "if you know of any hare that comes through among the deer and makes them drop their calves out of season, you may tell her, with my compliments to command, that if Norman has not got a silver bullet ready for her, I'll lend him one of my doublet-buttons on purpose."

Alice made no answer till she was aware that the sister and brother were out of hearing. She then said to Ravenswood, "And you, too, are angry with me for my love?—it is just that strangers should be offended, but you, too, are angry!"

"I am not angry, Alice," said the Master, "only surprised that you, whose good sense I have heard so often praised, should give way to offensive and unfounded suspicions."

"Offensive?" said Alice—"Ay, truth is ever offensive—but, surely, not unfounded."

"I tell you, dame, most groundless," replied Ravenswood.

"Then the world has changed its wont, and the Ravenswoods their hereditary temper, and the eyes of old Alice's understanding are yet more blind than those of her countenance. When did a Ravenswood seek the house of his enemy, but with the purpose of revenge?—and hither are you come, Edgar Ravenswood, either in fatal anger, or in still more fatal love."

"In neither," said Ravenswood, "I give you mine honour—I mean, I assure you."

Alice could not see his blushing cheek, but she noticed his hesitation, and that he retracted the pledge which he seemed at first disposed to attach to his denial.

"It is so, then," she said, "and therefore she has to tarry by the Mermaiden's Well! Often has it been called a place fatal to the race of Ravenswood—often has it proved so—but never was it likely to verify old sayings as much as on this day."

"You drive me to madness, Alice," said Ravenswood; "you are more silly and more superstitious than old Balderston. Are you such a wretched Christian as to suppose I would in the present day levy war against the Ashton family, as was the sanguinary custom in elder times? or do you suppose me so foolish, that I cannot walk by a young lady's side without plunging headlong in love with her?"

"My thoughts," replied Alice, "are my own; and if my mortal sight is closed to objects present with me, it may be I can look with more steadiness into future events. Are you prepared to sit lowest at the board which was once your father's own, unwillingly, as a connection and ally of his proud successor?—Are you ready to live on his bounty—to follow him in the bypaths of intrigue and chicane, which none can better point out to you—to gnaw the bones of his prey when he has devoured the substance?—Can you say as Sir William Ashton says—think as he thinks—vote as he votes, and call your father's murderer your worshipful father-in-law and revered patron?—Master of Ravenswood, I am the eldest servant of your house, and I would rather see you shrouded and coffined!"

The tumult in Ravenswood's mind was uncommonly great; she struck upon and awakened a chord which he had for some time successfully silenced. He strode backwards and forwards through the

little garden with a hasty pace; and at length checking himself, and stopping right opposite to Alice, he exclaimed, "Woman! on the verge of the grave, dare you urge the son of your master to blood and to revenge?"

"God forbid!" said Alice solemnly; "and therefore I would have you depart these fatal bounds, where your love, as well as your hatred, threatens sure mischief, or at least disgrace, both to yourself and to others. I would shield, were it in the power of this withered hand, the Ashtons from you, and you from them, and both from their own passions. You can have nothing—ought to have nothing, in common with them—Begone from among them: and if God has destined vengeance on the oppressor's house, do not you be the instrument."

"I will think of what you have said, Alice," said Ravenswood, more composedly. "I believe you mean truly and faithfully by me, but you urge the freedom of an ancient domestic somewhat too far. But farewell; and if Heaven afford me better means, I will not fail to contribute to your comfort."

He attempted to put a piece of gold into her hand, which she refused to receive; and, in the slight struggle attending his wish to force it upon her, it dropped to the earth.

"Let it remain an instant on the ground," said Alice, as the Master stooped to raise it; "and believe me, that piece of gold is an emblem of her whom you love: she is as precious, I grant, but you must stoop even to abasement before you can win her. For me, I have as little to do with gold as with earthly passions; and the best news that the world has in store for me is, that Edgar Ravenswood is an hundred miles distant from the seat of his ancestors, with the determination never again to behold it"

"Alice," said the Master, who began to think this earnestness had some more secret cause than arose from anything that the blind woman could have gathered from this casual visit, "I have heard you praised by my mother for your sense, acuteness, and fidelity: you are no fool to start at shadows, or to dread old superstitious saws, like Caleb Balderston: tell me distinctly where my danger lies, if you are aware of any which is tending towards me. If I know myself, I am free from all such views respecting Miss Ashton as you impute to me. I have necessary business to settle with Sir William—that arranged, I shall depart: and with as little wish, as you may easily believe, to return to a place full of melancholy subjects of reflection, as you have to see me here."

Alice bent her sightless eyes on the ground, and was for some time plunged in deep meditation. "I will speak the truth," she said at length, raising up her head—"I will tell you the source of my apprehensions, whether my candour be for good or for evil.—Lucy Ashton loves you, Lord of Ravenswood!"

"It is impossible," said the Master

"A thousand circumstances have proved it to me," replied the blind woman. "Her thoughts have turned on no one else since you saved her from death, and that my experienced judgment has won from her own conversation. Having told you this—if you are indeed a gentleman and your father's son—you will make it a motive for flying

from her presence. Her passion will die like a lamp, for want of that the flame should feed upon; but if you remain here, her destruction, or yours, or that of both, will be the inevitable consequence of her misplaced attachment. I tell you this secret unwillingly, but it could not have been hid long from your own observation; and it is better you learn it from mine. Depart, Master of Ravenswood—you have my secret. If you remain an hour under Sir William Ashton's roof without the resolution to marry his daughter, you are a villain—if with the purpose of allying yourself with him, you are an infatuated and predestined fool."

So saying, the old blind woman arose, assumed her staff, and, tottering to her hut, entered it and closed the door, leaving Ravenswood to his own reflections.

CHAPTER XX.

Lovelier in her own retired abode
—— than Naiad by the side
Of Grecian brook—or Lady of the Mere
Lone sitting by the shores of old romance
WORDSWORTH.

THE meditations of Ravenswood were of a very mixed complexion. He saw himself at once in the very dilemma which he had for some time felt apprehensive he might be placed in. The pleasure he felt in Lucy's company had indeed approached to fascination, yet it had never altogether surmounted his internal reluctance to wed with the daughter of his father's foe: and even in forgiving Sir William Ashton the injuries which his family had received, and giving him credit for the kind intentions he professed to entertain, he could not bring himself to contemplate as possible an alliance betwixt their houses. Still he felt that Alice spoke truth, and that his honour now required he should take an instant leave of Ravenswood Castle, or become a suitor of Lucy Ashton. The possibility of being rejected, too, should he make advances to her wealthy and powerful father—to sue for the hand of an Ashton and be refused—this were a consummation too disgraceful. "I wish her well," he said to himself, "and for her sake I forgive the injuries her father has done to my house; but I will never —no, never see her more!"

With one bitter pang he adopted this resolution, just as he came to where two paths parted; the one to the Mermaiden's Fountain, where he knew Lucy waited him, the other leading to the castle by another and more circuitous road. He paused an instant when about to take the latter path, thinking what apology he should make for conduct which must needs seem extraordinary, and had just muttered to himself, "Sudden news from Edinburgh—any pretext will serve—only let me dally no longer here," when young Henry came flying up to him, half out of breath—"Master, Master, you must give Lucy your arm back to the castle, for I cannot give her mine; for

Norman is waiting for me, and I am to go with him to make his ring-walk, and I would not stay away for a gold Jacobus, and Lucy is afraid to walk home alone, though all the wild nowt have been shot, and so you must come away directly."

Betwixt two scales equally loaded, a feather's weight will turn the scale. "It is impossible for me to leave the young lady in the wood alone," said Ravenswood; to see her once more can be of little consequence, after the frequent meetings we have had—I ought, too, in courtesy, to apprise her of my intention to quit the castle."

And having thus satisfied himself that he was taking not only a wise, but an absolutely necessary step, he took the path to the fatal fountain. Henry no sooner saw him on the way to join his sister, than he was off like lightning in another direction, to enjoy the society of the foresters in their congenial pursuits. Ravenswood, not allowing himself to give a second thought to the propriety of his own conduct, walked with a quick step towards the stream, where he found Lucy seated alone by the ruin.

She sate upon one of the disjointed stones of the ancient fountain, and seemed to watch the progress of its current, as it bubbled forth to daylight, in gay and sparkling profusion, from under the shadow of the ribbed and darksome vault, with which veneration, or perhaps remorse, had canopied its source. To a superstitious eye, Lucy Ashton, folded in her plaided mantle, with her long hair, escaping partly from the snood and falling upon her silver neck, might have suggested the idea of the murdered Nymph of the Fountain. But Ravenswood only saw a female exquisitely beautiful, and rendered yet more so in his eyes—how could it be otherwise?—by the consciousness that she had placed her affections on him. As he gazed on her, he felt his fixed resolution melting like wax in the sun, and hastened, therefore, from his concealment in the neighbouring thicket. She saluted him, but did not arise from the stone on which she was seated.

"My mad-cap brother," she said, "has left me, but I expect him back in a few minutes—for fortunately, as anything pleases him for a minute, nothing has charms for him much longer."

Ravenswood did not feel the power of informing Lucy that her brother meditated a distant excursion, and would not return in haste. He sate himself down on the grass, at some little distance from Miss Ashton, and both were silent for a short space.

"I like this spot," said Lucy at length, as if she had found the silence embarrassing; "the bubbling murmur of the clear fountain, the waving of the trees, the profusion of grass and wildflowers that rise among the ruins, make it like a scene in romance. I think, too, I have heard it is a spot connected with the legendary lore which I love so well."

"It has been thought," answered Ravenswood, "a fatal spot to my family; and I have some reason to term it so, for it was here I first saw Miss Ashton—and it is here I must take my leave of her for ever."

The blood, which the first part of this speech called into Lucy's cheeks, was speedily expelled by its conclusion.

"To take leave of us, Master!" she exclaimed; "what can have happened to hurry you away?—I know Alice hates—I mean dislikes my father—and I hardly understood her humour to-day, it was so mysterious. But I am certain my father is sincerely grateful for the high service you rendered us. Let me hope that, having won your friendship hardly, we shall not lose it lightly."

"Lose it, Miss Ashton?" said the Master of Ravenswood,—"No—wherever my fortune calls me—whatever she inflicts upon me—it is your friend—your sincere friend, who acts or suffers. But there is a fate on me, and I must go, or I shall add the ruin of others to my own."

"Yet do not go from us, Master," said Lucy; and she laid her hand, in all simplicity and kindness, upon the skirt of his cloak, as if to detain him—"You shall not part from us. My father is powerful, he has friends that are more so than himself—do not go till you see what his gratitude will do for you. Believe me, he is already labouring in your behalf with the Council."

"It may be so," said the Master proudly; "yet it is not to your father, Miss Ashton, but to my own exertions, that I ought to owe success in the career on which I am about to enter. My preparations are already made—a sword and a cloak, and a bold heart and a determined hand."

Lucy covered her face with her hands, and the tears, in spite of her, forced their way between her fingers. "Forgive me," said Ravenswood, taking her right hand, which after slight resistance she yielded to him, still continuing to shade her face with the left—"I am too rude—too rough—too intractable to deal with any being so soft and gentle as you are. Forget that so stern a vision has crossed your path of life—and let me pursue mine, sure that I can meet with no worse misfortune after the moment it divides me from your side."

Lucy wept on, but her tears were less bitter. Each attempt which the Master made to explain his purpose of departure, only proved a new evidence of his desire to stay; until, at length, instead of bidding her farewell, he gave his faith to her for ever, and received her troth in return. The whole passed so suddenly, and arose so much out of the immediate impulse of the moment, that ere the Master of Ravenswood could reflect upon the consequences of the step which he had taken, their lips, as well as their hands, had pledged the sincerity of their affection.

"And now," he said, after a moment's consideration, "it is fit I should speak to Sir William Ashton—he must know of our engagement. Ravenswood must not seem to dwell under his roof, to solicit clandestinely the affections of his daughter."

"You would not speak to my father on the subject?" said Lucy, doubtingly; and then added more warmly, "O do not—do not! Let your lot in life be determined—your station and purpose ascertained, before you address my father; I am sure he loves you—I think he will consent—but then my mother——!"

She paused, ashamed to express the doubt she felt how far her father dared to form any positive resolution on this most important subject, without the consent of his lady.

"Your mother, my Lucy?" replied Ravenswood, "she is of the house of Douglas, a house that has intermarried with mine, even when its glory and power were at the highest—what could your mother object to my alliance?"

"I did not say object," said Lucy; "but she is jealous of her rights, and may claim a mother's title to be consulted in the first instance."

"Be it so," replied Ravenswood; "London is distant, but a letter will reach it and receive an answer within a fortnight—I will not press on the Lord Keeper for an instant reply to my proposal."

"But," hesitated Lucy, "were it not better to wait—to wait a few weeks?—Were my mother to see you—to know you—I am sure she would approve; but you are unacquainted personally, and the ancient feud between the families——"

Ravenswood fixed upon her his keen dark eyes, as if he was desirous of penetrating into her very soul.

"Lucy," he said, "I have sacrificed to you projects of vengeance long nursed, and sworn to with ceremonies little better than heathen—I sacrificed them to your image, ere I knew the worth which it represented. In the evening which succeeded my poor father's funeral, I cut a lock from my hair, and, as it consumed in the fire, I swore that my rage and revenge should pursue his enemies, until they shrivelled before me like that scorched-up symbol of annihilation."

"It was a deadly sin," said Lucy, turning pale, "to make a vow so fatal."

"I acknowledge it," said Ravenswood, "and it had been a worse crime to keep it. It was for your sake that I abjured these purposes of vengeance, though I scarce knew that such was the argument by which I was conquered, until I saw you once more, and became conscious of the influence you possessed over me."

"And why do you now," said Lucy, "recall sentiments so terrible—sentiments so inconsistent with those you profess for me—with those your importunity has prevailed on me to acknowledge?"

"Because," said her lover, "I would impress on you the price at which I have bought your love—the right I have to expect your constancy. I say not that I have bartered for it the honour of my house, its last remaining possession—but though I say it not, and think it not, I cannot conceal from myself that the world may do both."

"If such are your sentiments," said Lucy, "you have played a cruel game with me. But it is not too late to give it over—take back the faith and troth which you could not plight to me without suffering abatement of honour—let what has passed be as if it had not been—forget me—I will endeavour to forget myself."

"You do me injustice," said the Master of Ravenswood; "by all I hold true and honourable, you do me the extremity of injustice—if I mentioned the price at which I have bought your love, it is only to show how much I prize it, to bind our engagement by a still firmer tie, and to show by what I have done to attain this station in your regard, how much I must suffer should you ever break your faith."

"And why, Ravenswood," answered Lucy, "should you think that possible?—Why should you urge me, with even the mention of infi-

delity?—Is it because I ask you to delay applying to my father for a little space of time? Bind me by what vows you please; if vows are unnecessary to secure constancy, they may yet prevent suspicion."

Ravenswood pleaded, apologised, and even kneeled, to appease her displeasure; and Lucy, as placable as she was single-hearted, readily forgave the offence which his doubts had implied. The dispute thus agitated, however, ended by the lovers going through an emblematic ceremony of their troth-plight, of which the vulgar still preserve some traces. They broke betwixt them the thin broad-piece of gold which Alice had refused to receive from Ravenswood.

"And never shall this leave my bosom," said Lucy, as she hung the piece of gold round her neck, and concealed it with her handkerchief, "until you, Edgar Ravenswood, ask me to resign it to you—and, while I wear it, never shall that heart acknowledge another love than yours."

With like protestations, Ravenswood placed his portion of the coin opposite to his heart. And now, at length, it struck them, that time had hurried fast on during this interview, and their absence at the castle would be subject of remark, if not of alarm. As they arose to leave the fountain which had been witness of their mutual engagement, an arrow whistled through the air, and struck a raven perched on the sere branch of an old oak, near to where they had been seated. The bird fluttered a few yards, and dropped at the feet of Lucy, whose dress was stained with some spots of its blood.

Miss Ashton was much alarmed, and Ravenswood, surprised and angry, looked everywhere for the marksman, who had given them a proof of his skill as little expected as desired. He was not long of discovering himself, being no other than Henry Ashton, who came running up with a crossbow in his hand.

"I knew I should startle you," he said: "and do you know you looked so busy that I hoped it would have fallen souse on your heads before you were aware of it.—What was the Master saying to you, Lucy?"

"I was telling your sister what an idle lad you were, keeping us waiting here for you so long," said Ravenswood, to save Lucy's confusion.

"Waiting for me? Why, I told you to see Lucy home, and that I was to go to make the ring-walk with old Norman in the Hayberry thicket, and you may be sure that would take a good hour, and we have all the deer's marks and furnishes got, while you were sitting here with Lucy, like a lazy loon."

"Well, well, Mr Henry," said Ravenswood; "but let us see how you will answer to me for killing the raven. Do you know the ravens are all under the protection of the Lords of Ravenswood, and, to kill one in their presence, is such bad luck that it deserves the stab?"

"And that's what Norman said," replied the boy; "he came as far with me, as within a flight-shot of you, and he said he never saw a raven sit still so near living folk, and he wished it might be for good luck; for the raven is one of the wildest birds that flies, unless it be a tame one—and so I crept on and on, till I was within threescore yards of him, and then whiz went the bolt, and there he lies, faith!

Was it not well shot?—and, I daresay, I have not shot in a crossbow —not ten times, maybe."

"Admirably shot indeed," said Ravenswood; "and you will be fine marksman if you practise hard."

"And that's what Norman says," answered the boy; "but I am sur it is not my fault if I do not practise enough: for, of free will, I woul do little else, only my father and tutor are angry sometimes, and onl Miss Lucy there gives herself airs about my being busy, for all sh can sit idle by a well-side the whole day, when she has a handsom young gentleman to prate with—I have known her do so twent times, if you will believe me."

The boy looked at his sister as he spoke, and in the midst of hi mischievous chatter, had the sense to see that he was really inflictin pain upon her, though without being able to comprehend the caus or the amount.

"Come now, Lucy," he said, "don't greet: and if I have said any thing beside the mark, I'll deny it again—and what does the Maste of Ravenswood care if you had a hundred sweethearts? so ne'er pu finger in your eye about it."

The Master of Ravenswood was, for the moment, scarce satisfie with what he heard: yet his good sense naturally regarded it as th chatter of a spoilt boy, who strove to mortify his sister in the poin which seemed most accessible for the time. But, although of temper equally slow in receiving impressions, and obstinate in retain ing them, the prattle of Henry served to nourish in his mind som vague suspicion, that his present engagement might only end in h being exposed like a conquered enemy in a Roman triumph, a captiv attendant on the car of a victor, who meditated only the satiating h pride at the expense of the vanquished. There was, we repeat it, n real ground whatever for such an apprehension, nor could he be sai seriously to entertain such for a moment. Indeed, it was impossibl to look at the clear blue eye of Lucy Ashton, and entertain th slightest permanent doubt concerning the sincerity of her disposition Still, however, conscious pride and conscious poverty combined t render a mind suspicious, which in more fortunate circumstance would have been a stranger to that as well as to every other meanness

They reached the castle, where Sir William Ashton, who had bee alarmed by the length of their stay, met them in the hall.

"Had Lucy," he said, "been in any other company than that of on who had shown he had so complete power of protecting her, he con fessed he should have been very uneasy, and would have despatche persons in quest of them. But, in the company of the Master Ravenswood, he knew his daughter had nothing to dread."

Lucy commenced some apology for their long delay, but, conscienc struck, became confused as she proceeded; and when Ravenswoo coming to her assistance, endeavoured to render the explanatio complete and satisfactory, he only involved himself in the same di order, like one who, endeavouring to extricate his companion from slough, entangles himself in the same tenacious swamp. It cannot b supposed that the confusion of the two youthful lovers escaped th observation of the subtle lawyer, accustomed, by habit and professio

to trace human nature through all her windings. But it was not his present policy to take any notice of what he observed. He desired to hold the Master of Ravenswood bound, but wished that he himself should remain free: and it did not occur to him that his plan might be defeated by Lucy's returning the passion which he hoped she might inspire. If she should adopt some romantic feelings towards Ravenswood, in which circumstances, or the positive and absolute opposition of Lady Ashton, might render it unadvisable to indulge her, the Lord Keeper conceived they might be easily superseded and annulled by a journey to Edinburgh, or even to London, a new set of Brussels lace, and the soft whispers of half-a-dozen lovers, anxious to replace him whom it was convenient she should renounce. This was his provision for the worst view of the case. But, according to its more probable issue, any passing favour she might entertain for the Master of Ravenswood might require encouragement rather than repression.

This seemed the more likely, as he had that very morning, since their departure from the castle, received a letter, the contents of which he hastened to communicate to Ravenswood. A foot-post had arrived with a packet to the Lord Keeper from that friend whom we have already mentioned, who was labouring hard under-hand to consolidate a band of patriots, at the head of whom stood Sir William's greatest terror, the active and ambitious Marquis of A——. The success of this convenient friend had been such, that he had obtained from Sir William, not indeed a directly favourable answer, but certainly a most patient hearing. This he had reported to his principal, who had replied, by the ancient French adage, "*Château qui parle, et femme qui écoute, l'un et l'autre va se rendre.*" A statesman who hears you propose a change of measures without reply, was, according to the Marquis's opinion, in the situation of the fortress which parleys, and the lady who listens, and he resolved to press the siege of the Lord Keeper.

The packet, therefore, contained a letter from his friend and ally, and another from himself to the Lord Keeper, frankly offering an unceremonious visit. They were crossing the country to go to the southward—the roads were indifferent—the accommodation of the inns as execrable as possible—the Lord Keeper had been long acquainted intimately with one of his correspondents, and though more slightly known to the Marquis, had yet enough of his lordship's acquaintance to render the visit sufficiently natural, and to shut the mouths of those who might be disposed to impute it to a political intrigue. He instantly accepted the offered visit, determined, however, that he would not pledge himself an inch farther for the furtherance of their views than *reason* (by which he meant his own self-interest) should plainly point out to him as proper.

Two circumstances particularly delighted him: the presence of Ravenswood, and the absence of his own lady. By having the former under his own roof, he conceived he might be able to quash all such hazardous and hostile proceedings as he might otherwise have been engaged in, under the patronage of the Marquis: and Lucy, he foresaw, would make, for his immediate purpose of delay and procrastination, a much better mistress of his family than her mother, who would,

be was sure, in some shape or other, contrive to disconcert his polit cal schemes by her proud and implacable temper.

His anxious solicitations that the Master would stay to receive h kinsman, were of course readily complied with, since the *éclaircisse ment* which had taken place at the Mermaiden's Fountain had re moved all wish for sudden departure. Lucy and Lockhard had, there fore, orders to provide all things necessary in their different depart ments, for receiving the expected guests, with a pomp and display luxury very uncommon in Scotland at that remote period.

CHAPTER XXI.

Marall. Sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted——
Overreach. In without reply,
And do as I command. ——
Is the loud music I gave order for
Ready to receive him?——
New Way to Pay Old Debts.

Sir William Ashton, although a man of sense, legal informatio and great practical knowledge of the world, had yet some points character which corresponded better with the timidity of his dispositi and the supple arts by which he had risen in the world, than to t degree of eminence which he had attained: as they tended to show original mediocrity of understanding, however highly it had bee cultivated, and a native meanness of disposition, however careful veiled. He loved the ostentatious display of his wealth, less as man to whom habit has made it necessary, than as one to whom it still delightful from its novelty. The most trivial details did n escape him; and Lucy soon learned to watch the flush of scorn whi crossed Ravenswood's cheek, when he heard her father gravely arg ing with Lockhard, nay, even with the old housekeeper, upon circu stances which, in families of rank, are left uncared for, because it supposed impossible they can be neglected.

"I could pardon Sir William," said Ravenswood, one evening aft he had left the room, "some general anxiety upon this occasion, f the Marquis's visit is an honour, and should be received as such; b I am worn out by these miserable minutiæ of the buttery, and t larder, and the very hen-coop—they drive me beyond my patience; would rather endure the poverty of Wolf's Crag, than be pester with the wealth of Ravenswood Castle."

"And yet," said Lucy, "it was by attention to these minutiæ th my father acquired the property——"

"Which my ancestors sold for lack of it," replied Rave swoo "Be it so; a porter still bears but a burden, though the burden be gold."

Lucy sighed; she perceived too plainly that her lover held in sco the manners and habits of a father, to whom she had long looked

as her best and most partial friend, whose fondness had often consoled her for her mother's contemptuous harshness.

The lovers soon discovered that they differed upon other and no less important topics. Religion, the mother of peace, was, in those days of discord, so much misconstrued and mistaken, that her rules and forms were the subject of the most opposite opinions, and the most hostile animosities. The Lord Keeper, being a whig, was, of course, a Presbyterian, and had found it convenient, at different periods, to express greater zeal for the kirk, than perhaps he really felt. His family, equally of course, were trained under the same institution. Ravenswood, as we know, was a High-Church man, or Episcopalian, and frequently objected to Lucy the fanaticism of some of her own communion, while she intimated, rather than expressed, horror at the latitudinarian principles which she had been taught to think connected with the prelatical form of church-government.

Thus, although their mutual affection seemed to increase rather than to be diminished, as their characters opened more fully on each other, the feelings of each were mingled with some less agreeable ingredients. Lucy felt a secret awe, amid all her affection for Ravenswood. His soul was of a higher, prouder character, than those with whom she had hitherto mixed in intercourse; his ideas were more fierce and free; and he contemned many of the opinions which had been inculcated upon her, as chiefly demanding her veneration. On the other hand, Ravenswood saw in Lucy a soft and flexible character, which, in his eyes at least, seemed too susceptible of being moulded to any form by those with whom she lived. He felt that his own temper required a partner of a more independent spirit, who could set sail with him on his course of life, resolved as himself to dare indifferently the storm and the favouring breeze. But Lucy was so beautiful, so devoutly attached to him, of a temper so exquisitely soft and kind, that, while he could have wished it were possible to inspire her with a greater degree of firmness and resolution, and while he sometimes became impatient of the extreme fear which she expressed of their attachment being prematurely discovered, he felt that the softness of a mind, amounting almost to feebleness, rendered her even dearer to him, as a being who had voluntarily clung to him for protection, and made him the arbiter of her fate for weal or wo. His feelings towards her at such moments, were those which have been since so beautifully expressed by our immortal Joanna Baillie:—

——"Thou sweetest thing,
That e'er did fix its lightly-fibred sprays
To the rude rock, ah! wouldst thou cling to me?
Rough and storm-worn I am—yet love me as
Thou truly dost, I will love thee again
With true and honest heart, though all unmeet
To be the mate of such sweet gentleness."

Thus the very points in which they differed, seemed, in some measure, to ensure the continuance of their mutual affection. If, indeed, they had so fully appreciated each other's character before the burst of passion in which they hastily pledged their faith to each other, Lucy might have feared Ravenswood too much ever to have

loved him, and he might have construed her softness and docile temper as imbecility, rendering her unworthy of his regard. But they stood pledged to each other: and Lucy only feared that her lover's pride might one day teach him to regret his attachment; Ravenswood, that a mind so ductile as Lucy's might, in absence or difficulties, be induced, by the entreaties or influence of those around her, to renounce the engagement she had formed.

"Do not fear it," said Lucy, when upon one occasion a hint of such suspicion escaped her lover; "the mirrors which receive the reflection of all successive objects are framed of hard materials like glass or steel—the softer substances, when they receive an impression, retain it undefaced."

"This is poetry, Lucy," said Ravenswood; "and in poetry there is always fallacy, and sometimes fiction."

"Believe me, then, once more, in honest prose," said Lucy, "that though I will never wed man without the consent of my parents, yet neither force nor persuasion shall dispose of my hand till you renounce the right I have given you to it."

The lovers had ample time for such explanations. Henry was now more seldom their companion, being either a most unwilling attendant upon the lessons of his tutor, or a forward volunteer under the instructions of the foresters or grooms. As for the Keeper, his mornings were spent in his study, maintaining correspondences of all kinds and balancing in his anxious mind the various intelligence which he collected from every quarter concerning the expected change of Scottish politics, and the probable strength of the parties who were about to struggle for power. At other times he busied himself about arranging, and countermanding, and then again arranging, the preparations which he judged necessary for the reception of the Marquis of A——, whose arrival had been twice delayed by some necessary cause of detention.

In the midst of all these various avocations, political and domestic, he seemed not to observe how much his daughter and his guest were thrown into each other's society, and was censured by many of his neighbours, according to the fashion of neighbours in all countries, for suffering such an intimate connection to take place betwixt two young persons. The only natural explanation was, that he designed them for each other; while, in truth, his only motive was to temporize and procrastinate, until he should discover the real extent of the interest which the Marquis took in Ravenswood's affairs, and the power which he was likely to possess of advancing them. Until these points should be made both clear and manifest, the Lord Keeper resolved that he would do nothing to commit himself, either in one shape or other; and, like many cunning persons, he overreached himself deplorably.

Amongst those who had been disposed to censure with the greatest severity, the conduct of Sir William Ashton, in permitting the prolonged residence of Ravenswood under his roof, and his constant attendance on Miss Ashton, was the new laird of Girnington, and his faithful squire and bottleholder, personages formerly well known to us by the names of Hayston and Bucklaw, and his companion Captain Craigengelt. The former had at length succeeded to the extensive

property of his long-lived grand-aunt, and to considerable wealth besides, which he had employed in redeeming his paternal acres (by the title appertaining to which he still chose to be designated), notwithstanding Captain Craigengelt had proposed to him a most advantageous mode of vesting the money in Law's scheme, which was just then broached, and offered his services to travel express to Paris for the purpose. But Bucklaw had so far derived wisdom from adversity, that he would listen to no proposal which Craigengelt could invent, which had the slightest tendency to risk his newly-acquired independence. He that once had eat pease bannocks, drank sour wine, and slept in the secret chamber at Wolf's Crag, would, he said, prize good cheer and a soft bed as long as he lived, and take special care never to need such hospitality again.

Craigengelt, therefore, found himself disappointed in the first hopes he had entertained of making a good hand of the Laird of Bucklaw. Still, however, he reaped many advantages from his friend's good fortune. Bucklaw, who had never been at all scrupulous in choosing his companions, was accustomed to, and entertained by a fellow, whom he could either laugh with, or laugh at, as he had a mind, who would take, according to Scottish phrase, "the bit and the buffet," understood all sports, whether within or without doors, and, when the laird had a mind for a bottle of wine (no infrequent circumstance), was always ready to save him from the scandal of getting drunk by himself. Upon these terms Craigengelt was the frequent, almost the constant, inmate of the house of Girnington.

In no time, and under no possibility of circumstances, could good have been derived from such an intimacy, however its bad consequences might be qualified by the thorough knowledge which Bucklaw possessed of his dependant's character, and the high contempt in which he held it. But as circumstances stood, this evil communication was particularly liable to corrupt what good principles nature had implanted in the patron.

Craigengelt had never forgiven the scorn with which Ravenswood had torn the mask of courage and honesty from his countenance; and to exasperate Bucklaw's resentment against him, was the safest mode of revenge which occurred to his cowardly, yet cunning and malignant disposition.

He brought up on all occasions, the story of the challenge which Ravenswood had declined to accept, and endeavoured, by every possible insinuation, to make his patron believe that his honour was concerned in bringing that matter to an issue by a present discussion with Ravenswood. But respecting this subject, Bucklaw imposed on him, at length, a peremptory command of silence.

"I think," he said, "the Master has treated me unlike a gentleman, and I see no right he had to send me back a cavalier answer when I demanded the satisfaction of one—But he gave me my life once—and, in looking the matter over at present, I put myself but on equal terms with him. Should he cross me again, I shall consider the old accompt as balanced, and his Mastership will do well to look to himself."

"That he should," re-echoed Craigengelt; "for when you are in

practice, Bucklaw, I would bet a magnum you are through him before the third pass."

"Then you know nothing of the matter," said Bucklaw, "and you never saw him fence."

"And I know nothing of the matter?" said the dependant—"a good jest, I promise you!—and though I never saw Ravenswood fence, have I not been at Monsieur Sagoon's school, who was the first *maître d'armes* at Paris; and have I not been at Signor Poco's at Florence, and Meinheer Durchstossen's at Vienna, and have I not seen all their play?"

"I don't know whether you have or not," said Bucklaw; "but what about it, though you had?"

"Only that I will be d—d if ever I saw French, Italian, or High-Dutchman ever make foot, hand, and eye, keep time half so well as you, Bucklaw."

"I believe you lie, Craigie," said Bucklaw; "however, I can hold my own, both with single rapier, backsword, sword and dagger, broad-sword, or case of falchions—and that's as much as any gentleman need know of the matter."

"And the double of what ninety-nine out of a hundred know," said Craigengelt; "they learn to change a few thrusts with the small sword, and then, forsooth, they understand the noble art of defence! Now, when I was at Rouen in the year 1695, there was a Chevalier de Chapon and I went to the Opera, where we found three bits of English birkies——"

"Is it a long story you are going to tell?" said Bucklaw, interrupting him without ceremony.

"Just as you like," answered the parasite, "for we made short work of it."

"Then I like it short," said Bucklaw; "is it serious or merry?"

"Devilish serious, I assure you, and so they found it; for the Chevalier and I——"

"Then I don't like it at all," said Bucklaw; "so fill a brimmer of my auld auntie's claret, rest her heart! And, as the Highlandman says, *Skioch doch na skiaill.*"[1]

"That was what tough old Sir Evan Dhu used to say to me when I was out with the metall'd lads in 1689. 'Craigengelt,' he used to say, 'you are as pretty a fellow as ever held steel in his grip, but you have one fault.'"

"If he had known you as long as I have done," said Bucklaw, "he would have found out some twenty more; but hang long stories, give us your toast, man."

"Craigengelt rose, went a-tiptoe to the door, peeped out, shut it carefully, came back again—clapped his tarnished gold-laced hat on one side of his head, took his glass in one hand, and touching the hilt of his hanger with the other, named, "The King over the water."

"I tell you what it is, Captain Craigengelt," said Bucklaw; "I shall keep my mind to myself on these subjects, having too much respect for the memory of my venerable aunt Girnington to put her

[1] "Cut a drink with a tale:" equivalent to the English adage of boon companions "Don't preach over your liquor."

lands and tenements in the way of committing treason against established authority. Bring me King James to Edinburgh, Captain, with thirty thousand men at his back, and I'll tell you what I think about his title; but as for running my neck into a noose, and my good broad lands into the statutory penalties, 'in that case made and provided,' rely upon it, you will find me no such fool. So, when you mean to vapour with your hanger and your dram-cup in support of treasonable toasts, you must find your liquor and company elsewhere."

"Well, then," said Craigengelt, "name the toast yourself, and be it what it like, I'll pledge you, were it a mile to the bottom."

"And I'll give you a toast that deserves it, my boy," said Bucklaw, "what say you to Miss Lucy Ashton?"

"Up with it," said the Captain, as he tossed off his brimmer, "the bonniest lass in Lothian. What a pity the old sneck-drawing whigamore, her father, is about to throw her away upon that rag of pride and beggary, the Master of Ravenswood!"

"That's not quite so clear," said Bucklaw, in a tone which, though it seemed indifferent, excited his companion's eager curiosity; and not that only, but also his hope of working himself into some sort of confidence, which might make him necessary to his patron, being by no means satisfied to rest on mere sufferance, if he could form by art or industry a more permanent title to his favour.

"I thought," said he, after a moment's pause, "that was a settled matter—they are continually together, and nothing else is spoken of betwixt Lammerlaw and Traprain."

"They may say what they please," replied his patron, "but I know better; and I'll give you Miss Lucy Ashton's health again, my boy."

"And I would drink it on my knee," said Craigengelt, "if I thought the girl had the spirit to jilt that d—d son of a Spaniard."

"I am to request you will not use the word jilt and Miss Ashton's name together," said Bucklaw, gravely.

"Jilt, did I say?—discard, my lad of acres—by Jove, I meant to say discard," replied Craigengelt; "and I hope she'll discard him like a small card at piquet, and take in the King of Hearts, my boy!—But yet——"

"But what?" said his patron.

"But yet I know for certain they are hours together alone, and in the woods and the fields."

"That's her foolish father's dotage—that will be soon put out of the lass's head, if it ever gets into it," answered Bucklaw. "And now fill your glass again, Captain, I am going to make you happy—I am going to let you into a secret—a plot—a noosing plot—only the noose is but typical."

"A marrying matter?" said Craigengelt, and his jaw fell as he asked the question; for he suspected that matrimony would render his situation at Girnington much more precarious than during the jolly days of his patron's bachelorhood.

"Ay, a marriage, man," said Bucklaw; "but wherefore droops thy mighty spirit, and why grow the rubies on thy cheek so pale? The

board will have a corner, and the corner will have a trencher, and the trencher will have a glass beside it; and the board-end shall be filled, and the trencher and the glass shall be replenished for thee, if all the petticoats in Lothian had sworn the contrary—What, man! I am not the boy to put myself into leading-strings."

"So says many an honest fellow," said Craigengelt, "and some of my special friends; but curse me if I know the reason, the women could never bear me, and always contrived to trundle me out of favour before the honeymoon was over"

"If you could have kept your ground till that was over, you might have made a good year's pension," said Bucklaw.

"But I never could," answered the dejected parasite: "there was my Lord Castle-Cuddy—we were hand and glove—I rode his horses—borrowed money, both for him and from him—trained his hawks, and taught him how to lay his bets; and when he took a fancy of marrying, I married him to Katie Glegg, whom I thought myself as sure of as man could be of woman. Egad, she had me out of the house, as if I had run on wheels, within the first fortnight!"

"Well!" replied Bucklaw, "I think I have nothing of Castle-Cuddy about me, or Lucy of Katie Glegg. But you see the thing will go on whether you like it or no—the only question is, will you be useful?"

"Useful?" exclaimed the Captain;—"and to thee, my lad of lands, my darling boy, whom I would tramp barefooted through the world for!—name time, place, mode, and circumstances, and see if I will not be useful in all uses that can be devised."

"Why, then, you must ride two hundred miles for me," said the patron.

"A thousand, and call them a flea's leap," answered the dependant; "I'll cause saddle my horse directly"

"Better stay till you know where you are to go, and what you are to do," quoth Bucklaw. "You know I have a kinswoman in Northumberland, Lady Blenkensop by name, whose old acquaintance I had the misfortune to lose in the period of my poverty, but the light of whose countenance shone forth upon me when the sun of my prosperity began to arise."

"D—n all such doublefaced jades!" exclaimed Craigengelt, heroically; "this I will say for John Craigengelt, that he is his friend's friend through good report and bad report, poverty and riches; and you know something of that yourself, Bucklaw."

"I have not forgot your merits," said his patron; "I do remember, that, in my extremities, you had a mind to *crimp* me for the service of the French king, or of the Pretender; and, moreover, that you afterwards lent me a score of pieces, when, as I firmly believe, you had heard the news that old Lady Girnington had a touch of the lead palsy. But don't be downcast, John; I believe, after all, you like me very well in your way, and it is my misfortune to have no better counsellor at present. To return to this Lady Blenkensop, you must know she is a close confederate of Duchess Sarah."

"What! of Sall Jennings?" exclaimed Craigengelt; "then she must be a good one."

"Hold your tongue, and keep your Tory rants to yourself, if it be possible," said Bucklaw; "I tell you, that through the Duchess of Marlborough has this Northumbrian cousin of mine become a crony of Lady Ashton, the Keeper's wife, or, I may say, the Lord Keeper's Lady Keeper, and she has favoured Lady Blenkensop with a visit on her return from London, and is just now at her old mansion-house on the banks of the Wansbeck. Now, sir, as it has been the use and wont of these ladies to consider their husbands as of no importance in the management of their own families, it has been their present pleasure, without consulting Sir William Ashton, to put on the *tapis* a matrimonial alliance, to be concluded between Lucy Ashton and my own right honourable self, Lady Ashton acting a self-constituted plenipotentiary on the part of her daughter and husband, and Mother Blenkensop, equally unaccredited, doing me the honour to be my representative. You may suppose I was a little astonished when I found that a treaty, in which I was so considerably interested, had advanced a good way before I was even consulted."

"Capot me if I think that was according to the rules of the game," said his confident; "and pray, what answer did you return?"

"Why, my first thought was to send the treaty to the devil, and the negotiators along with it, for a couple of meddling old women; my next was to laugh very heartily; and my third and last was a settled opinion that the thing was reasonable, and would suit me well enough."

"Why, I thought you had never seen the wench but once—and then she had her riding-mask on—I am sure you told me so."

"Ay—but I liked her very well then. And Ravenswood's dirty usage of me—shutting me out of doors to dine with the lackeys, because he had the Lord Keeper, forsooth, and his daughter, to be guests in his beggarly castle of starvation—D—n me, Craigengelt, if I ever forgive him till I play him as good a trick!"

"No more you should, if you are a lad of mettle," said Craigengelt, the matter now taking a turn in which he could sympathise; "and if you carry this wench from him, it will break his heart."

"That it will not," said Bucklaw; "his heart is all steeled over with reason and philosophy—things that you, Craigie, know nothing about more than myself, God help me—But it will break his pride, though, and that's what I'm driving at."

"Distance me," said Craigengelt, "but I know the reason now of his unmannerly behaviour at his old tumble-down tower yonder—Ashamed of your company?—no, no!—Gad, he was afraid you would cut in and carry off the girl."

"Eh! Craigengelt?" said Bucklaw—"do you really think so?—but no, no!—he is a devilish deal prettier man than I am."

"Who—he?" exclaimed the parasite—"he's as black as the crook; and for his size—he's a tall fellow, to be sure—but give me a light, stout, middle-sized——"

"Plague on thee!" said Bucklaw, interrupting him, "and on me for listening to you!"—you would say as much if I were hunch backed. But as to Ravenswood—he has kept no terms with me—I'll keep none with him—if I *can* win the girl from him, I *will* win her."

"Win her?—'sblood, you *shall* win her, point, quint, and quatorze, my king of trumps—you shall pique, repique, and capot him."

"Prithee, stop thy gambling cant for one instant," said Bucklaw. "Things have come thus far, that I have entertained the proposal of my kinswoman, agreed to the terms of jointure, amount of fortune, and so forth, and that the affair is to go forward when Lady Ashton comes down, for she takes her daughter and her son in her own hand. Now they want me to send up a confidential person with some writings."

"By this good wine, I'll ride to the end of the world — the very gates of Jericho, and the judgment-seat of Prester John, for thee!" ejaculated the Captain.

"Why, I believe you would do something for me, and a great deal for yourself. Now, any one could carry the writings; but you will have a little more to do. You must contrive to drop out before my Lady Ashton, just as if it were a matter of little consequence, the residence of Ravenswood at her husband's house, and his close intercourse with Miss Ashton; and you may tell her, that all the country talks of a visit from the Marquis of A——, as it is supposed, to make up the match betwixt Ravenswood and her daughter. I should like to hear what she says to all this; for, rat me, if I have any idea of starting for the plate at all if Ravenswood is to win the race, and he has odds against me already."

"Never a bit—the wench has too much sense—and in that belief I drink her health a third time; and, were time and place fitting, I would drink it on bended knees, and he that would not pledge me, I would make his guts garter his stockings."

"Hark ye, Craigengelt; as you are going into the society of women of rank," said Bucklaw, "I'll thank you to forget your strange blackguard oaths and damme's — I'll write to them, though, that you are a blunt untaught fellow."

"Ay, ay," replied Craigengelt; "a plain, blunt, honest, downright soldier."

"Not too honest, nor too much of the soldier neither; but such as thou art, it is my luck to need thee, for I must have spurs put to Lady Ashton's motions."

"I'll dash them up to the rowel-heads," said Craigengelt; "she shall come here at the gallop, like a cow chased by a whole nest of hornets, and her tail twisted over her rump like a cork-screw."

"And hear ye, Craigie," said Bucklaw; "your boots and doublet are good enough to drink in, as the man says in the play, but they are somewhat too greasy for tea-table service — prithee, get thyself a little better rigged out, and here is to pay all charges."

"Nay, Bucklaw — on my soul, man — you use me ill — However," added Craigengelt, pocketing the money, "if you will have me so far indebted to you, I must be conforming."

"Well, horse and away!" said the patron, "so soon as you have got your riding livery in trim. You may ride the black crop-ear — and, hark ye, I'll make you a present of him to boot."

"I drink to the good luck of my mission," answered the ambassador, "in a half-pint bumper."

"I thank ye, Craigie, and pledge you — I see nothing against it, but

the father or the girl taking a tantrum, and I am told the mother can wind them both round her little finger. Take care not to affront her with any of your Jacobite jargon."

"O ay, true—she is a whig, and a friend of old Sall of Marlborough—thank my stars, I can hoist any colours at a pinch. I have fought as hard under John Churchill as ever I did under Dundee or the Duke of Berwick."

"I verily believe you, Craigie," said the lord of the mansion; "but, Craigie, do you, pray, step down to the cellar, and fetch us up a bottle of the Burgundy, 1678—it is in the fourth bin from the right-hand turn—And I say, Craigie, you may fetch up half-a-dozen whilst you are about it.—Egad, we'll make a night on't!"

CHAPTER XXII.

> And soon they spied the merry-men green,
> And eke the coach-and-four.
>
> *Duke upon Duke.*

Craigengelt set forth on his mission so soon as his equipage was complete, prosecuted his journey with all diligence, and accomplished his commission with all the dexterity for which Bucklaw had given him credit. As he arrived with credentials from Mr Hayston of Bucklaw, he was extremely welcome to both ladies; and those who are prejudiced in favour of a new acquaintance can, for a time at least, discover excellencies in his very faults, and perfections in his deficiencies. Although both ladies were accustomed to good society, yet, being predetermined to find out an agreeable and well-behaved gentleman in Mr Hayston's friend, they succeeded wonderfully in imposing on themselves. It is true that Craigengelt was now handsomely dressed, and that was a point of no small consequence. But, independent of outward show, his blackguard impudence of address was construed into honourable bluntness, becoming his supposed military profession; his hectoring passed for courage, and his sauciness for wit. Lest, however, any one should think this a violation of probability, we must add, in fairness to the two ladies, that their discernment was greatly blinded, and their favour propitiated, by the opportune arrival of Captain Craigengelt in the moment when they were longing for a third hand to make a party at tredrille, in which, as in all games, whether of chance or skill, that worthy person was a great proficient.

When he found himself established in favour, his next point was how best to use it for the furtherance of his patron's views. He found Lady Ashton prepossessed strongly in favour of the motion, which Lady Blenkensop, partly from regard to her kinsman, partly from the spirit of match-making, had not hesitated to propose to her; so that his task was an easy one. Bucklaw, reformed from his prodigality, was just the sort of husband which she desired to have for her Shepherdess of Lammermoor; and while the marriage gave her an easy fortune, and a respectable country gentleman for her

husband, Lady Ashton was of opinion that her destinies would be fully and most favourably accomplished. It so chanced, also, that Bucklaw, among his new acquisitions, had gained the management of a little political interest in a neighbouring county, where the Douglas family originally held large possessions. It was one of the bosom-hopes of Lady Ashton, that her eldest son, Sholto, should represent this county in the British Parliament, and she saw this alliance with Bucklaw as a circumstance which might be highly favourable to her wishes.

Craigengelt, who in his way by no means wanted sagacity, no sooner discovered in what quarter the wind of Lady Ashton's wishes sate, than he trimmed his course accordingly. "There was little to prevent Bucklaw himself from sitting for the county—he must carry the heat—must walk the course. Two cousins-german—six more distant kinsmen, his factor and his chamberlain, were all hollow votes—and the Girnington interest had always carried, betwixt love and fear, about as many more. But Bucklaw cared no more about riding the first horse, and that sort of thing, than he, Craigengelt, did about a game at birkie—it was a pity his interest was not in good guidance."

All this Lady Ashton drank in with willing and attentive ears, resolving internally to be herself the person who should take the management of the political influence of her destined son-in-law, for the benefit of her eldest born, Sholto, and all other parties concerned.

When he found her ladyship thus favourably disposed, the Captain proceeded, to use his employer's phrase, to set spurs to her resolution, by hinting at the situation of matters at Ravenswood Castle, the long residence which the heir of that family had made with the Lord Keeper, and the reports which (though he would be d—d ere he gave credit to any of them) had been idly circulated in the neighbourhood. It was not the Captain's cue to appear himself to be uneasy on the subject of these rumours; but he easily saw from Lady Ashton's flushed cheek, hesitating voice, and flashing eye, that she had caught the alarm which he intended to communicate. She had not heard from her husband so often or so regularly as she thought him bound in duty to have written, and of this very interesting intelligence, concerning his visit to the Tower of Wolf's Crag, and the guest whom, with such cordiality, he had received at Ravenswood Castle, he had suffered his lady to remain altogether ignorant, until she now learned it by the chance information of a stranger. Such concealment approached, in her apprehension, to a misprision, at least, of treason, if not to actual rebellion against her matrimonial authority; and in her inward soul did she vow to take vengeance on the Lord Keeper, as on a subject detected in meditating revolt. Her indignation burned the more fiercely, as she found herself obliged to suppress it in presence of Lady Blenkensop, the kinswoman, and of Craigengelt, the confidential friend of Bucklaw, of whose alliance she now became trebly desirous, since it occurred to her alarmed imagination, that her husband might, in his policy or timidity, prefer that of Ravenswood.

The Captain was engineer enough to discover that the train was

bred; and therefore heard, in the course of the same day, without the least surprise, that Lady Ashton had resolved to abridge her visit to Lady Blenkensop, and set forth with the peep of morning on her return to Scotland, using all the despatch which the state of the roads, and the mode of travelling, would possibly permit.

Unhappy Lord Keeper!—little was he aware what a storm was travelling towards him in all the speed with which an old-fashioned coach-and-six could possibly achieve its journey. He, like Don Gayferos, "forgot his lady fair and true," and was only anxious about the expected visit of the Marquis of A——. Soothfast tidings had assured him that this nobleman was at length, and without fail, to honour his castle at one in the afternoon, being a late dinner-hour; and much was the bustle in consequence of the announciation. The Lord Keeper traversed the chambers, held consultation with the butler in the cellars, and even ventured, at the risk of a *démêlé* with a cook, of a spirit lofty enough to scorn the admonitions of Lady Ashton herself, to peep into the kitchen. Satisfied, at length, that everything was in as active a train of preparation as was possible, he summoned Ravenswood and his daughter to walk upon the terrace, for the purpose of watching, from that commanding position, the earliest symptoms of his lordship's approach. For this purpose, with slow and idle step, he paraded the terrace, which, flanked with a heavy stone battlement, stretched in front of the castle upon a level with the first story; while visiters found access to the court by a projecting gate-way, the bartizan or flat leaded roof of which was accessible from the terrace by an easy flight of low and broad steps. The whole bore a resemblance partly to a castle, partly to a nobleman's seat; and though calculated, in some respects, for defence, evinced that it had been constructed under a sense of the power and security of the ancient Lords of Ravenswood.

This pleasant walk commanded a beautiful and extensive view. But what was most to our present purpose, there were seen from the terrace two roads, one leading from the east, and one from the westward, which, crossing a ridge opposed to the eminence on which the castle stood, at different angles, gradually approached each other, until they joined not far from the gate of the avenue. It was to the westward approach that the Lord Keeper, from a sort of fidgeting anxiety, his daughter, from complaisance to him, and Ravenswood, though feeling some symptoms of internal impatience, out of complaisance to his daughter, directed their eyes to see the precursors of the Marquis's approach.

These were not long of presenting themselves. Two running footmen, dressed in white, with black jockey-caps, and long staffs in their hands, headed the train; and such was their agility, that they found no difficulty in keeping the necessary advance, which the etiquette of their station required, before the carriage and horsemen. Onward they came at a long swinging trot, arguing unwearied speed in their long-breathed calling. Such running footmen are often alluded to in old plays (I would particularly instance "Middleton's Mad World my Masters"), and perhaps may be still remembered by some old persons in Scotland, as part of the retinue of the ancient nobility

when travelling in full ceremony.[6]) Behind these glancing meteors, who footed it as if the Avenger of Blood had been behind them, came a cloud of dust, raised by riders who preceded, attended, or followed the state-carriage of the Marquis.

The privilege of nobility, in those days, had something in it impressive on the imagination. The dresses and liveries, and number of their attendants, their style of travelling, the imposing, and almost warlike air of the armed men who surrounded them, placed them far above the laird, who travelled with his brace of footmen; and as to rivalry from the mercantile part of the community, these would as soon have thought of imitating the state equipage of the Sovereign. At present it is different; and I myself, Peter Pattieson, in a late journey to Edinburgh, had the honour, in the mail-coach phrase, to "change a leg" with a peer of the realm. It was not so in the days of which I write; and the Marquis's approach, so long expected in vain, now took place in the full pomp of ancient aristocracy. Sir William Ashton was so much interested in what he beheld, and in considering the ceremonial of reception in case any circumstance had been omitted, that he scarce heard his son Henry exclaim, "There is another coach-and-six coming down the east road, papa—can they both belong to the Marquis of A——?"

At length, when the youngster had fairly compelled his attention by pulling his sleeve,

> "He turn'd his eyes, and, as he turn'd, survey'd
> An awful vision."

Sure enough, another coach-and-six, with four servants or outriders in attendance, was descending the hill from the eastward, at such a pace as made it doubtful which of the carriages thus approaching from different quarters would first reach the gate at the extremity of the avenue. The one coach was green, the other blue; and not the green and blue chariots in the Circus of Rome or Constantinople excited more turmoil among the citizens than the double apparition occasioned in the mind of the Lord Keeper. We all remember the terrible exclamation of the dying profligate, when a friend, to destroy what he supposed the hypochondriac idea of a spectre appearing in a certain shape at a given hour, placed before him a person dressed up in the manner he described. "*Mon Dieu!*" said the expiring sinner, who, it seems, saw both the real and polygraphic apparition, —"*il y en a deux!*"

The surprise of the Lord Keeper was scarcely less unpleasing at the duplication of the expected arrival; his mind misgave him strangely. There was no neighbour who would have approached so unceremoniously, at a time when ceremony was held in such respect. It must be Lady Ashton, said his conscience, and followed up the hint with an anxious anticipation of the purpose of her sudden and unannounced return. He felt that he was caught "in the manner." That the company in which she had so unluckily surprised him was likely to be highly distasteful to her, there was no question; and the only hope which remained for him was her high sense of dignified propriety, which, he trusted, might prevent a public explosion. But so

active were his doubts and fears, as altogether to derange his purposed ceremonial for the reception of the Marquis.

These feelings of apprehension were not confined to Sir William Ashton. "It is my mother—it is my mother!" said Lucy, turning as pale as ashes, and clasping her hands together as she looked at Ravenswood.

"And if it be Lady Ashton," said her lover to her in a low tone, "what can be the occasion of such alarm!—Surely the return of a lady to the family from which she has been so long absent, should excite other sensations than those of fear and dismay."

"You do not know my mother," said Miss Ashton, in a tone almost breathless with terror; "what will she say when she sees you in this place!"

"My stay has been too long," said Ravenswood, somewhat haughtily, "if her displeasure at my presence is likely to be so formidable. My dear Lucy," he resumed, in a tone of soothing encouragement, "you are too childishly afraid of Lady Ashton; she is a woman of family—a lady of fashion—a person who must know the world, and what is due to her husband and her husband's guests."

Lucy shook her head; and, as if her mother, still at the distance of half a mile, could have seen and scrutinised her deportment, she withdrew herself from beside Ravenswood, and, taking her brother Henry's arm, led him to a different part of the terrace. The Keeper also shuffled down towards the portal of the great gate, without inviting Ravenswood to accompany him, and thus he remained standing alone on the terrace, deserted and shunned, as it were, by the inhabitants of the mansion.

This suited not the mood of one who was proud in proportion to his poverty, and who thought that, in sacrificing his deep-rooted resentments so far as to become Sir William Ashton's guest, he conferred a favour and received none. "I can forgive Lucy," he said to himself; "she is young, timid, and conscious of an important engagement assumed without her mother's sanction; yet she should remember with whom it has been assumed, and leave me no reason to suspect that she is ashamed of her choice. For the Keeper, sense, spirit, and expression seem to have left his face and manner since he had the first glimpse of Lady Ashton's carriage. I must watch how this is to end; and, if they give me reason to think myself an unwelcome guest, my visit is soon abridged."

With these suspicions floating on his mind, he left the terrace, and, walking towards the stables of the castle, gave directions that his horse should be kept in readiness, in case he should have occasion to ride abroad.

In the meanwhile the drivers of the two carriages, the approach of which had occasioned so much dismay at the castle, had become aware of each other's presence, as they approached upon different lines to the head of the avenue, as a common centre. Lady Ashton's driver and postilions instantly received orders to get foremost, if possible, her ladyship being desirous of despatching her first interview with her husband before the arrival of these guests, whoever they might happen to be. On the other have, the coachman of the Marquis, conscious of

his own dignity and that of his master, and observing the rival charioteer was mending his pace, resolved, like a true brother of the whip, whether ancient or modern, to vindicate his right of precedence. So that, to increase the confusion of the Lord Keeper's understanding, he saw the short time which remained for consideration abridged by the haste of the contending coachmen, who, fixing their eyes sternly on each other, and applying the lash smartly to their horses, began to thunder down the descent with emulous rapidity, while the horsemen who attended them were forced to put on to a hand-gallop.

Sir William's only chance now remaining was the possibility of an overturn, and that his lady or visiter might break their necks. I am not aware that he formed any distinct wish on the subject, but I have no reason to think that his grief in either case would have been altogether inconsolable. This chance, however, also disappeared; for Lady Ashton, though insensible to fear, began to see the ridicule of running a race with a visiter of distinction, the goal being the portal of her own castle, and commanded her coachman, as they approached the avenue, to slacken his pace, and allow precedence to the stranger's equipage; a command which he gladly obeyed, as coming in time to save his honour, the horses of the Marquis's carriage being better, or, at least, fresher than his own. He restrained his pace, therefore, and suffered the green coach to enter the avenue, with all its retinue, which pass it occupied with the speed of a whirlwind. The Marquis's laced charioteer no sooner found the *pas d'avance* was granted to him, than he resumed a more deliberate pace, at which he advanced under the embowering shade of the lofty elms, surrounded by all the attendants; while the carriage of Lady Ashton followed, still more slowly, at some distance.

In the front of the castle, and beneath the portal which admitted guests into the inner court, stood Sir William Ashton, much perplexed in mind, his younger son and daughter beside him, and in their rear a train of attendants of various ranks, in and out of livery. The nobility and gentry of Scotland, at this period, were remarkable even to extravagance for the number of their servants, whose services were easily purchased in a country where men were numerous beyond proportion to the means of employing them.

The manners of a man, trained like Sir William Ashton, are too much at his command to remain long disconcerted with the most adverse concurrence of circumstances. He received the Marquis, as he alighted from his equipage, with the usual compliments of welcome; and, as he ushered him into the great hall, expressed his hope that his journey had been pleasant. The Marquis was a tall, well-made man, with a thoughtful and intelligent countenance, and an eye in which the fire of ambition had for some years replaced the vivacity of youth; a bold, proud expression of countenance, yet chastened by habitual caution, and the desire which, as the head of a party, he necessarily entertained of acquiring popularity. He answered with courtesy the courteous inquiries of the Lord Keeper, and was formally presented to Miss Ashton, in the course of which ceremony the Lord Keeper gave the first symptom of what was chiefly occupying his mind, by introducing his daughter as "his wife, Lady Ashton."

Lucy blushed; the Marquis looked surprised at the extremely juvenile appearance of his hostess, and the Lord Keeper, with difficulty rallied himself so far as to explain. "I should have said my daughter, my lord; but the truth is, that I saw Lady Ashton's carriage enter the avenue shortly after your lordship's, and ——"

"Make no apology, my lord," replied his noble guest; "let me entreat you will wait on your lady, and leave me to cultivate Miss Ashton's acquaintance. I am shocked my people should have taken precedence of our hostess at her own gate; but your lordship is aware, that I supposed Lady Ashton was still in the south. Permit me to beseech you will wave ceremony, and hasten to welcome her."

This was precisely what the Lord Keeper longed to do; and he instantly profited by his lordship's obliging permission. To see Lady Ashton, and encounter the first burst of her displeasure in private, might prepare her, in some degree, to receive her unwelcome guests with due decorum. As her carriage, therefore, stopped, the arm of the attentive husband was ready to assist Lady Ashton in dismounting. Looking as if she saw him not, she put his arm aside, and requested that of Captain Craigengelt, who stood by the coach with his laced hat under his arm, having acted as *cavalière servente*, or squire in attendance, during the journey. Taking hold of this respectable person's arm as if to support her, Lady Ashton traversed the court, uttering a word or two by way of direction to the servants, but not one to Sir William, who in vain endeavoured to attract her attention, as he rather followed than accompanied her into the hall, in which they found the Marquis in close conversation with the Master of Ravenswood: Lucy had taken the first opportunity of escaping. There was embarrassment on every countenance except that of the Marquis of A——; for even Craigengelt's impudence was hardly able to veil his fear of Ravenswood, and the rest felt the awkardness of the position in which they were thus unexpectedly placed.

After waiting a moment to be presented by Sir William Ashton, the Marquis resolved to introduce himself. "The Lord Keeper," he said, bowing to Lady Ashton, "has just introduced to me his daughter as his wife—he might very easily present Lady Ashton as his daughter, so little does she differ from what I remember her some years since.—Will she permit an old acquaintance the privilege of a guest?"

He saluted the lady with too good a grace to apprehend a repulse, and then proceeded—"This, Lady Ashton, is a peace-making visit, and therefore I presume to introduce my cousin, the young Master of Ravenswood, to your favourable notice."

Lady Ashton could not choose but curtsey; but there was in her obeisance an air of haughtiness approaching to contemptuous repulse. Ravenswood could not choose but bow; but his manner returned the scorn with which he had been greeted.

"Allow me," she said, "to present to your lordship *my* friend." Craigengelt, with the forward impudence which men of his cast mistake for ease, made a sliding bow to the Marquis, which he graced by a flourish of his gold-laced hat. The Lady turned to her husband —"You and I, Sir William," she said, and these were the first words

she had addressed to him, "have acquired new acquaintances since we parted—let me introduce the acquisition I have made to mine—Captain Craigengelt."

Another bow, and another flourish of the gold-laced hat, which was returned by the Lord Keeper without intimation of former recognition, and with that sort of anxious readiness, which intimated his wish, that peace and amnesty should take place betwixt the contending parties, including the auxiliaries on both sides. "Let me introduce you to the Master of Ravenswood," said he to Captain Craigengelt, following up the same amicable system. But the Master drew up his tall form to the full extent of his height, and without so much as looking towards the person thus introduced to him, he said, in a marked tone, "Captain Craigengelt and I are already perfectly well acquainted with each other."

"Perfectly—perfectly," replied the Captain, in a mumbling tone, like that of a double echo, and with a flourish of his hat, the circumference of which was greatly abridged, compared with those which had so cordially graced his introduction to the Marquis and the Lord Keeper.

Lockhard, followed by three menials, now entered with wine and refreshments, which it was the fashion to offer as a whet before dinner; and when they were placed before the guests, Lady Ashton made an apology for withdrawing her husband from them for some minutes upon business of special import. The Marquis, of course, requested her ladyship would lay herself under no restraint; and Craigengelt, bolting with speed a second glass of racy canary, hastened to leave the room, feeling no great pleasure in the prospect of being left alone with the Marquis of A—— and the Master of Ravenswood; the presence of the former holding him in awe, and that of the latter in bodily terror.

Some arrangements about his horse and baggage formed the pretext for his sudden retreat, in which he persevered, although Lady Ashton gave Lockhard orders to be careful most particularly to accommodate Captain Craigengelt with all the attendance which he could possibly require. The Marquis and the Master of Ravenswood were thus left to communicate to each other their remarks upon the reception which they had met with, while Lady Ashton led the way, and her lord followed somewhat like a condemned criminal, to her ladyship's dressing-room.

So soon as the spouses had both entered, her ladyship gave way to that fierce audacity of temper, which she had with difficulty suppressed, out of respect to appearances. She shut the door behind the alarmed Lord Keeper, took the key out of the spring-lock, and with a countenance which years had not bereft of its haughty charms, and eyes which spoke at once resolution and resentment, she addressed her astounded husband in these words:—"My lord, I am not greatly surprised at the connections you have been pleased to form during my absence—they are entirely in conformity with your birth and breeding; and if I did expect anything else, I heartily own my error, and that I merit, by having done so, the disappointment you had prepared for me."

"My dear Lady Ashton—my dear Eleanor," said the Lord Keeper, "listen to reason for a moment, and I will convince you I have acted with all the regard due to the dignity, as well as the interest, of my family."

"To the interest of *your* family I conceive you perfectly capable of attending," returned the indignant lady, "and even to the dignity of your own family also, as far as it requires any looking after — But as mine happens to be inextricably involved with it, you will excuse me if I choose to give my own attention so far as that is concerned."

"What would you have, Lady Ashton?" said the husband—"What is it that displeases you? Why is it that, on your return after so long an absence, I am arraigned in this manner?"

"Ask your own conscience, Sir William, what has prompted you to become a renegade to your political party and opinions, and led you, for what I know, to be on the point of marrying your only daughter to a beggarly Jacobite bankrupt, the inveterate enemy of your family to the boot?"

"Why, what in the name of common sense and common civility would you have me do, madam?" answered her husband—"Is it possible for me, with ordinary decency, to turn a young gentleman out of my house, who saved my daughter's life and my own, but the other morning as it were?"

"Saved your life! I have heard of that story," said the lady—"the Lord Keeper was scared by a dun cow, and he takes the young fellow who killed her for Guy of Warwick — any butcher from Haddington may soon have an equal claim on your hospitality."

"Lady Ashton," stammered the Keeper, "this is intolerable — and when I am desirous, too, to make you easy by any sacrifice — if you would but tell me what you would be at."

"Go down to your guests," said the imperious dame, "and make your apology to Ravenswood, that the arrival of Captain Craigengelt and some other friends, renders it impossible for you to offer him lodgings at the castle—I expect young Mr Hayston of Bucklaw."

"Good heavens, madam!" ejaculated her husband—"Ravenswood to give place to Craigengelt, a common gambler and an informer!—it was all I could do to forbear desiring the fellow to get out of my house, and I was much surprised to see him in your ladyship's train."

"Since you saw him there, you might be well assured," answered this meek helpmate, "that he was proper society. As to this Ravenswood, he only meets with the treatment which, to my certain knowledge, he gave to a much-valued friend of mine, who had the misfortune to be his guest some time since. But take your resolution; for, if Ravenswood does not quit the house, I will."

Sir William Ashton paced up and down the apartment in the most distressing agitation; fear, and shame, and anger contending against the habitual deference he was in the use of rendering to his lady. At length it ended, as is usual with timid minds placed in such circumstances, in his adopting a *mezzo termine*, a middle measure.

"I tell you frankly, madam, I neither can nor will be guilty of the incivility you propose to the Master of Ravenswood — he has not deserved it at my hand. If you will be so unreasonable as to insult r

man of quality under your own roof, I cannot prevent you; but I will not at least be the agent in such a preposterous proceeding."

"You will not?" asked the lady.

"No, by heavens, madam!" her husband replied; "ask me anything congruent with common decency, as to drop his acquaintance by degrees, or the like—but to bid him leave my house is what I will not, and cannot consent to."

"Then the task of supporting the honour of the family will fall on me, as it has often done before," said the lady.

She sat down, and hastily wrote a few lines. The Lord Keeper made another effort to prevent her taking a step so decisive, just as she opened the door to call her female attendant from the anteroom. "Think what you are doing, Lady Ashton—you are making a mortal enemy of a young man, who is like to have the means of harming us——"

"Did you ever know a Douglas who feared an enemy?" answered the lady contemptuously.

"Ay, but he is as proud and vindictive as an hundred Douglasses, and an hundred devils to boot. Think of it for a night only."

"Not for another moment," answered the lady;—"here, Mrs Patullo, give this billet to young Ravenswood."

"To the Master, madam?" said Mrs Patullo.

"Ay, to the Master, if you call him so."

"I wash my hands of it entirely," said the Keeper; "and I shall go down into the garden, and see that Jardine gathers the winter fruit for the dessert."

"Do so," said the Lady, looking after him with glances of infinite contempt; "and thank God that you leave one behind you as fit to protect the honour of the family, as you are to look after pippins and pears."

The Lord Keeper remained long enough in the garden to give her ladyship's mind time to explode, and to let, as he thought, at least the first violence of Ravenswood's displeasure blow over. When he entered the hall, he found the Marquis of A—— giving orders to some of his attendants. He seemed in high displeasure, and interrupted an apology which Sir William had commenced, for having left his lordship alone.

"I presume, Sir William, you are no stranger to this singular billet with which my kinsman of Ravenswood" (an emphasis on the word *my*) "has been favoured by your lady—and, of course, that you are prepared to receive my adieus—My kinsman is already gone, having thought it unnecessary to offer any on his part, since all former civilities had been cancelled by this singular insult."

"I protest, my lord," said Sir William, holding the billet in his hand, "I am not privy to the contents of this letter. I know Lady Ashton is a warm-tempered and prejudiced woman, and I am sincerely sorry for any offence that has been given or taken; but I hope your lordship will consider that a lady——"

"Should bear herself towards persons of a certain rank with the breeding of one," said the Marquis completing the half uttered sentence

"True, my Lord," said the unfortunate Keeper; "but Lady Ashton is still a woman——"

"And, as such, methinks," said the Marquis, again interrupting him, "should be taught the duties which correspond to her station. But here she comes, and I will learn from her own mouth the reason of this extraordinary and unexpected affront offered to my near relation, while both he and I were her ladyship's guests."

Lady Ashton accordingly entered the apartment at this moment. Her dispute with Sir William, and a subsequent interview with her daughter, had not prevented her from attending to the duties of her toilette. She appeared in full dress; and, from the character of her countenance and manner, well became the splendour with which ladies of quality then appeared on such occasions.

The Marquis of A—— bowed haughtily, and she returned the salute with equal pride and distance of demeanour. He then took from the passive hand of Sir William Ashton the billet he had given him the moment before he approached the lady, and was about to speak, when she interrupted him. "I perceive, my lord, you are about to enter upon an unpleasant subject. I am sorry any such should have occurred at this time, to interrupt, in the slightest degree, the respectful reception due to your lordship—but so it is.—Mr Edgar Ravenswood, for whom I have addressed the billet in your lordship's hand, has abused the hospitality of this family, and Sir William Ashton's softness of temper, in order to seduce a young person into engagements without her parent's consent, and of which they never can approve."

Both gentlemen answered at once,—"My kinsman is incapable"—— said the Lord Marquis.

"I am confident that my daughter Lucy is still more incapable"—— said the Lord Keeper.

Lady Ashton at once interrupted, and replied to them both.—"My Lord Marquis, your kinsman, if Mr Ravenswood has the honour to be so, has made the attempt privately to secure the affections of this young and inexperienced girl. Sir William Ashton, your daughter has been simple enough to give more encouragement than she ought to have done to so very improper a suitor."

"And I think, madam," said the Lord Keeper, losing his accustomed temper and patience, "that if you had nothing better to tell us, you had better have kept this family secret to yourself also."

"You will pardon me, Sir William," said the lady, calmly; "the noble Marquis has a right to know the cause of the treatment I have found it necessary to use to a gentleman whom he calls his blood-relation."

"It is a cause," muttered the Lord Keeper, "which has emerged since the effect has taken place; for, if it exists at all, I am sure she knew nothing of it when her letter to Ravenswood was written."

"It is the first time that I have heard of this," said the Marquis; "but since your ladyship has tabled a subject so delicate, permit me to say, that my kinsman's birth and connections entitled him to a patient hearing, and at least a civil refusal, even in case of his being so ambitious as to raise his eyes to the daughter of Sir William Ashton."

"You will recollect, my lord, of what blood Miss Lucy Ashton is come by the mother's side," said the lady.

"I do remember your descent — from a younger branch of the house of Angus," said the Marquis—"and your ladyship—forgive me, lady—ought not to forget that the Ravenswoods have thrice intermarried with the main stem. Come, madam—I know how matters stand—old and long-fostered prejudices are difficult to get over—I make every allowance for them—I ought not, and I would not otherwise have suffered my kinsman to depart alone, expelled, in a manner, from this house—but I had hopes of being a mediator. I am still unwilling to leave you in anger—and shall not set forward till after noon, as I rejoin the Master of Ravenswood upon the road a few miles from hence. Let us talk over this matter more coolly."

"It is what I anxiously desire, my lord," said Sir Willian Ashton, eagerly. "Lady Ashton, we will not permit my Lord of A—— to leave us in displeasure. We must compel him to tarry dinner at the castle."

"The castle," said the lady, "and all that it contains, are at the command of the Marquis, so long as he chooses to honour it with his residence; but touching the farther discussion of this disagreeable topic——"

"Pardon me, good madam," said the Marquis; "but I cannot allow you to express any hasty resolution on a subject so important. I see that more company is arriving; and since I have the good fortune to renew my former acquaintance with Lady Ashton, I hope she will give me leave to avoid perilling what I prize so highly upon any disagreeable subject of discussion – at least, till we have talked over more pleasant topics."

The lady smiled, curtsied, and gave her hand to the Marquis, by whom, with all the formal gallantry of the time, which did not permit the guest to tuck the lady of the house under the arm, as a rustic does his sweetheart at a wake, she was ushered to the eating-room.

Here they were joined by Bucklaw, Craigengelt, and other neighbours whom the Lord Keeper had previously invited to meet the Marquis of A——. An apology, founded upon a slight indisposition, was alleged as an excuse for the absence of Miss Ashton, whose seat appeared unoccupied. The entertainment was splendid to profusion, and was protracted till a late hour.

CHAPTER XXIII.

> Such was our fallen father's fate,
> Yet better than mine own;
> He shared his exile with his mate,
> 'm banish'd forth alone.
>
> WALLER.

I WILL not attempt to describe the mixture of indignation and regret with which Ravenswood left the seat which had belonged to his ancestors. The terms in which Lady Ashton's billet was couched ren-

dered it impossible for him, without being deficient in that spirit of which he perhaps had too much, to remain an instant longer within its walls. The Marquis, who had his share in the affront, was, nevertheless, still willing to make some efforts at conciliation. He therefore suffered his kinsman to depart alone, making him promise, however, that he would wait for him at the small inn called the Tod's-hole, situated, as our readers may be pleased to recollect, half way betwixt Ravenswood Castle and Wolf's Crag, and about five Scottish miles distant from each. Here the Marquis proposed to join the Master of Ravenswood, either that night or the next morning. His own feelings would have induced him to have left the Castle directly, but he was loath to forfeit, without at least one effort, the advantages which he had proposed from his visit to the Lord Keeper; and the Master of Ravenswood was, even in the very heat of his resentment, unwilling to foreclose any chance of reconciliation which might arise out of the partiality which Sir William Ashton had shown towards him, as well as the intercessory arguments of his noble kinsman. He himself departed without a moment's delay, farther than was necessary to make this arrangement.

At first he spurred his horse at a quick pace through an avenue of the park, as if, by rapidity of motion, he could stupify the confusion of feelings with which he was assailed. But as the road grew wilder and more sequestered, and when the trees had hidden the turrets of the castle, he gradually slackened his pace, as if to indulge the painful reflections which he had in vain endeavoured to repress. The path in which he found himself led him to the Mermaiden's Fountain, and to the cottage of Alice; and the fatal influence which superstitious belief attached to the former spot, as well as the admonitions which had been in vain offered to him by the inhabitant of the latter, forced themselves upon his memory. "Old saws speak truth," he said to himself: "and the Mermaiden's Well has indeed witnessed the last act of rashness of the heir of Ravenswood.—Alice spoke well," he continued, "and I am in the situation which she foretold—or rather, I am more deeply dishonoured—not the dependant and ally of the destroyer of my father's house, as the old sibyl presaged, but the degraded wretch, who has aspired to hold that subordinate character, and has been rejected with disdain."

We are bound to tell the tale as we have received it; and, considering the distance of the time, and propensity of those through whose mouths it has passed to the marvellous, this could not be called a Scottish story, unless it manifested a tinge of Scottish superstition. As Ravenswood approached the solitary fountain, he is said to have met with the following singular adventure:—His horse, which was moving slowly forward, suddenly interrupted its steady and composed pace, snorted, reared, and, though urged by the spur, refused to proceed, as if some object of terror had suddenly presented itself. On looking to the fountain, Ravenswood discerned a female figure dressed in a white, or rather greyish mantle, placed on the very spot on which Lucy Ashton had reclined while listening to the fatal tale of love. His immediate impression was, that she had conjectured by which path he would traverse the park on his departure, and placed

herself at this well-known and sequestered place of rendezvous, to indulge her own sorrow and his in a parting interview. In this belief he jumped from his horse, and, making its bridle fast to a tree, walked hastily towards the fountain, pronouncing eagerly, yet under his breath, the words, "Miss Ashton!—Lucy!"

The figure turned as he addressed it, and displayed to his wondering eyes the features, not of Lucy Ashton, but of old blind Alice. The singularity of her dress, which rather resembled a shroud than the garment of a living woman—the appearance of her person, larger, as it struck him, than it usually seemed to be—above all, the strange circumstance of a blind, infirm, and decrepit person being found alone and at a distance from her habitation (considerable, if her infirmities be taken into account), combined to impress him with a feeling of wonder approaching to fear. As he approached, she arose slowly from her seat, held her shrivelled hand up as if to prevent his coming more near, and her withered lips moved fast, although no sound issued from them. Ravenswood stopped; and as, after a moment's pause, he again advanced towards her, Alice, or her apparition, moved or glided backwards towards the thicket, still keeping her face turned towards him. The trees soon hid the form from his sight; and, yielding to the strong and terrific impression that the being which he had seen was not of this world, the Master of Ravenswood remained rooted to the ground whereon he had stood when he caught his last view of her. At length, summoning up his courage, he advanced to the spot on which the figure had seemed to be seated; but neither was there pressure of the grass, nor any other circumstance, to induce him to believe that what he had seen was real and substantial.

Full of those strange thoughts and confused apprehensions which awake in the bosom of one who conceives he has witnessed some preternatural appearance, the Master of Ravenswood walked back towards his horse, frequently however looking behind him, not without apprehension, as if expecting that the vision would re-appear. But the apparition, whether it was real, or whether it was the creation of a heated and agitated imagination, returned not again; and he found his horse sweating and terrified, as if experiencing that agony of fear, with which the presence of a supernatural being is supposed to agitate the brute creation. The Master mounted, and rode slowly forward, soothing his steed from time to time, while the animal seemed internally to shrink and shudder, as if expecting some new object of fear at the opening of every glade. The rider, after a moment's consideration, resolved to investigate the matter farther. "Can my eyes have deceived me," he said, "and deceived me for such a space of time?—Or are this woman's infirmities but feigned, in order to excite compassion?—And even then, her motion resembled not that of a living and existing person. Must I adopt the popular creed, and think that the unhappy being has formed a league with the powers of darkness?—I am determined to be resolved—I will not brook imposition even from my own eyes."

In this uncertainty he rode up to the little wicket of Alice's garden. Her seat beneath the birch-tree was vacant, though the day was pleasant, and the sun was high. He approached the hut, and heard

from within the sobs and wailing of a female. No answer was returned when he knocked, so that, after a moment's pause, he lifted the latch and entered. It was indeed a house of solitude and sorrow. Stretched upon her miserable pallet lay the corpse of the last retainer of the house of Ravenswood, who still abode on their paternal domains! Life had but shortly departed; and the little girl, by whom she had been attended in her last moments, was wringing her hands and sobbing, betwixt childish fear and sorrow, over the body of her mistress.

The Master of Ravenswood had some difficulty to compose the terrors of the poor child, whom his unexpected appearance had at first rather appalled than comforted; and when he succeeded, the first expression which the girl used intimated that "he had come too late." Upon inquiring the meaning of this expression, he learned that the deceased, upon the first attack of the mortal agony, had sent a peasant to the castle to beseech an interview of the Master of Ravenswood, and had expressed the utmost impatience for his return. But the messengers of the poor are tardy and negligent; the fellow had not reached the castle, as was afterwards learned, until Ravenswood had left it, and had then found too much amusement among the retinue of the strangers to return in any haste to the cottage of Alice. Meantime her anxiety of mind seemed to increase with the agony of her body; and, to use the phrase of Babie, her only attendant, "she prayed powerfully that she might see her master's son once more, and renew her warning." She died just as the clock in the distant village tolled one; and Ravenswood remembered, with internal shudderings, that he had heard the chime sound through the wood just before he had seen what he was now much disposed to consider as the spectre of the deceased.

It was necessary, as well from his respect to the departed as in common humanity to her terrified attendant, that he should take some measures to relieve the girl from her distressing situation. The deceased, he understood, had expressed a desire to be buried in a solitary churchyard, near the little inn of the Tod's-hole, called the Hermitage, or more commonly Armitage, in which lay interred some of the Ravenswood family, and many of their followers. Ravenswood conceived it his duty to gratify this predilection, so commonly found to exist among the Scottish peasantry, and despatched Babie to the neighbouring village to procure the assistance of some females, assuring her that, in the meanwhile, he would himself remain with the dead body, which, as in Thessaly of old, it is accounted highly unfit to leave without a watch.

Thus, in the course of a quarter of an hour or little more, he found himself sitting a solitary guard over the inanimate corpse of her, whose dismissed spirit, unless his eyes had strangely deceived him, had so recently manifested itself before him. Notwithstanding his natural courage, the Master was considerably affected by a concurrence of circumstances so extraordinary. "She died expressing her eager desire to see me. Can it be, then,"—was his natural course of reflection—"can strong and earnest wishes, formed during the last agony of nature, survive its catastrophe, surmount the awful bounds of the spiritual world, and place before us its inhabitants in the hues

and colouring of life?—And why was that manifested to the eye which could not unfold its tale to the ear?—and wherefore should a breach be made in the laws of nature, yet its purpose remain unknown? Vain questions, which only death, when it shall make me like the pale and withered form before me, can ever resolve."

He laid a cloth, as he spoke, over the lifeless face, upon whose features he felt unwilling any longer to dwell. He then took his place in an old carved oaken chair, ornamented with his own armorial bearings, which Alice had contrived to appropriate to her own use in the pillage which took place among creditors, officers, domestics, and messengers of the law, when his father left Ravenswood Castle for the last time. Thus seated, he banished, as much as he could, the superstitious feelings which the late incident naturally inspired. His own were sad enough, without the exaggeration of supernatural terror, since he found himself transferred from the situation of a successful lover of Lucy Ashton, and an honoured and respected friend of her father, into the melancholy and solitary guardian of the abandoned and forsaken corpse of a common pauper.

He was relieved, however, from his sad office sooner than he could reasonably have expected, considering the distance betwixt the hut of the deceased and the village, and the age and infirmities of three old women, who came from thence, in military phrase, to relieve guard upon the body of the defunct. On any other occasion the speed of these reverend sibyls would have been much more moderate, for the first was eighty years of age and upwards, the second was paralytic, and the third lame of a leg from some accident. But the burial duties rendered to the deceased, are, to the Scottish peasant of either sex, a labour of love. I know not whether it is from the temper of the people, grave and enthusiastic as it certainly is, or from the recollection of the ancient Catholic opinions, when the funeral rites were always considered as a period of festival to the living: but feasting, good cheer, and even inebriety, were, and are, the frequent accompaniments of a Scottish old-fashioned burial. What the funeral feast or *dirgie*, as it is called, was to the men, the gloomy preparations of the dead body for the coffin were to the women. To straight the contorted limbs upon a board used for that melancholy purpose, to arrange the corpse in clean linen, and over that in its woollen shroud, were operations committed always to the old matrons of the village, and in which they found a singular and gloomy delight.

The old women paid the Master their salutations with a ghastly smile, which reminded him of the meeting betwixt Macbeth and the witches on the blasted heath of Forres. He gave them some money, and recommended to them the charge of the dead body of their companion, an office which they willingly undertook; intimating to him, at the same time, that he must leave the hut, in order that they might begin their mournful duties. Ravenswood readily agreed to depart, only tarrying to recommend to them due attention to the body, and to receive information where he was to find the sexton, or beadle, who had in charge the deserted churchyard of the Armitage, in order to prepare matters for the reception of old Alice in the place of repose which she had selected for herself.

"Ye'll no be pinched to find out Johnie Mortsheugh," said the elder sibyl, and still her withered cheek bore a grisly smile,—"he dwells near the Tod's-hole, a house of entertainment where there has been mony a blythe birling—for death and drink-draining are near neighbours to ane anither."

"Ay! and that's e'en true, cummer," said the lame hag, propping herself with a crutch which supported the shortness of her left leg, "for I mind when the father of this Master of Ravenswood that is now standing before us, sticked young Blackhall with his whinger, for a wrang word said ower their wine, or brandy, or what not—he gaed in as light as a lark, and he came out wi' his feet foremost. I was at the winding of the corpse; and when the bluid was washed off, he was a bonny bouk of man's body."

It may easily be believed, that this ill-timed anecdote hastened the Master's purpose of quitting a company so evil-omened and so odious. Yet, while walking to the tree to which his horse was tied, and busying himself with adjusting the girths of the saddle, he could not avoid hearing, through the hedge of the little garden, a conversation respecting himself, betwixt the lame woman and the octogenarian sibyl. The pair had hobbled into the graden to gather rosemary, southernwood, rue, and other plants proper to be strewed upon the body, and burned by way of fumigation in the chimney of the cottage. The paralytic wretch, almost exhausted by the journey, was left guard upon the corpse, lest witches or fiends might play their sport with it.

The following low croaking dialogue was necessarily overheard by the Master of Ravenswood:—

"That's a fresh and full-grown hemlock, Annie Winnie—mony a cummer lang syne wad hae sought nae better horse to flee over hill and how, through mist and moonlight, and light down in the King of France's cellar."

"Ay, cummer! but the very deil has turned as hard-hearted now as the Lord Keeper, and the grit folk that hae breasts like whinstane. They prick us and they pine us, and they pit us on the pinnywinkles for witches; and, if I say my prayers backwards ten times ower, Satan will never gie me amends o' them."

"Did you ever see the foul thief?" asked her neighbour.

"Na!" replied the other spokeswoman; "but I trow I hae dreamed of him mony a time, and I think the day will come they will burn me for't—But ne'er mind, cummer! we hae this dollar of the Master's, and we'll send doun for bread and for yill, tobacco, and a drap brandy to burn, and a wee pickle saft sugar—and be there deil, or nae deil, lass, we'll hae a merry night o't."

Here her leathern chops uttered a sort of cackling ghastly laugh, resembling, to a certain degree, the cry of the screech-owl.

"He's a frank man, and a free-handed man, the Master," said Annie Winnie, "and a comely personage—broad in the shouthers, and narrow around the lungies—he wad mak a bonny corpse—I wad like to hae the streaking and winding o' him."

"It is written on his brow, Annie Winnie," returned the octogenarian, her companion, "that hand of woman, or of man either, will

never straught him—dead-deal will never be laid on his back—make you your market of that, for I hae it frae a sure hand."

"Will it be his lot to die on the battle-ground then, Ailsie Gourlay?—Will he die by the sword or the ball, as his forbears hae dune before him, mony ane o' them?"

"Ask nae mair questions about it—he'll no be graced sae far," replied the sage.

"I ken ye are wiser than ither folk, Ailsie Gourlay—But wha tell'd ye this?"

"Fashna your thumb about that, Annie Winnie," answered the sibyl—"I hae it frae a hand sure aneugh."

"But ye said ye never saw the foul thief," reiterated her inquisitive companion.

"I hae it frae as sure a hand," said Ailsie, "and frae them that spaed his fortune before the sark gaed ower his head."

"Hark! I hear his horse's feet riding aff," said the other; "they dinna sound as if good luck was wi' them."

"Mak haste, sirs," cried the paralytic hag from the cottage, "and let us do what is needfu', and say what is fitting; for if the dead corpse binna straughted it will girn and thraw, and that will fear the best o' us."

Ravenswood was now out of hearing. He despised most of the ordinary prejudices about witchcraft, omens, and vaticination, to which his age and country still gave such implicit credit, that to express a doubt of them, was accounted a crime equal to the unbelief of Jews or Saracens; he knew also that the prevailing belief concerning witches, operating upon the hypochondriac habits of those whom age, infirmity, and poverty rendered liable to suspicion, and enforced by the fear of death, and the pangs of the most cruel tortures, often extorted those confessions which encumber and disgrace the criminal records of Scotland during the seventeenth century. But the vision of that morning, whether real or imaginary, had impressed his mind with a superstitious feeling which he in vain endeavoured to shake off. The nature of the business which awaited him at the little inn, called Tod's-hole, where he soon after arrived, was not of a kind to restore his spirits.

It was necessary he should see Mortsheugh, the sexton of the old burial-ground at Armitage, to arrange matters for the funeral of Alice; and as the man dwelt near the place of her late residence, the Master, after a slight refreshment, walked towards the place where the body of Alice was to be deposited. It was situated in the nook formed by the eddying sweep of a stream, which issued from the adjoining hills. A rude cavern in an adjacent rock, which, in the interior, was cut into the shape of a cross, formed the hermitage, where some Saxon saint had in ancient times done penance, and given name to the place. The rich Abbey of Coldinghame had, in latter days, established a chapel in the neighbourhood, of which no vestige was now visible, though the churchyard which surrounded it was still, as upon the present occasion, used for the interment of particular persons. One or two shattered yew-trees still grew within the precincts of that which had once been holy ground. Warriors and barons had

been buried there of old, but their names were forgotten, and their monuments demolished. The only sepulchral memorials which remained, were the upright head-stones which mark the graves of persons of inferior rank. The abode of the sexton was a solitary cottage adjacent to the ruined wall of the cemetery, but so low, that, with its thatch, which nearly reached the ground, covered with a thick crop of grass, fog, and house-leeks, it resembled an overgrown grave. On inquiry, however, Ravenswood found that the man of the last mattock was absent at a bridal, being fiddler as well as grave-digger to the vicinity. He therefore retired to the little inn, leaving a message, that early next morning he would again call for the person whose double occupation connected him at once with the house of mourning and the house of feasting.

An outrider of the Marquis arrived at Tod's-hole shortly after, with a message, intimating that his master would join Ravenswood at that place on the following morning; and the Master, who would otherwise have proceeded to his old retreat at Wolf's Crag, remained there accordingly, to give meeting to his noble kinsman.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Hamlet. Has this fellow no feeling of his business?—he sings at grave-making.
Horatio. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.
Hamlet. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.
Hamlet, Act V. Scene I.

THE sleep of Ravenswood was broken by ghastly and agitating visions, and his waking intervals disturbed by melancholy reflections on the past, and painful anticipations of the future. He was perhaps the only traveller who ever slept in that miserable kennel without complaining of his lodgings, or feeling inconvenience from their deficiencies. It is when "the mind is free the body's delicate." Morning, however, found the Master an early riser, in hopes that the fresh air of the dawn might afford the refreshment which night had refused him. He took his way toward the solitary burial-ground, which lay about half a mile from the inn.

The thin blue smoke, which already began to curl upward, and to distinguish the cottage of the living from the habitation of the dead, apprised him that its inmate had returned and was stirring. Accordingly, on entering the little churchyard, he saw the old man labouring in a half-made grave. My destiny, thought Ravenswood, seems to lead me to scenes of fate and of death; but these are childish thoughts, and they shall not master me. I will not again suffer my imagination to beguile my senses.—The old man rested on his spade as the Master approached him, as if to receive his commands; and as he did not immediately speak, the sexton opened the discourse in his own way.

"Ye will be a wedding customer, sir, I'se warrant?"

"What makes you think so, friend?" replied the Master.

"I live by twa trades, sir," replied the blithe old man; "fiddle, sir,

and spade; filling the world, and emptying of it; and I suld ken baith cast of customers by head-mark in thirty years' practice."

"You are mistaken, however, this morning," replied Ravenswood.

"Am I?" said the old man, looking keenly at him, "troth and it may be; since, for as brent as your brow is, there is something sitting upon it this day, that is as near akin to death as to wedlock. Weel, weel; the pick and shovel are as ready to your order as bow and fiddle."

"I wish you," said Ravenswood, "to look after the decent interment of an old woman, Alice Gray, who lived at the Craigfoot in Ravenswood Park."

"Alice Gray! blind Alice!" said the sexton; "and is she gane at last? that's another jow of the bell to bid me be ready. I mind when Habbie Gray brought her down to this land; a likely lass she was then, and looked over her southland nose at us a'. I trow her pride got a downcome. And is she e'en gane?"

"She died yesterday," said Ravenswood; "and desired to be buried here, beside her husband; you know where he lies, no doubt?"

"Ken where he lies?" answered the sexton, with national indirection of response, "I ken whar a'body lies, that lies here. But ye were speaking o' her grave? Lord help us—it's no an ordinar grave that will haud her in, if a's true that folk said of Alice in her auld days; and if I gae to six feet deep,—and a warlock's grave shouldna be an inch mair ebb, or her ain witch cummers would soon whirl her out of her shroud for a' their auld acquaintance—and be't six feet, or be't three, wha's to pay the making o't, I pray ye?"

"I will pay that, my friend, and all reasonable charges."

"Reasonable charges?" said the sexton; "ou, there's grund-mail, and bell-siller—(though the bell's broken nae doubt)—and the kist—and my day's wark—and my bit fee—and some brandy and yill to the dirigie—I am no thinking that you can inter her, to ca' decently, under saxteen pund Scots."

"There is the money, my friend," said Ravenswood, "and something over. Be sure you know the grave."

"Ye'll be ane o' her English relations, I'se warrant," said the hoary man of skulls; "I hae heard she married far below her station; it was very right to let her bite on the bridle when she was living, and it's very right to gie her a decent burial now she's dead, for that's a matter o' credit to yoursell rather than to her. Folk may let their kindred shift for themsells when they are alive, and can bear the burden of their ain misdoings; but it's an unnatural thing to let them be buried like dogs, when a' the discredit gangs to the kindred—wha kens the dead corpse about it?"

"You would not have people neglect their relations on a bridal occasion neither?" said Ravenswood, who was amused with the professional limitation of the grave-digger's philanthropy.

The old man cast up his sharp grey eyes with a shrewd smile, as if he understood the jest, but instantly continued, with his former gravity—"Bridals—wha wad neglect bridals, that had ony regard for plenishing the earth? To be sure, they suld be celebrated with all manner of good cheer, and meeting of friends, and musical instruments, harp

sackbut, and psaltery: or gude fiddle and pipes, when these auld-warld instruments of melody are hard to be compassed."

"The presence of the fiddle, I daresay," replied Ravenswood, "would atone for the absence of all the others."

The sexton again looked sharply up at him, as he answered, "Nae doubt—nae doubt—if it were weel played;—but yonder," he said, as if to change the discourse, "is Halbert Gray's lang hame, that ye were speering after, just the third bourock beyond the muckle through-stane that stands on sax legs yonder, abune some ane of the Ravenswoods: for there is mony of their kin and followers here, deil lift them! though it isna just their main burial-place."

"They are no favourites, then, of yours, these Ravenswoods?" said the Master, not much pleased with the passing benediction which was thus bestowed on his family and name.

"I kenna wha should favour them," said the grave-digger; "when they had lands and power, they were ill guides of them baith, and now their head's down, there's few care how lang they may be of lifting it again."

"Indeed!" said Ravenswood; "I never heard that this unhappy family deserved ill-will at the hands of their country. I grant their poverty—if that renders them contemptible."

"It will gang a far way till't," said the sexton of Hermitage, "ye may tak my word for that—at least, I ken naething else that suld mak myself contemptible, and folk are far frae respecting me as they wad do if I lived in a twa-lofted slated house. But as for the Ravenswoods, I hae seen three generations of them, and deil ane to mend other."

"I thought they had enjoyed a fair character in the country," said their descendant.

"Character! Ou, ye see sir," said the sexton, "as for the auld gudesire body of a lord, I lived on his land when I was a swanking young chield, and could hae blawn the trumpet wi' ony body, for I had wind eneugh then—and touching this trumpeter Marine that I have heard play afore the Lords of the Circuit, I wad hae made nae mair o' him than of a bairn and a bawbee whistle—I defy him to hae played 'Boot and saddle,' or 'Horse and away,' or 'Gallants, come trot,' with me—he hadna the tones."

"But what is all this to old Lord Ravenswood, my friend?" said the Master, who, with an anxiety not unnatural in his circumstances, was desirous of prosecuting the musician's first topic—"What had his memory to do with the degeneracy of the trumpet music?"

"Just this, sir," answered the sexton, "that I lost my wind in his service. Ye see I was trumpeter at the castle, and had allowance for blawing at break of day, and at dinner-time, and other whiles when there was company about, and it pleased my lord; and when he raised his militia to caper awa to Bothwell Brigg against the wrang-headed wastland whigs, I behoved, reason or nane, to mount a horse and caper awa wi' them."

"And very reasonable," said Ravenswood; "you were his servant and vassal."

"Servitor, say ye?" replied the sexton, "and so I was—but it was

to blaw folk to their warm dinner, or at the warst to a decent kirk-yard, and no to skirl them awa to a bluidy brae-side, where there was deil a bedral but the hooded craw. But bide ye—ye shall hear what cam o't, and how far I am bund to be bedesman to the Ravenswoods. —Till't, ye see, we gaed on a braw simmer morning, twenty-fourth of June, saxteen hundred and se'enty-nine, of a' the days of the month and year,—drums beat—guns rattled—horses kicked and trampled. Hackstoun of Rathillet keepit the brigg wi' musket and carabine and pike, sword and scythe for what I ken, and we horse-men were ordered down to cross at the ford. —I hate fords at a' times, let abee when there's thousands of armed men on the other side. There was auld Ravenswood brandishing his Andrew Ferrara at the head, and crying to us to come and buckle to, as if we had been gaun to a fair,—there was Caleb Balderston, that is living yet, flourishing in the rear, and swearing Gog and Magog, he would put steel through the guts of ony man that turned bridle,—there was young Allan Ravenswood, that was then Master, wi' a bended pistol in his hand,—it was a mercy it gaed na aff,—crying to me, that had scarce as much wind left as serve the necessary purpose of my ain lungs, 'Sound, you poltroon! sound, you damned cowardly villain, or I will blow your brains out! and, to be sure, I blew sic points of war, that the scraugh of a clockin-hen was music to them."

"Well, sir, cut all this short," said Ravenswood.

"Short!—I had like to hae been cut short mysell, in the flower of my youth, as Scripture says; and that's the very thing that I com-plicen o'.—Weel! in to the water we behoved a' to splash, heels ower head, sit or fa'—ae horse driving on anither, as is the way of brute beasts, and riders that hae as little sense,—the very bushes on the ither side were ableeze, wi' the flashes of the whig guns; and my horse had just taen the ground, when a blackavised westland carle—I wad mind the face o' him a hundred years yet—an ee like a wild falcon's, and a beard as broad as my shovel, clapped the end o' his lang black gun within a quarter's length of my lug!—by the grace o' Mercy, the horse swarved round, and I fell aff at the tae side as the ball whistled by at the tither, and the fell auld lord took the whig such a swauk wi' his broadsword that he made twa pieces o' his head, and down fell the lurdane wi' a' his bowk abune me."

"You were rather obliged to the old lord, I think," said Ravens-wood.

"Was I? my sartie! first for bringing me into jeopardy, would I nould!—and then for whomling a chield on the tap o' me, that dang the very wind out of my body?—I hae been short-breathed ever since, and canna gang twenty yards without peghing like a miller's aiver."

"You lost, then, your place as trumpeter?" said Ravenswood.

"Lost it? to be sure I lost it," replied the sexton, "for I couldna hae played pew upon a dry humlock;—but I might hae dune weel eneugh, for I keepit the wage and the free house, and little to do but play on the fiddle to them, but for Allan, last Lord Ravenswood, that was far waur than ever his father was."

"What!" said the Master, "did my father—I mean, did his father's son—this last Lord Ravenswood, deprive you of what the bounty of his father allowed you?"

"Ay, troth did he," answered the old man; "for he loot his affairs gang to the dogs, and let in this Sir William Ashton on us, that will gie naething for naething, and just removed me and a' the puir creatures that had bite and soup in the castle, and a hole to put our heads in, when things were in the auld way."

"If Lord Ravenswood protected his people, my friend, while he had the means of doing so, I think they might spare his memory," replied the Master.

"Ye are welcome to your ain opinion, sir," said the sexton; "but ye winna persuade me that he did his duty, either to himsell or to huz puir dependent creatures, in guiding us the gate he has done—he might hae gien us liferent tacks of our bits o' houses and yards—and me that's an auld man, living in yon miserable cabin, that's fitter for the dead than the quick, and killed wi' rheumatise, and John Smith in my dairy bit mailing, and his window glazen, and a' because Ravenswood guided his gear like a fule!"

"It is but too true," said Ravenswood, conscience-struck; "the penalties of extravagance extend far beyond the prodigal's own sufferings."

"However," said the sexton, "this young man Edgar is like to avenge my wrangs on the haill of his kindred."

"Indeed?" said Ravenswood; "why should you suppose so?"

"They say he is about to marry the daughter of Leddy Ashton; and let her leddyship get his head ance under her oxter, and see you if she winna gie his neck a thraw. Sorra a bit, if I were him—Let her alane for hauding a'thing in het water that draws near her—sae the warst wish I shall wish the lad is, that he may take his ain creditable gate o't and ally himsell wi' his father's enemies, that have taken his broad lands and my bonny kailyard from the lawful owners thereof."

Cervantes acutely remarks, that flattery is pleasing even from the mouth of a madman; and censure, as well as praise, often affects us, while we despise the opinions and motives on which it is founded and expressed. Ravenswood, abruptly reiterating his command that Alice's funeral should be attended to, flung away from the sexton, under the painful impression that the great, as well as the small vulgar, would think of his engagement with Lucy like this ignorant and selfish peasant.

"And I have stooped to subject myself to these calumnies, and am rejected notwithstanding! Lucy, your faith must be true and perfect as the diamond, to compensate for the dishonour which men's opinions, and the conduct of your mother, attached to the heir of Ravenswood!"

As he raised his eyes, he beheld the Marquis of A——, who, having arrived at the Tod's-hole, had walked forth to look for his kinsman.

After mutual greetings, he made some apology to the Master for not coming forward on the preceding evening. "It was his wish,"

he said, "to have done so, but he had come to the knowledge of some matters which induced him to delay his purpose. I find," he proceeded, "there has been a love affair here, kinsman; and though I might blame you for not having communicated with me, as being in some degree the chief of your family ——"

"With your lordship's permission," said Ravenswood, "I am deeply grateful for the interest you are pleased to take in me—but *I* am the chief and head of my family."

"I know it—I know it," said the Marquis; "in a strict heraldic and genealogical sense, you certainly are so—what I mean is, that being in some measure under my guardianship ——"

"I must take the liberty to say, my lord," answered Ravenswood—and the tone in which he interrupted the Marquis boded no long duration to the friendship of the noble relatives, when he himself was interrupted by the little sexton, who came puffing after them, to ask if their honours would choose music at the change-house to make up for short cheer.

"We want no music," said the Master abruptly.

"Your honour disna ken what ye're refusing, then," said the fiddler, with the impertinent freedom of his profession. "I can play, 'Wilt thou do't again,' and 'the Auld Man's Mear's Dead,' sax times better than ever Pattie Birnie. I'll get my fiddle in the turning of a coffin-screw."

"Take yourself away, sir," said the Marquis.

"And if your honour be a north-country gentleman," said the persevering minstrel, "whilk I wad judge from your tongue, I can play 'Liggeram Cosh,' and 'Mullin Dhu,' and 'the Cummers of Athole.'"

"Take yourself away, friend; you interrupt our conversation."

"Or if, under your honour's favour, ye should happen to be a thought honest, I can play" (this in a low and confidential tone), "'Killiecrankie,' and 'the King shall hae his ain,' and 'the Auld Stewarts back again,'—and the wife at the change-house is a decent discreet body, neither kens nor cares what toasts are drucken, and what tunes are played in her house—she's deaf to a'thing but the clink o' the siller."

The Marquis, who was sometimes suspected of Jacobitism, could not help laughing as he threw the fellow a dollar, and bid him go play to the servants if he had a mind, and leave them at peace.

"Aweel, gentlemen," said he, "I am wishing your honours gude-day—I'll be a' the better of the dollar, and ye'll be the waur of wanting the music, I'se tell ye—But I'se gang hame, and finish the grave in the tuning o' a fiddle-string, lay by my spade, and then get my tother bread-winner, and awa to your folk, and see if they hae better legs than their masters."

CHAPTER XXV.

True love, an thou be true,
Thou has ane kittle part to play;
For fortune, fashion, fancy, and thou,
Maun strive for mony a day.

I've kend by mony a friend's tale,
Far better by this heart of mine,
What time and change of fancy avail
A true-love knot to untwine.

HENDERSOUN.

"I WISHED to tell you, my good kinsman," said the Marquis, "now that we are quit of that impertinent Saddler, that I had tried to discuss this love affair of yours with Sir William Ashton's daughter. I never saw the young lady but for a few minutes to-day; so, being a stranger to her personal merits, I pay a compliment to you, and offer her no offence, in saying you might do better."

"My lord, I am much indebted for the interest you have taken in my affairs," said Ravenswood. "I did not intend to have troubled you in any matter concerning Miss Ashton. As my engagement with that young lady has reached your lordship, I can only say, that you must necessarily suppose that I was aware of the objections to my marrying into her father's family, and of course must have been completely satisfied with the reasons by which these objections are overbalanced, since I have proceeded so far in the matter."

"Nay, Master, if you had heard me out," said his noble relation, "you might have spared that observation; for without questioning that you had reasons which seemed to you to counterbalance every other obstacle, I set myself, by every means that it became me to use towards the Ashtons, to persuade them to meet your views."

"I am obliged to your lordship for your unsolicited intercession," said Ravenswood; "especially as I am sure your lordship would never carry it beyond the bounds which it became me to use."

"Of that," said the Marquis, "you may be confident; I myself felt the delicacy of the matter too much to place a gentleman nearly connected with my house in a degrading or dubious situation with these Ashtons. But I pointed out all the advantages of their marrying their daughter into a house so honourable, and so nearly related with the first in Scotland; I explained the exact degree of relationship in which the Ravenswoods stand to ourselves; and I even hinted how political matters were like to turn, and what cards would be trumps next Parliament. I said I regarded you as a son—or a nephew, or so—rather than as a more distant relation; and that I made your affair entirely my own."

"And what was the issue of your lordship's explanation?" said Ravenswood, in some doubt whether he should resent or express gratitude for his interference.

"Why, the Lord Keeper would have listened to reason," said the Marquis; "he is rather unwilling to leave his place, which, in the present view of a change, must be vacated; and to say truth, he seemed

to have a liking for you, and to be sensible of the general advantages to be attained by such a match. But his lady, who is tongue of the trump, Master,——"

"What of Lady Ashton, my lord?" said Ravenswood; "let me know the issue of this extraordinary conference—I can bear it."

"I am glad of that, kinsman," said the Marquis, "for I am ashamed to tell you half what she said. It is enough—her mind is made up—and the mistress of a first-rate boarding-school could not have rejected with more haughty indifference the suit of a half-pay Irish officer, beseeching permission to wait upon the heiress of a West India planter, than Lady Ashton spurned every proposal of mediation which it could at all become me to offer in behalf of you, my good kinsman. I cannot guess what she means. A more honourable connection she could not form, that's certain. As for money and land, that used to be her husband's business rather than hers; I really think she hates you for having the rank which her husband has not, and perhaps for not having the lands that her goodman has. But I should only vex you to say more about it—here we are at the change-house."

The Master of Ravenswood paused as he entered the cottage, which reeked through all its crevices, and they were not few, from the exertions of the Marquis's travelling-cooks to supply good cheer, and spread, as it were, a table in the wilderness.

"My Lord Marquis," said Ravenswood, "I already mentioned that accident has put your lordship in possession of a secret, which, with my consent, should have remained one even to you, my kinsman, for some time. Since the secret was to part from my own custody, and that of the only person besides who was interested in it, I am not sorry it should have reached your lordship's ears, as being fully aware that you are my noble kinsman and friend."

"You may believe it is safely lodged with me, Master of Ravenswood," said the Marquis; "but I should like well to hear you say, that you renounced the idea of an alliance, which you can hardly pursue without a certain degree of degradation."

"Of that, my lord, I shall judge," answered Ravenswood, "and I hope with delicacy as sensitive as any of my friends. But I have no engagement with Sir William and Lady Ashton. It is with Miss Ashton alone that I have entered upon the subject, and my conduct in the matter shall be entirely ruled by hers. If she continues to prefer me in my poverty to the wealthier suitors whom her friends recommend, I may well make some sacrifice to her sincere affection—I may well surrender to her the less tangible and less palpable advantages of birth, and the deep-rooted prejudices of family hatred. If Miss Lucy Ashton should change her mind on a subject of such delicacy, I trust my friends will be silent on my disappointment and I shall know how to make my enemies so."

"Spoke like a gallant young nobleman," said the Marquis; "for my part I have that regard for you, that I should be sorry the thing went on. This Sir William Ashton was a pretty enough pettifogging kind of a lawyer twenty years ago, and betwixt battling at the bar, and leading in committees of Parliament, he has got well on—the

Darien matter lent him a lift, for he had good intelligence and sound views, and sold out in time—but the best work is had out of him. No government will take him at his own, or rather his wife's extravagant valuation; and betwixt his indecision and her insolence, from all I can guess, he will outsit his market and be had cheap when no one will bid for him. I say nothing of Miss Ashton; but I assure you, a connection with her father will be neither useful nor ornamental, beyond that part of your father's spoils which he may be prevailed upon to disgorge by way of tocher-good—and take my word for it, you will get more if you have spirit to bell the cat with him in the House of Peers.—And I will be the man, cousin," continued his lordship, "will course the fox for you, and make him rue the day that ever he refused a composition too honourable for him, and proposed by me on the behalf of a kinsman."

There was something in all this that, as it were, overshot the mark. Ravenswood could not disguise from himself that his noble kinsman had more reasons for taking offence at the reception of his suit, than regarded his interest and honour, yet he could neither complain nor be surprised that it should be so. He contented himself therefore with repeating, that his attachment was to Miss Ashton personally; that he desired neither wealth nor aggrandizement from her father's means and influence; and that nothing should prevent his keeping his engagement, excepting her own express desire that it should be relinquished—and he requested as a favour that the matter might be no more mentioned betwixt them at present, assuring the Marquis of A—— that he should be his confident in its progress or its interruption.

The Marquis soon had more agreeable, as well as more interesting subjects on which to converse. A foot-post who had followed him from Edinburgh to Ravenswood Castle, and had traced his steps to the Tod's-hole, brought him a packet laden with good news. The political calculations of the Marquis had proved just, both in London and at Edinburgh, and he saw almost within his grasp, the pre-eminence for which he had panted.—The refreshments which the servants had prepared were now put on the table, and an epicure would perhaps have enjoyed them with additional zest, from the contrast which such fare afforded to the miserable cabin in which it was served up.

The turn of conversation corresponded with and added to the social feelings of the company. The Marquis expanded with pleasure on the power which probable incidents were likely to assign to him, and on the use which he hoped to make of it in serving his kinsman Ravenswood. Ravenswood could but repeat the gratitude which he really felt, even when he considered the topic as too long dwelt upon. The wine was excellent, notwithstanding its having been brought in a runlet from Edinburgh; and the habits of the Marquis, when engaged with such good cheer, were somewhat sedentary. And so it fell out that they delayed their journey two hours later than was their original purpose.

"But what of that, my good young friend?" said the Marquis; "your Castle of Wolf's Crag is but at five or six miles distance, and

will afford the same hospitality to your kinsman of A——, that it gave to this same Sir Willian Ashton."

"Sir William took the castle by storm," said Ravenswood, "and, like many a victor, had little reason to congratulate himself on his conquest."

"Well, well!" said Lord A——, whose dignity was something relaxed by the wine he had drunk,—"I see I must bribe you to harbour me—Come, pledge me in a bumper health to the last young lady that slept at Wolf's Crag, and liked her quarters.—My bones are not so tender as hers, and I am resolved to occupy her apartment to-night, that I may judge how hard the couch is that love can soften."

"Your lordship may choose what penance you please," said Ravenswood; "but I assure you, I should expect my old servant to hang himself, or throw himself from the battlements, should your lordship visit him so unexpectedly—I do assure you, we are totally and literally unprovided."

But his declaration only brought from his noble patron an assurance of his own total indifference as to every species of accommodation, and his determination to see the Tower of Wolf's Crag. His ancestor, he said, had been feasted there, when he went forward with the then Lord Ravenswood to the fatal battle of Flodden, in which they both fell. Thus hard pressed, the Master offered to ride forward to get matters put in such preparation as time and circumstances admitted; but the Marquis protested his kinsman must afford him his company, and would only consent that an avant-courier should carry to the destined Seneschal, Caleb Balderston, the unexpected news of this invasion.

The Master of Ravenswood soon after accompanied the Marquis in his carriage, as the latter had proposed; and when they became better acquainted in the progress of the journey, his noble relation explained the very liberal views which he entertained for his relation's preferment, in case of the success of his own political schemes. They related to a secret, and highly important commission beyond sea, which could only be intrusted to a person of rank, talent, and perfect confidence, and which, as it required great trust and reliance on the envoy employed, could not but prove both honourable and advantageous to him. We need not enter into the nature and purpose of this commission farther than to acquaint our readers that the charge was in prospect highly acceptable to the Master of Ravenswood, who hailed with pleasure the hope of emerging from his present state of indigence and inaction, into independence and honourable exertion.

While he listened thus eagerly to the details with which the Marquis now thought it necessary to intrust him, the messenger who had been despatched to the tower of Wolf's Crag, returned with Caleb Balderston's humble duty, and an assurance that "a' should be in seemly order, sic as the hurry of time permitted, to receive their lordships as it behoved."

Ravenswood was too well accustomed to his Seneschal's mode of acting and speaking, to hope much from this confident assurance. He knew that Caleb acted upon the principle of the Spanish generals,

in the campaign of ——, who, much to the perplexity of the Prince of Orange, their commander-in-chief, used to report their troops as full in number, and possessed of all necessary points of equipment, not considering it consistent with their dignity, or the honour of Spain, to confess any deficiency either in men or munition, until the want of both was unavoidably discovered in the day of battle. Accordingly, Ravenswood thought it necessary to give the Marquis some hint, that the fair assurance which they had just received from Caleb, did not by any means insure them against a very indifferent reception.

"You do yourself injustice, Master," said the Marquis, "or you wish to surprise me agreeably. From this window I see a great light in the direction where, if I remember aright, Wolf's Crag lies; and, to judge from the splendour which the old Tower sheds around it, the preparations for our reception must be of no ordinary description. I remember your father putting the same deception on me, when we went to the Tower for a few days' hawking, about twenty years since, and yet we spent our time as jollily at Wolf's Crag as we could have done at my own hunting-seat at B——."

"Your lordship, I fear, will experience that the faculty of the present proprietor to entertain his friends is greatly abridged," said Ravenswood; "the will, I need hardly say, remains the same. But I am as much at a loss as your lordship to account for so strong and brilliant a light as is now above Wolf's Crag,—the windows of the Tower are few and narrow, and those of the lower story are hidden from us by the walls of the court. I cannot conceive that any illumination of an ordinary nature could afford such a blaze of light."

The mystery was soon explained: for the cavalcade almost instantly halted, and the voice of Caleb Balderston was heard at the coach window, exclaiming in accents broken by grief and fear, "Och, gentlemen—Och, my gude lords—Och, haud to the right!—Wolf's Crag is burning, bower and ha'—a' the rich plenishing outside and inside—a' the fine graith, pictures, tapestries, needle-wark, hangings, and other decorements—a' in a bleeze, as if they were nae mair than sae mony peats, or as muckle peas straw! Haud to the right, gentlemen, I implore ye—there is some sma' provision making at Lucky Sma'trash's—but O, wae for this night, and wae for me that lives to see it!"

Ravenswood was at first stunned by this new and unexpected calamity; but after a moment's recollection, he sprang from the carriage, and hastily bidding his noble kinsman good-night, was about to ascend the hill towards the castle, the broad and full conflagration of which now flung forth a high column of red light, that flickered far to seaward upon the dashing waves of the ocean.

"Take a horse, Master," exclaimed the Marquis, greatly affected by this additional misfortune, so unexpectedly heaped upon his young protegé; "and give me my ambling palfrey:—and haste forward, you knaves, to see what can be done to save the furniture, or to extinguish the fire—ride, you knaves, for your lives!"

The attendants bustled together, and began to strike their horses with the spur, and call upon Caleb to show them the road. But the voice of that careful Seneschal was heard above the tumult: "O stop

—sirs, stop—turn bridle, for the love of mercy—add not loss of lives to the loss of warld's gear!—Thirty barrels of powther, landed out of a Dunkirk dogger in the auld lord's time a' in the vau'ts of the auld tower,—the fire canna be far aff it, I trow.—Lord's sake, to the right, lads—to the right—let's pit the hill atween us and peril,—a wap wi' a corner stane o' Wolf's Crag wad defy the doctor!"

It will readily be supposed that this annunciation hurried the Marquis and his attendants into the route which Caleb prescribed, dragging Ravenswood along with them, although there was much in the matter which he could not possibly comprehend. "Gunpowder!" he exclaimed, laying hold of Caleb, who in vain endeavoured to escape from him, "what gunpowder? How any quantity of powder could be in Wolf's Crag without my knowledge, I cannot possibly comprehend."

"But I can," interrupted the Marquis, whispering him. "I can comprehend it thoroughly—for God's sake, ask him no more questions at present."

"There it is now," said Caleb, extricating himself from his master, and adjusting his dress, "your honour will believe his lordship's honourable testimony—His lordship maids weel, how, in the year that him they ca'd King Willie died——"

"Hush! hush, my good friend!" said the Marquis: "I shall satisfy your master upon that subject."

"And the people at Wolf's-hope"—said Ravenswood, "did none of them come to your assistance before the flame got so high?"

"Ay did they, mony ane of them, the rapscallions!" said Caleb; "but truly I was in nae hurry to let them into the Tower, where there were so much plate and valuables."

"Confound you for an impudent liar!" said Ravenswood in uncontrollable ire, "there was not a single ounce of——"

"Forby," said the butler, most irreverently raising his voice to a pitch which drowned his master's, "the fire made fast on us, owing to the store of tapestry and carved timmer in the banqueting ha', and the loons ran like scauded rats sae sune as they heard of the gunpouther."

"I do entreat," said the Marquis to Ravenswood, "you will ask him no more questions."

"Only one, my lord—What has become of poor Mysie?"

"Mysie?" said Caleb, "I had nae time to look about my Mysie—she's in the tower, I'se warrant, biding her awful doom."

"By Heaven," said Ravenswood, "I do not understand all this! The life of a faithful old creature is at stake—my lord, I will be withheld no longer—I will at least ride up, and see whether the danger is as imminent as this old fool pretends."

"Weel, then, as I live by bread," said Caleb, "Mysie is weel and safe. I saw her out of the castle before I left it myself. Was I ganging to forget an auld fellow-servant?"

"What made you tell me the contrary this moment?" said his master.

"Did I tell you the contrary?" said Caleb; "then I maun hae been dreaming surely, or this awsome night has turned my judgment—but safe she is, and ne'er a living soul in the castle, a' the better for them—they wad have gotten an unco heezy."

The Master of Ravenswood, upon this assurance being solemnly reiterated, and notwithstanding his extreme wish to witness the last explosion, which was to ruin to the ground the mansion of his fathers, suffered himself to be dragged onward towards the village of Wolf's-hope, where not only the change-house, but that of our well-known friend the cooper, were all prepared for reception of himself and his noble guest, with a liberality of provision which requires some explanation.

We omitted to mention in its place, that Lockhard, having fished out the truth concerning the mode by which Caleb had obtained the supplies for his banquet, the Lord Keeper, amused with the incident, and desirous at the time to gratify Ravenswood, had recommended the cooper of Wolf's-hope to the official situation under government, the prospect of which had reconciled him to the loss of his wild-fowl. Mr Girder's preferment had occasioned a pleasing surprise to old Caleb; for when, some days after his master's departure, he found himself absolutely compelled, by some necessary business, to visit the fishing hamlet, and was gliding like a ghost past the door of the cooper, for fear of being summoned to give some account of the progress of the solicitation in his favour, or, more probably, that the inmates might upbraid him with the false hope he had held out upon the subject, he heard himself, not without some apprehension, summoned at once in treble, tenor, and bass,—a trio performed by the voices of Mrs Girder, old Dame Loup-the-dyke, and the goodman of the dwelling—"Mr Caleb—Mr Caleb—Mr Caleb Balderston! I hope ye arena ganging dry-lipped by our door, and we sae muckle indebted to you?"

This might be said ironically as well as in earnest. Caleb augured the worst, turned a deaf ear to the trio aforesaid, and was moving doggedly on, his ancient castor pulled over his brows, and his eyes bent on the ground, as if to count the flinty pebbles with which the rude pathway was causewayed. But on a sudden he found himself surrounded in his progress, like a stately merchantman in the Gut of Gibraltar (I hope the ladies will excuse the tarpaulin phrase) by three Algerine galleys.

"Gude guide us, Mr Balderston!" said Mrs Girder.

"Wha wad hae thought it of an auld and kend friend?" said the mother.

"And no sae muckle as stay to receive our thanks," said the cooper himself, "and frae the like o' me that seldom offers them? I am sure I hope there's nae ill seed sawn between us, Mr Balderston.—Ony man that has said to ye, I am no grateful for the situation of Queen's cooper, let me hae a whample at him wi' mine eatche[1]—that's a'."

"My good friends—my dear friends," said Caleb, still doubting how the certainty of the matter might stand, "what needs a' this ceremony?—ane tries to serve their friends, and sometimes they may happen to prosper, and sometimes to misgie—naething I care to be fashed wi' less than thanks—I never could bide them."

"Faith, Mr Balderston, ye suld hae been fashed wi' few o' mine," said the downright man of staves and hoops, "if I had only your

[1] *Anglicè*, adze.

gude-will to thank ye for—I suld e'en hae set the guse, and the wild deukes, and the runlet of sack, to balance that account. Gude-will, man, is a geizen'd tub, that hauds in nae liquor—but gude-deed's like the cask, tight, round, and sound, that will haud liquor for the king."

"Have ye no heard of our letter," said the mother-in-law, "making our John the Queen's cooper for certain?—and scarce a chield that had ever hammered gird upon tub but was applying for it?"

"Have I heard! ! !" said Caleb (who now found how the wind set), with an accent of exceeding contempt at the doubt expressed—"Have I heard, quo' she! ! !"—and as he spoke, he changed his shambling, skulking, dodging pace, into a manly and authoritative step, re-adjusted his cocked hat, and suffered his brow to emerge from under it in all the pride of aristocracy, like the sun from behind a cloud.

"To be sure he canna but hae heard," said the good woman.

"Ay, to be sure, it's impossible but I should," said Caleb; "and sae I'll be the first to kiss ye, joe, and wish you, cooper, muckle joy of your preferment, naething doubting but ye ken wha are your friends, and *have* helped ye, and *can* help ye. I thought it right to look a wee strange upon it at first," added Caleb, "just to see if ye were made of the right mettle—but ye ring true, lad, ye ring true!"

So saying, with a most lordly air he kissed the women and abandoned his hand, with an air of serene patronage, to the hearty shake of Mr Girder's horn-hard palm. Upon this complete, and to Caleb most satisfactory, information, he did not, it may readily be believed, hesitate to accept an invitation to a solemn feast, to which were invited, not only all the *notables* of the village, but even his ancient antagonist, Mr Dingwall himself. At this festivity he was, of course, the most welcome and most honoured guest; and so well did he ply the company with stories of what he could do with his master, his master with the Lord Keeper, the Lord Keeper with the Council, and the Council with the King, that before the company dismissed (which was, indeed, rather at an early hour than a late one), every man of note in the village was ascending to the top-gallant of some ideal preferment by the ladder of ropes which Caleb had presented to their imagination. Nay, the cunning butler regained in that moment, the only all the influence he possessed formerly over the villagers, when the baronial family which he served were at the proudest, but acquired even an accession of importance. The writer—the very attorney himself—such is the thirst of preferment—felt the force of the attraction, and taking an opportunity to draw Caleb into a corner, spoke, with affectionate regret, of the declining health of the sheriff-clerk of the county.

"An excellent man—a most valuable man, Mr Caleb—but 'at sall I say!—we are peer feckless bodies—here the day, and awa by cock-screech the morn—and if he failzies, there maun be somebody in his place—and gif that ye could airt it my way, I sall be thankful, man—a gluve stuffed wi' gowd nobles—an' hark ye, man, something canny tul yourself—and the Wolf's-hope carles to settle kindly wi' the Master of Ravenswood—that is, Lord Ravenswood—God bless his lordship!"

A smile, and a hearty squeeze by the hand, was the suitable answer to this overture—and Caleb made his escape from the jovial party, in order to avoid committing himself by any special promises.

"The Lord be gude to me!" said Caleb, when he found himself in the open air, and at liberty to give vent to the self-exultation with which he was, as it were, distended; "did ever ony man see sic a set of green-gaislings!—the very pick-maws and solan-geese outby yonder at the Bass hae ten times their sense!—God, an I had been the Lord High Commissioner to the Estates o' Parliament, they couldna hae beflumm'd me mair—and, to speak heaven's truth, I could hardly hae beflumm'd them better neither! But the writer—ha! ha! ha!—ah, ha! ha! ha! mercy on me, that I suld live in my auld days to gie the gang-by to the very writer!—Sheriff-clerk!!!—But I hae an auld account to settle wi' the carle; and to make amends for bygones, the office shall just cost him as much time-serving, as if he were to get it in gude earnest—of whilk there is sma' appearance, unless the Master learns mair the ways of this warld, whilk it is muckle to be doubted that he never will do."

CHAPTER XXVI.

> Why flames yon far summit—why shoot to the blast
> Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?—
> 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
> From thine eyry, that beacons the darkness of Heaven.
>
> CAMPBELL.

THE circumstances announced in the conclusion of the last chapter, will account for the ready and cheerful reception of the Marquis of A—— and the Master of Ravenswood in the village of Wolf's-hope. In fact, Caleb had no sooner announced the conflagration of the tower, than the whole hamlet were upon foot to hasten to extinguish the flames. And although that zealous adherent diverted their zeal by intimating the formidable contents of the subterranean apartments, yet the check only turned their assiduity into another direction. Never had there been such slaughtering of capons, and fat geese, and barn-door fowls,—never such boiling of *reested* hams,—never such making of carcakes and sweet scones, Selkirk bannocks, cookies, and petticoat-tails,—delicacies little known to the present generation. Never had there been such a tapping of barrels, and such uncorking of greybeards, in the village of Wolf's-hope. All the inferior houses were thrown open for the reception of the Marquis's dependants, who came, it was thought, as precursors of the shower of preferment, which hereafter was to leave the rest of Scotland dry, in order to distil its rich dews on the village of Wolf's-hope under Lammermoor. The minister put in his claim to have the guests of distinction lodged at the Manse, having his eye, it was thought, upon a neighbouring preferment, where the incumbent was sickly: but Mr Balderston destined that honour to the cooper, his wife, and wife's mother who danced for joy at the preference thus assigned them.

Many a beck and many a bow welcomed these noble guests to as good entertainment as persons of such rank could set before such visiters; and the old dame, who had formerly lived in Ravenswood Castle, and knew, as she said, the ways of the nobility, was in no whit wanting in arranging matters, as well as circumstances permitted, according to the etiquette of the times. The cooper's house was so roomy, that each guest had his separate retiring room, to which they were ushered with all due ceremony, while the plentiful supper was in the act of being placed upon the table.

Ravenswood no sooner found himself alone, than, impelled by a thousand feelings, he left the apartment, the house, and the village, and hastily retraced his steps to the brow of the hill, which rose betwixt the village, and screened it from the tower, in order to view the final fall of the house of his fathers. Some idle boys from the hamlet had taken the same direction out of curiosity, having first witnessed the arrival of the coach-and-six and its attendants. As they ran one by one past the Master, calling to each other to "come and see the auld tower blaw up in the lift like the peelings of an ingan," he could not but feel himself moved with indignation. "And these are the sons of my father's vassals," he said—"of men bound, both by law and gratitude, to follow our steps through battle, and fire, and flood; and now the destruction of their liege-lord's house is but a holiday's sight to them!"

These exasperating reflections were partly expressed in the acrimony with which he exclaimed, on feeling himself pulled by the cloak,—"What do you want, you dog?"

"I am a dog, and an auld dog too," answered Caleb, for it was he who had taken the freedom, "and I am like to get a dog's wages—but it does not signification a pinch of sneeshing, for I am ower auld a dog to learn new tricks, or to follow a new master."

As he spoke, Ravenswood attained the ridge of the hill from which Wolf's Crag was visible; the flames had entirely sunk down, and, to his great surprise, there was only a dusky reddening upon the clouds immediately over the castle, which seemed the reflection of the embers of the sunken fire.

"The place cannot have blown up," said the Master; "we must have heard the report—if a quarter of the gunpowder was there you tell me of, it would have been heard twenty miles off."

"It's very like it wad," said Balderston, composedly.

"Then the fire cannot have reached the vaults?"

"It's like no," answered Caleb, with the same impenetrable gravity.

"Hark ye, Caleb," said his master, "this grows a little too much for my patience. I must go and examine how matters stand at Wolf's Crag myself."

"Your honour is ganging to gang nae sic gate," said Caleb, firmly.

"And why not?" said Ravenswood, sharply; "who or what shall prevent me?"

"Even I myself," said Caleb, with the same determination.

"You, Balderston!" replied the Master; "you are forgetting yourself, I think."

"But I think no," said Balderston; "for I can just tell ye a' about the castle on this knowe-head as weel as if ye were at it. Only dinna pit yoursell into a kippage, and expose yoursell before the weans, or before the Marquis, when ye gang downby."

"Speak out, you old fool," replied his master, "and let me know the best and the worst at once."

"Ou, the best and the worst is, just that the tower is standing hale and feir, as safe and as empty as when ye left it."

"Indeed!—and the fire?" said Ravenswood.

"Not a glee o' fire, then, except the bit kindling peat, and maybe a spunk in Mysie's cutty-pipe," replied Caleb.

"But the flame!" demanded Ravenswood; "the broad blaze which might have been seen ten miles off—what occasioned that?"

"Hout awa! it's an auld saying and a true,—

Little's the light
Will be seen far in a mirk night.

A wheen fern and horse litter that I fired in the court-yard, after sending back the loun of a footman; and, to speak heaven's truth, the next time that ye send or bring onybody here, let them be gentles allenarly, without ony fremd servants, like that chield Lockhard, to be gledging and gleeing about, and looking upon the wrang side of ane's housekeeping, to the discredit of the family, and forcing ane to damn their souls wi' telling ae lee after anither faster than I can count them—I wad rather set fire to the tower in gude earnest, and burn it ower my ain head into the bargain, or I see the family dishonoured in the sort."

"Upon my word, I am infinitely obliged by the proposal, Caleb," said his master, scarce able to restrain his laughter, though rather angry at the same time. "But the gunpowder?—is there such a thing in the tower?—The Marquis seemed to know of it."

"The pouther—ha! ha! ha!—the Marquis—ha! ha! ha!" replied Caleb; "if your honour were to brain me, I behooved to laugh—the Marquis—the pouther!—was it there? ay, it was there. Did he ken o't!—my certie! the Marquis kend o't, and it was the best o' the game; for, when I couldna pacify your honour wi' a' that I could say, I aye threw out a word mair about the gunpouther, and garr'd the Marquis tak the job in his ain hand."

"But you have not answered my question," said the Master, impatiently; "how came the powder there, and where is it now?"

"Ou, it came there, an ye maun needs ken," said Caleb, looking mysteriously, and whispering, "when there was like to be a wee bit rising here; and the Marquis, and a' the great lords of the north, were a' in it, and mony a gudely gun and broadsword were ferried ower frae Dunkirk forby the pouther—awfu' wark we had getting them into the tower under cloud o' night, for ye maun think it wasna everybody could be trusted wi' sic kittle jobs—But if ye will gae hame to your supper, I will tell you a' about it as ye gang down."

"And these wretched boys," said Ravenswood, "is it your pleasure they are to sit there all night, to wait for the blowing up of a tower that is not even on fire?"

"Surely not, if it is your honour's pleasure that they suld gang hame; although," added Caleb, "it wadna do them a grain's damage—they wad sereigh less the next day, and sleep the sounder at e'en—But just as your honour likes."

Stepping accordingly towards the urchins who manned the knolls near which they stood, Caleb informed them, in an authoritative tone, that their Honours Lord Ravenswood and the Marquis of A—— had given orders that the tower was not to blow up till next day at noon. The boys dispersed upon this comfortable assurance. One or two, however, followed Caleb for more information, particularly the urchin whom he had cheated while officiating as turnspit, who screamed, "Mr Balderston! Mr Balderston! than the castle's gane out like an auld wife's spunk?"

"To be sure it is, callant," said the butler: "do ye think the castle of as great a lord as Lord Ravenswood wad continue in a bleeze, and him standing looking on wi' his ain very een?—It's aye right," continued Caleb, shaking off his ragged page, and closing in to his master, "to train up weans, as the wise man says, in the way they should go, and, aboon a', to teach them respect to their superiors."

"But all this while, Caleb, you have never told me what became of the arms and powder?" said Ravenswood.

"Why, as for the arms," said Caleb, "it was just like the bairn's rhyme—

> 'Some gaed east, and some gaed west,
> And some gaed to the craw's nest:'

An' for the pouther, I e'en changed it, as occasion served, with the skippers o' Dutch luggers and French vessels, for gin and brandy, and it served the house mony a year—a gude swap too, between what cheereth the soul of man and that which dingeth it clean out of his body; forby, I keepit a wheen pounds of it for yourself when ye wanted to take the pleasure o' shooting—whiles, in these latter days, I wad hardly hae kend else whar to get pouther for your pleasure.—And now that your anger is ower, sir, wasna that weel managed o' me, and arena you far better sorted down yonder, than ye could hae been in your ain auld ruins upby yonder, as the case stands wi' us now?—the mair's the pity."

"I believe you may be right, Caleb: but, before burning down my castle, either in jest or in earnest," said Ravenswood, "I think I had a right to be in the secret."

"Fie for shame, your honour!" replied Caleb; "it fits an auld carle like me weel enough to tell lees for the credit of the family, but it wadna beseem the like o' your honour's sell; besides, young folk are no judicious—they cannot make the maist of a bit figment. Now this fire—for a fire it sall be, if I suld burn the auld stable to make it mair feasible—this fire, besides that it will be an excuse for askin, onything we want through the country, or doun at the haven—this fire will settle mony things on an honourable footing for the family's credit, that cost me telling twenty daily lees to a wheen idle chaps and queans, and, what's waur, without gaining credence."

"That was hard, indeed, Caleb; but I do not see how this fire should help your veracity or your credit."

"There it is now!" said Caleb: "wasna I saying that young folk had a green judgment?—How suld it help me, quotha?—it will be a creditable apology for the honour of the family for this score of years to come, if it is weel guided. Where's the family pictures? says ae meddling body—the great fire at Wolf's Crag, answers I. Where's the family plate? says another—the great fire, says I: wha was to think of plate, when life and limb were in danger?—Where's the wardrobe and the linens?—where's the tapestries and the decorements?—beds of state, twilts, pands, and testors, napery and broidered wark?—The fire—the fire—the fire. Guide the fire weel, and it will serve ye for a' that ye suld have and have not—and, in some sort, a gude excuse is better than the things themselves; for they maun crack and wear out, and be consumed by time, whereas a gude offcome, prudently and creditably handled, may serve a nobleman and his family, Lord kens how lang!"

Ravenswood was too well acquainted with his butler's pertinacity and self-opinion, to dispute the point with him any farther. Leaving Caleb, therefore, to the enjoyment of his own successful ingenuity, he returned to the hamlet, where he found the Marquis and the good women of the mansion under some anxiety—the former on account of his absence, the others for the discredit their cookery might sustain by the delay of the supper. All were now at ease, and heard with pleasure that the fire at the castle had burned out of itself without reaching the vaults, which was the only information that Ravenswood thought it proper to give in public concerning the event of his butler's stratagem.

They sat down to an excellent supper. No invitation could prevail on Mr and Mrs Girder, even in their own house, to sit down at table with guests of such high quality. They remained standing in the apartment, and acted the part of respectful and careful attendants on the company. Such were the manners of the time. The elder dame, confident through her age and connection with the Ravenswood family, was less scrupulously ceremonious. She played a mixed part betwixt that of the hostess of an inn, and the mistress of a private house, who receives guests above her own degree. She recommended, and even pressed, what she thought best, and was herself easily entreated to take a moderate share of the good cheer, in order to encourage her guests by her own example. Often she interrupted herself, to express her regret that "my Lord did not eat—that the Master was pyking a bare bane—that, to be sure, there was naething there fit to set before their honours—that Lord Allan, rest his saul, used to like a pouthered guse, and said it was Latin for a tass o' brandy—that the brandy came frae France direct; for, for a' the English laws and gangers, the Wolf's-hope brigs hadna forgotten the gate to Dunkirk."

Here the cooper admonished his mother-in-law with his elbow, which procured him the following special notice in the progress of her speech.

"Ye needna be dunshin that gate, John," continued the old lady; "naebody says that *ye* ken whar the brandy comes frae; and it wadna be fitting ye shoul and you the queen's cooper; and what signifies't,"

continued she, addressing Lord Ravenswood, "to king, queen, or keiser, whar an auld wife like me buys her pickle sneeshin, or her drap brandy-wine, to haud her heart up?"

Having thus extricated herself from her supposed false step, Dame Loup-the-dyke proceeded, during the rest of the evening, to supply, with great animation, and very little assistance from her guests, the funds necessary for the support of the conversation, until, declining any farther circulation of their glass, her guests requested her permission to retire to their apartments.

The Marquis occupied the chamber of dais, which, in every house above the rank of a mere cottage, was kept sacred for such high occasions as the present. The modern finishing with plaster was then unknown, and tapestry was confined to the houses of the nobility and superior gentry. The cooper, therefore, who was a man of some vanity, as well as some wealth, had imitated the fashion observed by the inferior landholders and clergy, who usually ornamented their state apartments with hangings of a sort of stamped leather, manufactured in the Netherlands, garnished with trees and animals executed in copper foil, and with many a pithy sentence of morality, which, although couched in Low Dutch, were perhaps as much attended to in practice as if written in broad Scotch. The whole had somewhat of a gloomy aspect; but the fire, composed of old pitch-barrel staves, blazed merrily up the chimney; the bed was decorated with linen of most fresh and dazzling whiteness, which had never before been used, and might, perhaps, have never been used at all, but for this high occasion. On the toilette beside, stood an old-fashioned mirror, in a filagree frame, part of the dispersed finery of the neighbouring castle. It was flanked by a long-necked bottle of Florence wine, by which stood a glass nearly as tall, resembling in shape that which Teniers usually places in the hands of his own portrait, when he paints himself as mingling in the revels of a country village. To counterbalance those foreign sentinels, there mounted guard on the other side of the mirror two stout warders of Scottish lineage; a jug, namely, of double ale, which held a Scotch pint, and a quegh or bicker, of ivory and ebony, hooped with silver, the work of John Girder's own hands and the pride of his heart. Besides these preparations against thirst, there was a goodly diet-loaf, or sweet cake so that, with such auxiliaries, the apartment seemed victualled against a siege of two or three days.

It only remains to say, that the Marquis's valet was in attendance displaying his Master's brocaded night-gown, and richly embroidered velvet cap, lined and faced with Brussels lace, upon a huge leathern easy-chair, wheeled round so as to have the full advantage of the comfortable fire which we have already mentioned. We therefore commit that eminent person to his night's repose, trusting he profited by the ample preparations made for his accommodation,—preparations which we have mentioned in detail, as illustrative of ancient Scottish manners.

It is not necessary we should be equally minute in describing the sleeping apartment of the Master of Ravenswood, which was that usually occupied by the goodman and goodwife themselves. It was

comfortably hung with a sort of warm-coloured worsted, manufactured in Scotland, approaching in texture to what is now called shalloon. A staring picture of John Girder himself ornamented this dormitory, painted by a starving Frenchman, who had, God knows how or why, strolled over from Flushing or Dunkirk to Wolf's-hope in a smuggling dogger. The features were, indeed, those of the stubborn, opinionative, yet sensible artisan, but Monsieur had contrived to throw a French grace into the look and manner, so utterly inconsistent with the dogged gravity of the original, that it was impossible to look at it without laughing. John and his family, however, piqued themselves not a little upon this picture, and were proportionably censured by the neighbourhood, who pronounced that the cooper, in sitting for the same, and yet more in presuming to hang it up in his bedchamber, had exceeded his privilege as the richest man of the village; at once stept beyond the bounds of his own rank, and encroached upon those of the superior orders; and, in fine, had been guilty of a very overweening act of vanity and presumption. Respect for the memory of my deceased friend, Mr Richard Tinto, has obliged me to treat this matter at some length; but I spare the reader his prolix, though curious observations, as well upon the character of the French school, as upon the state of painting in Scotland, at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The other preparations of the Master's sleeping apartment, were similar to those in the chamber of dais.

At the usual early hour of that period, the Marquis of A—— and his kinsman prepared to resume their journey. This could not be done without an ample breakfast, in which cold meat and hot meat, and oatmeal flummery, wine and spirits, and milk varied by every possible mode of preparation, evinced the same desire to do honour to their guests which had been shown by the hospitable owners of the mansion upon the evening before. All the bustle of preparation for departure now resounded through Wolf's-hope. There was paying of bills and shaking of hands, and saddling of horses, and harnessing of carriages, and distributing of drink-money. The Marquis left a broad piece for the gratification of John Girder's household, which he, the said John, was for some time disposed to convert to his own use. Dingwall the writer assuring him he was justified in so doing, seeing he was the discoverer of those expenses which were the occasion of the gratification. But, notwithstanding this legal authority, John could not find in his heart to dim the splendour of his late hospitality, by pocketing anything in the nature of a gratuity. He only assured his menials he would consider them as a damned ungrateful pack, if they bought a gill of brandy elsewhere than out of his own stores; and as the drink-money was likely to go to its legitimate use, he comforted himself that, in this manner, the Marquis's donative would, without any impeachment of credit and character, come ultimately into his own exclusive possession.

While arrangements were making for departure, Ravenswood made blithe the heart of his ancient butler, by informing him, cautiously however (for he knew Caleb's warmth of imagination), of the probable change which was about to take place in his fortunes. He depo

sited with Balderston, at the same time, the greater part of his slender funds, with an assurance, which he was obliged to reiterate more than once, that he himself had sufficient supplies in certain prospect. He, therefore, enjoined Caleb, as he valued his favour, to desist from all farther manœuvres against the inhabitants of Wolf's-hope, their cellars, poultry-yards, and substance whatsoever. In this prohibition the old domestic acquiesced more readily then his master expected.

"It was doubtless," he said, "a shame, a discredit, and a sin, to harry the puir creatures, when the family were in circumstances to live honourably on their ain means; and there might be wisdom," he added, "in giving them a while's breathing-time at any rate, that they might be the more readily brought forward upon his honour's future occasions."

This matter being settled, and having taken an affectionate farewell of his old domestic, the Master rejoined his noble relative, who was now ready to enter his carriage. The two landladies, old and young, having received in all kindly greeting a kiss from each of their noble guests, stood simpering at the door of their house, as the coach-and-six, followed by its train of clattering horsemen, thundered out of the village. John Girder also stood upon his threshold, now looking at his honoured right hand, which had been so lately shaken by a marquis and a lord, and now giving a glance into the interior of his mansion, which manifested all the disarray of the late revel, as if balancing the distinction which he had attained with the expenses of the entertainment.

At length he opened his oracular jaws. "Let every man and woman here set about their ain business, as if there was nae sic thing as marquis or master, duke or drake, laird or lord, in this world. Let the house be redd up, the broken meat set by, and if there is onything totally uneatable, let it be gien to the puir folk; and, gudemother and wife, I hae just ae thing to entreat ye, that ye will never speak to me a single word, good or bad, anent a' this nonsense wark, but keep a' your cracks about it to yourselfs and your kinmurs, for my head is weelnigh dung donnart wi' it already."

As John's authority was tolerably absolute, all departed to their usual occupations, leaving him to build castles in the air, if he had a mind, upon the court favour which he had acquired by the expenditure of his worldly substance.

CHAPTER XXVII.

> Why, now I have Dame Fortune by the forelock,
> And if she escapes my grasp, the fault is mine;
> He that hath buffeted with stern adversity,
> Best knows to shape his course to favouring breezes.
>
> *Old Play.*

Our travellers reached Edinburgh without any farther adventure, and the Master of Ravenswood, as had been previously settled, took up his abode with his noble friend.

In the meantime, the political crisis which had been expected, took place, and the Tory party obtained, in the Scottish, as in the English councils of Queen Anne, a short-lived ascendency, of which it is not our business to trace either the cause or consequences. Suffice it to say, that it effected the different political parties according to the nature of their principles. In England, many of the High Church party, with Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, at their head, affected to separate their principles from those of the Jacobites, and, on that account, obtained the denomination of Whimsicals. The Scottish High Church party, on the contrary, or, as they termed themselves, the Cavaliers, were more consistent, if not so prudent, in their politics, and viewed all the changes now made, as preparatory to calling to the throne, upon the Queen's demise, her brother, the Chevalier de St George. Those who had suffered in his service, now entertained the most unreasonable hopes, not only of indemnification, but of vengeance upon their political adversaries; while families attached to the Whig interest, saw nothing before them but a renewal of the hardships they had undergone during the reigns of Charles the Second and his brother, and a retaliation of the confiscation which had been inflicted upon the Jacobites during that of King William.

But the most alarmed at the change of system, was that prudential set of persons, some of whom are found in all governments, but who abound in a provincial administration like that of Scotland during the period, and who are what Cromwell called waiters upon Providence, or, in other words, uniform adherents to the party who are uppermost. Many of these hastened to read their recantation to the Marquis of A——; and, as it was easily seen that he took a deep interest in the affairs of his kinsman, the Master of Ravenswood, they were the first to suggest measures for retrieving at least a part of his property, and for restoring him in blood against his father's attainder.

Old Lord Turntippet professed to be one of the most anxious for the success of these measures; for "it grieved him to the very saul," he said, "to see so brave a young gentleman, of sic auld and undoubted nobility, and, what was mair than a' that, a bluid relation of the Marquis of A——, the man whom," he swore, "he honoured most upon the face of the yearth, brought to so severe a pass. For his ain puir peculiar," as he said, "and to contribute something to the rehabilitation of sae auld ane house," the said Turntippet sent in three family pictures lacking the frames, and six high-backed chairs, with worked Turkey cushions, having the crest of Ravenswood broidered thereon, without charging a penny either of the principal or interest they had cost him, when he bought them, sixteen years before, at a roup of the furniture of Lord Ravenswood's lodgings in the Canongate.

Much more to Lord Turntippet's dismay than to his surprise, although he affected to feel more of the latter than the former, the Marquis received his gifts very drily, and observed, that his lordship's restitution, if he expected it to be received by the Master of Ravenswood and his friends, must comprehend a pretty large farm, which, having been mortgaged to Turntippet for a very inadequate sum, he had contrived, during the confusion of the family affairs, and by

means well understood by the lawyers of that period, to acquire to himself in absolute property.

The old time-serving lord winced excessively under this requisition, protesting to God, that he saw no occasion the lad could have for the instant possession of the land, seeing he would doubtless now recover the bulk of his estate from Sir William Ashton, to which he was ready to contribute by every means in his power, as was just and reasonable; and finally declaring, that he was willing to settle the land on the young gentleman, after his own natural demise.

But all these excuses availed nothing, and he was compelled to disgorge the property, on receiving back the sum for which it had been mortgaged. Having no other means of making peace with the higher powers, he returned home sorrowful and malcontent, complaining to his confidents, "that every mutation or change in the state had hitherto been productive of some sma' advantage to him in his ain quiet affairs; but that the present had (pize upon it!) cost him one of the best pen-feathers o' his wing."

Similar measures were threatened against others who had profited by the wreck of the fortune of Ravenswood: and Sir William Ashton, in particular, was menaced with an appeal to the House of Peers against the judicial sentences under which he held the Castle and Barony of Ravenswood. With him, however, the Master, as well for Lucy's sake as on account of the hospitality he had received from him, felt himself under the necessity of proceeding with great candour. He wrote to the late Lord Keeper, for he no longer held that office, stating frankly the engagement which existed between him and Miss Ashton, requesting his permission for their union, and assuring him of his willingness to put the settlement of all matters between them upon such a footing as Sir William himself should think favourable.

The same messenger was charged with a letter to Lady Ashton, deprecating any cause of displeasure which the Master might unintentionally have given her, enlarging upon his attachment to Miss Ashton, and the length to which it had proceeded, and conjuring the lady, as a Douglas in nature as well as in name, generously to forget ancient prejudices and misunderstandings; and to believe that the family had acquired a friend, and she herself a respectful and attached humble servant, in him who subscribed himself, Edgar, Master of Ravenswood.

A third letter Ravenswood addressed to Lucy, and the messenger was instructed to find some secret and secure means of delivering it into her own hands. It contained the strongest protestations of continued affection, and dwelt upon the approaching change of the writer's fortunes, as chiefly valuable by tending to remove the impediments to their union. He related the steps he had taken to overcome the prejudices of her parents, and especially of her mother, and expressed his hopes they might prove effectual. If not, he still trusted that his absence from Scotland upon an important and honourable mission might give time for prejudices to die away; while he hoped and trusted Miss Ashton's constancy, on which he had the most implicit reliance, would baffle any effort that might be used to

divert her attachment. Much more there was, which, however interesting to the lovers themselves, would afford the reader neither interest nor information. To each of these three letters the Master of Ravenswood received an answer, but by different means of conveyance, and certainly couched in very different styles.

Lady Ashton answered his letter by his own messenger, who was not allowed to remain at Ravenswood a moment longer than she was engaged in penning these lines. "For the hand of Mr Ravenswood of Wolf's Crag—These:

"SIR, UNKNOWN,

"I have received a letter, signed Edgar, Master of Ravenswood, concerning the writer whereof I am uncertain, seeing that the honours of such a family were forfeited for high treason in the person of Allan, late Lord Ravenswood. Sir, if you shall happen to be the person so subscribing yourself, you will please to know, that I claim the full interest of a parent in Miss Lucy Ashton, which I have disposed of irrevocably in behalf of a worthy person. And, Sir, were this otherwise, I would not listen to a proposal from you, or any of your house, seeing their hand has been uniformly held up against the freedom of the subject, and the immunities of God's kirk. Sir, it is not a flightering blink of prosperity which can change my constant opinion in this regard, seeing it has been my lot before now, like holy David, to see the wicked great in power, and flourishing like a green bay tree; nevertheless I passed, and they were not, and the place thereof knew them no more. Wishing you to lay these things to your heart for your own sake so far as they may concern you, I pray you to take no farther notice of her, who desires to remain your unknown servant,

MARGARET DOUGLAS,
"otherwise ASHTON."

About two days after he had received this very unsatisfactory epistle, the Master of Ravenswood, while walking up the High Street of Edinburgh, was jostled by a person, in whom, as the man pulled off his hat to make an apology, he recognised Lockhard, the confidential domestic of Sir William Ashton. The man bowed, slipt a letter into his hand, and disappeared. The packet contained four close-written folios, from which, however, as is sometimes incident to the compositions of great lawyers, little could be extracted, excepting that the writer felt himself in a very puzzling predicament.

Sir William spoke at length of his high value and regard for his dear young friend, the Master of Ravenswood, and of his very extreme high value and regard for the Marquis of A——, his very dear old friend;—he trusted that any measures that they might adopt, in which he was concerned, would be carried on with due regard to the sanctity of decrees, and judgments obtained *in foro contentioso*; protesting, before men and angels, that if the law of Scotland, as declared in her supreme courts, were to undergo a reversal in the English House of Lords, the evils which would thereby arise to the public would inflict a greater wound upon his heart, than any loss he might himself sustain by such irregular proceedings. He flourished much

on generosity and forgiveness of mutual injuries, and hinted at the mutability of human affairs, always favourable topics with the weaker party in politics. He pathetically lamented, and gently censured, the haste which had been used in depriving him of his situation of Lord Keeper, which his experience had enabled him to fill with some advantage to the public, without so much as giving him an opportunity of explaining how far his own views of general politics might essentially differ from those now in power. He was convinced the Marquis of A —— had as sincere intentions towards the public, as himself or any man; and if, upon a conference, they could have agreed upon the measures by which it was to be pursued, his experience and his interest should have gone to support the present administration. Upon the engagement betwixt Ravenswood and his daughter, he spoke in a dry and confused manner. He regretted so premature a step as the engagement of the young people should have been taken, and conjured the Master to remember he had never given any encouragement thereunto; and observed, that, as a transaction *inter minores*, and without concurrence of his daughter's natural curators, the engagement was inept, and void in law. This precipitate measure, he added, had produced a very bad effect upon Lady Ashton's mind, which it was impossible at present to remove. Her son, Colonel Douglas Ashton, had embraced her prejudices in the fullest extent, and it was impossible for Sir William to adopt a course disagreeable to them, without a fatal and irreconcilable breach in his family; which was not at present to be thought of. Time, the great physician, he hoped, would mend all.

In a postscript, Sir William said something more explicitly, which seemed to intimate, that rather than the law of Scotland should sustain a severe wound through his sides, by a reversal of the judgment of her supreme courts, in the case of the Barony of Ravenswood, through the intervention of what, with all submission, he must term a foreign court of appeal, he himself would extrajudicially consent to considerable sacrifices.

From Lucy Ashton, by some unknown conveyance, the Master received the following lines: - "I received yours, but it was at the utmost risk; do not attempt to write again till better times. I am sore beset, but I will be true to my word, while the exercise of my reason is vouchsafed to me. That you are happy and prosperous is some consolation, and my situation requires it all." The note was signed L. A.

This letter filled Ravenswood with the most lively alarm. He made many attempts, notwithstanding her prohibition, to convey letters to Miss Ashton, and even to obtain an interview; but his plans were frustrated, and he had only the mortification to learn, that anxious and effectual precautions had been taken to prevent the possibility of their correspondence. The Master was the more distressed by these circumstances, as it became impossible to delay his departure from Scotland, upon the important mission which had been confided to him. Before his departure, he put Sir William Ashton's letter into the hands of the Marquis of A——, who observed with a smile, that Sir William's day of grace was past, and that he

had now to learn which side of the hedge the sun had got to. It was with the greatest difficulty that Ravenswood extorted from the Marquis a promise, that he would compromise the proceedings in parliament, providing Sir William should be disposed to acquiesce in a union between him and Lucy Ashton.

"I would hardly," said the Marquis, "consent to your throwing away your birth-right in this manner, were I not perfectly confident that Lady Ashton, or Lady Douglas, or whatever she calls herself, will, as Scotchmen say, keep her threep; and that her husband dares not contradict her."

"But yet," said the Master, "I trust your lordship will consider my engagement as sacred?"

"Believe my word of honour," said the Marquis, "I would be a friend even to your follies; and having thus told you *my* opinion, I will endeavour, as occasion offers, to serve you according to your own."

The Master of Ravenswood could but thank his generous kinsman and patron, and leave him full power to act in all his affairs. He departed from Scotland upon his mission, which, it was supposed, might detain him upon the Continent for some months.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

> Was ever woman in this humour wooed?
> Was ever woman in this humour won?
> I'll have her.
>
> *Richard the Third.*

TWELVE months had passed away since the Master of Ravenswood's departure for the Continent, and although his return to Scotland had been expected in a much shorter space, yet the affairs of his mission, or, according to a prevailing report, others of a nature personal to himself, still detained him abroad. In the mean time, the altered state of affairs in Sir William Ashton's family may be gathered from the following conversation which took place betwixt Bucklaw and his confidential bottle-companion and dependant, the noted Captain Craigengelt.

They were seated on either side of the huge sepulchral-looking free-stone chimney in the low hall at Girnington. A wood fire blazed merrily in the grate; a round oaken table, placed between them, supported a stoup of excellent claret, two rummer glasses, and other good cheer; and yet, with all these appliances and means to boot, the countenance of the patron was dubious, doubtful, and unsatisfied, while the invention of his dependant was taxed to the utmost, to parry what he most dreaded, a fit, as he called it, of the sullens, on the part of his protector. After a long pause, only interrupted by the devil's tattoo, which Bucklaw kept beating against the hearth with the toe of his boot, Craigengelt at last ventured to break silence. "May I be double distanced," said he, "if ever I saw a man in my life have less the air of a bridegroom! Cut me out of feather, if you have not more the look of a man condemned to be hanged!"

"My kind thanks for the compliment," replied Bucklaw; "but I suppose you think upon the predicament in which you yourself are most likely to be placed;—and pray, Captain Craigengelt, if it please your worship, why should I look merry, when I'm sad, and devilish sad too?"

"And that's what vexes me," said Craigengelt. "Here is this match, the best in the whole country, and which you were so anxious about, is on the point of being concluded, and you are as sulky as a bear that has lost its whelps."

"I do not know," answered the laird, doggedly, "whether I should conclude it or not, if it was not that I am too far forwards to leap back."

"Leap back!" exclaimed Craigengelt, with a well-assumed air of astonishment, "that would be playing the back-game with a witness! Leap back! Why, is not the girl's fortune——"

"The young lady's, if you please," said Hayston, interrupting him.

"Well, well, no disrespect meant—Will Miss Ashton's tocher not weigh against any in Lothian?"

"Granted," answered Bucklaw; "but I care not a penny for her tocher—I have enough of my own."

"And the mother, that loves you like her own child?"

"Better than some of her children, I believe," said Bucklaw, "or there would be little love wared on the matter."

"And Colonel Sholto Douglas Ashton, who desires the marriage above all earthly things?"

"Because," said Bucklaw, "he expects to carry the county of—— through my interest."

"And the father, who is as keen to see the match concluded, as ever I have been to win a main?"

"Ay," said Bucklaw, in the same disparaging manner, "it lies with Sir William's policy to secure the next best match, since he cannot barter his child to save the great Ravenswood estate, which the English House of Lords are about to wrench out of his clutches."

"What say you to the young lady herself?" said Craigengelt; "the finest young woman in all Scotland, one that you used to be so fond of when she was cross, and now she consents to have you, and gives up her engagement with Ravenswood, you are for jibbing—I must say, the devil's in ye, when ye neither know what you would have, nor what you would want."

"I'll tell you my meaning in a word," answered Bucklaw, getting up and walking through the room; "I want to know what the devil is the cause of Miss Ashton's changing her mind so suddenly?"

"And what need you care," said Craigengelt, "since the change is in your favour?"

"I'll tell you what it is," returned his patron, "I never knew much of that sort of fine ladies, and I believe they may be as capricious as the devil; but there is something in Miss Ashton's change, a devilish deal too sudden, and too serious for a mere flisk of her own. I'll be bound Lady Ashton understands every machine for breaking in the human mind, and there are as many as there are cannon-bits, martingales, and cavessons for young colts."

"And if that were not the case," said Craigengelt, "how the devil should we ever get them into training at all?"

"And that's true too," said Bucklaw, suspending his march through the dining-room, and leaning upon the back of a chair.—"And besides, here's Ravenswood in the way still; do you think he'll give up Lucy's engagement?"

"To be sure he will," answered Craigengelt: "what good can it do him to refuse, since he wishes to marry another woman, and she another man?"

"And you believe seriously," said Bucklaw, "that he is going to marry the foreign lady we heard of?"

"You heard yourself," answered Craigengelt, "what Captain Westenho said about it, and the great preparation made for their blithesome bridal."

"Captain Westenho," replied Bucklaw, "has rather too much of your own cast about him, Craigie, to make what Sir William would call a 'famous witness.' He drinks deep, plays deep, swears deep, and I suspect can lie and cheat a little into the bargain. Useful qualities, Craigie, if kept in their proper sphere, but which have a little too much of the freebooter to make a figure in a court of evidence."

"Well, then," said Craigengelt, "will you believe Colonel Douglas Ashton, who heard the Marquis of A—— say in a public circle, but not aware that he was within ear-shot, that his kinsman had made a better arrangement for himself than to give his father's land for the pale-cheeked daughter of a broken-down fanatic, and that Bucklaw was welcome to the wearing of Ravenswood's shaughled shoes."

"Did he say so, by heavens!" cried Bucklaw, breaking out into one of those incontrollable fits of passion to which he was constitutionally subject,—"if I had heard him, I would have torn the tongue out of his throat before all his pets and minions, and Highland bullies into the bargain. Why did not Ashton run him through the body?"

"Capote me if I know," said the Captain. "He deserved it sure enough; but he is an old man, and a minister of state, and there would be more risk than credit in meddling with him. You had more need to think of making up to Miss Lucy Ashton the disgrace that's like to fall upon her, than of interfering with a man too old to fight, and on too high a stool for your hand to reach him."

"It *shall* reach him, though, one day," said Bucklaw, "and his kinsman Ravenswood to boot. In the meantime, I'll take care Miss Ashton receives no discredit for the slight they have put upon her. It's an awkward job, however, and I wish it were ended; I scarce know how to talk to her,—but fill a bumper, Craigie, and we'll drink her health. It grows late, and a night-cowl of good claret is worth all the considering-caps in Europe."

CHAPTER XXIX.

> It was the copy of our conference.
> In bed she slept not, for my urging it;
> At board she fed not, for my urging it;
> Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
> In company I often glanced at it.
>
> *Comedy of Errors.*

The next morning saw Bucklaw, and his faithful Achates, Craigengelt, at Ravenswood Castle. They were most courteously received by the knight and his lady, as well as by their son and heir, Colonel Ashton. After a good deal of stammering and blushing,—for Bucklaw, notwithstanding his audacity in other matters, had all the sheepish bashfulness common to those who have lived little in respectable society,—he contrived at length to explain his wish to be admitted to a conference with Miss Ashton upon the subject of their approaching union. Sir William and his son looked at Lady Ashton, who replied with the greatest composure "that Lucy would wait upon Mr Hayston directly. I hope," she added with a smile, "that as Lucy is very young, and has been lately trepanned into an engagement, of which she is now heartily ashamed, our dear Bucklaw will excuse her wish, that I should be present at their interview."

"In truth, my dear lady," said Bucklaw, "it is the very thing that I would have desired on my own account; for I have been so little accustomed to what is called gallantry, that I shall certainly fall into some cursed mistake, unless I have the advantage of your ladyship as an interpreter."

It was thus that Bucklaw, in the perturbation of his embarrassment upon this critical occasion, forgot the just apprehensions he had entertained of Lady Ashton's overbearing ascendency over her daughter's mind, and lost an opportunity of ascertaining, by his own investigation, the real state of Lucy's feelings.

The other gentlemen left the room, and in a short time Lady Ashton, followed by her daughter, entered the apartment. She appeared, as he had seen her on former occasions, rather composed than agitated; but a nicer judge than he could scarce have determined, whether her calmness was that of despair, or of indifference. Bucklaw was too much agitated by his own feelings minutely to scrutinise those of the lady. He stammered out an unconnected address, confounding together the two or three topics to which it related, and stopt short before he brought it to any regular conclusion. Miss Ashton listened, or looked as if she listened, but returned not a single word in answer, continuing to fix her eyes on a small piece of embroidery, on which, as if by instinct or habit, her fingers were busily employed. Lady Ashton sat at some distance, almost screened from notice by the deep embrasure of the window in which she had placed her chair. From this she whispered, in a tone of voice, which, though soft and sweet, had something in it of admonition, if not command,—"Lucy, my dear, remember—have you heard what Bucklaw has been saying?"

The idea of her mother's presence seemed to have slipped from the unhappy girl's recollection. She started, dropped her needle, and repeated hastily, and almost in the same breath, the contradictory answers, "Yes, madam—no, my lady—I beg pardon, I did not hear."

"You need not blush, my love, and still less need you look so pale and frightened," said Lady Ashton, coming forward; "we know that maiden's ears must be slow in receiving a gentleman's language; but you must remember Mr Hayston speaks on a subject on which you have long since agreed to give him a favourable hearing. You know how much your father and I have our hearts set upon an event so extremely desirable."

In Lady Ashton's voice, a tone of impressive, and even stern innuendo was sedulously and skilfully concealed, under an appearance of the most affectionate maternal tenderness. The manner was for Bucklaw, who was easily enough imposed upon; the matter of the exhortation was for the terrified Lucy, who well knew how to interpret her mother's hints, however skilfully their real purport might be veiled from general observation.

Miss Ashton sat upright in her chair, cast round her a glance, in which fear was mingled with a still wilder expression, but remained perfectly silent. Bucklaw, who had in the mean time paced the room to and fro, until he had recovered his composure, now stopped within two or three yards of her chair, and broke out as follows:—"I believe I have been a d—d fool, Miss Ashton: I have tried to speak to you as people tell me young ladies like to be talked to, and I don't think you comprehend what I have been saying; and no wonder, for d—n me if I understand it myself! But, however, once for all, and in broad Scotch, your father and mother like what is proposed, and if you can take a plain young fellow for your husband, who will never cross you in anything you have a mind to, I will place you at the head of the best establishment in the three Lothians: you shall have Lady Girnington's lodging in the Canongate of Edinburgh, go where you please, do what you please, and see what you please, and that's fair. Only I must have a corner at the board-end for a worthless old playfellow of mine, whose company I would rather want than have, if it were not that the d—d fellow has persuaded me that I can't do without him; and so I hope you won't except against Craigie, although it might be easy to find much better company."

"Now, out upon you, Bucklaw," said Lady Ashton, again interposing,—"how can you think Lucy can have any objection to that blunt, honest, good-natured creature, Captain Craigengelt?"

"Why, Madam," replied Bucklaw, "as to Craigie's sincerity, honesty, and good-nature, they are, I believe, pretty much upon a par—but that's neither here nor there—the fellow knows my ways, and has got useful to me, and I cannot well do without him, as I said before. But all this is nothing to the purpose; for since I have mustered up courage to make a plain proposal, I would fain hear Miss Ashton, from her own lips, give me a plain answer."

"My dear Bucklaw," said Lady Ashton, "let me spare Lucy's bashfulness. I tell you, in her presence, that she has already consented to be guided by her father and me in this matter.—Lucy, my

love," she added, with that singular combination of suavity of tone and pointed energy which we have already noticed—"Lucy, my dearest love! speak for yourself, is it not as I say?"

Her victim answered in a tremulous and hollow voice—"I *have* promised to obey you,—but upon one condition."

"She means," said Lady Ashton, turning to Bucklaw, "she expects an answer to the demand which she has made upon the man at Vienna, or Ratisbon, or Paris—or where is he—for restitution of the engagement in which he had the art to involve her. You will not, I am sure, my dear friend, think it is wrong that she should feel much delicacy upon this head; indeed, it concerns us all."

"Perfectly right—quite fair," said Bucklaw, half humming, half speaking the end of the old song—

> "It is best to be off wi' the old love
> Before you be on wi' the new."

"But I thought," said he, pausing, "you might have had an answer six times told from Ravenswood. D—n me, if I have not a mind to go and fetch one myself, if Miss Ashton will honour me with the commission."

"By no means," said Lady Ashton, "we have had the utmost difficulty of preventing Douglas (for whom it would be more proper) from taking so rash a step; and do you think we could permit you, my good friend, almost equally dear to us, to go to a desperate man upon an errand so desperate? In fact, all the friends of the family are of opinion, and my dear Lucy herself ought so to think, that, as this unworthy person has returned no answer to her letter, silence must on this, as in other cases, be held to give consent, and a contract must be supposed to be given up, when the party waves insisting upon it. Sir William, who should know best, is clear upon this subject; and therefore, my dear Lucy—"

"Madam," said Lucy, with unwonted energy, "urge me no farther—if this unhappy engagement be restored, I have already said you shall dispose of me as you will—till then I should commit a heavy sin in the sight of God and man, in doing what you require."

"But, my love, if this man remains obstinately silent——"

"He will *not* be silent," answered Lucy; "it is six weeks since I sent him a double of my former letter by a sure hand."

"You have not—you could not—you durst not," said Lady Ashton, with violence inconsistent with the tone she had intended to assume, but instantly correcting herself, "My dearest Lucy," said she, in her sweetest tone of expostulation, "how could you think of such a thing?"

"No matter," said Bucklaw; "I respect Miss Ashton for her sentiments, and I only wish I had been her messenger myself."

"And pray how long, Miss Ashton," said her mother ironically, "are we to wait the return of your Pacolet—your fairy messenger—since our humble couriers of flesh and blood could not be trusted in this matter?"

"I have numbered weeks, days, hours, and minutes," said Miss Ashton; "within another week I shall have an answer, unless he is

dead.—Till that time, sir," she said, addressing Bucklaw, "let me be thus far beholden to you, that you will beg my mother to forbear me upon this subject."

"I will make it my particular entreaty to Lady Ashton," said Bucklaw. "By my honour, madam, I respect your feelings; and, although the prosecution of this affair be rendered dearer to me than ever, yet, as I am a gentleman, I would renounce it, were it so urged as to give you a moment's pain."

"Mr Hayston, I think, cannot apprehend that," said Lady Ashton, looking pale with anger, "when the daughter's happiness lies in the bosom of the mother.—Let me ask you, Miss Ashton, in what terms your last letter was couched?"

"Exactly in the same, madam," answered Lucy, "which you dictated on a former occasion."

"When eight days have elapsed, then," said her mother, resuming her tone of tenderness, "we shall hope, my dearest love, that you will end this suspense."

"Miss Ashton must not be hurried, madam," said Bucklaw, whose bluntness of feeling did not by any means arise from want of good-nature—"messengers may be stopped or delayed. I have known a day's journey broke by the casting of a fore-shoe.—Stay, let me see my calendar—the 20th day from this is St Jude's, and, the day before, I must be at Caverton Edge to see the match between the Laird of Kittlegirth's black mare, and Johnston the meal-monger's four-year-old colt; but I can ride all night, or Craigie can bring me word how the match goes: and I hope, in the mean time, as I shall not myself distress Miss Ashton with any farther importunity, that your ladyship yourself, and Sir William, and Colonel Douglas, will have the goodness to allow her uninterrupted time for making up her mind."

"Sir," said Miss Ashton, "you are generous."

"As for that, madam," answered Bucklaw, "I only pretend to be a plain good-humoured young fellow, as I said before, who will willingly make you happy if you will permit him, and show him how to do so."

Having said this, he saluted her with more emotion than was consistent with his usual train of feeling, and took his leave; Lady Ashton, as she accompanied him out of the apartment, assuring him that her daughter did full justice to the sincerity of his attachment, and requesting him to see Sir William before his departure. "Mark me," as she said, with a keen glance revering towards Lucy, "against St Jude's day, we must all be ready to *sign and seal*."

"To sign and seal!" echoed Lucy in a muttering tone, as the door of the apartment closed—"To sign and seal—to do and die!" and, clasping her extenuated hands together, she sunk back on the easy-chair she occupied, in a state resembling stupor.

From this she was shortly after awakened by the boisterous entry of her brother Henry, who clamorously reminded her of a promise to give him two yards of carnation ribbon to make knots to his new garters. With the most patient composure Lucy arose, and opened a little ivory-cabinet, sought out the ribbon the lad wanted, measured it accurately, cut it off into proper lengths, and knotted into the fashion his boyish whim required.

"Dinna shut the cabinet yet," said Henry, "for I must have some of your silver wire to fasten the bells to my hawk's jesses, and yet the new falcon's not worth them neither: for do you know, after all the plague we had to get her from an eyry, all the way at Posso, in Mannor Water, she's going to prove, after all, nothing better than a rifler—she just wets her singles in the blood of the partridge, and then breaks away, and lets her fly; and what good can the poor bird do after that, you know, except pine and die in the first heather-cow or whin-bush she can crawl into?"

"Right, Henry—right, very right," said Lucy, mournfully, holding the boy fast by the hand, after she had given him the wire he wanted; "but there are more riflers in the world than your falcon, and more wounded birds that seek but to die in quiet, that can find neither brake nor whin-bush to hide their heads in."

"Ah! that's some speech out of your romances," said the boy; "and Sholto says they have turned your head. But I hear Norman whistling to the hawk; I must go fasten on the jesses."

And he scampered away with the thoughtless gaiety of boyhood, leaving his sister to the bitterness of her own reflections.

"It is decreed," she said, "that every living creature, even those who owe me most kindness, are to shun me, and leave me to those by whom I am beset. It is just it should be thus. Alone and uncounselled, I involved myself in these perils—alone and uncounselled, I must extricate myself or die."

CHAPTER XXX.

——— What doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
Comedy of Errors.

As some vindication of the case with which Bucklaw (who otherwise, as he termed himself, was really a very good-humoured fellow) resigned his judgment to the management of Lady Ashton, while paying his addresses to her daughter, the reader must call to mind the strict domestic discipline, which, at this period, was exercised over the females of a Scottish family.

The manners of the country in this, as in many other respects, coincided with those of France before the Revolution. Young women of the higher ranks seldom mingled in society until after marriage, and, both in law and fact, were held to be under the strict tutelage of their parents, who were too apt to enforce the views for their settlement in life, without paying any regard to the inclination of the parties chiefly interested. On such occasions, the suitor expected little more from his bride than a silent acquiescence in the will of her parents; and as few opportunities of acquaintance, far less of

intimacy occurred, he made his choice by the outside, as the lovers in the Merchant of Venice select the casket, contented to trust to chance the issue of the lottery, in which he had hazarded a venture.

It was not therefore surprising, such being the general manners of the age, that Mr Hayston of Bucklaw, whom dissipated habits had detached in some degree from the best society, should not attend particularly to those feelings in his elected bride to which many men of more sentiment, experience, and reflection, would, in all probability, have been equally indifferent. He knew what all accounted the principal point, that her parents and friends, namely, were decidedly in his favour, and there existed most powerful reasons for their predilection.

In truth, the conduct of the Marquis of A—— since Ravenswood's departure, had been such as almost to bar the possibility of his kinsman's union with Lucy Ashton. The Marquis was Ravenswood's sincere, but misjudging friend; or rather, like many friends and patrons, he consulted what he considered to be his relation's true interest, although he knew that in doing so he ran counter to his inclinations.

The Marquis drove on, therefore, with the plenitude of ministerial authority, an appeal to the British House of Peers against those judgments of the courts of law, by which Sir William became possessed of Ravenswood's hereditary property. As this measure, enforced with all the authority of power, was new in Scottish judicial proceedings, though now so frequently resorted to, it was exclaimed against by the lawyers on the opposite side of politics, as an interference with the civil judicature of the country, equally new, arbitrary, and tyrannical. And if it thus affected even strangers connected with them only by political party, it may be guessed what the Ashton family themselves said and thought under so gross a dispensation. Sir William, still more worldly-minded than he was timid, was reduced to despair by the loss by which he was threatened. His son's haughtier spirit was exalted into rage at the idea of being deprived of his expected patrimony. But to Lady Ashton's yet more vindictive temper, the conduct of Ravenswood, or rather of his patron, appeared to be an offence challenging the deepest and most mortal revenge. Even the quiet and confiding temper of Lucy herself, swayed by the opinions expressed by all around her, could not but consider the conduct of Ravenswood as precipitate, and even unkind. "It was my father," she repeated with a sigh, "who welcomed him to this place, and encouraged, or at least allowed, the intimacy between us. Should he not have remembered this, and requited it with at least some moderate degree of procrastination in the assertion of his own alleged rights? I would have forfeited for him double the value of these lands, which he pursues with an ardour that shows he has forgotten how much I am implicated in the matter."

Lucy, however, could only murmur these things to herself, unwilling to increase the prejudices against her lover entertained by all around her, who exclaimed against the steps pursued on his account, as illegal, vexatious, and tyrannical, resembling the worst measures in the worst times of the worst Stewarts, and a degradation of Scot-

land, the decisions of whose learned judges were thus subjected to the review of a court, composed, indeed, of men of the highest rank, but who were not trained to the study of any municipal law, and might be supposed specially to hold in contempt that of Scotland. As a natural consequence of the alleged injustice meditated towards her father, every means was resorted to, and every argument urged, to induce Miss Ashton to break off her engagement with Ravenswood, as being scandalous, shameful, and sinful, formed with the mortal enemy of her family, and calculated to add bitterness to the distress of her parents.

Lucy's spirit, however, was high; and although unaided and alone, she could have borne much—she could have endured the repinings of her father—his murmurs against what he called the tyrannical usage of the ruling party—his ceaseless charges of ingratitude against Ravenswood—his endless lectures on the various means by which contracts may be voided and annulled—his quotations from the civil, the municipal, and the canon law—and his prelections upon the *patria potestas*.

She might have borne also in patience, or repelled with scorn, the bitter taunts and occasional violence of her brother Colonel Douglas Ashton, and the impertinent and intrusive interference of other friends and relations. But it was beyond her power effectually to withstand or elude the constant and unceasing persecution of Lady Ashton, who, laying every other wish aside, had bent the whole efforts of her powerful mind to break her daughter's contract with Ravenswood, and to place a perpetual bar between the lovers, by effecting Lucy's union with Bucklaw. Far more deeply skilled than her husband in the recesses of the human heart, she was aware that in this way she might strike a blow of deep and decisive vengeance upon one whom she esteemed as her mortal enemy; nor did she hesitate at raising her arm, although she knew that the wound must be dealt through the bosom of her daughter. With this stern and fixed purpose, she sounded every deep and shallow of her daughter's soul, assumed alternately every disguise of manner which could serve her object, and prepared at leisure every species of dire machinery, by which the human mind can be wrenched from its settled determination. Some of these were of an obvious description, and require only to be cursorily mentioned; others were characteristic of the time, the country, and the persons engaged in this singular drama.

It was of the last consequence that all intercourse betwixt the lovers should be stopped, and, by dint of gold and authority, Lady Ashton contrived to possess herself of such a complete command of all who were placed around her daughter, that, in fact, no leaguered fortress was ever more completely blockaded; while, at the same time, to all outward appearance, Miss Ashton lay under no restriction. The verge of her parents' domains became, in respect to her, like the viewless and enchanted line drawn around a fairy castle, where nothing unpermitted can either enter from without, or escape from within. Thus every letter, in which Ravenswood conveyed to Lucy Ashton the indispensable reasons which detained him abroad, and more than one note which poor Lucy had addressed to him through

what she thought a secure channel, fell into the hands of her mother. It could not be, but that the tenor of these intercepted letters, especially those of Ravenswood, should contain something to irritate the passions, and fortify the obstinacy, of her into whose hands they fell: but Lady Ashton's passions were too deep-rooted to require this fresh food. She burnt the papers as regularly as she perused them; and as they consumed into vapour and tinder, regarded them with a smile upon her compressed lips, and an exultation in her steady eye, which showed her confidence that the hopes of the writers should soon be rendered equally unsubstantial.

It usually happens, that fortune aids the machinations of those who are prompt to avail themselves of every chance that offers. A report was wafted from the Continent, founded, like others of the same sort, upon many plausible circumstances, but without any real basis, stating the Master of Ravenswood to be on the eve of marriage with a foreign lady of fortune and distinction. This was greedily caught up by both the political parties, who were at once struggling for power and for popular favour, and who seized, as usual, upon the most private circumstances in the lives of each other's partisans, to convert them into subjects of political discussion.

The Marquis of A—— gave his opinion aloud and publicly, not indeed in the coarse terms ascribed to him by Captain Craigengelt, but in a manner sufficiently offensive to the Ashtons:—"He thought the report," he said, "highly probable, and heartily wished it might be true. Such a match was fitter and far more creditable for a spirited young fellow, than a marriage with the daughter of an old whig lawyer, whose chicanery had so nearly ruined his father."

The other party, of course, laying out of view the opposition which the Master of Ravenswood received from Miss Ashton's family, cried shame upon his ficklenessand perfidy, as if he had seduced the young lady into an engagement, and wilfully and causelessly abandoned her for another.

Sufficient care was taken that this report should find its way to Ravenswood Castle through every various channel, Lady Ashton being well aware that the very reiteration of the same rumour from so many quarters could not but give it a semblance of truth. By some it was told as a piece of ordinary news, by some communicated as serious intelligence; now it was whispered to Lucy Ashton's ear in the tone of malignant pleasantry, and now transmitted to her as a matter of grave and serious warning.

Even the boy Henry was made the instrument of adding to his sister's torments. One morning he rushed into the room with a willow branch in his hand, which he told her had arrived that instant from Germany for her special wearing. Lucy, as we have seen, was remarkably fond of her younger brother, and at that moment his wanton and thoughtless unkindness seemed more keenly injurious than even the studied insults of her elder brother. Her grief, however, had no shade of resentment; she folded her arms about the boy's neck, and saying, faintly, "Poor Henry! you speak but what they tell you," she burst into a flood of unrestrained tears. The boy was moved, notwithstanding the thoughtlessness of his age and char-

acter. "The devil take me," said he, "Lucy, if I fetch you any more of these tormenting messages again: for I like you better," said he, kissing away the tears, "than the whole pack of them: and you shall have my grey pony to ride on; and you shall canter him if you like,—ay, and ride beyond the village, too, if you have a mind."

"Who told you," said Lucy, "that I am not permitted to ride where I please?"

"That's a secret," said the boy: "but you will find you can never ride beyond the village but your horse will cast a shoe, or fall lame, or the castle bell will ring, or something will happen to bring you back. But if I tell you more of these things, Douglas will not get me the pair of colours they have promised me, and so good-morrow to you."

This dialogue plunged Lucy in still deeper dejection, as it tended to show her plainly, what she had for some time suspected, that she was little better than a prisoner at large in her father's house. We have described her in the outset of our story as of a romantic disposition, delighting in tales of love and wonder, and readily identifying herself with the situation of those legendary heroines, with whose adventures, for want of better reading, her memory had become stocked. The fairy wand, with which in her solitude she had delighted to raise visions of enchantment, became now the rod of a magician, the bond slave of evil genii, serving only to invoke spectres at which the exorcist trembled. She felt herself the object of suspicion, of scorn, of dislike at least, if not of hatred, to her own family; and it seemed to her that she was abandoned by the very person on whose account she was exposed to the enmity of all around her. Indeed, the evidence of Ravenswood's infidelity began to assume every day a more determined character.

A soldier of fortune, of the name of Westenho, an old familiar of Craigengelt's, chanced to arrive from abroad about this time. The worthy Captain, though without any precise communication with Lady Ashton, always acted most regularly and sedulously in support of her plans, and easily prevailed upon his friend, by dint of exaggeration of real circumstances, and coining of others, to give explicit testimony to the truth of Ravenswood's approaching marriage.

Thus beset on all hands, and in a manner reduced to despair, Lucy's temper gave way under the pressure of constant affliction and persecution. She became gloomy and abstracted, and, contrary to her natural and ordinary habit of mind, sometimes turned with spirit, and even fierceness, on those by whom she was long and closely annoyed. Her health also began to be shaken, and her hectic cheek and wandering eye gave symptoms of what is called a fever upon the spirits. In most mothers this would have moved compassion; but Lady Ashton, compact and firm of purpose, saw these wanderings of health and intellect with no greater sympathy than that with which the hostile engineer regards the towers of a beleaguered city as they reel under the discharge of his artillery; or rather, she considered these starts and inequalities of temper as symptoms of Lucy's expiring resolution: as the angler, by the throes and convulsive exertions of the fish which he has hooked, becomes aware that he soon will be

LUCY ASHTON AND HER BROTHER HENRY.

able to land him. To accelerate the catastrophe in the present case, Lady Ashton had recourse to an expedient very consistent with the temper and credulity of those times, but which the reader will probably pronounce truly detestable and diabolical.

CHAPTER XXXI.

* * * * * *

In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weeds,
And wilful want, all careless of her needs;
So choosing solitary to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her devilish deeds
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off, unknown, whome'er she envied.

Faery Queen.

THE health of Lucy Ashton soon required the assistance of a person more skilful in the office of a sick-nurse than the female domestics of the family. Ailsie Gourlay, sometimes called the Wise Woman of Bowden, was the person whom, for her own strong reasons, Lady Ashton selected as an attendant upon her daughter.

This woman had acquired a considerable reputation among the ignorant by the pretended cures which she performed, especially in *omcomes*, as the Scotch call them, or mysterious diseases, which baffle the regular physician. Her pharmacopœia consisted partly of herbs selected in planetary hours, partly of words, signs, and charms, which sometimes, perhaps, produced a favourable influence upon the imagination of her patients. Such was the avowed profession of Lucky Gourlay, which, as may well be supposed, was looked upon with a suspicious eye, not only by her neighbours, but even by the clergy of the district. In private, however, she traded more deeply in the occult sciences; for notwithstanding the dreadful punishments inflicted upon the supposed crime of witchcraft, there wanted not those who, steeled by want and bitterness of spirit, were willing to adopt the hateful and dangerous character, for the sake of the influencewhich its terrors enabled them to exercise in the vicinity, and the wretched emolument which they could extract by the practice of their supposed art.

Ailsie Gourlay was not indeed fool enough to acknowledge a compact with the Evil One, which would have been a swift and ready road to the stake and tar-barrel. Her fairy, she said, like Caliban's, was a harmless fairy. Nevertheless, she "spaed fortunes," read dreams, composed philtres, discovered stolen goods, and made and dissolved matches as successfully as if, according to the belief of the whole neighbourhood, she had been aided in those arts by Beelzebub himself. The worst of the pretenders to these sciences was, that they were generally persons who, feeling themselves odious to humanity, were careless of what they did to deserve the public hatred. Real crimes were often committed under pretence of magical imposture; and it somewhat relieves the disgust with which we read, in the criminal record, the conviction of these wretches, to be aware

that many of them merited, as poisoners, suborners, and diabolical agents in secret domestic crimes, the severe fate to which they were condemned for the imaginary guilt of witchcraft.

Such was Ailsie Gourlay, whom, in order to attain the absolute subjugation of Lucy Ashton's mind, her mother thought it fitting to place near her person. A woman of less consequence than Lady Ashton had not dared to take such a step; but her high rank and strength of character set her above the censure of the world, and she was allowed to have selected for her daughter's attendant the best and most experienced sick-nurse "and mediciner" in the neighbourhood, where an inferior person would have fallen under the reproach of calling in the assistance of a partner and ally of the great Enemy of mankind.

The beldam caught her cue readily and by innuendo, without giving Lady Ashton the pain of distinct explanation. She was in many respects qualified for the part she played, which indeed could not be efficiently assumed without some knowledge of the human heart and passions. Dame Gourlay perceived that Lucy shuddered at her external appearance, which we have already described when we found her in the death chamber of blind Alice; and while internally she hated the poor girl for the involuntary horror with which she saw she was regarded, she commenced her operations by endeavouring to efface or overcome those prejudices which, in her heart, she resented as mortal offences. This was easily done, for the hag's external ugliness was soon balanced by a show of kindness and interest, to which Lucy had of late been little accustomed; her attentive services and real skill gained her the ear, if not the confidence, of her patient; and under pretence of diverting the solitude of a sick-room, she soon led her attention captive by the legends in which she was well skilled, and to which Lucy's habits of reading and reflection induced her to "lend an attentive ear." Dame Gourlay's tales were at first of a mild and interesting character—

> Of fays that rightly dance upon the wold,
> And lovers doom'd to wander and to weep,
> And castles high, where wicked wizards keep
> Their captive thralls.

Gradually, however, they assumed a darker and more mysterious character, and became such as, told by the midnight lamp, and enforced by the tremulous tone, the quivering and livid lip, the uplifted skinny fore-finger, and the shaking head of the blue-eyed hag, might have appalled a less credulous imagination, in an age more hard of belief. The old Sycorax saw her advantage, and gradually narrowed her magic circle around the devoted victim on whose spirit she practised. Her legends began to relate to the fortunes of the Ravenswood family, whose ancient grandeur and portentous authority, credulity had graced with so many superstitious attributes. The story of the fatal fountain was narrated at full length, and with formidable additions, by the ancient sibyl. The prophecy, quoted by Caleb, concerning the dead bride, who was to be won by the last of the Ravenswoods, had its own mysterious commentary; and the singular

circumstance of the apparition, seen by the Master of Ravenswood in the forest, having partly transpired through his hasty inquiries in the cottage of old Alice, formed a theme for many exaggerations.

Lucy might have despised these tales, if they had been related concerning another family, or if her own situation had been less despondent. But circumstanced as she was, the idea that an evil fate hung over her attachment, became predominant over her other feelings; and the gloom of superstition darkened a mind, already sufficiently weakened by sorrow, distress, uncertainty, and an oppressive sense of desertion and desolation. Stories were told by her attendant so closely resembling her own in their circumstances, that she was gradually led to converse upon such tragic and mystical subjects with the beldam, and to repose a sort of confidence in the sibyl, whom she still regarded with involuntary shuddering. Dame Gourlay knew how to avail herself of this imperfect confidence. She directed Lucy's thoughts to the means of inquiring into futurity, — the surest mode, perhaps, of shaking the understanding and destroying the spirits. Omens were expounded, dreams were interpreted, and other tricks of jugglery perhaps resorted to, by which the pretended adepts of the period deceived and fascinated their deluded followers. I find it mentioned in the articles of dittay against Ailsie Gourlay — (for it is some comfort to know that the old hag was tried, condemned, and burned on the top of North-Berwick Law, by sentence of a commission from the Privy Council) — I find, I say, it was charged against her, among other offences, that she had, by the aid and delusions of Satan, shown to a young person of quality, in a mirror glass, a gentleman then abroad, to whom the said young person was betrothed, and who appeared in the vision to be in the act of bestowing his hand upon another lady. But this and some other parts of the record appear to have been studiously left imperfect in names and dates, probably out of regard to the honour of the families concerned. If Dame Gourlay was able actually to play off such a piece of jugglery it is clear she must have had better assistance to practise the deception, than her own skill or funds could supply. Meanwhile, this mysterious visionary traffic had its usual effect, in unsettling Miss Ashton's mind. Her temper became unequal, her health decayed daily, her manners grew moping, melancholy, and uncertain. Her father, guessing partly at the cause of these appearances, and exerting a degree of authority unusual with him, made a point of banishing Dame Gourlay from the castle; but the arrow was shot, and was rankling barb-deep in the side of the wounded deer.

It was shortly after the departure of this woman, that Lucy Ashton, urged by her parents, announced to them, with a vivacity by which they were startled, "that she was conscious heaven and earth and hell had set themselves against her union with Ravenswood: still her contract," she said, "was a binding contract, and she neither would nor could resign it without the consent of Ravenswood. Let me be assured," she concluded, "that he will free me from my engagement, and dispose of me as you please, I care not how. When the diamonds are gone, what signifies the casket?"

The tone of obstinacy with which this was said, her eyes flashing

with unnatural light, and her hands firmly clenched, precluded the possibility of dispute; and the utmost length which Lady Ashton's art could attain, only got her the privilege of dictating the letter, by which her daughter required to know of Ravenswood whether he intended to abide by, or to surrender, what she termed, "their unfortunate engagement." Of this advantage Lady Ashton so far and so ingeniously availed herself, that, according to the wording of the letter, the reader would have supposed Lucy was calling upon her lover to renounce a contract which was contrary to the interests and inclinations of both. Not trusting even to this point of deception, Lady Ashton finally determined to suppress the letter altogether, in hopes that Lucy's impatience would induce her to condemn Ravenswood unheard and in absence. In this she was disappointed. The time, indeed, had long elapsed, when an answer should have been received from the Continent. The faint ray of hope which still glimmered in Lucy's mind was well-nigh extinguished. But the idea never forsook her, that her letter might not have been duly forwarded. One of her mother's new machinations unexpectedly furnished her with the means of ascertaining what she most desired to know.

The female agent of hell having been dismissed from the castle, Lady Ashton, who wrought by all variety of means, resolved to employ, for working the same end on Lucy's mind, an agent of a very different character. This was no other than the Reverend Mr Bide-the-bent, a Presbyterian clergyman, formerly mentioned, of the very strictest order, and the most rigid orthodoxy, whose aid she called in, upon the principle of the tyrant in the tragedy:—

> "I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,
> And make it sin not to renounce that vow,
> Which I'd have broken."

But Lady Ashton was mistaken in the agent she had selected. His prejudices, indeed, were easily enlisted on her side, and it was no difficult matter to make him regard with horror the prospect of a union betwixt the daughter of a God-fearing, professing, and Presbyterian family of distinction, with the heir of a bloodthirsty prelatist and persecutor, the hands of whose fathers had been dyed to the wrists in the blood of God's saints. This resembled, in the divine's opinion, the union of a Moabitish stranger with the daughter of Zion. But with all the more severe prejudices and principles of his sect, Bide-the-Bent possessed a sound judgment, and had learned sympathy even in that very school of persecution, where the heart is so frequently hardened. In a private interview with Miss Ashton, he was deeply moved by her distress, and could not but admit the justice of her request to be permitted a direct communication with Ravenswood, upon the subject of their solemn contract. When she urged to him the great uncertainty under which she laboured, whether her letter had been ever forwarded, the old man paced the room with long steps, shook his grey head, rested repeatedly for a space on his ivory-headed staff, and, after much hesitation, confessed that he thought her doubts so reasonable, that he would himself aid in the removal of them.

"I cannot but opine, Miss Lucy," he said, "that your worshipful lady mother hath in this matter an eagerness, whilk, although it aris-

eth doubtless from love to your best interests here and hereafter,—for the man is of persecuting blood, and himself a persecutor, a cavalier or malignant, and a scoffer, who hath no inheritance in Jesse,—nevertheless, we are commanded to do justice unto all, and to fulfil our bond and covenant, as well to the stranger as to him who is in brotherhood with us. Wherefore myself, even I myself, will be aiding unto the delivery of your letter to the man Edgar Ravenswood, trusting that the issue thereof may be your deliverance from the nets in which he hath sinfully engaged you. And that I may do in this neither more nor less than hath been warranted by your honourable parents, I pray you to transcribe, without increment or subtraction, the letter formerly expeded under the dictation of your right honourable mother; and I shall put it into such sure course of being delivered, that if, honoured young madam, you shall receive no answer, it will be necessary that you conclude that the man meaneth in silence to abandon that naughty contract, which, peradventure, he may be unwilling directly to restore."

Lucy eagerly embraced the expedient of the worthy divine. A new letter was written in the precise terms of the former, and consigned by Mr Bide-the-bent to the charge of Saunders Moonshine, a zealous elder of the church when on shore, and, when on board his brig, as bold a smuggler as ever ran out a sliding bowsprit to the winds that blow betwixt Campvere and the east coast of Scotland. At the recommendation of his pastor, Saunders readily undertook that the letter should be securely conveyed to the Master of Ravenswood at the court where he now resided.

This retrospect became necessary to explain the conference betwixt Miss Ashton, her mother, and Bucklaw, which we have detailed in a preceding chapter.

Lucy was now like the sailor, who, while drifting through a tempestuous ocean, clings for safety to a single plank, his powers of grasping it becoming every moment more feeble, and the deep darkness of the night only checkered by the flashes of lightning, hissing as they show the white tops of the billows, in which he is soon to be engulfed.

Week crept away after week, and day after day. St Jude's day arrived, the last and protracted term to which Lucy had limited herself, and there was neither letter nor news of Ravenswood.

CHAPTER XXXII.

> How fair these names, how much unlike they look
> To all the blurr'd subscriptions in my book!
> The bridegroom's letters stand in row above,
> Tapering, yet straight, like pine-trees in his grove;
> While free and fine the bride's appear below,
> As light and slender as her jessamines grow
>
> CRABBE.

ST JUDE'S day came, the term assigned by Lucy herself as the farthest date of expectation, and, as we have already said, there were

neither letters from, nor news of, Ravenswood. But there were news of Bucklaw, and of his trusty associate Craigengelt, who arrived early in the morning for the completion of the proposed espousals, and for signing the necessary deeds.

These had been carefully prepared under the revisal of Sir William Ashton himself, it having been resolved, on account the state of Miss Ashton's health, as it was said, that none save the parties immediately interested should be present when the parchments were subscribed. It was farther determined that the marriage should be solemnised upon the fourth day after signing the articles, a measure adopted by Lady Ashton, in order that Lucy might have as little time as possible to recede, or relapse into intractability. There was no appearance, however, of her doing either. She heard the proposed arrangement with the calm indifference of despair, or rather with an apathy arising from the oppressed and stupified state of her feelings. To an eye so unobserving as that of Bucklaw, her demeanour had little more of reluctance than might suit the character of a bashful young lady, who, however, he could not disguise from himself, was complying with the choice of her friends, rather than exercising any personal predilection in his favour.

When the morning compliments of the bridegroom had been paid, Miss Ashton was left for some time to herself; her mother remarking, that the deeds must be signed before the hour of noon, in order that the marriage might be happy.

Lucy suffered herself to be attired for the occasion as the taste of her attendants suggested, and was of course splendidly arrayed. Her dress was composed of white satin and Brussels lace, and her hair arranged with a profusion of jewels, whose lustre made a strange contrast to the deadly paleness of her complexion, and to the trouble which dwelt in her unsettled eye.

Her toilette was hardly finished, ere Henry appeared, to conduct the passive bride to the state apartment, where all was prepared for signing the contract. "Do you know, sister," he said, "I am glad you are to have Bucklaw after all, instead of Ravenswood, who looked like a Spanish grandee come to cut our throats, and trample our bodies under foot. And I am glad the broad seas are between us this day, for I shall never forget how frightened I was when I took him for the picture of old Sir Malise walked out of the canvass. Tell me true, are you not glad to be fairly shot of him?"

"Ask me no questions, dear Henry," said his unfortunate sister; "there is little more can happen to make me either glad or sorry in this world."

"And that's what all young brides say," said Henry; "and so do not be cast down, Lucy, for you'll tell another tale a twelvemonth hence—and I am to be bride's-man, and ride before you to the kirk, and all our kith, kin, and allies, and all Bucklaw's, are to be mounted and in order—and I am to have a scarlet laced coat, and a feathered hat, and a sword-belt, double bordered with gold, and *point d'espagne*, and a dagger instead of a sword; and I should like a sword much better, but my father won't hear of it. All my things, and a hundred besides, are to come out from Edinburgh to-night with old Gilbert,

and the sumpter mules—and I will bring them, and show them to you the instant they come."

"The boy's chatter was here interrupted by the arrival of Lady Ashton, somewhat alarmed at her daughter's stay. With one of her sweetest smiles, she took Lucy's arm under her own, and led her to the apartment where her presence was expected.

There were only present, Sir William Ashton, and Colonel Douglas Ashton, the last in full regimentals—Bucklaw, in bridegroom trim—Craigengelt, freshly equipt from top to toe by the bounty of his patron, and bedizened with as much lace as might have become the dress of the Copper Captain—together with the Rev. Mr Bide-the-bent; the presence of a minister being, in strict Presbyterian families, an indispensible requisite upon all occasions of unusual solemnity.

Wines and refreshments were placed on a table, on which the writings were displayed, ready for signature.

But before proceeding either to business or refreshment, Mr Bide-the-bent, at a signal from Sir William Ashton, invited the company to join him in a short extemporary prayer, in which he implored a blessing upon the contract now to be solemnised between the honourable parties then present. With the simplicity of his times and profession, which permitted strong personal allusions, he petitioned that the wounded mind of one of these noble parties might be healed, in reward of her compliance with the advice of her right honourable parents; and that, as she had proved herself a child after God's commandment, by honouring her father and mother, she and hers might enjoy the promised blessing—length of days in the land here, and a happy portion hereafter in a better country. He prayed farther, that the bridegroom might be weaned from those follies which seduce youth from the path of knowledge; that he might cease to take delight in vain and unprofitable company, scoffers, riders, and those who sit late at the wine (here Bucklaw winked to Craigengelt,) and cease from the society that causeth to err. A suitable supplication in behalf of Sir William and Lady Ashton, and their family, concluded this religious address, which thus embraced every individual present, excepting Craigengelt, whom the worthy divine probably considered as past all hopes of grace.

The business of the day now went forward: Sir William Ashton signed the contract with legal solemnity and precision; his son, with military *nonchalance;* and Bucklaw, having subscribed as rapidly as Craigengelt could manage to turn the leaves, concluded by wiping his pen on that worthy's new laced cravat.

It was now Miss Ashton's turn to sign the writings, and she was guided by her watchful mother to the table for that purpose. At her first attempt she began to write with a dry pen, and when the circumstance was pointed out, seemed unable, after several attempts, to dip it in the massive silver inkstandish, which stood full before her. Lady Ashton's vigilance hastened to supply the deficiency. I have myself seen the fatal deed, and in the distinct characters in which the name of Lucy Ashton is traced on each page, there is only a very slight tremulous irregularity, indicative of her state of mind at the time of the subscription. But the last signature is inconsistent, defaced, and

blotted; for, while her hand was employed in tracing it, the hasty tramp of a horse was heard at the gate, succeeded by a step in the outer gallery, and a voice, which, in a commanding tone, bore down the opposition of the menials. The pen dropped from Lucy's fingers as she exclaimed with a faint shriek—"He is come—he is come!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

> This by his tongue should be a Montague!
> Fetch me my rapier, boy;
> Now, by the faith and honour of my kin,
> To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
>
> *Romeo and Julia.*

Hardly had Miss Ashton dropped the pen, when the door of the apartment flew open, and the Master of Ravenswood entered the apartment.

Lockhard and another domestic, who had in vain attempted to oppose his passage through the gallery or antechamber, were seen standing on the threshold transfixed with surprise, which was instantly communicated to the whole party in the state-room. That of Colonel Douglas Ashton was mingled with resentment; that of Bucklaw, with haughty and affected indifference; the rest, even Lady Ashton herself, showed signs of fear, and Lucy seemed stiffened to stone by this unexpected apparition. Apparition it might well be termed, for Ravenswood had more the appearance of one returned from the dead, than of a living visiter.

He planted himself full in the middle of the apartment, opposite to the table at which Lucy was seated, on whom, as if she had been alone in the chamber, he bent his eyes with a mingled expression of deep grief and deliberate indignation. His dark-coloured riding cloak, displaced from one shoulder, hung around one side of his person in the ample folds of the Spanish mantle. The rest of his rich dress was travel-soil'd, and deranged by hard riding. He had a sword by his side, and pistols in his belt. His slouched hat, which he had not removed at entrance, gave an additional gloom to his dark features, which, wasted by sorrow, and marked by the ghastly look communicated by long illness, added to a countenance naturally somewhat stern and wild, a fierce and even savage expression. The matted and dishevelled locks of hair which escaped from under his hat, together with his fixed and unmoved posture, made his head more resemble that of a marble bust than that of a living man. He said not a single word, and there was a deep silence in the company for more than two minutes.

It was broken by Lady Ashton, who in that space partly recovered her natural audacity. She demanded to know the cause of this unauthorised intrusion.

"That is a question, madam," said her son, "which I have the best

right to ask—and I must request of the Master of Ravenswood to follow me, where he can answer it at leisure."

Bucklaw interposed, saying, "No man on earth should usurp his previous right in demanding an explanation from the Master.—Craigengelt," he added, in an undertone, "d—n ye, why do you stand staring as if you saw a ghost? fetch me my sword from the gallery."

"I will relinquish to none," said Colonel Ashton, "my right of calling to account the man who has offered this unparalleled affront to my family."

"Be patient, gentlemen," said Ravenswood, turning sternly towards them, and waving his hand as if to impose silence on their altercation. "If you are as weary of your lives as I am, I will find time and place to pledge mine against one or both; at present, I have no leisure for the disputes of triflers.

"Triflers!" echoed Colonel Ashton, half unsheathing his sword, while Bucklaw laid his hand on the hilt of that which Craigengelt had just reached him.

Sir William Ashton, alarmed for his son's safety, rushed between the young men and Ravenswood, exclaiming, "My son, I command you—Bucklaw, I entreat you—keep the peace, in the name of the Queen and of the law!"

"In the name of the law of God," said Bide-the-bent, advancing also with uplifted hands between Bucklaw, the Colonel, and the object of their resentment—"In the name of Him who brought peace on earth, and good-will to mankind, I implore—I beseech—I command you to forbear violence towards each other! God hateth the bloodthirsty man—he who striketh with the sword, shall perish with the sword."

"Do you take me for a dog, sir," said Colonel Ashton, turning fiercely upon him, "or something more brutally stupid, to endure this insult in my father's house?—Let me go, Bucklaw! He shall account to me, or, by Heaven, I will stab him where he stands!"

"You shall not touch him here," said Bucklaw; "he once gave me my life, and were he the devil come to fly away with the whole house and generation, he shall have nothing but fair play."

The passions of the two young men thus counteracting each other, gave Ravenswood leisure to exclaim, in a stern and steady voice, "Silence!—let him who really seeks danger, take the fitting time when it is to be found; my mission here will be shortly accomplished.—Is *that* your handwriting, madam?" he added in a softer tone, extending towards Miss Ashton her last letter.

A faltering "Yes," seemed rather to escape from her lips, than to be uttered as a voluntary answer.

"And is this also your handwriting?" extending towards her the mutual engagement.

Lucy remained silent. Terror, and a yet stronger and more confused feeling, so utterly disturbed her understanding, that she probably scarcely comprehended the question that was put to her.

"If you design," said Sir William Ashton, "to found any legal claim on that paper, sir, do not expect to receive any answer to an extrajudicial question"

"Sir William Ashton," said Ravenswood, "I pray you, and all who hear me, that you will not mistake my purpose. If this young lady, of her own free will, desires the restoration of this contract, as her letter would seem to imply—there is not a withered leaf which this autumn wind strews on the heath, that is more valueless in my eyes. But I must and will hear the truth from her own mouth—without this satisfaction I will not leave this spot. Murder me by numbers you possibly may, but I am an armed man—I am a desperate man—and I will not die without ample vengeance. This is my resolution, take it as you may. I WILL hear her determination from her own mouth; from her own mouth, alone, and without witnesses will I hear it. Now, choose," he said, drawing his sword with the right hand, and, with the left, by the same motion taking a pistol from his belt and cocking it, but turning the point of one weapon, and the muzzle of the other to the ground,—"Choose if you will have this hall floated with blood, or if you will grant me the decisive interview with my affianced bride, which the laws of God and the country alike entitle me to demand."

All recoiled at the sound of his voice, and the determined action by which it was accompanied; for the ecstasy of real desperation seldom fails to overpower the less energetic passions by which it may be opposed. The clergyman was the first to speak. "In the name of God," he said, "receive an overture of peace from the meanest of his servants. What this honourable person demands, albeit it is urged with over violence, hath yet in it something of reason. Let him hear from Miss Lucy's own lips that she hath dutifully acceded to the will of her parents, and repenteth her of her covenant with him; and when he is assured of this, he will depart in peace unto his own dwelling, and cumber us no more. Alas! the workings of the ancient Adam are strong even in the regenerate—surely we should have long-suffering with those who, being yet in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity, are swept forward by the uncontrollable current of worldly passion. Let, then, the Master of Ravenswood have the interview on which he insisteth; it can but be as a passing pang to this honourable maiden, since her faith is now irrevocably pledged to the choice of her parents. Let it, I say, be thus: it belongeth to my functions to entreat your honours' compliance with this healing overture."

"Never!" answered Lady Ashton, whose rage had now overcome her first surprise and terror—"never shall this man speak in private with my daughter, the affianced bride of another! Pass from this room who will, I remain here. I fear neither his violence nor his weapons, though some," she said, glancing a look towards Colonel Ashton, "who bear my name, appear more moved by them."

"For God's sake, madam," answered the worthy divine, "add not fuel to firebrands. The Master of Ravenswood cannot, I am sure, object to your presence, the young lady's state of health being considered, and your maternal duty. I myself will also tarry; peradventure my grey hairs may turn away wrath."

"You are welcome to do so, sir," said Ravenswood; "and Lady Ashton is also welcome to remain, if she shall think proper; but let all others depart."

"Ravenswood," said Colonel Ashton, crossing him as he went out, "you shall account for this ere long."

"When you please," replied Ravenswood.

"But I," said Bucklaw, with a half smile, "have a prior demand on your leisure, a claim of some standing."

"Arrange it as you will," said Ravenswood; "leave me but this day in peace, and I will have no dearer employment on earth, to-morrow than to give you all the satisfaction you can desire."

The other gentlemen left the apartment; but Sir William Ashton lingered.

"Master of Ravenswood," he said in a conciliating tone, "I think I have not deserved that you should make this scandal and outrage in my family. If you will sheathe your sword, and retire with me into my study, I will prove to you, by the most satisfactory arguments, the incivility of your present irregular procedure——"

"To-morrow, sir—to-morrow—to-morrow, I will hear you at length," reiterated Ravenswood, interrupting him; "this day hath its own sacred and indispensable business."

He pointed to the door, and Sir William left the apartment.

Ravenswood sheathed his sword, uncocked and returned his pistol to his belt, walked deliberately to the door of the apartment, which he bolted—returned, raised his hat from his forehead, and, gazing upon Lucy with eyes in which an expression of sorrow overcame their late fierceness, spread his dishevelled locks back from his face, and said, "Do you know me, Miss Ashton?—I am still Edgar Ravenswood." She was silent, and he went on with increasing vehemence—"I am still that Edgar Ravenswood, who, for your affection, renounced the dear ties by which injured honour bound him to seek vengeance. I am that Ravenswood, who, for your sake, forgave, nay, clasped hands in friendship with the oppressor and pillager of his house—the traducer and murderer of his father."

"My daughter," answered Lady Ashton, interrupting him, "has no occasion to dispute the identity of your person; the venom of your present language is sufficient to remind her, that she speaks with the mortal enemy of her father."

"I pray you to be patient, madam," answered Ravenswood; "my answer must come from her own lips. Once more, Miss Lucy Ashton, I am that Ravenswood to whom you granted the solemn engagement, which you now desire to retract and cancel."

Lucy's bloodless lips could only falter out the words, "It was my mother."

"She speaks truly," said Lady Ashton, "it *was* I, who, authorised alike by the laws of God and man, advised her, and concurred with her, to set aside an unhappy and precipitate engagement, and to annual it by the authority of Scripture itself."

"Scripture!" said Ravenswood, scornfully.

"Let him hear the text," said Lady Ashton, appealing to the divine, "on which you yourself, with cautious reluctance, declared the nullity of the pretended engagement insisted upon by this violent man."

The clergyman took his clasped Bible from his pocket, and read the following words: "*If a woman vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father's house in her youth: and her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold his peace at her: then all her*

vows shall stand, and every vow wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand."

"And was it not even so with us?" interrupted Ravenswood.

"Control thy impatience, young man," answered the divine, "and hear what follows in the sacred text:—'*But if her father disallowed her in the day that he heareth; not any of her vows, or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand: and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father disallowed her.*'"

"And was not," said Lady Ashton, fiercely and triumphantly breaking in, —"was not ours the case stated in the holy writ?—Will this person deny, that the instant her parents heard of the vow, or bond by which our daughter had bound her soul, we disallowed the same in the most express terms, and informed him by writing of our determination?"

"And is this all?" said Ravenswood, looking at Lucy—"Are you willing to barter sworn faith, the exercise of free will, and the feelings of mutual affection, to this wretched hypocritical sophistry?"

"Hear him!" said Lady Ashton, looking to the clergyman—"hear the blasphemer!"

"May God forgive him," said Bide-the-bent, "and enlighten his ignorance!"

"Hear what I have sacrificed for you," said Ravenswood, still addressing Lucy, "ere you sanction what has been done in your name. The honour of an ancient family, the urgent advice of my best friends, have been in vain used to sway my resolution; neither the argument of reason, nor the portents of superstition, have shaken my fidelity. The very dead have arisen to warn me, and their warning has been despised. Are you prepared to pierce my heart for its fidelity, with the very weapon which my rash confidence intrusted to your grasp?"

"Master of Ravenswood," said Lady Ashton, "you have asked what questions you thought fit. You see the total incapacity of my daughter to answer you. But I will reply for her, and in a manner which you cannot dispute. You desire to know whether Lucy Ashton, of her own free will, desires to annul the engagement into which she has been trepanned. You have her letter under her own hand demanding the surrender of it; and, in yet more full evidence of her purpose, here is the contract which she has this morning subscribed, in presence of this reverend gentleman, with Mr Hayston of Bucklaw."

Ravenswood gazed upon the deed, as if petrified. "And it was without fraud or compulsion," said he, looking towards the clergyman, "that Miss Ashton subscribed this parchment?"

"I vouch it upon my sacred character."

"This is indeed, madam, an undeniable piece of evidence," said Ravenswood, sternly; "and it will be equally unnecessary and dishonourable to waste another word in useless remonstrance or reproach. There, madam," he said, laying down before Lucy the signed paper and the broken piece of gold—"there are the evidences of your first engagement: may you be more faithful to that which you have just formed. I will trouble you to return the corresponding tokens of my ill-placed confidence—I ought rather to say, of my egregious folly."

Lucy returned the scornful glance of her lover with a gaze, from which perception seemed to have been banished; yet she seemed partly to have understood his meaning, for she raised her hands as if to undo a blue ribbon which she wore around her neck. She was unable to accomplish her purpose, but Lady Ashton cut the ribbon asunder, and detached the broken piece of gold, which Miss Ashton had till then worn concealed in her bosom; the written counterpart of the lovers' engagement she for some time had had in her own possession. With a haughty curtsy, she delivered both to Ravenswood, who was much softened when he took the piece of gold.

"And she could wear it thus," he said — speaking to himself — "could wear it in her very bosom—could wear it next to her heart—even when—But complaint avails not," he said, dashing from his eye the tear which had gathered in it, and resuming the stern composure of his manner. He strode to the chimney, and threw into the fire the paper and piece of gold, stamping upon the coals, with the heel of his boot, as if to insure their destruction. "I will be no longer," he then said, "an intruder here. — Your evil wishes, and your worse offices, Lady Ashton, I will only return, by hoping these will be your last machinations against your daughter's honour and happiness. — And to you, madam," he said, addressing Lucy, "I have nothing farther to say, except to pray to God that you may not become a world's wonder for this act of wilful and deliberate perjury."—Having uttered these words, he turned on his heel, and left the apartment.

Sir William Ashton, by entreaty and authority, had detained his son and Bucklaw in a distant part of the castle, in order to prevent their again meeting with Ravenswood; but as the Master descended the great staircase, Lockhard delivered him a billet, signed Sholto Douglas Ashton, requesting to know where the Master of Ravenswood would be heard of four or five days from hence, as the writer had business of weight to settle with him, so soon as an important family event had taken place.

"Tell Colonel Ashton," said Ravenswood, composedly, "I shall be found at Wolf's Crag when his leisure serves him."

As he descended the outward stair which led from the terrace, he was a second time interrupted by Craigengelt, who, on the part of his principal, the Laird of Bucklaw, expressed a hope, that Ravenswood would not leave Scotland within ten days at least, as he had both former and recent civilities for which to express his gratitude.

"Tell your master," said Ravenswood, fiercely, "to choose his own time. He will find me at Wolf's Crag, if his purpose is not forestalled."

"*My* master!" replied Craigengelt, encouraged by seeing Colonel Ashton and Bucklaw at the bottom of the terrace; "give me leave to say, I know of no such person upon earth, nor will I permit such language to be used to me!"

"Seek your master, then, in hell!" exclaimed Ravenswood, giving way to the passion he had hitherto restrained, and throwing Craigengelt from him with such violence, that he rolled down the steps, and lay senseless at the foot of them.—"I am a fool," he instantly added, "to vent my passion upon a caitiff so worthless."

He then mounted his horse, which at his arrival he had secured to

a balustrade in front of the castle, rode very slowly past Bucklaw and Colonel Ashton, raising his hat as he passed each, and looking in their faces steadily while he offered this mute salutation, which was returned by both with the same stern gravity. Ravenswood walked on with equal deliberation until he reached the head of the avenue, as if to show that he rather courted than avoided interruption. When he had passed the upper gate, he turned his horse, and looked at the castle with a fixed eye; then set spurs to his good steed, and departed with the speed of a demon dismissed by the exorcist.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

> Who comes from the bridal chamber?
> It is Azrael, the angel of death.
>
> *Thalaba.*

After the dreadful scene that had taken place at the castle, Lucy was transported to her own chamber, where she remained for some time in a state of absolute stupor. Yet afterwards, in the course of the ensuing day, she seemed to have recovered, not merely her spirits and resolution, but a sort of flighty levity, that was foreign to her character and situation, and which was at times chequered by fits of deep silence and melancholy, and of capricious pettishness. Lady Ashton became much alarmed, and consulted the family physicians. But as her pulse indicated no change, they could only say that the disease was on the spirits, and recommended gentle exercise and amusement. Miss Ashton never alluded to what had passed in the state-room. It seemed doubtful even if she was conscious of it, for she was often observed to raise her hands to her neck, as if in search of the ribbon that had been taken from it, and mutter, in surprise and discontent, when she could not find it. "It was the link that bound me to life."

Notwithstanding all these remarkable symptoms, Lady Ashton was too deeply pledged, to delay her daughter's marriage even in her present state of health. It cost her much trouble to keep up the fair side of appearances towards Bucklaw. She was well aware, that if he once saw any reluctance on her daughter's part, he would break off the treaty, to her great personal shame and dishonour. She therefore resolved, that, if Lucy continued passive, the marriage should take place upon the day that had been previously fixed, trusting that a change of place, of situation, and of character, would operate a more speedy and effectual cure upon the unsettled spirits of her daughter, than could be attained by the slow measures which the medical men recommended. Sir William Ashton's views of family aggrandisement, and his desire to strengthen himself against the measures of the Marquis of A ——, readily induced him to acquiesce in what he could not have perhaps resisted if willing to do so. As for the young men, Bucklaw and Colonel Ashton, they protested, that after what had happened, it would be most dishonourable to postpone for a single

hour the time appointed for the marriage, as it would be generally ascribed to their being intimidated by the intrusive visit and threats of Ravenswood.

Bucklaw would indeed have been incapable of such precipitation, had he been aware of the state of Miss Ashton's health, or rather of her mind. But custom, upon these occasions, permitted only brief and sparing intercourse between the bridegroom and the betrothed; a circumstance so well improved by Lady Ashton, that Bucklaw neither saw nor suspected the real state of the health and feelings of his unhappy bride.

On the eve of the bridal day, Lucy appeared to have one of her fits of levity, and surveyed with a degree of girlish interest the various preparations of dress, &c. &c., which the different members of the family had prepared for the occasion.

The morning dawned bright and cheerily. The bridal guests assembled in gallant troops from distant quarters. Not only the relations of Sir William Ashton, and the still more dignified connections of his lady, together with the numerous kinsmen and allies of the bridegroom, were present upon this joyful ceremony, gallantly mounted, arrayed, and caparisoned, but almost every Presbyterian family of distinction, within fifty miles, made a point of attendance upon an occasion which was considered as giving a sort of triumph over the Marquis of A——, in the person of his kinsman. Splendid refreshments awaited the guests on their arrival, and after these were finished, the cry was to horse. The bride was led forth betwixt her brother Henry and her mother. Her gaiety of the preceding day had given rise to a deep shade of melancholy, which, however, did not misbecome an occasion so momentous. There was a light in her eyes, and a colour in her cheek, which had not been kindled for many a day and which, joined to her great beauty, and the splendour of her dress, occasioned her entrance to be greeted with an universal murmur of applause, in which even the ladies could not refrain from joining. While the cavalcade were getting to horse, Sir William Ashton, a man of peace and of form, censured his son Henry for having legirt himself with a military sword of unnecessary length, belonging to his brother, Colonel Ashton.

"If you must have a weapon," he said, "upon such a peaceful occasion, why did you not use the short poniard sent from Edinburgh on purpose?"

The boy vindicated himself, by saying it was lost.

"You put it out of the way yourself, I suppose," said his father, "out of ambition to wear that preposterous thing, which might have served Sir William Wallace—But never mind, get to horse now, and take care of your sister."

The boy did so, and was placed in the centre of the gallant train. At the time, he was too full of his own appearance, his sword, his laced cloak, his feathered hat, and his managed horse, to pay much regard to anything else; but he afterwards remembered to the hour of his death, that when the hand of his sister, by which she supported herself on the pillion behind him, touched his own, it felt as wet and cold as sepulchral marble.

Glancing wide over hill and dale, the fair bridal procession at last reached the parish church, which they nearly filled; for, besides domestics, above a hundred gentlemen and ladies were present upon the occasion. The marriage ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Presbyterian persuasion, to which Bucklaw of late had judged it proper to conform.

On the outside of the church, a liberal dole was distributed to the poor of the neighbouring parishes, under the direction of Johnny Mortsheugh, who had lately been promoted from his desolate quarters at the Hermitage, to fill the more eligible situation of sexton at the parish church of Ravenswood. Dame Gourlay with two of her contemporaries, the same who assisted at Alice's late-wake, sate apart upon a flat monument or *through-stane*, enviously comparing the shares which had been allotted to them in dividing the dole.

"Johnny Mortsheugh," said Annie Winnie, "might hae minded auld lang syne, and thought of his auld kimmers, for as braw as he is with his new black coat. I hae gotten but five herring instead o' sax, and this disna look like a gude saxpennies, and I dare say this bit morsel o' beef is an unce lighter than ony that's been dealt round; and it's a bit o' the tenony hough, mair by token, that yours Maggie, is out o' the back sey."

"Mine, quo' she?" mumbled the paralytic hag, "mine is half banes, I trow. If erit folk gie poor bodies onything for coming to their weddings and burials, it suld be something that wad do them gude, I think."

"Their gifts," said Ailsie Gourlay, "are dealt for nae love of us—nor out of respect for whether we feed or starve. They wad gie us whinstanes for loaves, if it would serve their ain vanity, and yet they expect us to be as gratefu', as they ca' it, as if they served us for true love and liking."

"And that's truly said," answered her companion.

"But, Ailsie Gourlay, ye're the auldest o' us three, did ye ever see a mair grand bridal?"

"I winna say that I have," answered the hag; "but I think soon to see as braw a burial."

"And that wad please meas weel," said Annie Winnie; "for there's as large a dole, and folk are no obliged to girn and laugh, and mak murgeons, and wish joy to these hellicat quality, that lord it ower us like brute beasts. I like to pack the dead-dole in my lap, and rin ower my auld rhyme,—

> 'My loaf in my lap, my penny in my purse,
> Thou art ne'er the better, and I'm ne'er the worse.'"[1]

"That 's right, Annie," said the paralytic woman; "God send us a green Yule, and a fat kirkyard!"

"But I wad like to ken, Luckie Gourlay, for ye're the auldest and

[1] Reginald Scott tells of an old woman who performed so many cures by means of a charm, that she was suspected of witchcraft. Her mode of practice being inquired into, it was found that the only fee which she would accept of, was a loaf of bread and a silver penny: and that the potent charm with which she wrought so many cures, was the doggerel couplet in the text.

wisest amang us, whilk o' these revellers' turns it will be to be streekit first?"

"D'ye see yon dandilly maiden," said Dame Gourlay, "a' glistenin' wi' gowd and jewels, that they are lifting up on the white horse behind that harebrained callant in scarlet, wi' the lang sword at his side?"

"But that's the bride?" said her companion, her cold heart touched with some sort of compassion; "that's the very bride hersell! Eh, whow! sae young, sae braw, and sae bonny—and is her time sae short?"

"I tell ye," said the sibyl, "her winding-sheet is up as high as her throat already, believe it wha list. Her sand has but few grains to rin out, and nae wonder—they've been weel shaken. The leaves are withering fast on the trees, but she'll never see the Martinmas wind gar them dance in swirls like the fairy rings."

"Ye waited on her for a quarter," said the paralytic woman, "and got twa red pieces, or I am far beguiled."

"Ay, ay," answered Ailsie, with a bitter grin; "and Sir William Ashton promised me a bonny red gown to the boot o' that—a stake, and a chain, and a tar-barrel, lass?—what think ye o' that for a propine?—for being up early and down late for fourscore nights and mair wi' his dwining daughter. But he may keep it for his ain leddy, cummers."

"I hae heard a sough," said Annie Winnie, "as if Leddy Ashton was nae canny body."

"D'ye see her yonder," said Dame Gourlay, "as she prances on her grey gelding out at the kirkyard?—there's mair o' utter deevilry in that woman, as brave and fair-fashioned as she rides yonder, than in a' the Scotch witches that ever flew by moonlight ower North-Berwick Law."

"What's that ye say about witches, ye damned hags!" said Johnny Mortsheugh; "are ye casting yer cantrips in the very kirkyard, to mischieve the bride and bridegroom? Get awa hame, for if I tak my souple t'ye, I'll gar ye find the road faster than ye wad like."

"Hech, sirs!" answered Ailsie Gourlay; "how bra' are we wi' our new black coat and our weel-pouthered head, as if we had never kend hunger nor thirst oursells! and we'll be screwing up our bit fiddle, doubtless, in the ha' the night, amang a' the other elbo' jiggers for miles round. Let's see if the pins haud, Johnny—that's a', lad."

"I take ye a' to witness, gude people," said Mortsheugh, "that she threatens me wi' mischief, and forespeaks me. If onything but gude happens to me or my fiddle this night, I'll make it the blackest night's job she ever stirred in. I'll hae her before Presbytery and Synod—I'm half a minister mysell, now that I'm a bedral in an inhabited parish."

Although the mutual hatred betwixt these hags and the rest of mankind had steeled their hearts against all impressions of festivity, this was by no means the case with the multitude at large. The splendour of the bridal retinue—the gay dresses—the spirited horses—the blithesome appearance of the handsome women and gallant gentlemen assembled upon the occasion, had the usual effect upon the mind of the

populace. The repeated shouts of "Ashton and Bucklaw for ever!"—the discharge of pistols, guns, and musquetoons, to give what was called the bridal-shot, evinced the interest the people took in the occasion of the cavalcade, as they accompanied it upon their return to the castle. If there was here and there an elder peasant or his wife who sneered at the pomp of the upstart family, and remembered the days of the long-descended Ravenswoods, even they, attracted by the plentiful cheer which the castle that day afforded to rich and poor, held their way thither, and acknowledged, notwithstanding their prejudices, the influence of *l'Amphitrion où l'on dîne*.

Thus accompanied with the attendance both of rich and poor, Lucy returned to her father's house. Bucklaw used his privilege of riding next to the bride, but, new to such a situation, rather endeavoured to attract attention by the display of his person and horsemanship, than by any attempt to address her in private. They reached the castle in safety, amid a thousand joyous acclamations.

It is well known, that the weddings of ancient days were celebrated with a festive publicity rejected by the delicacy of modern times. The marriage-guests, on the present occasion, were regaled with a banquet of unbounded profusion, the relics of which, after the domestics had feasted in their turn, were distributed among the shouting crowd, with as many barrels of ale as made the hilarity without, correspond to that within the castle. The gentlemen, according to the fashion of the times, indulged, for the most part, in deep draughts of the richest wines, while the ladies, prepared for the ball which always closed a bridal entertainment, impatiently expected their arrival in the state gallery. At length the social party broke up at a late hour, and the gentlemen crowded into the saloon, where, enlivened by wine and the joyful occasion, they laid aside their swords, and handed their impatient partners to the floor. The music already rung from the gallery, along the fretted roof of the ancient state apartment. According to strict etiquette, the bride ought to have opened the ball, but Lady Ashton, making an apology on account of her daughter's health, offered her own hand to Bucklaw as substitute for her daughter's.

But as Lady Ashton raised her head gracefully, expecting the strain at which she was to begin the dance, she was so much struck by an unexpected alteration in the ornaments of the apartment, that she was surprised into an exclamation,—"Who has dared to change the pictures?"

All looked up, and those who knew the usual state of the apartment, observed, with surprise, that the picture of Sir William Ashton's father was removed from its place, and in its stead that of old Sir Malise Ravenswood seemed to frown wrath and vengeance upon the party assembled below. The exchange must have been made while the apartments were empty, but had not been observed until the torches and lights in the sconces were kindled for the ball. The haughty and heated spirits of the gentlemen led them to demand an immediate inquiry into the cause of what they deemed an affront to their host and to themselves; but Lady Ashton, recovering herself, passed it over as the freak of a crazy wench who was maintained

about the castle, and whose susceptible imagination had been observed to be much affected by the stories which Dame Gourlay delighted to tell concerning "the former family," so Lady Ashton named the Ravenswoods. The obnoxious picture was immediately removed, and the bail was opened by Lady Ashton, with a grace and dignity which supplied the charms of youth, and almost verified the extravagant encomiums of the elder part of the company, who extolled her performance as far exceeding the dancing of the rising generation.

When Lady Ashton sat down, she was not surprised to find that her daughter had left the apartment, and she herself followed, eager to obviate any impression which might have been made upon her nerves by an incident so likely to affect them as the mysterious transposition of the portraits. Apparently she found her apprehensions groundless, for she returned in about an hour, and whispered the bridegroom, who extricated himself from the dancers, and vanished from the apartment. The instruments now played their loudest strains—the dancers pursued their exercise with all the enthusiasm inspired by youth, mirth, and high spirits, when a cry was heard so shrill and piercing, as at once to arrest the dance and the music. All stood motionless; but when the yell was again repeated, Colonel Ashton snatched a torch from the sconce, and demanding the key of the bridal-chamber from Henry, to whom, as bride's-man, it had been intrusted, rushed thither, followed by Sir William and Lady Ashton, and one or two others, near relations of the family. The bridal guests waited their return in stupified amazement.

Arrived at the door of the apartment, Colonel Ashton knocked and called, but received no answer except stifled groans. He hesitated no longer to open the door of the apartment, in which he found opposition from something which lay against it. When he had succeeded in opening it, the body of the bridegroom was found lying on the threshold of the bridal chamber, and all around was flooded with blood. A cry of surprise and horror was raised by all present; and the company, excited by this new alarm, began to rush tumultuously towards the sleeping apartment. Colonel Ashton, first whispering to his mother:—"Search for her—she has murdered him!" drew his sword, planted himself in the passage, and declared he would suffer no man to pass excepting the clergyman, and a medical person present. By their assistance, Bucklaw, who still breathed, was raised from the ground, and transported to another apartment, where his friends, full of suspicion and murmuring, assembled round him to learn the opinion of the surgeon.

In the meanwhile, Lady Ashton, her husband, and their assistants, in vain sought Lucy in the bridal bed and in the chamber. There was no private passage from the room, and they began to think that she must have thrown herself from the window, when one of the company, holding his torch lower than the rest, discovered something white in the corner of the great old-fashioned chimney of the apartment. Here they found the unfortunate girl, seated, or rather couched like a hare upon its form—her head-gear dishevelled; her night-clothes torn and dabbled with blood,—her eyes glazed, and her features

convulsed into a wild paroxysm of insanity. When she saw herself discovered, she gibbered, made mouths, and pointed at them with her bloody fingers, with the frantic gestures of an exulting demoniac.

Female assistance was now hastily summoned: the unhappy bride was overpowered, not without the use of some force. As they carried her over the threshold, she looked down, and uttered the only articulate words that she had yet spoken, saying, with a sort of grinning exultation,—"So, you have ta'en up your bonny bridegroom?" She was by the shuddering assistants conveyed to another and more retired apartment, where she was secured as her situation required, and closely watched. The unutterable agony of the parents—the horror and confusion of all who were in the castle—the fury of contending passions between the friends of the different parties, passions augmented by previous intemperance, surpass description.

The surgeon was the first who obtained something like a patient hearing; he pronounced that the wound of Bucklaw, though severe and dangerous, was by no means fatal, but might readily be rendered so by disturbance and hasty removal. This silenced the numerous party of Bucklaw's friends, who had previously insisted that he should, at all rates, be transported from the castle to the nearest of their houses. They still demanded, however, that, in consideration of what had happened, four of their number should remain to watch over the sick-bed of their friend, and that a suitable number of their domestics, well armed, should also remain in the castle. This condition being acceded to on the part of Colonel Ashton and his father, the rest of the bridegroom's friends left the castle, notwithstanding the hour and the darkness of the night. The cares of the medical man were next employed in behalf of Miss Ashton, whom he pronounced to be in a very dangerous state. Farther medical assistance was immediately summoned. All night she remained delirious. On the morning, she fell into a state of absolute insensibility. The next evening, the physicians said, would be the crisis of her malady. It proved so: for although she awoke from her trance with some appearance of calmness, and suffered her nightclothes to be changed, or put in order, yet so soon as she put her hand to her neck, as if to search for the fatal blue ribbon, a tide of recollections seemed to rush upon her, which her mind and body were alike incapable of bearing. Convulsion followed convulsion, till they closed in death, without her being able to utter a word explanatory of the fatal scene.

The provincial judge of the district arrived the day after the young lady had expired, and executed, though with all possible delicacy to the afflicted family, the painful duty of inquiring into this fatal transaction. But there occurred nothing to explain the general hypothesis, that the bride, in a sudden fit of insanity, had stabbed the bridegroom at the threshold of the apartment. The fatal weapon was found in the chamber, smeared with blood. It was the same poniard which Henry should have worn on the wedding-day, and which his unhappy sister had probably contrived to secrete on the preceding evening, when it had been shown to her among other articles of preparation for the wedding.

The friends of Bucklaw expected that on his recovery he would throw some light upon this dark story, and eagerly pressed him with inquiries, which for some time he evaded under pretext of weakness. When, however, he had been transported to his own house, and was considered as in a state of convalescence, he assembled those persons, both male and female, who had considered themselves as entitled to press him on this subject, and returned them thanks for the interest they had exhibited in his behalf, and their offers of adherence and support. "I wish you all," he said, "my friends, to understand, however, that I have neither story to tell, nor injuries to avenge. If a lady shall question me henceforward upon the incidents of that unhappy night, I shall remain silent, and in future consider her as one who has shown herself desirous to break off her friendship with me; in a word, I will never speak to her again. But if a gentleman shall ask me the same question, I shall regard the incivility as equivalent to an invitation to meet him in the Duke's Walk,[1] and I expect that he will rule himself accordingly."

A declaration so decisive admitted no commentary; and it was soon after seen that Bucklaw had arisen from the bed of sickness a sadder and a wiser man than he had hitherto shown himself. He dismissed Craigengelt from his society, but not without such a provision as, if well employed, might secure him against indigence, and against temptation.

Bucklaw afterwards went abroad and never returned to Scotland; nor was he known ever to hint at the circumstances attending his fatal marriage. By many readers this may be deemed overstrained, romantic, and composed by the wild imagination of an author, desirous of gratifying the popular appetite for the horrible; but those who are read in the private family history of Scotland during the period in which the scene is laid, will readily discover, through the disguise of borrowed names and added incidents, the leading particulars of AN OWER TRUE TALE.

CHAPTER XXXV

> Whose mind's so marbled, and his heart so hard,
> That would not, when this huge mishap was heard,
> To th' utmost note of sorrow set their song,
> To see a gallant, with so great a grace,
> So suddenly unthought on, so o'erthrown,
> And so to perish, in so poor a place,
> By too rash riding in a ground unknown!
> *Poem, in Nisbet's Heraldry*, Vol. II.

WE have anticipated the course of time to mention Bucklaw's recovery and fate, that we might not interrupt the detail of events

[1] A walk in the vicinity of Holyrood-house, so called, because often frequented by the Duke of York, afterwards James II., during his residence in Scotland. It was for a long time the usual place of rendezvous for settling affairs of honour.

which succeeded the funeral of the unfortunate Lucy Ashton. This melancholy ceremony was performed in the misty dawn of an autumnal morning, with such moderate attendance and ceremony as could not possibly be dispensed with. A very few of the nearest relations attended her body to the same churchyard to which she had so lately been led as a bride, with as little free will, perhaps, as could be now testified by her lifeless and passive remains. An aisle adjacent to the church had been fitted up by Sir William Ashton as a family cemetery; and here, in a coffin bearing neither name nor date, were consigned to dust the remains of what was once lovely, beautiful, and innocent, though exasperated to frenzy by a long tract of unremitting persecution. While the mourners were busy in the vault, the three village hags, who, notwithstanding the unwonted earliness of the hour, had snuffed the carrion like vultures, were seated on the "through-stane," and engaged in their wonted unhallowed conference.

"Did not I say," said Dame Gourlay, "that the braw bridal would be followed by as braw a funeral?"

"I think," answered Dame Winnie, "there's little bravery at it; neither meat nor drink, and just a wheen silver tippences to the poor folk; it was little worth while to come sae far road for sae sma' profit, and us sae frail."

"Out, wretch!" replied Dame Gourlay, "can a' the dainties they could gie us be half sae sweet as this hour's vengeance? There they are that were capering on their prancing nags four days since, and they are now ganging as dreigh and sober as oursells the day. They were a' glistening wi' gowd and silver — they're now as black as the crook. And Miss Lucy Ashton, that grudged when an honest woman came near her, a taid may sit on her coffin the day, and she can never scunner when he croaks. And Lady Ashton has hell-fire burning in her breast by this time; and Sir William, wi' his gibbets, and his faggots, and his chains, how likes he the witcheries of his ain dwelling-house?"

"And it is true, then," mumbled the paralytic wretch, "that the bride was trailed out of her bed and up the chimley by evil spirits, and that the bridegroom's face was wrung round ahint him?"

"Ye needna care wha did it, or how it was done," said Ailsie Gourlay; "but I'll uphaud it for nae stickit[1] job, and that the laird's and leddies ken weel this day."

"And was it true," said Annie Winnie, "sin ye ken sae muckle about it, that the picture of Auld Sir Malise Ravenswood came down on the ha' floor and led out the brawl before them a'?"

"Na," said Ailsie; "but into the ha' came the picture—and I ken weel how it came there—to gie them a warning that pride would get a fa'. But there's as queer a ploy, cummers, as ony o' thae, that's gaun on even now in the burial vault yonder—ye saw twall mourners, wi' crape and cloak, gang down the steps pair and pair?"

"What should ail us to see them?" said the one old woman.

"I counted them," said the other, with the eagerness of a person

[1] *Stickit*, imperfect.

to whom the spectacle had afforded too much interest to be viewed with indifference.

"But ye did not see," said Ailsie, exulting in her superior observation, "that there's a thirteenth amang them that they ken naething about; and, if auld freits say true, there's ane o' that company that'll no be lang for this warld. But come awa, cummers; if we bide here, I'se warrant we get the wyte o' whatever ill comes of it, and that gude will come of it nane o' them need ever think to see."

And thus, croaking like the ravens when they anticipate pestilence, the ill-boding sibyls withdrew from the churchyard.

In fact, the mourners, when the service of interment was ended, discovered that there was among them one more than the invited number, and the remark was communicated in whispers to each other. The suspicion fell upon a figure, which, muffled in the same deep mourning with the others, was reclined, almost in a state of insensibility, against one of the pillars of the sepulchral vault. The relatives of the Ashton family were expressing in whispers their surprise and displeasure at the intrusion, when they were interrupted by Colonel Ashton, who, in his father's absence, acted as principal mourner. "I know," he said, in a whisper, "who this person is; he has, or shall soon have, as deep cause of mourning as ourselves—leave me to deal with him, and do not disturb the ceremony by unnecessary exposure." So saying, he separated himself from the group of his relations, and taking the unknown mourner by the cloak, he said to him, in a tone of suppressed emotion, "Follow me."

The stranger, as if starting from a trance at the sound of his voice, mechanically obeyed, and they ascended the broken ruinous stair which led from the sepulchre into the churchyard. The other mourners followed, but remained grouped together at the door of the vault, watching with anxiety the motions of Colonel Ashton and the stranger, who now appeared to be in close conference beneath the shade of a yew-tree, in the most remote part of the burial-ground.

To this sequestered spot Colonel Ashton had guided the stranger, and then turning round, addressed him in a stern and composed tone. —"I cannot doubt that I speak to the Master of Ravenswood?" No answer was returned. "I cannot doubt," resumed the Colonel, trembling with rising passion, "that I speak to the murderer of my sister?"

"You have named me but too truly," said Ravenswood, in a hollow and tremulous voice.

"If you repent what you have done," said the Colonel, "may your penitence avail you before God; with me it shall serve you nothing. Here," he said, giving a paper, "is the measure of my sword, and a memorandum of the time and place of meeting. Sun-rise to-morrow morning, on the links to the east of Wolf's-hope."

The Master of Ravenswood held the paper in his hand, and seemed irresolute. At length he spoke—"Do not," he said, "urge to farther desperation a wretch who is already desperate. Enjoy your life while you can, and let me seek my death from another."

"That you never, never shall!" said Douglas Ashton. "You shall die by my hand, or you shall complete the ruin of my family by taking

my life. If you refuse my open challenge, there is no advantage I will not take of you, no indignity with which I will not load you, until the very name of Ravenswood shall be the sign of everything that is dishonourable, as it is already of all that is villanous."

"That it shall never be," said Ravenswood fiercely; "if I am the last who must bear it, I owe it to those who once owned it, that the name shall be extinguished without infamy. I accept your challenge, time, and place of meeting. We meet, I presume, alone?"

"Alone we meet," said Colonel Ashton, "and alone will the survivor of us return from that place of rendezvous."

"Then God have mercy on the soul of him who falls!" said Ravenswood.

"So be it!" said Colonel Ashton; "so far can my charity reach even for the man I hate most deadly, and with the deepest reason. Now, break off, for we shall be interrupted. The links by the sea-shore to the east of Wolf's-hope—the hour, sunrise — our swords our only weapons."

"Enough," said the Master, "I will not fail you."

They separated; Colonel Ashton joining the rest of the mourners, and the Master of Ravenswood taking his horse, which was tied to a tree behind the church. Colonel Ashton returned to the castle with the funeral guests, but found a pretext for detaching himself from them in the evening, when, changing his dress to a riding habit, he rode to Wolf's-hope that night, and took up his abode in the little inn, in order that he might be ready for his rendezvous in the morning.

It is not known how the Master of Ravenswood disposed of the rest of that unhappy day. Late at night, however, he arrived at Wolf's Crag, and aroused his old domestic, Caleb Balderston, who had ceased to expect his return. Confused and lying rumours of the late tragical death of Miss Ashton, and of its mysterious cause, had already reached the old man, who was filled with the utmost anxiety, on account of the probable effect these events might produce upon the mind of his master.

The conduct of Ravenswood did not alleviate his apprehensions. To the butler's trembling entreaties, that he would take some refreshment, he at first returned no answer, and then suddenly and fiercely demanding wine, he drank, contrary to his habits, a very large draught. Seeing that his master would eat nothing, the old man affectionately entreated that he would permit him to light him to his chamber. It was not until the request was three or four times repeated, that Ravenswood made a mute sign of compliance. But when Balderston conducted him to an apartment which had been comfortably fitted up, and which, since his return, he had usually occupied, Ravenswood stopped short on the threshold.

"Not here," said he sternly; "show me the room in which my father died; the room in which SHE slept the night they were at the castle."

"Who, sir?" said Caleb, too terrified to preserve his presence of mind.

"*She*, Lucy Ashton!—would you kill me, old man, by forcing me to repeat her name."

Caleb would have said something of the disrepair of the chamber, but was silenced by the irritable impatience which was expressed in his master's countenance; he lighted the way trembling and in silence, placed the lamp on the table of the deserted room, and was about to attempt some arrangement of the bed, when his master bid him begone in a tone that admitted of no delay. The old man retired, not to rest, but to prayer; and from time to time crept to the door of the apartment, in order to find out whether Ravenswood had gone to repose. His measured heavy step upon the floor was only interrupted by deep groans; and the repeated stamps of the heel of his heavy boot, intimated too clearly, that the wretched inmate was abandoning himself at such moments to paroxysms of uncontrolled agony. The old man thought that the morning for which he longed would never have dawned; but time, whose course rolls on with equal current, however it may seem more rapid or more slow to mortal apprehension, brought the dawn at last, and spread a ruddy light on the broad verge of the glistening ocean. It was early in November, and the weather was serene for the season of the year. But an easterly wind had prevailed during the night, and the advancing tide rolled nearer than usual to the foot of the crags on which the castle was founded.

With the first peep of light, Caleb Balderston again resorted to the door of Ravenswood's sleeping apartment, through a chink of which he observed him engaged in measuring the length of two or three swords which lay in a closet adjoining to the apartment. He muttered to himself, as he selected one of these weapons, "It is shorter—let him have this advantage, as he has every other."

Caleb Balderston knew too well, from what he witnessed, upon what enterprise his master was bound, and how vain all interference on his part must necessarily prove. He had but time to retreat from the door, so nearly was he surprised by his master suddenly coming out and descending to the stables. The faithful domestic followed: and, from the dishevelled appearance of his master's dress, and his ghastly looks, was confirmed in his conjecture that he had passed the night without sleep or repose. He found him busily engaged in saddling his horse, a service from which Caleb, though with faltering voice and trembling hands, offered to relieve him. Ravenswood rejected his assistance by a mute sign, and having led the animal into the court, was just about to mount him, when the old domestic's fear giving way to the strong attachment, which was the principal passion of his mind, he flung himself suddenly at Ravenswood's feet, and clasped his knees, while he exclaimed, "Oh, sir! Oh, master! kill me if you will, but do not go out on this dreadful errand! Oh! my dear master, wait but this day—the Marquis of A—— comes to-morrow, and a' will be remedied."

"You have no longer a master, Caleb," said Ravenswood, endeavouring to extricate himself; "why, old man, would you cling to a falling tower?"

"But I *have* a master," cried Caleb, still holding him fast, "while the heir of Ravenswood breathes. I am but a servant; but I was born your father's—your grandfather's servant—I was born for the

family—I have lived for them—I would die for them!—Stay but at home, and all will be well!"

"Well, fool! well!" said Ravenswood; "vain old man, nothing hereafter in life will be well with me, and happiest is the hour that shall soonest close it!"

So saying, he extricated himself from the old man's hold, threw himself on his horse, and rode out at the gate; but instantly turning back, he threw towards Caleb, who hastened to meet him, a heavy purse of gold.

"Caleb!" he said, with a ghastly smile, "I make you my executor;" and again turning his bridle, he resumed his course down the hill.

The gold fell unheeded on the pavement, for the old man ran to observe the course which was taken by his master, who turned to the left, down a small and broken path, which gained the sea-shore through a cleft in the rock, and led to a sort of cove, where, in former times, the boats of the castle were wont to be moored. Observing him take this course, Caleb hastened to the eastern battlement, which commanded the prospect of the whole sands, very near as far as the village of Wolf's-hope. He could easily see his master riding in that direction, as fast as the horse could carry him. The prophecy at once rushed on Balderston's mind, that the Lord of Ravenswood should perish on the Kelpie's Flow, which lay half way betwixt the tower and the links, or sand knolls, to the northward of Wolf's-hope. He saw him accordingly reach the fatal spot, but he never saw him pass farther.

Colonel Ashton, frantic for revenge, was already in the field, pacing the turf with eagerness, and looking with impatience towards the tower for the arrival of his antagonist. The sun had now risen, and showed its broad disk above the eastern sea, so that he could easily discern the horseman who rode towards him with speed which argued impatience equal to his own. At once the figure became invisible, as if it had melted into the air. He rubbed his eyes, as if he had witnessed an apparition, and then hastened to the spot, near which he was met by Balderston, who came from the opposite direction. No trace whatever of horse or rider could be discerned; it only appeared, that the late winds and high tides had greatly extended the usual bounds of the quicksand, and that the unfortunate horseman, as appeared from the hoof-tracks, in his precipitated haste, had not attended to keep on the firm sands, on the foot of the rock, but had taken the shortest and most dangerous course. One only vestige of his fate appeared. A large sable feather had been detached from his hat, and the rippling waves of the rising tide wafted it to Caleb's feet.

The old man took it up, dried it, and placed it in his bosom.

The inhabitants of Wolf's-hope were now alarmed, and crowded to the place, some on shore, and some in boats, but their search availed nothing. The tenacious depths of the quicksand, as is usual in such cases, retained its prey.

Our tale draws to a conclusion. The Marquis of A——, alarmed at the frightful reports that were current, and anxious for his kinsman's safety, arrived on the subsequent day to mourn his loss; and,

after renewing in vain a search for the body, returned to forget what had happened amid the bustle of politics and state affairs.

Not so Caleb Balderston. If worldly profit could have consoled the old man, his age was better provided for than his earlier life had ever been; but life had lost to him its salt and its savour. His whole course of ideas, his feelings, whether of pride or of apprehension, of pleasure or of pain, had all arisen from his close connection with the family which was now extinguished. He held up his head no longer—forsook all his usual haunts and occupations, and seemed only to find pleasure in moping about those apartments in the old castle, which the Master of Ravenswood had last inhabited. He ate without refreshment, and slumbered without repose; and, with a fidelity sometimes displayed by the canine race, but seldom by human beings, he pined and died within a year after the catastrophe which we have narrated.

The family of Ashton did not long survive that of Ravenswood. Sir William Ashton outlived his eldest son, the Colonel, who was slain in a duel in Flanders: and Henry, by whom he was succeeded, died unmarried. Lady Ashton lived to the verge of extreme old age, the only survivor of the group of unhappy persons, whose misfortunes were owing to her implacability. That she might internally feel compunction, and reconcile herself with Heaven whom she had offended, we will not, and we dare not, deny; but to those around her, she did not evince the slightest symptom either of repentance or remorse. In all external appearance, she bore the same bold, haughty, unbending character, which she had displayed before these unhappy events. A splendid marble monument records her name, titles, and virtues, while her victims remain undistinguished by tomb or epitaph.

END OF THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

NOTES TO THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

Note (1) p. 30. Sir George Lockhart.

President of the Court of Session. He was pistolled in the High Street of Edinburgh, by John Chiesley of Dalry, in the year 1689. The revenge of this desperate man was stimulated by an opinion that he had sustained injustice in a decreet-arbitral pronounced by the President, assigning an alimentary provision of about £93 in favour of his wife and children. He is said at first to have designed to shoot the judge while attending upon divine worship, but was diverted by some feeling concerning the sanctity of the place. After the congregation was dismissed, he dogged his victim as far as the head of the close on the south side of the Lawnmarket, in which the President's house was situated, and shot him dead as he was about to enter it. This act was done in the presence of numerous spectators. The assassin made no attempt to fly, but boasted of the deed, saying, "I have taught the President how to do justice." He had at least given him fair warning, as Jack Cade says on a similar occasion. The murderer, after undergoing the torture, by a special act of the Estates of Parliament, was tried before the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, as high sheriff, and condemned to be dragged on a hurdle to the place of execution, to have his right hand struck off while he yet lived, and, finally, to be hung on the gallows, with the pistol wherewith he shot the President tied round his neck. This execution took place on the 3d of April 1689; and the incident was long remembered as a dreadful instance of what the law books call the *pervidum ingenium Scotorum.*

Note (2) p. 99. Raid of Caleb Balderstone.

The raid of Caleb Balderstone on the cooper's kitchen has been universally considered on the southern side of the Tweed as grotesquely and absurdly extravagant. The author can only say that a similar anecdote was communicated to him, with date and names of the parties, by a noble Earl lately deceased, whose remembrances of former days, both in Scotland and England, while they were given with a felicity and power of humour never to be forgotten by those who had the happiness of meeting his lordship in familiar society, were especially invaluable from their extreme accuracy.

Speaking after my kind and lamented informer, with the omission of names only, the anecdote ran thus:—There was a certain bachelor gentleman in one of the midland counties of Scotland, second son of an ancient family, who lived on the fortune of a second son, *videlicet*, upon some miserably small annuity, which yet was so managed and stretched out by the expedients of his man John, that his master kept the front rank with all the young men of quality in the county, and hunted, dined, diced, and drank with them upon apparently equal terms.

It is true that as the master's society was extremely amusing, his friends contrived to reconcile his man John to accept assistance of various kinds under the rose, which they dared not to have directly offered to his master. Yet, very consistently with all this good inclination to John and John's master, it was thought among the young fox-hunters that it would be an excellent jest, if possible, to take John at fault.

With this intention, and, I think, in consequence of a bet, a party of four or five of these youngsters arrived at the bachelor's little mansion, which was adjacent to a considerable village. Here they alighted a short while before the dinner hour—for it was judged regular to give John's ingenuity a fair start—and rushing past the astonished domestic, entered the little parlour; and, telling some concerted story of the cause of their invasion, the self-invited guests asked their landlord if they could let them have

some dinner. Their friend gave them a hearty and unembarrassed reception, and, for the matter of dinner, referred them to John. He was summoned accordingly—received his master's orders to get dinner ready for the party who had thus unexpectedly arrived; and, without changing a muscle of his countenance, promised prompt obedience. Great was the speculation of the visitors, and probably of the landlord also, what was to be the issue of John's fair promises. Some of the more curious had taken a peep into the kitchen, and could see nothing there to realise the prospect held out by the *Major-Domo*. But punctual as the dinner hour struck on the village clock, John placed before them a stately rump of boiled beef, with a proper accompaniment of greens, amply sufficient to dine the whole party, and to decide the bet against those among the visitors who expected to take John napping. The explanation was the same as in the case of Caleb Balderston. John had used the freedom to carry off the *kail-pot* of a rich old churl in the village, and brought it to his master's house, leaving the proprietor and his friends to dine on bread and cheese; and as John said, "good enough for them." The fear of giving offence to so many persons of distinction kept the poor man sufficiently quiet, and he was afterwards remunerated by some indirect patronage, so that the jest was admitted a good one on all sides. In England, at any period, or in some parts of Scotland at the present day, it might not have passed off so well.

Note (3) p. 102. Ancient Hospitality.

It was once the universal custom to place ale, wine, or some strong liquor, in the chamber of an honoured guest, to assuage his thirst should he feel any on awaking in the night, which, considering that the hospitality of that period often reached excess, was by no means unlikely. The author has met some instances of it in former days, and in old-fashioned families. It was, perhaps, no poetic fiction that records how

> "My cummer and I lay down to sleep,
> With twa pint-stoups at our bed feet;
> And aye when we waken't we drank them dry
> What think you o' my cummer and I?"

It is a current story in Teviotdale, that in the house of an ancient family of distinction, much addicted to the Presbyterian cause, a Bible was always put into the sleeping apartment of the guests, along with a bottle of strong ale. On some occasion there was a meeting of clergymen in the vicinity of the castle, all of whom were invited to dinner by the worthy Baronet, and several abode all night. According to the fashion of the times, seven of the reverend guests were allotted to one large barrack room, which was used on such occasions of extended hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were presented, according to the custom, each with a Bible and a bottle of ale. But, after a little consultation among themselves, they are said to have recalled the domestic as he was leaving the apartment. "My friend," said one of the venerable guests, "you must know when we meet together as brethren the youngest minister reads aloud a portion of Scripture to the rest;—only one Bible, therefore, is necessary: take away the other six, and in their place bring six more bottles of ale."

This synod would have suited the "hermit sage" of Johnson, who answered a pupil who inquired for the real road to happiness, with the celebrated line,

> "Come my lad and drink some beer!"

Note (4) p. 111. Appeal to Parliament

The power of appeal from the Court of Session, the supreme judges of Scotland, to the Scottish Parliament, in cases of civil right, was fiercely debated before the Union. It was a privilege highly desirable for the subject, as the examination and occasional reversal of their sentences in Parliament, might serve as a check upon the judges, which they greatly required at a time when they were much more distinguished for legal knowledge than for uprightness and integrity.

The members of the Faculty of Advocates (so the Scottish barristers are termed), in the year 1674, incurred the violent displeasure of the Court of Session, on account of their refusal to renounce the right of appeal to Parliament; and, by a very arbitrary procedure, the majority of the number were banished from Edinburgh, and consequently deprived of their professional practice for several sessions, or terms. But, by the articles of the Union, an appeal to the British House of Peers has been secured to the Scottish subject, and that right has, no doubt, had its influence in forming the impartial and independent character which, much contrary to the practice of their predecessors, the Judges of the Court of Session have since displayed.

It is easy to conceive that an old lawyer like the Lord Keeper in the text should feel

alarm at the judgments given in his favour, upon grounds of strict penal law, being brought to appeal under a new and dreaded procedure in a Court eminently impartial and peculiarly moved by considerations of equity.

In earlier editions of this Work, this legal distinction was not sufficiently explained.

Note (5) p. 128. POOR-MAN-OF-MUTTON.

The blade-bone of a shoulder of mutton is called in Scotland "a poor man," as in some parts of England it is termed "a poor knight of Windsor;" in contrast, it must be presumed, to the baronial Sir Loin. It is said, that in the last age, an old Scottish peer, whose conditions (none of the most gentle) were marked by a strange and fierce-looking exaggeration of the Highland countenance, chanced to be indisposed while he was in London attending Parliament. The master of the hotel where he lodged, anxious to show attention to his noble guest, waited on him to enumerate the contents of his well-stocked larder, so as to endeavour to hit on something which might suit his appetite. "I think, landlord," said his lordship, rising up from his couch, and throwing back the tartan plaid with which he had screened his grim and ferocious visage—"I think I could eat a morsel of a *poor man*." The landlord fled in terror, having no doubt that his guest was a cannibal, who might be in the habit of eating a slice of a tenant, as light food, when he was under regimen.

Note (6) p. 152. MIDDLETON'S "*Mad World my Masters.*"

Hereupon I, Jedediah Cleishbotham, crave leave leave to remark, *primo*, which signifies in the first place, that, having in vain inquired at the Circulating Library in Gandercleugh, albeit it aboundeth in similar vanities, for this samyn Middleton and his Mad World, it was at length shown unto me amongst other ancient fooleries carefully compiled by one Dodsley, who, doubtless, hath his reward for neglect of precious time; and having misused so much of mine as was necessary for the purpose, I therein found that a playman is brought in as a footman, whom a knight is made to greet facetiously with the epithet of "linen stocking and threescore miles a-day."

Secundo (which is secondly, in the vernacular), under Mr Pattieson's favour, some men not altogether so old as he would represent them, do remember this species of menial, or forerunner. In evidence of which, I, Jedediah Cleishbotham, though mine eyes yet do me good service, remember me to have seen one of this tribe clothed in white, and bearing a staff, who ran daily before the state coach of the umquhile John, Earl of Hopetoun, father of this Earl, Charles, that now is; unto whom it may be justly said, that Renown playeth the part of a running footman or precursor: and, as the poet singeth—

> "Mars standing by asserts his quarrel,
> And Fame flies after with a laurel."

J. C.

END OF NOTES TO BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.